



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

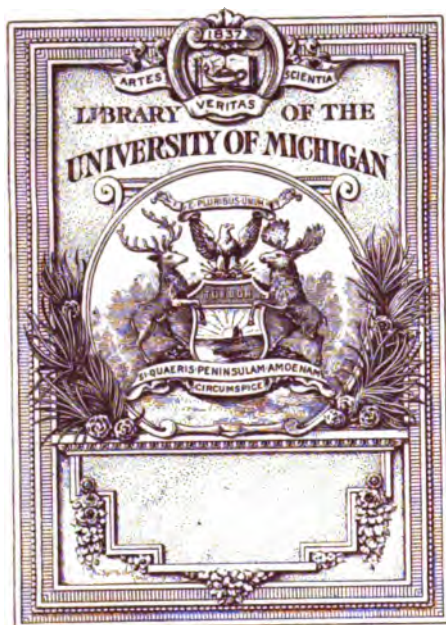
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>











05AP  
2  
E19



THE  
ELECTIC MAGAZINE  
OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE  
AND ART.



NEW YORK.  
W. H. BLDWELL, 120, NASSAU ST.



THE

<sup>7797</sup>  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY TO AUGUST, 1848.

~~~~~  
W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
~~~~~

NEW YORK:  
PUBLISHED AT 120 NASSAU STREET.  
1848.



---

**S. W. BENEDICT, Printer,**  
**16 Spruce Street.**

---

# INDEX TO THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.—VOL. XIV.

FROM MAY TO AUGUST, 1848.

## EMBELLISHMENTS.

- ✓ *May*.—Una Entering the Witches' Hut. Painted by W. Hilton, R. A.
- ✓ *June*.—Tasso and Leonora. Painted by Carl John.
- ✓ *July*.—Portrait of Lamartine.
- ✓ *August*.—The Fall of Babel. Painted by Sloma.

### A.

- Adventures in Mexico. See Mexico.
- Animosities of Literary Men. See Literary Men.
- A Charming French Woman.—*Frazer's Magazine* 601
- Artist's, the, Married Life.—*Dublin University Magazine* 490
- Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century. See Eighteenth Century.

### B. I

- Battles, the Six Decisive, of the World.—*Dentley's Miscellany*, 51, 227, 380, 524
- Blanc, Louis.—*Tait's Magazine*, 160
- Bicetre Asylum. See Idiots.
- Beranger.—*Howitt's Journal*, 269

### C.

- Coleridge and Southey.—*Edinburgh Review*, 195
- Chalmers's Pictures.—*Low's Magazine*, 314, 466
- Croley, Dr. George.—*Hogg's Instructor*, 459
- Cordelia.—*Metropolitan*, 517

### D.

- Decisive Battles of the World. See Battles.
- Dying Banker, the. See Sick Calls.
- Donizetti, 379
- Dawson, George. See Popular Lectures.
- Durer, Albert. See Artist's Married Life.

### E.

- Edgeworth, Miss, Visit to.—*Howitt's Journal*, 57
- English Society under James I.—*British Quarterly Review*, 296
- Eighteenth Century, Memoirs of.—*Dentley's Miscellany*, 497
- Eastern Life.—*Westminster Review*, 559

### F.

- Female Characters of Goethe and Shakespeare.—*North British Review*, 1
- Funerals, Two, of Napoleon. See Napoleon.
- French Revolution in 1848.—*Westminster Review*, 109
- France, Public Men of.—*British Quarterly Review*, 145

- France, Literary Statistics of, for 15 years.—*Dentley's Miscellany*, 337
- French Philosophy, Recent. See Philosophy.
- Fire Worshipers. See Zoroaster.

### G.

- Goethe, Female Characters of. See Female Characters.
- Greece, Seven Sages of.—*Hogg's Instructor*, 86
- George II., Hervey's Memoirs of. See Hervey.
- Genius of Plato. See Plato.
- Goldsmith, Life of.—*North British Review*, 365
- German Student Life.—*Howitt's Journal*, 386
- Geography Physical. See Somerville.
- Gaetano Donizetti.—*Dentley's Miscellany*, 563

### H.

- Hudson's Bay, Life at. See Life, &c.
- Hervey's, Lord, Memoirs.—*Quarterly Review*, 173

### I. J. K.

- Intellect and Taste, Natural Peculiarities of. See National.
- Idiots, Education of.—*Westminster Review*, 919
- India, Life in.—*Low's Magazine*, 963
- It is Possible.—*Sharpe's Magazine*, 416
- Irving, Edward, and Irvingism.—*English Review*, 503
- Keats, John.—*Hogg's Instructor*, 409

### L.

- Life at Hudson's Bay.—*Blackwood*, 19
- Louis Blanc. See Blanc.
- Life in India. See India.
- Literary Men, Animosities of.—*Hogg's Instructor*, 276
- Lamartine.—*Howitt's Journal*, 269
- Life of Goldsmith. See Goldsmith.
- Literary Imitations, &c.—*Sharpe's Magazine*, 397
- Literature of the United States. See United States.
- Lombardy, Revolt in.—*Edinburgh Review*, 541

### M.

- Moral Education in Wales. See Wales.
- Mexico, Adventures in.—*Westminster Review*, 163
- Masaniello, Rise and Fall of.—*Dentley's Miscellany*, 209
- Metternich, Prince.—*New Monthly Magazine*, 268
- Memoirs and Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century. See Eighteenth Century.
- Martineau, Miss. See Eastern Life.
- MISCELLANIES.—Death of William Thom; Scien

tific Expedition, 18; Guizot, 56; The Queen of the Forest, 75; Punch on the French Revolution, 140; The Social Influence of Tea; Mirabeau, 141; Marie Antoinette, 142; The Revelations of Science; There's Nothing Like Leather, 143; Mr. Babbage on Taxation; Louis Philippe, 144; Zoophytes; Barrot, 159; Scale of Punishment; Asylum for Men of Learning, 208; Official Rewards of Science and of Doorkeepers, 236; Death of a Scotch Bard; To transfer Engravings, 232; Teaching History; Art Union of London, 285; Hood on Geology, 286; Manuscripts in the British Museum; Publishing a Century ago; The Modesty of Goldsmith; The Danish Navy, 287; Knowledge is Power; Shakespeare's Removal to London; Cholera and Influenza, 288; Land Taxes in England; Stamp Duties, 313; Statistics of the French National Assembly; Pompeii a Railway Station, 326; University of France, 355; Visit to Lord Rosse's Telescope, New Translation of the Bible, 396; Royal Literary Fund; Death from Fright, 421; Photographic Portrait of the Solar Spectrum; Scientific Exploring Expedition; Death of Dr. Van Ees, 426; Louis Philippe's Finances; Rome; Public Libraries in Europe, 429; Sale of Waverly MSS.; Dr. Smith's Classic Biography; Departure of Jenny Lind from Stockholm; A New Discovery in Chemistry; Present Naval Force of Great Britain; Trade between Great Britain and China; Newspapers at Rome; Baths and Wash-houses; Keeper of Shakespeare's House; Testimonial to the Poet Thom; Song of Philomela, 430; Passengers as compared with Accidents; New Galvanic Apparatus; The Schleswig-Holstein Difficulty; The Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin; Statistics of the late French Revolution; Largest Museum and Library known, 431; Dr. Chalmers' Eloquence; Good News for Spinsters; Important Geological Discovery; Emigration to British Provinces in North America; Central Fires in the Earth, 432; Mankind in the Thirteenth Century, 458; Subterranean Fire, 465; Canaries, 469; Geological Discovery; Father Matthew, 496; Disinterested and unexampled Generosity; Colton in Mauritius, 562; A Scottish Sportsman, 566; A Conversation about Corilla, 569; Supposed Relic of the Great Plague of London; Mr. Lane's Arabic Lexicon; Mr. Emerson's Lecture; Testimonial to Thom, 570; Dreams and Anæsthetic Agents; Sale of Louis Philippe's Wine; Literary Prizes; Royalty in Trouble; Generosity of Authors, 571; Early Encyclopedias, 572.

## N.

National Peculiarities of Intellect and Taste, —*Loose's Magazine*,  
Napoleon, Two Funerals of.—*Dentley's Miscellany*,  
Nicol, Robert.—*Howitt's Journal*,  
Nichol, Professor. See Popular Lectures.

## O.

Organization of Labor. See Philosophy.

## P.

Popular Lectures—Prof. Nichol.—*Tail's Magazine*, 98  
Popular Lectures—George Dawson.—*Tail's Magazine*, 356  
Public Men of France. See France.  
Plato, Genius of.—*Edinburgh Review*, 233  
Philosophy, Recent French.—*North British Review*, 333  
Physical Economy. See Somerville.  
Persian Fire Worshipers. See Zoroaster.  
Portrait.—The Village Home; What might be done, 139; Lines to a Young Lady; A First Offence Unpardoned; The Rich and the Poor; Work, not Complaint; Our appointed time, 139; Better than Beauty; The Secret; God Preserve the Queen, 283; I am in the World alone; The Soul's Planet; My Childhood's Tune, 284; Live and Let Live; Treasure not the Costly Gem; The Mountain Maid; Sonnet, 427; Thoughts for the Time; A Day Dream; Stanzas, 428; The Dying Student; Swarming of the Bees, 566; A Meditation; Song of the Bridegroom; The Alma-House Chaplain; The Maiden from Afar, 567.

## R.

Revolution, French. See French.  
Rise and Fall of Masaniello. See Masaniello.  
Rothschild, Memoirs of the House of.—*Chambers' Journal*, 281  
Revolt in Lombardy. See Lombardy.

## S.

Shakspeare, Female Characters of. See Female Characters.  
Sledy Castle and its Tragedy.—*Dublin University Magazine*, 39  
Sick Calls—the Dying Banker.—*Dolman's Magazine*, 68  
Seven Sages of Greece. See Greece.  
Southey and Coleridge. See Coleridge.  
Society, English, under James I. See English.  
Statistics, Literary, of France. See France.  
Somerville's, Mrs., Physical Geography.—*North British Review*, 433

## T.

Time-table of a Rich Septuagenarian.—*New Monthly Magazine*, 423

## V. W.

Visit to Miss Edgeworth. See Edgeworth.  
Wales, State of Morals and Education in.—*Fraser's Magazine*, 76  
United States, Literature of.—*Westminster Review*, 533

## Z.

Zoroaster.—*British Quarterly Review*, 476







THE  
E C L E C T I C M A G A Z I N E  
OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY, 1848.

From the North British Review.

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF GOETHE AND SHAKSPEARE.

1. *Aus meinem Leben, Wahrheit und Dichtung.* GOETHE'S *Sämmtliche Werke.* (*Truth and Fiction from my Life ; GOETHE'S collected Works.*) Vols. xx., xxi., xxii. 1840.
2. FREIEISEN (J. C.) *Die beiden Friederiken in Sesenheim.* (*The Two Friederikas in Sesenheim.*) 1838.
3. NÄKE (A. F.) *Wallfahrt nach Sesenheim, herausgegeben von VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.* (*Pilgrimage to Sesenheim, VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.*) 1840.
4. PUDOR, über GOETHE'S *Iphigenie, ein Ästhetisch-literarischer Versuch.* (*On GOETHE'S Iphigenia, an Æsthetic-literary Essay.*) 1842.
5. F. LEWITZ, über GOETHE'S *Torquato Tasso.* 1839.
6. LÖRING'S *Leben Goethe's.* (*Life of Goethe.*) 1840.
7. Schiller über *Egmont.* (*Trauerspiel von GOETHE.*) *Sämmtliche Werke.* Bd. 12. 1839.
8. *Characteristics of Women.* By MRS. JAMESON. 2 vols. 1846.

CARLYLE said, in his *Hero Worship*, that the appreciation of Goethe in this country must be left to future times; and when he made the remark, there seemed reason enough for it. We well remember ten or fifteen years ago, the difficulty with which Goethe's very name was pronounced by Englishmen. What was to become of the *h* in the middle, or the *e* at the end, no one could tell; and the diphthong was an obstacle as insurmountable as the Pentagramma on the threshold of Faust's study. All this, however, has been changed within the last few years, and there is not now a boarding-school girl of fifteen, to whom the name of the great German bard is not as familiar as that of her own music-master. Whether much real progress has been made in penetrating the deeper nature of the profoundest of poets, is a question which we shall

not attempt here to answer. In many respects it may be that he still continues, to the majority of our reading public, as great a mystery as he was before; and there are not a few points of view in which he is, and, we believe, will continue to be, a mystery to the Germans themselves. But although we may be disposed to dismiss a portion of Goethe's writings as incomprehensible for the present, and to regard other parts of them as not without the need of those commentaries which they have so largely received at the hands of his countrymen, both in the shape of lectures and of books,\* we

\* We give the following as a specimen of the industry with which the Germans have commented on the Faust alone:—*Carus, Briefe über Goethe's Faust*, 1836; *Deyck's (F.) Andeutungen über Sinn und Zusammenhang des 1ten und 2ten Theils der Tragödie Faust*, 1837; *Düntzer, Goethe's Faust in seiner Einheit und Ganzheit dargestellt*, 1836; *Enk,*

should do little justice to the many-sidedness which so remarkably characterizes him if we forgot that, whilst he is the deepest and the most abstruse, he is also the most popular of all modern poets. He has a language for the many as well as for the few; and the avenues which lead to the temple in which he has preserved the hidden treasures of his genius, are strewn with the fairest and the tenderest flowers. Whilst we are marvelling at the almost prophetic sagacity with which he enters into the feelings of a learned misanthrope, in whose eyes knowledge has become worthless from its very familiarity, we are, by a gradual and insensible transition, led to weep over the sorrows of a village maiden who has stumbled on the very threshold of life and enjoyment. In one page we have matter which may give pause to the most thoughtful—the next transports us from the region of intelligence into the very innermost recesses of the natural heart. It would be no easy task to determine with which of these two departments of our nature Goethe was most thoroughly conversant. In the general case we find that men who have cultivated to a very great extent their intellectual faculties, either in order that they may apply them to some department of learning or science, or that, as metaphysicians, they may make them the subject of their own contemplations, have done so to the almost entire exclusion of their affections and their passions. They are for the most part, amiable, and even kind-hearted; for this simple reason, that, giving themselves little trouble about the love or the hatred of others, and their evil propensities being curbed by their continual occupations, the kindlier feelings which preponderate in most natures are left to a free and unconscious exercise. They seldom mingle at all in the affairs of life, because they take little interest in them either one way or another; and if they do so it is generally on the side of friendship, because it is less troublesome, on the whole, to do a kindness than an injury—the latter can always be omitted with advantage, and the “laissez aller” is their rule in such mat-

ters, to which they do not willingly make an exception. Poets and romancers, on the other hand, and all that class of men whose aim is happiness rather than knowledge, are usually, almost entirely, the creatures of impulse—their converse is with the affairs of the heart—they are dragged hither and thither by their passions—they cannot live without sympathy—and even hatred is less intolerable than indifference. As examples of this class, Rousseau and Byron at once suggest themselves. Under neither of these categories can Goethe be ranked, for, in truth, he belonged almost equally to both. With the single exception of his profession, which was the Law, there was, we believe, no department of mental exertion, even the most unpoetical, in which he had not labored vigorously during some period or other of his long life.

In these multifarious occupations he engaged, not as the impulse of the moment might direct, but as he considered most suitable for the preservation of his mental equanimity. Thus, on the occasion of Schiller's death, he shut himself up in his house, and for days applied himself to scientific research. Even his works of imagination were engaged in, less with a view to the gratification than to the government of his passions. *Werther's Leiden*, it is well known, were written for the purpose—and had the effect of forcing the mind of the author from that morbid sentimentality so characteristic of many of his countrymen. In his *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, he mentions that so early as during his residence in Leipsic, he formed the habit of turning whatever exalted or depressed him, or otherwise much affected him, into a picture or poem in order, he says, as it were to balance accounts with his own mind—to set himself to rights with the external world. His aversion to violent emotions he is said to have inherited from his mother; but whencesoever it came, the mode which he adopted to preserve the mastery over his feelings, whilst it proved their strength, shows, at the same time, how little he was disposed to be their slave. His whole life indeed, seems to have been a series of mental observations and psychological experiments; and his own emotions he regarded only as the means of enabling him to become more intimately acquainted with what he wished to study, and to portray. His true position was that of an observer; and the duties belonging to it he was equally ready to exercise upon himself and upon

Briefe über Goethe's Faust, 1837; Falk, Goethe im persönlichen Umgange; Lucas (Dr.) Ueber den dichterischen Plan von Goethe's Faust; Rauch, Vorlesungen über Goethe's Faust, 1832; Schönborn (Dr. G.), Zur Verständigung über Goethe's Faust, 1838; Schubarth, Vorlesungen über Goethe's Faust, 1830; Weiss (C. H.), Kritik und Erläuterung des Faust, 1837; Rotzcher, Der Zweite Theil des Goethischen Faust, 1840.

others. Had the emotional part of his nature been less powerful than it was, the range of his observation would have been narrowed; had it been less under subjection, the power of observing would have been lost. As it was, he had the faculty of immediately converting the subjective into the objective; and the marvellous truth of the latter is no doubt in a great measure to be attributed to the intensity of the former. In him we have the singular, and, we believe, unparalleled phenomenon, of the enthusiastic temperament of a poet united with the faculties of a cool and dispassionate observer. It is no doubt difficult to conceive the union of elements usually so antagonistic; and to those who are partially acquainted with the works of Goethe, but who have devoted little attention to the study of his most singular character, it will seem incredible that beings so perfectly natural, often so childlike in their simplicity as the imaginary characters whom we everywhere meet in his pages, should be the creations of an observer. The difficulty lies in continually bearing in mind, that whilst he observed he also sympathized. If he had been a mere vulgar observer,—one, that is, who is continually on the watch for phenomena, he would, like most men of that character, have made few discoveries, for the very simple reason, that he would have had little to observe; while on the other hand, if he had been a man of emotion and passion merely, his characters like those of Byron, would have been colored by the medium of his own imagination, through which, and through which alone, he would have seen them. But, uniting in himself the apparently incompatible elements of the one character and of the other, the seeming paradox was explained, and what he felt intensely, he saw and painted in the light of nature alone. We may picture to ourselves Goethe the philosopher, sitting serene upon a rock, looking quietly down upon the troubled sea which agitated the heart of Goethe the man.

It is to this double nature, if we may so speak, and to the unwearied perseverance with which he availed himself of the advantages which it gave him, that we have to ascribe the wonderful truth of Goethe's imaginary characters. From the minute knowledge which he had acquired of the workings of his own mind in every possible condition, from indifference up to the most violent emotion, and from the intense sympathy which opened to him the minds of

others, and enabled him to reproduce their feelings within himself, he could enter so thoroughly into an imaginary character, as to say with something little short of certainty, what his or her mental state in any given circumstances would be. In working out a tragedy, therefore, he drew less upon his fancy than upon his positive knowledge; the data being given or assumed, he possessed within his own mind the means of arriving at a certain and infallible result; and thus it is, that in perusing his work, we feel not as if it were giving us the fruits of his imagination, but as if it were relating to us what had positively been. He does not create to us beings who might have existed had man been differently organized, or more highly endowed; but he places beings, such as do exist, in imaginary circumstances, and then he lays open before us the whole workings of their hearts. We are astonished, not at meeting with new and unknown natures, but at seeing the whole instead of the half of that nature with which we are already familiar.

From these observations it will be seen, that we are disposed to regard Goethe in the light of what may be called a poetic realist. His first endeavor seems ever to have been to obtain the most intimate possible union with the person who for the time had awakened his enthusiasm—to enter into his very nature, and to live his life. When thus saturated as it were with the feelings of a real character, his marvellous objectivity came immediately to his aid, and the imaginary being rose like an exhalation from his own mind. This we shall scarcely illustrate better, than by tracing the origin of a few of the most celebrated of his female characters.

From the perfect candor with which Goethe has laid before us the history of his early loves, we are enabled not only to discover how it was that he contrived to become so thoroughly acquainted with every shade of womanly feeling in general, but also to trace, for the most part, the sources from which his individual characters were derived. In some cases he has given us direct information on this point—in others he has left the resemblance to be traced by the ingenuity of his readers.

In poets and in painters, and perhaps in men who are neither the one nor the other, it is tolerably certain that the object of their first sincere attachment furnishes not a few of the elements which go to make up the character which continues through life,



for them to be most attractive. Their ideal woman, however exalted and refined by their own further development, will continue to bear a sisterly resemblance to their first love. Who can fail to recognise, even in the most spiritual of Raphael's later creations, the fair-haired Madonnas of his earliest time? We may conceive the Madonna di San Sisto, as representing the glorified body of the "bella Giardiniera." A more minute acquaintance with the early days of the prince of painters, would probably reveal to us the simple story of some yellow-haired daughter of Urbino, whom he had wooed on the breezy heights of the Apennines, while yet he listened to the instructions and sat at the feet of old Pietro Perugino, and whose recompense for many an hour of youthful bliss has been, that her image has been consecrated by the hands of her lover, and for ever entwined with the highest conceptions which men in after times were to form of sacred beauty. In the other great painters, it seems to us that we can trace something analogous,—the delicately sensual air which characterizes the whole of Correggio's women—the sunny glow of wanton life and joy which warms those of Titian—and the mild and saint-like spirit which is shed over Murillo's virgins, seem to mark them out as three distinct families of beautiful sisters, in each of whom we can trace the resemblance to some common parent. They have each, in short, what is called a *type*, the origin of which may be that which we have suggested.

In the little story of Goethe's childish passion for the Frankfort Gretchen, and the description which he has given of her person and character, one can detect many of the features which peculiarly distinguish his females. It is pretty certain that she was the mother of the Gretchen in Faust in more than the name; and as the prototype of this—at once the simplest and most celebrated of the sisterhood—it will probably not be out of place if we should introduce her to such of our readers as may not already have made her acquaintance. Whilst still a school-boy at Frankfort, and living in his father's house, Goethe informs us that he accidentally made the acquaintance of several boys of a lower rank of life than that to which he belonged. His chief reason for frequenting their society seems to have been the passion which even at this early age, he possessed, for making himself acquainted with the habits and feelings of men in all the positions of life; and the tie which

bound them to him, besides the pride of associating with a person above their rank, was his poetical talent, which even then had begun to show itself, and which enabled him to come to the aid of their more tardy invention, in the manner in which another great poet is said to have done to that of a great king. He was the means of enabling them to carry on a small mystification, by supplying them with verses which they sent to the sweetheart of one of their number; and his ready wit also contributed the responses to his own effusions. In pursuance of this little piece of boyish wickedness, his friends had invited him, on one occasion, to take part in a small supper party in a tavern, and here it was that he encountered the object of his first attachment in the humble capacity of the bar-maid. We should probably injure the beautiful naïve description which he has given us of the whole scene more by a paraphrase, than even by an imperfect translation; and we shall therefore endeavor to present it to our readers as nearly as possible with its original coloring. Speaking of the trick which they were engaged in playing off on their companion, he says,—

"My natural good-heartedness left me little pleasure in such a wicked deception, and the repetition of the same theme began already to disgust me. I should certainly have spent a tiresome evening, if an unexpected apparition had not brought me suddenly to life. When we came, we found the table already covered—tidily and nice, and supplied with a passable quantity of wine. We took our seats, and remained alone, there being no need for service. At last, however, as the wine ran short, one of the party called for the servant, but instead of her, there came a girl of uncommon, and indeed, when one considered her position, of incredible beauty. 'What do you want?' she said, after she had greeted us with a friendly good evening; 'the girl is ill, and has gone to bed. Can I serve you?'—'We want wine,' said one of them; 'will you go and get us a couple of bottles, like a good girl?'—'Do it, Gretchen,' said another; 'it's only a kitten's jump over the way.'—'Why not?' said the girl, and taking a couple of empty bottles from the table, she ran out of the room. Her figure, seen from behind, was even more fascinating. The little cap sat so neatly on her pretty little head, which a slender neck united in the most charming way with her delicate shoulders. Everything about her seemed perfection; and now that the attention was no longer attracted and fettered by the sincere quiet eye and the sweet mouth, one could follow at leisure the effect of her whole figure. I reproached my companions for sending the pretty child out alone into the night, but they only laughed at me, and I was speedily consoled by her reappearance, for the tapster's was only on the

other side of the street. 'Now, in return you must come and join us,' said one of them to the girl. She did so; but alas! she did not sit beside me. When she had drunk a glass to our healths, she left us with the advice that we should not remain very long, and above all not to get *loud*, as the old mother was just going to bed. It was not her mother, but the mother of our landlady."

We have here a picture worthy of an artist's pencil. The little old Frankfort *Schenke*, with its smoky walls and its oaken rafters, the boys around the table, and the beautiful features of the youthful Goethe, beaming with the glow of a first emotion, as he gazed in astonishment upon their lovely attendant, form an *ensemble*, which seems to want nothing but the touch of genius to transfer it from the page to the canvas, and to convert it into the most charming cabinet-picture:—

"The image of this maiden," he says, "followed me, sleeping and waking, wherever I went. It was the first permanent impression which a female nature had made upon me; and since I neither could find, nor was willing to seek, a pretence for seeing her again in the house, I went to church for her sake, and was not long in discovering where she sat, and thus I had abundant opportunity, during the long Protestant service, of gazing at her till I was satisfied. When the congregation dispersed, I had not courage to speak to her, far less to accompany her home, but was transported with joy when, by a little nod of her head, she seemed to return my greeting."

His hopes of a second meeting, however, were destined to be gratified at no distant period. His friends were pressing him for an answer to the love-epistle, and as the recompense, he knew, would be another sight of Gretchen, it may be supposed that he did not idle over his task.

"I set to work immediately," he says, "and thought of everything that would be most agreeable to me if Gretchen were to write it. I thought that I had succeeded so thoroughly, in writing every part of it as if it had proceeded out of her person, her nature, her manner, and her mind, that I could not restrain the wish that it might really be so; and I lost myself in rapture at the very thought that something of the kind might really be addressed by her to me. In this way I succeeded in mystifying myself, whilst I was engaged in making another ridiculous, and it was destined that I should yet be rewarded for my pains, with many a joy and many a sorrow. When I was again called on for the piece, I was ready, and promised, and did not fail to come at the appointed hour. Only one of the youths had arrived; Gretchen was sitting at the window spinning, and the old mother was going about

through the house. The young man requested that I would read my production aloud. I did so, and not without emotion, while I peeped over the paper from time to time at the beautiful child; and when I imagined that I perceived a certain restlessness in her manner, and a slight blush on her cheek, I read in a clearer and more lively manner the parts which expressed what I wished that she had addressed to me. My friend, who had often interrupted me with his commendations, at last requested that I would make some slight alterations. They had chiefly reference to those parts which indeed suited better for Gretchen's condition than for that of the girl from whom they were supposed to come, who was of a good family, wealthy, well known, and respected in the town. When the young man had pointed out to me the passages which he wished to have altered, and had brought me writing materials, he took his leave of us for a short time, in consequence of an engagement, and I remained sitting at a bench against the wall, behind the large table, trying my alterations upon the large slate which usually lay in the window for writing the reckonings upon, and on which also those who came and went used to inform each other of their motions. I had been laboring for some time in vain, writing and rubbing out again, when at last, losing patience, I called out, 'it won't do any way!' 'So much the better,' said Gretchen, firmly, 'I should be very well pleased if it didn't do at all; you ought to have nothing to do with such tricks.' She rose from her wheel, and coming to the table beside me, she read me a lecture with great good sense and good feeling. 'The thing seems an innocent jest,' she said; 'it is a jest, but not an innocent one. I can remember more than one occasion where our young people came into a great deal of trouble in consequence of such a piece of mischief.'—'But what shall I do?' I replied; 'the letter is written, and they trust to my altering it.'—'Believe me,' she said, 'and don't alter it at all; indeed the better way is, that you take it back, put it into your pocket, and go away and try to put the affair to rights through the intervention of your friend. I will also say a little word on the occasion; for look you, though I am a poor girl, dependent upon these people, who are my relations, and who, though they don't, it is true, do anything that is positively bad, still often, for fun and for profit, play many a desperate trick: I stood out against them with the last letter, and would not copy it as they wished; they copied it themselves in a feigned hand, and they may do the like by this one, if the thing cannot be otherwise. But you, a young man of good family, wealthy, and independent, why should you allow yourself to be made the instrument for carrying out such an affair, out of which nothing that is good, and perhaps much that is disagreeable for you, may arise?' I was beyond measure happy to hear her thus speak continuously, for hitherto she had only put in a word in the conversation from time to time. My interest increased inconceivably. I was no longer master of myself, and replied, 'I am not so independent as you think, and what does it help me to be

rich, so long as that for which I most wish is denied me."

"She had taken the draft of my poetical epistle into her hand, and read it, half aloud, very sweetly and pleasantly. 'It is exceedingly pretty,' she said, whilst with a sort of *naïve* pointedness she held her breath for a moment, and then added, 'it is only a pity that it is not intended for any real use.' 'That were indeed much to be wished,' I exclaimed; 'how happy must he be who should receive from a girl whom he really loved such an assurance of her affection.' 'It would require a great deal to bring that about,' she said, 'and yet many things are possible.' 'For example,' I continued, 'if any one who knows you, esteems you, honors you, and worships you, were to lay such a sheet before you, and prayed you most importunately, most heartily, and most kindly, what would you do?' I pushed the paper over to her which she had returned. She smiled—reflected for a moment—took the pen and wrote her name under it. I could not contain myself for joy. I sprang from my seat, and was going to take her in my arms. 'No kissing,' she said, 'that is something so vulgar, but loving, if it be possible.' I took the paper, and put it carefully past. 'No one shall have it,' I said, 'and the thing is at an end. You have saved me!' 'Now finish what I have begun,' she exclaimed, 'and run as fast as you can, before the others come and bring you again into trouble and embarrassment.' I could not turn myself away from her: but she entreated me in the kindest manner, and taking my right hand into both of hers, she pressed it most lovingly. I was not far from tears. I thought I saw her eyes moist. I pressed my face on her hands, and ran away. In my whole life I had never been in such a state of distraction."

He frequently refers afterwards, in the same pleasing and natural way, to this boyish attachment, which subsisted till shortly before his departure for the university, when it came to rather a disagreeable termination, by his male companions getting involved in a serious scrape, which brought their doings under the notice of the authorities, and exposed the whole of his connexion with them. His family as may be supposed, when the matter came to light, took effectual steps to put an end to his further intercourse with Gretchen. She was removed from Frankfurt, and he never saw her again; but he tells us, that what wounded his feelings most of all was, that when the girl was examined about the relation that existed between them, she called him "a child."—"I," he says, "who regarded myself as a very knowing and adroit young man."

She seems, indeed, to have been a sensible and very superior girl, and to have regarded him all along in no other light than that of a love-sick boy, whose precocious talents, and handsome person, rendered him

a very agreeable and interesting playfellow. We know not whether the identity of name, and the similarity of position, have had any influence in inducing us to think, that there is so strong a resemblance between this girl and the Gretchen in Faust, as to warrant the conclusion that the one is the original of the other. In both, we find the same sound, natural, simple sense, and deep, true feeling. They seem both to be the happiest of nature's productions, unaided and uncontaminated by one single tinge of art. These children of nature, indeed, seem all along to have been the women whom Goethe most loved, holding, as he did (what, with regard to females, at all events, we believe to be the orthodox doctrine), that all training which has another effect than that of bringing out their natural qualities is prejudicial, and believing that the ordinary occurrences of life (what Byron calls—

"That useful sort of knowledge  
Which is acquired in nature's good old college,")

will, in most cases, accomplish this purely feminine development quite as well as the most labored education.

It would be altogether out of place to offer any analysis of a character so well known even to purely English readers as the Margaret in Faust. The natural buoyancy of her innocent heart, when she is first presented to us, at once secures our affections and our sympathies. She is the "May Queen" of Tennyson, with something more of thought and character; and the deep pathos of the latter scenes in which she mourns over her fall, is unequalled by anything which we have ever seen in any language. Her prayer to the Virgin, above all, is so perfectly heart-rending in its deep and tender grief, that we believe very few who understand it in the original, and are capable of feeling at all, would undertake to read it aloud with dry eyes.\* It is not unworthy of remark, as illustrative of the perfect artlessness with which Goethe has succeeded in investing this marvellous creation, that although every actress of note in Germany, since its first publication till the present day, has attempted to personate it, not one has succeeded in so far laying aside all appearance of art, as to do so to the satisfaction of

\*We make no apology for the following translation of this celebrated scene, notwithstanding that some sixty or seventy versions of it have been published. As they are all confessedly faulty, we can scarcely be blamed for making one effort more in behalf of the English reader. If we fail, we shall

the public. Mephistopheles has been acted to perfection, and some have even been tolerably successful with Faust; but although Margaret appears on the stage, in all, only some five or six times, and although all she utters, including her two little songs, might be spoken with ease in eight or ten minutes, yet the reproduction of her character in an animated form is a difficulty, which as yet has been found insurmountable. From the general character of Jenny Lind's acting and singing, we should think that it would lie nearer to her, than to any of those who have hitherto attempted it.

In pursuing the course of Goethe's early attachments—at least of such as exerted an influence on his literary labors and his after life—the next personage who presents herself is the Friederike of Sesenheim, the original, as he tells us, of the two Marias—the one in *Götz von Berlichingen*, and the other in *Clavigo*. But before proceeding to this, the most notable and the most interesting of his youthful passions, as also that in which he was most to blame, we shall present our readers, by way of episode, with the amus-

do so in company with many, with whom we shall not feel ashamed to be classed.

*A narrow chamber.—An image of the "Mater dolorosa" in a niche in the wall, with a vase for flowers before it.*

GRETCHEN.

*(Puts fresh flowers into the vase.)*

"Thy head in pity bend,  
Mother of sorrows lend  
Ear to my woe.  
The sword within thy heart who feelest,  
As in anguish now thou kneelest,  
The cross below.  
Now to God thy sighs ascending,  
Comforts now from him descending  
Succor thy woe.  
Who feels  
What anguish steals,  
To me through flesh and bone;  
What my feeble tongue would mutter,  
How my poor heart now doth flutter,  
Thou canst know, and thou alone.  
To thee I ever go,  
Woe! woe! woe! woe!  
My heart is rent in twain.  
When I would my matins keep,  
I must weep, and weep, and weep;  
My head will burst with pain.  
My tears upon the window-sill  
Fell down like morning dew,  
As from the eglantine I plucked  
These fresh-blown flowers for you.  
Full bright within my little room,  
The morning sun did shine,  
Whilst I, bewailing still my doom,  
Upon my bed did pine.  
Oh! mother, save from shame and woe,  
To thee I ever, ever go;  
Oh! hear thy handmaid low."

ing anecdote of the two pretty daughters of the Strasbourg dancing-master.

Goethe's father, who had retired from the active duties of his profession with a considerable fortune and a high-sounding title, and who seems to have been a strange, eccentric, and in many respects childish old man, took upon his own shoulders the whole duty of superintending the early education of his son. In this avocation his zeal knew no bounds, and the most trifling accomplishments, and the most needful acquirements, were equally important in his eyes, provided only that they had reference to Wolfgang. Even dancing was not beneath his notice; and Goethe has given us an amusing description of the manner in which he used to play on an old *flûte-douce*, whilst he taught his sister and him to stand in position and square their toes, and himself inculcated his precepts by his example. The instructions of the old "Königlicher Rath," however, seemed to have infused into the mind of his son no very passionate fondness for the fantastic art; and during the whole of his residence in Leipsic, he informs us that he never once attempted to avail himself of them, except when forced to do so by dire necessity.

On his arrival in Strasbourg, however, he soon discovered that the want of this accomplishment, which he had succeeded in despising in the north, very considerably interfered with his enjoyment of the light-hearted life which prevailed in the sunny Alsace, and he therefore determined forthwith to supply the deficiency, by putting himself into the hands of a regular professor. This personage, he informs us, was a stiff old Frenchman, whose instructions would probably have proved little more amusing than those which Goethe had formerly received, had he not had the good fortune to be the father of two pretty daughters. So soon as the old gentleman had laid a firm foundation in the rudiments of the art, these fair assistants were called in to his aid, and the advancement of the pupil was thus most effectually secured.

"Instructed in the art from their youth, they were exceedingly dextrous, and by their aid even the most awkward scholars must soon have attained a certain proficiency. They were both very polite—spoke nothing but French, and I, on my side, did my best in order not to appear awkward and absurd in their eyes. I was fortunate enough to gain their good opinion, and they were always willing to dance a minuet to their father's little fiddle, and what, indeed, was a more difficult matter, even to drag me round and round in the

waltz. Their father seemed to have no great number of scholars, and they probably led rather a tiresome and solitary life. On this account they used often to ask me after my lesson was over to remain with them and help them to chatter away the time for a little; and this I was nowise loath to do, particularly as the younger one pleased me exceedingly, and they both behaved themselves in a very becoming way. I used sometimes to read them a piece of a romance, and they in their turn did the like. The elder one, who was quite as pretty—perhaps prettier than her sister, but for whom I had not by any means the same liking, behaved always more kindly, and was in every way more obliging than the other. When I got my lesson she was always at hand, and often she was the means of prolonging the hour, in consequence of which I frequently considered it my duty to offer her father two tickets, which he, however never would accept. The younger one, on the other hand though she was not unfriendly, kept herself out of the way, and always waited till her father called her to relieve her sister."

The reason of this conduct he soon discovered to be that the younger one was engaged to be married, whilst the heart of the elder, as she herself informed him, was free. An old fortune-teller having made her appearance one evening, the girls engaged her to tell their fortunes. The result for the younger one was all that could be wished; but when the fate of the elder one came to be decided, the response of the oracle was, that "she loved, that she was not beloved in return, and that another person stood between her and the object of her affections." This she immediately applied to her own and her sister's relation to Goethe, and a violent scene immediately ensued, which terminated in her going to bed in a pet, and in his rushing out of the house.

"The next day," he says, "I did not venture to return, but the day after, Emilie (the younger one) sent me word by a boy who had already brought me many a message from the sisters, and carried to them flowers and fruit in return, that I must positively come. I went at the usual hour, and found the father alone; who had many improvements to suggest in my gait, and carriage, and walking, and dancing, but on the whole seemed tolerably well satisfied with me. Towards the end of the lesson the younger sister came in and danced a most graceful minuet with me, in which she showed herself off to the greatest advantage, and the father assured us that he had not often seen a handsomer or more expert pair upon his boards. When the hour was ended, I went as usual to the sitting-room, and the father left us, but Lucinde was not to be seen. 'She is lying in bed,' said Emilie, 'and I am

very well pleased to see it; don't you give yourself any concern about the matter. Her mental ailments always get better soonest when she takes it into her head that she is ill; for as she is not very anxious to die, she does anything then that we choose to ask her. We have some home-made medicines which she takes on such occasions, and the raging waves are laid by degrees. She is exceedingly gentle and lovable when she suffers from such an imaginary disease, and seeing that she feels very well in reality, and is suffering from nothing but passion, she imagines to herself all sorts of romantic deaths, with which she frightens herself in a pleasant sort of way, pretty much as children do with ghosts. Last night she assured me in the most passionate manner, that this time she certainly should die, and told me that I was not to bring the false and ungrateful friend to her bed-side till she was quite near her end, when she was to reproach him in the bitterest manner, and then give up the ghost.' I told Emilie that I could not charge myself with ever having expressed any affection for her sister, and added, that I knew of one who could very well bear witness to the fact. Emilie smiled and replied, 'I understand you perfectly, and if we don't behave prudently and firmly, we may all of us get into a bad scrape. What would you say if I were to ask you to give up your lessons?'"

She then explained to him that on the former evening, after his departure, the fortune-teller had thrown the cards for him, and that a person, whom she took to be herself, had been ever by his side, between him and her sister. She also informed him of her engagement, and of a growing affection which she nevertheless felt for him, and showed him what a disagreeable position he would find himself in between two sisters; one of whom he had made unhappy by his affection, and the other by his coldness. The argument seemed unanswerable. Goethe consented to depart; but his farewell to the younger sister was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the elder, who, rushing into the room, exclaimed, "You shall not be the only one who takes leave of him."

"I tried to take hold of her hand and say something friendly to her, but she turned herself away, and walked with great strides two or three times through the room, and then threw herself down in the corner of the sofa. Emilie approached her, but she beckoned her away, and then there was a scene which it is painful for me even now to recollect, and which, though there was in reality nothing theatrical about it, but, on the contrary, it was extremely suitable to the nature of a passionate young Frenchwoman, would still require an actress of no common merit to reproduce it worthily on the stage.

"Lucinde overwhelmed her sister with a thousand reproaches. 'His is not the first heart,' she said, 'which was inclining toward me, of which you have robbed me. Was it not the same with your absent lover, who at last betrothed himself with you under my very eyes? I was forced to look on and see it quietly. I supported it; but I know how many thousand tears it has cost me. And now you must take this one from me also, and that without letting the other go. How many do you intend to have at a time? I am open and good-natured, and therefore every one thinks that he can know me in a moment, and on that account is entitled to neglect me; you are sly and quiet, and people think that something very wonderful must lie hidden within you. But there is nothing within you but a cold, selfish heart, which can offer everything up to its own gratification. This, however, no one discovers, because it lies deeply hidden in your bosom, and is as little recognised as my warm true heart, which I display as openly as my face.

"Emilie was silent, and seated herself beside her sister, who became more and more violent in her language, and even expatiated upon subjects with which it was not at all necessary I should be acquainted. Emilie, on the contrary, who tried all she could to pacify her, made me a sign from behind that I should make my escape; but as jealousy and suspicion see with a thousand eyes, Lucinde remarked it in a moment. She sprang up and advanced towards me, but not violently. She stood before me, and seemed to reflect, then she said, 'I know that I have lost you; I make no further claim on your affection. But neither shall you have him, sister!' With these words she laid hold of me by the head, fastened both her hands in my hair, and kissed me again and again on the mouth. 'Now,' she said, 'be aware of my curse. Whoever shall kiss these lips for the first time after me, may misfortune upon misfortune follow her for ever and ever! Now, tamper with him again, if you dare: Heaven, I know will hear me this time! And you, air—run, run as fast as you can.'

"I rushed down the stair with the firm determination never more to enter the house."

We may search long before we find a more perfect specimen of the thorough French "scène" than that with which this little anecdote presents us. It is interesting, too, as showing the wonderful attraction which Goethe must have had for women at this period of his life,—an advantage, indeed, which, like most of those which he possessed, he retained even in old age—as witness the passion of the enthusiastic Bettina. Judging indeed from the number of his conquests, and the sincerity which appears to have characterized them on the side of the ladies, he might well have shared with Louis XV. the enviable title of "*le bien-aimé*." That such should have been the

case in his youth, at all events, is not surprising. If, to his great personal beauty (of which the testimony of his friends, and the portrait which remains of him, leave no doubt), we add easy and affable manners, which enabled him, in conversation, at all times to avail himself of his transcendent talents—good birth—and, for his country at all events, very considerable wealth, we have altogether an aggregation of charms, to which the hearts of few women were likely to remain indifferent. We shall presently have to deplore that his conduct was not always worthy of the advantages which he thus possessed, and that he was too often forgetful of the duties of self-government and self-denial, which in a well regulated mind ought ever to be associated with the consciousness of power.

During his residence at Strasbourg, Goethe made the acquaintance of Herder, and spent much time in his society, particularly during a long and painful illness, when he seems to have been his almost constant attendant. Herder was five years Goethe's senior, and possessed as he was of inexhaustible information upon almost every conceivable subject, and of the purest and most discerning taste, his converse seems to have exerted a very powerful influence upon the mental development of his youthful friend. Amongst other hitherto-unexplored regions into which he was the means of guiding him, one was the literature of England, then just beginning to exert an influence upon the progression party of the literati of Germany. Goethe's English reading, like that of most foreigners, began with the Vicar of Wakefield—a book indeed, which, on the continent, seems now to be set apart as the acknowledged-stepping stone to English; and the bare mention of which will, we doubt not, recall to some of our readers scenes of mutual instruction, not very dissimilar to that which Byron describes as taking place between Juan and Haidée—

"Where both the teacher and the taught were young."

Goethe has pronounced an eloquent eulogium upon this happy little romance, which seems to have continued a favorite with him to the end of his days—its charms being probably not a little enhanced by its association with the scenes to which we are presently to introduce our readers.

Herder, he tells us, regarded it with the eyes of a critic, whilst he "*felt* it as a man—or rather as a youth, to whom all was

living, true, and present." In order, however, still further to realize the scenes with which in description he had been so much delighted, Goethe procured, through one of his fellow-students, an introduction to the family of the pastor of Sesenheim, a little village in Alsace, about six German miles from Strasbourg. The circumstances and whole position of this worthy Vicar, for such in his own country he was, seem wonderfully to have resembled those of him of Wakefield; and Goethe tells us that the attractions which his house was represented to him as holding out, beyond boundless hospitality, were a sensible wife and two very interesting daughters. On the occasion of his first visit, Goethe dressed himself in a sort of disguise, in order to see what effect his presence would produce when personating the character of a poor student of Theology. This, and the shame which he afterwards felt at playing so awkward a part in the presence of the young ladies, and which induced him to borrow the clothes of the son of an innkeeper in the village, gave rise to some curious adventures, with which, though droll enough in themselves, we shall not at present trouble our readers. The description of the scene of these exploits, however, as indicative of the character of the inhabitants, is not unimportant. "The house," he says, "had about it exactly that which we call picturesque, and which always so much charmed me in Dutch pictures. The influence which time exercises on all the works of man was here very apparent. The house, and sheds, and stables, had all of them arrived exactly at that point in the process of decay, at which one wavers between repairing and building anew, and omits the one without adopting the other." The former, however, was the desire of its possessor—a somewhat weak old man, into whose good graces Goethe very soon succeeded in insinuating himself, by furnishing him with innumerable suggestions for the accomplishment of this, his favorite project. During their first conversation on this fruitful subject, Goethe's friend had gone in search of the other members of the family. At last he returned, accompanied by the mother, whom Goethe describes as a very different person from her husband.

"Her features were regular, with an expression of great good sense. In her youth she must have been extremely good looking. Her figure was tall and thin, but not more so than was suitable for her years, and when seen from behind she

had still quite a youthful air. The eldest daughter came springing into the room after her, and asked after Friederike, as the two others had already done. Her father assured them that he had not seen her since they all three had gone out together. The daughter went to the door again to seek for her sister; the mother brought us some refreshments; and Weyland (Goethe's friend) entered into a conversation with the spouses, with reference to the circumstances of their common acquaintances, as is usually the case when friends meet after a long parting. I listened, and learned what I had to expect from the circle into which I had thus been introduced.

"The eldest daughter came back again hastily into the room, and seemed uneasy at not having found her sister. They were all concerned about her, and talked of this and the other bad habit which she had—with the exception of her father, who said, quite quietly,—let her alone, children—she will come back when her own time comes! At this very moment she came in at the door—and then sure enough a most lovely star arose over the horizon of this rustic heaven. Both daughters were dressed in the German fashion, as it was then called, and this almost exploded national costume sat with particular grace on Friederike. A little short white frock with a flounce, just short enough to show her pretty little feet and ankles, a little white bodice, and a black satin apron—thus she stood halfway between a peasant girl and a daughter of the city. Slender and light—she moved as if her clothes were no weight to her, and her delicate neck seemed almost too slender for the profusion of fair locks which adorned her well-formed head. She glanced brightly around with her clear blue eyes, and her nice little nose, slightly *retroussé*, seemed to breathe the air as freely as if there had been no such thing as sorrow in the world. Her straw hat hung from her arm, and thus I had the happiness, at the first glance, to see her in all her grace and all her loveliness."

Goethe, as may be supposed after this description, was not slow in opening the trenches, and laying siege, with all his might, to the heart of this charming little personage, and in this his conduct is perhaps not greatly to be censured, or if it be, there are probably not a great many men who would be entitled to sit upon the jury which should condemn him.

The desire to obtain the esteem and even the affection of a beautiful woman, is with most men, in the first instance, an involuntary and almost invincible impulse, nor is it blamable, except when indulged in such circumstances, or to such a height as to endanger the happiness of the beloved object. It is in failing to exercise those restraining influences, which time and reflection must bring to the aid of every man of good sense and good feeling, that culpability alone exists.

During supper the resemblance to the Wakefield family impressed itself more and more upon Goethe, till at last the appearance of a younger son, who sprang into the room, and without almost noticing the guests, took his seat at table, and made a vigorous attack upon the viands, almost forced him to exclaim, "and are you there also, Master Moses?"

Friederike was Goethe's companion at table, and their mutual frankness soon made them friends. When supper was ended, his friend proposed a walk in the moonlight:—

"He offered his arm to the elder, I to the younger sister, and thus we wandered over the broad meadows, contemplating rather the heaven above us, than the earth which stretched itself out around us in a boundless plain. There was no moon-struck madness, however, about Friederike's conversation. The clearness with which she expressed herself, converted night into day; and there was nothing in what she said which either indicated, or necessarily awakened sentimentality; except that her remarks had reference to me more than formerly. She acquainted me with what it was desirable I should know, with reference to her own position—the country in which she lived, and her acquaintances, and added a hope that I would make no exception to the many strangers, who, having once visited them, gladly did so again.

"It gave me no small pleasure to listen to the picture which she thus drew of the little world in which she moved, and of the persons whom she most esteemed. By this means, she gave me a clear, and at the same time, an amiable view of her own position, which had a singular influence upon me, for I was seized at once with a feeling of regret, that it had not sooner been my fate to live by her side, and at the same time with jealousy and suspicion, towards all those who had formerly had the happiness to surround her. I listened with the most jealous attention, as if I had already had a right to do so, to all the descriptions which she gave of men; it mattered not under what denomination they came, whether they were neighbors, or cousins, or god-fathers,—and I laid my suspicions now upon the one, now upon the other, though, considering my perfect ignorance of the relative position of the parties, it was impossible that I could discover anything of the real state of matters. She became more and more talkative, I more and more silent. It was so pleasant to listen to her, and now that I could perceive nothing about her but her voice—her features being hidden by the darkness which covered the rest of the world, it seemed to me as if I saw into her very heart, a heart which could not be other than pure, since she could thus open it before me, with so little constraint."

The night was spent in interrupting the sleep of his friend, with all possible ques-

tions regarding Friederike, "Was she in love, or had she been? or was she a bride?" And on the morrow follow a number of comical scenes, arising out of the gradual discovery by the different members of the family, of the false colors under which, till then, he had sailed. A declaration of mutual affection takes place between him and Friederike, in a scene which is rendered delightful by the air of simple rustic life and of sincere youthful passion with which he has contrived to invest it. In the evening the little party retired to a shady bower, where Goethe gave them a specimen of his inventive powers, by extemporizing a little tale, with which, he tells us, his audience was enchanted, and he himself was so well pleased, that he afterwards committed it to paper, and published it, under the title of "*Die neue Melusine*." He seems indeed to have possessed in an eminent degree the talents of an "improvisatore;" and when Dr. Gall, the phrenologist, examined his head, he informs us, that he pronounced him to have been intended by nature for a popular orator. "A revelation," says Goethe, "which filled me with no small consternation, since, had it been true, the efforts of my whole life must have been, and continued to be, a struggling against nature, seeing that there is no opportunity for oratorical displays in Germany."

On Goethe's return to Strasbourg, he found the study of the Law still less enticing than it had formerly been, and even the medical lectures which he had attended for his amusement, had lost much of their charm. Some necessary preparations for passing his examination, were accordingly despatched as quickly as possible, and *Sesenheim* again found him a guest, wandering by the side of the beloved Friederike. Our space prohibits us from attempting to place before our readers more of these sunny scenes than are necessary in order to put them in possession of the character of this fair saint, to whose shrine the worshippers of Goethe have since thought proper to direct their pious steps.

Those who are curious on the subject will find ample opportunity of gratifying their wishes for further information in the "*Pilgrimage of Sesenheim*," published so lately as 1840, and edited by no less a personage than Varnhagen von Ense. Most persons, however, will probably find a greater charm in Goethe's own simple descriptions; and to those who are not already acquainted with them, we confidently recommend them as their next "after dinner reading." One passage, in which the whole being of Frie-



derike is laid open with peculiar felicity, we shall transcribe before parting :—

"The friendly greetings of the peasants which were chiefly directed to her, showed that they regarded her as a beneficent being, in whose presence they felt at ease. In the house the elder sister was her mother's chief assistant, nothing that required much bodily exertion being required of Friederike, whom they spared, they said, in consequence of the weakness of her chest.

"There are some females who please us more in a room, others who appear to best advantage in the open air. Friederike belonged to the latter class. Her figure, her whole nature, never appeared so enchanting as when she was tripping lightly along some elevated foot-path. The grace of her gait seemed to rival the flowery earth on which she trod, and the unclouded serenity of her lovely countenance to contend with the clear blue of the heaven. The joyous and exhilarating ether which thus continually surrounded her, she contrived to bring with her even into the house, and well did she understand how to arrange little misunderstandings, and by the gaiety of her manner lightly to remove all disagreeable impressions.

"The purest pleasure which one can find in the person of a beloved object is in seeing that she is equally the delight of others. Friederike's conduct always exercised a beneficent influence on the society in which she moved. On our walks she glided hither and thither an enlivening spirit—filling up gaps wherever they showed themselves. We have already extolled the lightness of her motions, and indeed in no position was she so charming as when she ran. As a roe seems to fulfil the intentions of nature when it bounds lightly over the shooting corn, so her whole being seemed to find its perfect expression, when lightly skimming over heath and meadow, she ran to fetch something which had been forgotten, to seek something that had been lost, to call in a distant pair, or to arrange something necessary for the common enjoyment. In these exercises she never got out of breath in the smallest degree, and preserved her balance with the utmost grace, a circumstance which showed that there was no great cause for the anxiety which her parents had about her chest."

One can scarcely imagine any situation in which such a being as this could have been other than the pride and the joy of him whom she loved, and the sacrifice of any fancied advantage in social position would have been, one would think, nothing more than what a lover would have rejoiced in being able to lay at her feet. What, then, will our readers think of the sincerity of Goethe's feelings, or of the goodness of heart of which he often boasts, when they hear that no sooner did this little rustic family make its appearance in Strasbourg,

in order to enjoy the society of their city connexions, who, as he himself informs us, were of a good position and in easy circumstances, than he felt something which, notwithstanding the circumlocution with which he has confessed it, was neither more nor less than shame for the awkwardness of their manners, and the homeliness of their attire! The mother, who had been probably brought up in town, and had seen good society in early life, behaved herself, he tells us, like other ladies, but the eldest was like a fish out of the water, and even Friederike, with her poor little old-fashioned German dress, was not suitable for her new position.

Though on one occasion he read the whole play of Hamlet aloud to a large audience in order to please her (or perhaps to gratify his own vanity), he had not the manliness to set himself so far above the silly conventionalities with which he was surrounded, as sincerely to enjoy her society, and at last he fairly confesses that when the family left Strasbourg, he felt as if a stone were taken off his heart. All that we afterwards hear of Friederike, is that he likens his passion for her to a bomb, which mounting gradually into the air, seems to mingle with the stars, and even for a while to remain among them; but afterwards describing the converse of its upward course, descends again to the earth, where it spreads destruction and havoc around it. There was no fault on her side; for he says, that she remained ever the same, nor thought, nor wished to think, that their intercourse was to come to so speedy an end. He, however, had determined that it should be so. He had gained from it all that he wished, which was momentary gratification, and experience of life; and although he makes a farce of having been for some time heart-broken at the *inevitable* parting, his conduct leaves little doubt, that he folded up within the recesses of his own selfish heart, every recollection connected with her, with pretty much the same composure with which he may have stitched together the notes which he had taken at one of his favorite medical lectures.

True, he had done her no injury of which the law could take account, or on which even the rules of society could pronounce their ban, and he does not seem to have done, even what he did on a future occasion, viz. to have broken a promise of marriage; and the calculating man of the world may think that he only availed himself of the opportu-

nity for retraction, which always remains open before the final conclusion of every bargain. Those, however, who regard such matters from a higher point of view, will not probably be disposed to pronounce upon him so lenient a sentence. He had excited and long continued to cherish and foster, by every means in his power, hopes which he never intended to gratify, and from gratifying which he was hindered by nothing but his own selfishness, and his own weakness. The excuse that he was a minor, and that it was at the worst only a piece of youthful folly and rashness, is a justification which we can see no grounds for admitting. For our own part, we see neither folly nor rashness in the matter. If he was not already of age, and there is reason to believe that he was, he was at least thoroughly responsible for what he did—he was standing on the very threshold of a profession which by his great talents (of which he was perfectly conscious), and the influence of his friends, could at once have been rendered a lucrative one; and besides, he was the son of a wealthy and doting affectionate father, who never would have ultimately thwarted him in any reasonable wish. We cannot imagine circumstances more favorable for the contraction of a lasting and honorable connexion, and we can scarcely regard the misfortunes which waited upon all his future endeavors after matrimonial bliss, in any other light than as a just retribution for his conduct on this occasion. With these observations we shall dismiss the man with his deeds, and turn our attention to the monuments which the artist has raised over the ashes of poor Friederike's love.\*

Amongst the dramatic compositions of Goethe, we confess that the bold and irregular play of *Gotz von Berlichingen* has ever held a prominent place in our affections. The life-like reality with which the scenes of that rude and sturdy time are placed before our eyes, reminds us at every page of the writings of our own Shakspeare. The Boar's Head tavern in East Cheap is scarcely more familiar to us than Gotz's Castle of Iaxthausen, or the palace of the Bishop of Bamberg. We mingle familiarly in the picturesque throng which crowds their courts and halls, and every face is the face of an old acquaintance. So intimate, indeed, is our knowledge of their individual peculiarities, that it seems to us as if we

could predict what each would say, and how he would bear himself. Old Gotz himself, ever upright and honorable—with no wonderful share of acuteness, but at the same time no fool in worldly matters—overbearing but not selfish—bold, and even ferocious when thwarted, but kind and tenderly affectionate to his family and his friends, is the very model of a good knight of the olden time. We stop not to inquire whether the character is consistent with that which has been handed down by authentic history. Whatever he may have done on other occasions, Goethe has here nowise overstepped the legitimate license of the dramatist in raising the character of his hero. He has neither distorted nor misrepresented—he has simply elevated. We are willing to accept the character as he has given it; and most of us, probably, when we think of the Knight of the Iron Hand, will think of him rather as the Gotz of the drama, than as the not very consistent leader of the peasant war, whose faults and failings modern writers of history have been at no pains to bring into view. Then there is his noble wife—the bold, true-hearted, simple, but dignified German matron, of whom her husband says, that “God gives such wives as her to those whom he loves.” Then there is George—the “golden boy,” the joyous and light-hearted aspirant to chivalry, whom old Gotz loved as a part of himself, and who is indeed the very perfection of boys. With the elegant and tender-hearted Weislingen we are compelled to sympathize, notwithstanding his faithfulness and his many faults, for these are the result more of his accidental position than of his vices. On him, as on Hamlet, has been laid a burden too great for him to bear, and we cannot help wishing that his temptations had been more proportioned to his powers of resistance. Adelheid has the horrible basilisk-charm of a female Iago; but of all the best beloved is the gentle sister of Gotz—the tender, womanly, Maria von Berlichingen. We know of no character, even in the writings of Shakspeare himself, more perfectly feminine and delicate, and at the same time more thoroughly free from every approach to over-refinement. She is, in our opinion, beyond all question, the best specimen of a *gentlewoman* to be met with in Goethe's writings, and she alone is sufficient to remove from him the reproach of having been unable to comprehend that peculiar delicacy and purity of sentiment which, in our pride, we are sometimes tempted to claim as the exclusive

\* Those who are anxious to see a defence of Goethe's conduct on this occasion, will find it in the “Pilgrimage to Sesenheim,” above referred to.

birthright of an English lady. Mary of Berlichingen would do no discredit to the bed-chamber of our Queen.

We cannot trace in her much of the character of Friederike, and if she was, as Goethe says, in his mind when he drew the character of Maria, he must have portrayed rather what she might have become, than what she was when he knew her. We suspect that the resemblance between the characters and conduct of the lovers—between Weislingen and himself—is considerably nearer. Maria has less vivacity than Friederike—there is more of a gentle reserve in her presence, and tender affection, rather than passionate fondness, is the character of her love.

The conversation between her and her little nephew Karl, is one of the most skillful things of the kind with which we are acquainted—her part is so perfectly that of a woman—his so thoroughly that of a child. The scene, however, in which she finds her faithless lover, Weislingen, on his death-bed, poisoned by the hand of his mistress, the haughty and heartless Adelheid, when she comes to beg for her brother's life, is the perfection of pathos.

In the Maria of Clavigo the resemblance to Friederike is more apparent, though to us, at all events, she is a much less interesting character than the sister of the iron-handed Gotz. She is a lively, passionate, French girl, with something more of tenderness, and a good deal more of constancy, than usually belong to the vivacious daughters of Gaul. In her lover, Clavigo, we have also much more both of the character and conduct of Goethe than in Weislingen. He is represented as an accomplished scholar, and elegant man of the world, whose better feelings, though never extinguished, were continually proving too weak for the selfishness with which they had to contend. In his desertion of Marie de Beaumarchais, he is actuated by precisely the same motives, which induced Goethe to abandon Friederike, the very vulgar ones, viz. of feeling that his social position was now in some degree superior to hers, and the hope of making a better match. This double confession of a single act (in Gotz and Clavigo) is remarkable as an illustration of that tendency which seems to exist in all minds, even the strongest, to confess in some way or another whatever they themselves feel that they have done amiss; and it is a proof of what Goethe himself says somewhere in his Autobiography, that his whole works may be re-

garded as a series of confessions, of which that work was the supplement. Nor is it unworthy of note, that he has represented the aberrations of conduct, both of Weislingen and of Clavigo, as the result of the influence of more resolute characters, by whose consistent wickedness they were in a measure held in subjection, whereas there is no indication of anything analogous having existed in his own case: a proof, it would seem, that he considered the self-suggested heartlessness of his own conduct as incapable of being clothed with interest even in a drama.

Before we quit the gallery of Goethe's beauties, there is one other face to which we cannot refrain from calling the attention of our readers. It is that of a simple, lovesick girl, of one whom Goethe himself has spoken of as one of nature's maidens, and on whom Schiller has also pronounced a very eloquent panegyric. We allude, as many will divine, to the Clärchen in *Egmont*. She belongs rather to the class of which we formerly spoke than to that of which Maria Von Berlichingen may be considered as the type; and we should not have reverted to the subject of Goethe's childlike female characters, had it not been partly from the feeling that we had unjustly overlooked her when formerly treating of them, and partly from the circumstance of *Egmont* belonging as a composition altogether to the time of Goethe's maturity. We are quite of Schiller's mind with reference to the dramatic error which is involved in the circumstance of her appearance at all; and we regard it, moreover, as a singular and lamentable proof of Goethe's perverted moral taste, that he considered a parting scene between a fictitious Egmont and his mistress, more likely to enlist the sympathies of his readers, than one such as must actually have taken place, between an affectionate husband and a loving wife. Poetical license is one thing, and poetical slander is another; and if poor Egmont, with all his faults, left at the last an unblemished moral character, we see no reason why he should in this respect be needlessly misrepresented.

Whether Schiller was entitled to cast the first stone at Goethe in behalf of good taste, at all events, will perhaps seem a question to those who remember the parting scene between Leicester and Mary Stuart in his own drama. But leaving the vexed question as to whether poor Clärchen ought or ought not to have been where she is, there are few of our readers, we believe, who will

not hail her as a beautiful creation wherever she may be, and some of them, perhaps, will thank us for the little glance which we shall give them of her, as she walks to and fro in her mother's humble abode in Brussels, waiting for her lord.

"CLARA AND HER MOTHER ALONE.

*Mother.* "Such a love as Brackenburg's I have never seen; I thought such things were to be found only in the histories of the saints.—(*Brackenburg was an honorable suitor for Clara's hand.*)

*Clärchen (walking up and down through the room, humming a song between her lips),*

"Happy alone  
Is the spirit that loves."

*Mother.* "He knows of thy intercourse with Egmont, and I believe if you would show him a little kindness, he would marry you yet."

*Clärchen (sings),*

"Joyful  
And sorrowful,  
Thoughtful in vain;  
Hoping  
And fearing,  
Alternating pain;  
Heaven-high shouting,  
The saddest that lives;  
Happy alone  
Is the spirit that loves."

*Mother.* "Leave off that ranting, child."

*Clärchen.* "Don't scold me for it, mother. It is a powerful song. I have sung full-grown children to sleep with it before now."

*Mother.* "Thou hast nothing in thy head but that love of thine. Would that thou couldst think of something else. Brackenburg might place you in an honorable condition, I tell you. He may still make thee happy."

*Clärchen.* "He?"

*Mother.* "O yes! a time will come! You children cannot look before you, and will not listen to our experience. Youth and love all come to an end, and a time may come when you will thank God for a roof to cover you."

*Clärchen. (Shudders, is silent, and then exclaims),* "Mother, let that time come as death will come! To think of it beforehand is horrible. And, when it comes! When we must—then we shall bear ourselves as we may. Egmont! to renounce you! (*in tears.*) No! it is impossible—impossible."

Clärchen's little song, in this scene, short though it is, is one of the most powerful of Goethe's lyric compositions. It is, indeed, as she calls it, "ein kräftig Lied." As an outpouring of the emotions of a passionate and loving heart, we know not its equal.

The translation which we have given, we present to our young lady readers, as only one degree better than the very miserable one which they will find in their music-books. The original, however, with the beautiful music of Beethoven, we recommend to their serious consideration; and we think it might, without prejudice, be adopted as a substitute for "Woodman, spare that tree," or, "Ye marble Halls," or, "Beautiful Venice," or, indeed, for most others of the lays of modern England with which they are at present in the habit of lulling their papas to slumber.

Did our limits permit, we would gladly linger in the society of the beautiful daughters of Goethe's brain, and the names of many of them, we are sure, would require only to be mentioned, in order to rekindle the enthusiasm with which our readers must have once regarded them. The majestic form of Iphigenie would rise up afresh, with its statue-like beauty, and the childish tenderness of the melancholy Mignon would again claim a tear. In the gay and profligate Philline we should still take pleasure, in spite of our disapproval, and the two Leonoras would once more divide our admiration and our love. But we must hasten away from the enchanted circle, and we shall detain our readers only with a very few observations on the characteristic differences between the female characters of Goethe and those of our own great dramatist.

Goethe's females are less dignified, less heroic, so to speak, than those of Shakspeare. They are truer to nature, not in the higher sense of what nature might and would produce in given circumstances, but in the lower sense of what she usually does produce, and what we see around us in the ordinary intercourse of the world. They are one degree further removed from the antique, in that they are less the embodiments of abstract passion, and approach nearer to the complexity of ordinary nature. Nor have they the power of Shakspeare's females. Tenderness and sweetness are their chief characteristics. There is not one of them, so far as we know, who could support the passion even of Juliet, or in whose nature such a passion, if represented, would not be felt to be an incongruity. How different is the part which Portia plays from that which Goethe has assigned, or could with propriety have assigned, to any of his female characters! In female characterization, as in every other department of dramatic composition, we hold religiously to the opinion

that no poet, ancient or modern, has ever equalled Shakspeare, and we are disposed to place the female characters of Goethe, both poetically and morally, on a lower level than his. Still, they are as they should be. The ages for heroic conception are gone—gone, so far as we can see, beyond recall; and the epic, we fear, is not the only form of poetic composition which is unsuited to our time. In Shakspeare's days the middle age still lingered with a sunset glow, and its grandeur was blended in his imagination, with the bright soft tints of the coming time. He stood, as it were, upon a height, between the day which had been and the day which was to be, and his eye descried the dawn, whilst the rays of the evening still gilded the west. Even the majestic shadows of the Roman grandeur may be supposed to have stretched to him; for it was the cloud which had sunk down upon it which was rising on all sides when Shakspeare was born. It was the same with the great painters of Italy; and in their works we see much of the majesty of classic art—not copied, but still remaining in spirit—united to the picturesque luxuriance of the Middle Ages, and the clear conception and perfect *technique* of modern times. Goethe, again, is the poet of an altogether new civilization—of a social condition, the result, no doubt, of those elements of change and of progression which were at work in the days of Shakspeare and of Raphael, but still differing in its developed state most essentially from what it was in the period of its formation. His poetry is the only kind of poetry which was possible, as original and indigenous poetry, in an age in which clearness, precision, and reality have taken the place of the magnificent and the ideal; and it is thus a legitimate consequence of the condition out of which they arose, that his women should be as we find them—mere “comfit-makers’ wives,” and “Sunday citizens,” when placed side by side with those of Shakspeare. They are real women, however—perfectly simple, and free from mawkish artificiality—perfectly graceful, but at the same time divested of all the dignity which is derived from position, and with which the circumstances of the time permitted Shakspeare to invest his characters. A queen or princess in Shakspeare's days, and to Shakspeare, was a very different person from what she is in our days, and to us. Partly, she was different in herself; for it cannot be doubted that the almost sacred reverence with which rank was then

regarded must have effected, to some extent, a change on the natural characters of those to whom it belonged. Chiefly, however, she was different to him; for she was raised to a height, and surrounded by an atmosphere, which allowed his imagination free scope to gild her at will, and he has drawn her, of course, as he conceived her. The relations which subsisted between the different classes of the community, and the feelings with which they mutually regarded each other, were then altogether different from what they now are. The sharp and rigid distinctions which then marked the different steps on the social ladder were unquestionably favorable to feelings of mutual respect. The affectation of contempt with which the high and the low now regard each other, and the ridiculous light in which they contrive to exhibit their respective characteristics, is the result of a jealousy on the one hand, and of an envy on the other, which could have found no place where rivalry was excluded by the very constitution of the society in which men lived. Where encroachment was not dreaded, mutual respect and kindly feeling naturally became the connecting links between the different classes of men, instead of ridicule and unbelief being, as with us, the principles which jumble all ranks together. No “Punch” appeared then on the Saturday mornings, to hold up to the laughter of the land, the royal banquet of the previous night. If there had, what glorious matter he would have found in the doings of our gracious lady, Elizabeth. No “leader” had then even mooted the opinion that royalty was a pageant kept up merely for the convenience of the community, and for preserving the symmetrical appearance of the Constitution. Shakspeare did not labor, as we do, and as Goethe did, under the disadvantages which, according to Louis XIV., beset the valets of the great; and, consequently, there were some men, and women too, who did continue to be heroes to him.

The merit of Goethe on the other hand is, that he read the newspapers all his days, and that he was a poet notwithstanding. Nay, that he has proved to us, that while men and women feel, love, and suffer, the poet's occupation will remain. He might have imitated Shakspeare and the older poets if he had chosen, as he has imitated the Greeks in Iphigenie; but if he had, he would not have been as he is—the poet of the nineteenth century. The true province of the poet, and this Goethe knew, is to em-

body in their greatest purity and their greatest strength, the sentiments and feelings of his age. He is and must be the æsthetic expression of his time. Even the poets of France, the least original of all to whom the name has ever been conceded—were so to a certain extent against their will; and their tiresome imitations of the antique are a standing monument of the want of healthy and original life, which then characterized their country. The same observations apply with equal force to the other departments of the fine arts, and it requires no prophet to foretell, that if ever we should have a *true* school of painting or sculpture in Europe again, it will bear to that which sprang up in Italy at the close of the Middle Ages, the same relation which the poetry of Goethe does to the poetry of Shakspeare.

So much for one, and perhaps the chief cause of the difference, which we perceive between Goethe and Shakspeare's female characters; but there is another which no doubt had its influence, and which we ought not to pass over unnoticed. It is the difference of feeling, with regard to the female sex, prevalent in the two countries to which the poets respectively belonged. In Germany a woman is a being to be loved and cherished, but not to be revered and adored, as she was in England in Shakspeare's time, and still is to some extent. The sphere of her activity is consequently more limited, she is a less prominent personage in the eyes of the world, and less important in her own, and hence the homeliness of her manners, and the greater preponderance of the strictly domestic virtues. Every English man on first coming in contact with German women, is struck with the absence, even in the very highest classes, of what is vulgarly denominated "style." Their object is not to attract admiration, but to engage the affections—they appeal not to the eye, but to the heart, and hence there is in their manners for the most part, what in an Englishwoman would be an affectation of simplicity. An intelligent Englishman (Dr. Bisset Hawkins) writing about Germany some years ago, said that there was no other nation in the world, where the natural woman was so easily discoverable under the social crust, and the truth of the observation will be confirmed by all who have had an opportunity of forming an opinion from personal observation. The whole education of a German woman indeed tends to bring about this result. Trained from the first to domestic duties in the bosom of her

family, her early education differs as much as can well be imagined from the convent education of France, or the showy and too often superficial instruction which falls to the lot of the English maiden. She is not educated for show, nor regarded as an ornament, and the consequence is that she is rarely either showy or ornamental.

Of this species of woman we have a complete exemplification in the Charlotte of *Werther's Leiden*, who, notwithstanding the violence of the passion which she excites, is all along represented as a plain, simple, unpretending housewife. Her lover is evidently a fine gentleman, and an intellectual fop besides of the very first water; but we see nothing of the accomplished miss or of the fine lady about Charlotte. She is a woman simply, and the charm which attaches to her is altogether apart from conventional feeling. In this respect, as in many others, Goethe's women often remind us of the females who figure in the dialogues of Erasmus. When we read of these as *puella*, *femina*, *uxores*, *matronæ*, or under whatever other title they may appear, we think of them simply as well developed specimens of female humanity, but without the slightest reference to their position in the world. Poverty does not weigh upon them, nor does wealth puff them up. They are neither exalted by the deference of others, nor depressed by the absence of self-respect. They are not learned; for although their conversation is reported in Latin, they are supposed to have spoken in the vulgar tongue. Neither are they ignorant; for on every subject on which the interlocutor addresses them, they are extremely intelligent and ready-witted. They are simply, as we said before, *puella*, *femina*, *uxores*, *matronæ*, &c. with such a degree of wealth, of station, of learning, and of intelligence, as to render them normal specimens of the human being of the sex at the period of life, and otherwise in the circumstances in which they are represented.

To some of our readers it may seem strange that Erasmus should be spoken of as a poet, and, stranger still, that he should be instanced as a successful delineator of female character. With ourselves, however, we confess that several of his women have long been especial favorites—the Maria, for instance, in the "Proci et Puellæ," the Catharina (Virgo *Μισογamos*), the Fabulla, and even the unfortunate Lucretia. The characterization is excellent; for although there is a great similarity observable

in them all, they have each a distinct individual existence. In reading the dialogues, short though they be, we seem, as it were, to make their acquaintance, and to become familiar with their respective peculiarities. Catharina, for instance, is by far the most poetical; and indeed we know few things more beautiful than the quaint, half-sportive conversation between her and her lover, when they are first presented to us in the garden after the banquet.

*Eubulus.* "Gaudeo tandem finitam esse cœnam, ut liceat hac frui deambulatione, qua nihil amenius."

*Cath.* "Et me jam tædebat sessionis."

*Eu.* "Quam vernal, quam arridet undique mundus! Hæc nimium est illius adolescentia."

*Cath.* "Sic est."

*Eu.* "At cur tuum ver non æque arridet."

*Cath.* "Quam ob rem?"

*Eu.* "Quia subtristis es."

*Cath.* "An video alio vultu quam soleo."

*Eu.* "Vis ostendam te tibi?"

*Cath.* "Maxime."

*Eu.* "Vides hanc rosam, sub imminentem noctem, foliis contractoribus?"

*Cath.* "Video, quid tum postea?"

*Eu.* "Talis est vultus tuus."

*Cath.* "Bella collatio."

*Eu.* "Si mihi parum credis, in hoc fonticulo contemplant te ipsum," &c.

So far, indeed, we have not much of Catharina, and she delivers her short responses with the coyness of one who expected to be wooed; but the manner in which her lover, who is perfectly up to his business, endeavors to arrive at her understanding and her heart, through the medium of her imagination, shows sufficiently the natural tendency of her mind. The whole scene breathes of the freshness of the garden; and we can picture to ourselves, without an effort, the two lovers walking over the close-shorn green, and listening to the gentle murmuring of the water, as it trickled into the fountain in which Catharina was to contemplate her beauty. We are strikingly reminded of the garden scene of Faust—and Catharina, in many respects, might pass for the sister of Gretchen. Her character is finely brought out as the dialogue proceeds, and her conscientious scruples about matrimony are shaken, though not overcome.

In the dialogue which follows, and which is supposed to take place after she had made trial of the convent, we have a return to the feelings which naturally belong to a girl of her age; and Eubulus is rewarded for his former unsuccessful argumentation, by a declaration on the part of the young lady,

that of all the friends in whom she trusted,—"nunc sentio nullum fuisse, qui mihi prudentius ac senilius consilium dederit, quam tu omnium natu minimus." These, like most of the other dialogues, are pointed against the abuses of the monastic system, and the sophisms by which the priests in the days of Erasmus were in the habit of working upon the tender consciences of young and impressionable females; but he has contrived to present the argument in so attractive a form, that we read it like a drama, scarcely thinking for the time of the chief object with which it was written. The daughters of this old worm-eaten theologian, are wits too in their own quiet way; and there are few more amusing instances of continued repartee, than the manner in which Maria defends herself from the attacks of Pamphilus, when he undertakes to prove to her, on the principle of the old adage, "animam hominis non illic esset ubi animat, sed ubi amat," that he is dead, and she is his murderess. The discussion too between Eutrapelus and Fabulla (the *puer pera*), in which she challenges him, "Dic quæ te causæ moveant, ut feliciter existimes peperisse catulum, quam catellam," is ineffably droll in many parts. The whole of the dialogues indeed are sparkling with wit; and as they are generally carried on between a man and a woman, no inconsiderable part of it must necessarily fall to the share of the ladies. In this respect they differ altogether from Goethe's females, for in their mouths we seldom find anything that is witty, and indeed Goethe himself, was by no means so great a wit as Erasmus.

#### DEATH OF WILLIAM THOM, THE INVERARY POET.

—Mr. Thom died at Dundee on the 28th ultimo. For some time past the poet had been in delicate and declining health. He has left behind him a widow and three children, the eldest of whom is only five years, and the youngest but a few months old. These are utterly destitute. We believe that intimations to the above effect either have been, or are immediately to be, despatched to Lord Jeffrey, Charles Dickens, and others; and that Messrs. Chalmers, Middleton, and Shaw, booksellers, are willing to receive donations on behalf of the widow and children.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.—The King of Prussia is about to send a scientific expedition into Negroland, in search of some vast and splendid ruins of an ancient city, which a Mahomedan traveller, whose work has been translated from the Turkish by Dr. Rosean, asserts that he discovered during his wanderings in Central Africa.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## LIFE AT HUDSON'S BAY.

*Hudson's Bay; or, Snow-shoe Journeys, Boat and Canoe Travelling Excursions, and Every-day Life in the Wilds of North America, during Six Years' Residence in the Territories of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company. With Illustrations. By ROBERT MICHAEL BALLANTYNE. Edinburgh, 1847. Printed for Private Circulation*

How few school-boys, newly emancipated from the manual remonstrances of their respective Cleishbothams, but would welcome with overflowing delight the prospect of a distant and adventurous voyage, no matter whither or on what errand! How few but would prefer a cruise in the far Pacific, a broil amidst Arabian sands, or a freeze in the Laplander's icy regions, to the scholastic toga, the gainful paths of commerce, or even to the gaudy scarlet, so ardently aspired to by many youthful imaginations! But to how very few, in this iron age of toil, is it given to roam at the time of life when roaming is most delightful—when the heart is light and the body strong, when the spirits are high, and thoughts unclogged by care, and when novelty and locomotion constitute keen and real enjoyment! A book by one of the fortunate minority is now before us, and a very pleasant book it is, but as yet unknown to the public; since, for some unexplained reason, whose goodness we incline to doubt, it has been printed for the perusal of friends, instead of being boldly entered to run for the prize of popular approval. If timidity was the cause, the feeling was groundless; the colt had more than a fair chance of the stakes. We would have wagered odds upon him against nags of far greater pretensions. To drop the equine metaphor, we daily see books less meritorious, and infinitely less entertaining, than Mr. Ballantyne's "*Hudson's Bay*," confidently paraded before a public, whose suffrages do not always justify the authors' presumption. Our readers shall judge for themselves in this matter. Favored with a copy of the privately circulated volume, we propose giving some account of it, and making a few extracts from its varied pages.

First, as regards the author. It is manifest, from various indications in his book, that he is still a very young man; and although he does not explicitly state his age, we conjecture him to have been about fifteen or sixteen years old when, in the month of May 1841, he was thrown into a state of

ecstatic joy by the receipt of a letter, appointing him apprentice-clerk in the service of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company. At first sight there certainly does not appear anything especially exhilarating in such an appointment, which to most ears is suggestive of a gloomy office in the city of London, of tall stools, canvas sleeves, and steel pens. A most erroneous notion! There is not more difference between the duties of an African Spahi and a member of the city police, than between those of a Hudson's Bay Company's clerk and of the painstaking individual who accomplishes two journeys *per diem* between his lodging at Islington and his counting-house in Cornhill. Whilst the latter draws an invoice, effects an insurance, or closes an account-current, the Hudson's Bay man shoots bears and rapids, barter peltry with painted Indians, and traverses upon his snow-shoes hundreds of miles of frozen desert. We might protract the comparison, and show innumerable points of contrast, but these will appear as we proceed. Before we draw on our blanket coats, and the various wrappers rendered necessary by the awful severity of the climate, and plunge with Mr. Ballantyne into the chill and dreary wilds to which he introduces us, we will give, for the benefit of any of our readers who may chance to have few definite ideas of the Hudson's Bay Company, beyond stuffed carnivora and cheap fur-shops, his brief account of the origin of that association.

"In the year 1669, a company was formed in London, under the direction of Prince Rupert, for the purpose of prosecuting the fur trade in the regions surrounding Hudson's Bay. This company obtained a charter from Charles II., granting to them and their successors, under the name of 'The Governor and Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay,' the sole right of trading in all the country watered by rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay. The charter also authorized them to build and fit out men-of-war, establish forts, prevent



any other company from carrying on trade with the natives in their territories; and required that they should do all in their power to promote discovery. Armed with these powers, then, the Hudson's Bay Company established a fort near the head of James's Bay. Soon afterwards, several others were built in different parts of the country; and before long, the company spread and grew wealthy, and extended their trade far beyond the chartered limits."

Of what the present limits are, as well as of the state, aspect, arrangements, and population of the Hudson's Bay territory, a very clear and distinct notion is given by the following paragraph.

"Imagine an immense extent of country, many hundred miles broad and many hundred miles long, covered with dense forests, expanded lakes, broad rivers, and mighty mountains, and all in a state of primeval simplicity, undefaced by the axe of civilized man, and untenanted save by a few roving hordes of red Indians, and myriads of wild animals. Imagine, amid this wilderness, a number of small squares, each enclosing half-a-dozen wooden houses, and about a dozen men, and between each of these establishments a space of forest varying from fifty to three hundred miles in length, and you will have a pretty correct idea of the Hudson's Bay territories, and of the number of, and distance between, their forts. The idea, however, may be still more correctly obtained, by imagining populous Great Britain converted into a wilderness, and planted in the middle of Rupert's Land; the company, in that case, would build three forts in it—one at the Land's End, one in Wales, and one in the Highlands; so that in Britain there would be but three hamlets with a population of some thirty men, half a dozen women, and a few children! The company's posts extend, with these intervals between, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from within the Arctic Circle to the northern boundaries of the United States.

"Throughout this immense country there are probably not more ladies than would suffice to form half-a-dozen quadrilles; and these, poor banished creatures! are chiefly the wives of the principal gentlemen connected with the fur trade. The rest of the female population consist chiefly of half-breeds and Indians—the latter entirely devoid of education, and the former as much enlightened as can be expected from those whose life is spent in such a country. Even

these are not very numerous; and yet without them the men would be in a sad condition; for they are the only tailors and washerwomen in the country, and make all the mittens, moccasins, fur caps, deer-skin coats, &c., &c., worn in the land."

To these desolate and inhospitable shores was bound the good ship Prince Rupert, on board of which Mr. Ballantyne took his berth at Gravesend, converted in his own opinion, and by the simple fact of his appointment to the H. B. Company's Service, from a raw school-boy into a perfect man of the world; and important member of society. He writes in a very lively style, and there is some quiet humor in his first impressions of the new scenes and associates into which he suddenly found himself thrust. He had not been many hours on board the Prince Rupert, when he beheld a small steamboat approach, freighted with a number of elderly gentlemen. He was enlightened as to who these were by the remark of a sailor, who whispered to a comrade, "I say, Bill, them's the great guns!" In other words, the committee of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company come to visit the three fine vessels which were to sail the following morning for their distant dominions. Of course this was too good a pretext for a dinner to be lost sight of by Englishmen; and before the gentlemen of the committee left the ship, they duly invited the captain, officers, and also, to the new apprentice-clerk's astonishment and delight, begged him to honor them with his company.

"I accepted the invitation with extreme politeness; and, from inability to express my joy in any other way, winked to my friend W——, with whom I had become, by this time, pretty familiar. He, having been also invited, winked in return to me: and having disposed of this piece of juvenile freemasonry to our satisfaction, we assisted the crew in giving three hearty cheers as the little steamer darted from us, and proceeded to the shore." At the dinner "nothing intelligible was to be heard, except when a sudden lull in the noise gave a bald-headed old gentleman, near the head of the table, an opportunity of drinking the health of a red-faced old gentleman near the foot, upon whom he bestowed an amount of flattery perfectly bewildering; and, after making the unfortunate red-faced gentleman writhe for half an hour in a fever of modesty, sat down amid thunders of applause. Whether the applause, by the way was intended for the speaker or the *speakee*, I do not know;

but, being quite indifferent I clapped my hands with the rest. The red-faced gentleman, now purple with excitement, then rose, and during a solemn silence, delivered himself of a speech, to the effect that the day then passing was certainly the happiest in his mortal career, and that he felt quite faint with the mighty load of honor just thrown upon his delighted shoulders by his bald-headed friend. The red-faced gentleman then sat down to the national air of Rat-tat-tat, played in full chorus, with knives, forks, spoons, nutcrackers, and knuckles, on the polished surface of the mahogany table."

The whole account of the voyage out is very pleasantly given; but such voyages have often been described with more or less success; and we therefore pass to dry land, and to men and manners in Hudson's Bay, which have been far less frequently written about. In his preface Mr. Ballantyne affirms, and with reason, the novelty of his subject. "It is true," he says, "that others have slightly sketched it in books upon Arctic discovery, and in works of general information; but the very nature of these publications prohibited their entering into a lengthened or minute description of *EVERY DAY LIFE*,—the leading feature of the present work." To this "every-day life," strikingly different from life in any other country of the world, we are first introduced at York Factory, the principal depot of the Company's northern department, the whole country being divided into four departments, known by the distinctive names of North, South, Montreal, and Columbia. At this factory, after a passage in a small craft up the Hayes River, Mr. Ballantyne landed. Any one less willing to rough it, and less determined to encounter all disagreeables with perfect good temper, would speedily have been disgusted with Hudson's Bay by a residence in this establishment. Mr. Ballantyne does not conceal its disagreeables. "Are you, reader," he says, "ambitious of dwelling in 'a pleasant cot in a tranquil spot, with a distant view of the changing sea?' If so, do not go to York Factory. Not that it is such an unpleasant place—for I spent two years very happily there—but simply (to give a poetical reason, and explain its character in one sentence) because it is a monstrous blot on a swampy spot, with a partial view of the frozen sea." Having given it this unfavorable character, the

counsel for the prosecution stands up for the defence, and begins to prove York Factory better than it looks. But, argue it as he may, the abominations of the place, and especially of the climate, force themselves into prominence. Spring, summer, and autumn are included in four months, from June to September, which leaves eight months' winter—and such winter! It is difficult for stay-at-home people, who at the first ice-tree upon their windows creep into the chimney corner and fleecy hosiery, to imagine such an execrable temperature as that of Hudson's Bay, where, from October to April, the thermometer seldom rises to the freezing point, and frequently falls from 30° to 40°, 45°, and even 49° below zero of Fahrenheit. Luckily, however, this intense cold is less felt than might be supposed; for the reason that whilst it lasts, the air continues perfectly calm. The slightest breath of wind would be destruction to noses, and indeed, no man could venture out in it. This dry, still cold is very healthy, much more so than the heat of summer, which for a short time is extreme, engendering millions of flies, mosquitoes, and other nuisances, that render the country unbearable. It seems strange that, in a region where spirits of wine is the only thing that can be used in thermometers, because mercury would remain frozen nearly half the winter, mosquito nets are, for a portion of the year, as necessary as in the torrid zone. "Nothing could save one from the attacks of the mosquitoes. Almost all other insects went to rest with the sun: sandflies, which bit viciously during the day, went to sleep at night; the large *bulldog*, whose bite is terrible, slumbered in the evening; but the mosquito, the long-legged, determined, vicious, persevering mosquito, whose ceaseless hum dwells for ever in the ear, *never* went to sleep! Day and night the painful tender little pimples on our necks, and behind our ears, were being constantly retouched by these villainous flies." Worse even than midges by a Scottish burn; and those, heaven knows, are bad enough. The young gentlemen at York Factory, however, thought it effeminate to combat the bloodsuckers with the natural defensive weapon of a gauze canopy, and, in spite of various ingenious expedients such as rendering their rooms unbearable by bonfires of damp moss and puffs of gunpowder, they were preyed upon by the mosquitoes, until frost put a period to

their sufferings, and to the existence of their persecutors.

The account of York Factory, or Fort (as all establishments in the Indian country, whether small or great, are called), gives a general notion of the style and appearance of the more important of these trading posts. Within a large square, of about six or seven acres, enclosed by high stockades, nearly five miles above the mouth of Hayes River, stand a number of wooden buildings, stores, dwelling-houses, mess-rooms, and lodgings for laborers and tradesmen, as well as for visitors and temporary residents. The doors and windows are all double, and the houses heated by large iron stoves, fed with wood; "yet so intense is the cold that I have seen the stove in places *red-hot*, and a basin of water in the room *frozen solid*." So unfavorable is the climate to vegetation, that scarcely anything can be raised in the small plot of ground called by courtesy a garden. Potatoes now and then, for a wonder, become the size of walnuts; and sometimes a cabbage and a turnip are prevailed upon to grow. The woods are filled with a great variety of wild berries, among which the cranberry and swampberry are considered the best. Black and red currants, as well as gooseberries, are plentiful, but the first are bitter, and the latter small. The swampberry is in shape something like the raspberry, of a light yellow color, and grows on a low bush, almost close to the ground. The country around the fort is one immense level swamp, thickly covered with willows, and dotted here and there with a few clumps of pine-trees. Flowers there are none, and the only large timber in the vicinity grows on the banks of Hayes and Nelson rivers, and is chiefly spruce-fir. On account of the swampy nature of the ground, the houses in the fort are raised several feet upon blocks, and the squares are intersected by elevated wooden platforms, forming the inhabitants' sole promenade during the summer, at which season a walk of fifty yards beyond the gates, ensures wet feet. These, and other details, give so pleasant an idea of York Factory, that one wonders at and admires the philosophy exhibited by its residents: by that portion of them, at least, inhabiting the "young gentlemen's house." Bachelor's Hall, as the young gentlemen themselves call it, was the scene, during Mr. Ballantyne's abode there, of much hilarity and frolic, and we get a laughable account of

the high jinks carried on there. The building itself, one story high, comprised a large hall, whence doors led to the sleeping apartments of the clerks, apprentices, and other subalterns. The walls of this hall, originally white, were smoked to a dirty yellow; the carpetless floor had a similar hue, agreeably diversified by large knots; and in its centre, upon four crooked legs, stood a large oblong iron box, with a funnel communicating with the roof. This was the stove, besides which the only furniture consisted of two small tables and half-a-dozen chairs; one of which latter being broken, and moreover light and handy, was occasionally used as a missile upon occasion of quarrels. The sleeping apartments contained a curtainless bed, a table, and a chest; they were carpetless, chairless, and we should have thought supremely comfortless, but for Mr. Ballantyne's assurance that "they derived an appearance of warmth from the number of great-coats, leather capotes, fur caps, worsted sashes, guns, rifles, shot-belts, snow-shoes, and powder-horns, with which the walls were profusely decorated." As we have already intimated, the amount of wrappers required to resist the cold out of doors is so great that it is difficult to conceive how the wearers can have sufficient use of their limbs, when thus swaddled to follow field-sports, and go through exertion and exercise of various kinds.

"The manner of dressing ourselves was curious. I will describe C—— as a type of the rest. After donning a pair of deerskin trousers, he proceeded to put on three pair of blanket socks, and over these a pair of mooseskin moccasins. Then a pair of blue cloth leggings were hauled over his trousers, partly to keep the snow from sticking to them, and partly for warmth. After this he put on a leather capote edged with fur. This coat was very warm, being lined with flannel, and overlapped very much in front. It was fastened with a scarlet worsted belt round the waist, and with a loop at the throat. A pair of thick mittens, made of deerskin, hung round his shoulders by a worsted cord, and his neck was wrapped in a huge shawl, over the mighty folds of which his good-humored visage beamed like the sun on the edge of a fog-bank. A fur cap with ear-pieces completed his costume. Having finished his toilet, and tucked a pair of snow-shoes, five feet long, under one arm, and a double-barreled fowling-piece under the other,

C—— waxed extremely impatient, and proceeded systematically to aggravate the unfortunate skipper (who was always very slow, poor man, except on board ship), addressing sundry remarks to the stove upon the slowness of sea-faring men in general and skippers in particular." The intention of these preparations was an onslaught upon the ptarmigan, and upon a kind of grouse called wood-partridges by the Hudson's Bay people. The game is for the most part very tame in those regions. After nearly filling their game-bags, the sportsmen "came suddenly upon a large flock of ptarmigan, so tame that they would not fly, but merely ran from us a little way at the noise of each shot. The firing that now commenced was quite terrific: C—— fired till both barrels of his gun were stopped up: the skipper fired till his powder and shot were done; and I fired till—*I skinned my tongue!* Lest any one should feel surprised at the last statement, I may as well explain *how* this happened. The cold had become so intense, and my hands so benumbed with loading, that the thumb at last obstinately refused to open the spring of my powder-flask. A partridge was sitting impudently before me, so that, in fear of losing the shot, I thought of trying to open it with my teeth. In the execution of this plan, I put the brass handle to my mouth, and my tongue happening to come in contact with it, stuck fast thereto,—or, in other words, was frozen to it. Upon discovering this, I instantly pulled the flask away, and with it a piece of skin about the size of a sixpence; and having achieved this little feat, we once more bent our steps homewards." Upon their way, they were surprised by a storm; a tempest of hail and a cutting wind catching up mountains of snow in the air and dashing them into dust against their faces. Notwithstanding all the paraphernalia of wool and leather above described, they felt as if clothed in gauze; whilst their faces seemed to collapse and wrinkle up as they turned their backs to the wind and covered their agonized countenances with their mittens. On reaching Bachelor's Hall, like three animated marble statues, snow from head to foot, "it was curious to observe the change that took place in the appearance of our guns after we entered the warm room. The barrels and every bit of metal upon them, instantly became white, like ground glass. This phenomenon was caused by the condensa-

tion and freezing of the moist atmosphere of the room upon the cold iron. Any piece of metal, when brought suddenly out of such intense cold into a warm room, will in this way become covered with a pure white coating of hoar-frost. It does not remain long in this state, however, as the warmth of the room soon heats the metal and melts the ice. Thus, in about ten minutes our guns assumed three different appearances. When we entered the house they were clear, polished, and dry; in five minutes they were white as snow; and, in five more, dripping wet."

The principal articles in which the Hudson's Bay Company trade, are furs of all kinds, oil, dry and salt fish, feathers and quills. Of the furs, the most valuable is that of the black fox, which resembles the common English fox, but is much larger and jet black, except one or two white hairs along the back-bone, and a white tuft at the end of the tail. This animal's skin is very valuable, worth twenty-five to thirty guineas in the English market, but the specimens are very scarce. Besides the black fox, there are silver foxes, cross foxes, red, white, and blue foxes, whose hides are variously esteemed. The black, silver, cross, and red, are often produced in the same litter, the mother being a red fox. Beaver was formerly the grand article of commerce, but Paris hats have killed the demand and saved the beavers, which now build and fatten in comparative security. The marten fur is the most profitable Hudson's Bay produces. All the animals above named, and a few others, are caught in steel and wooden traps by the natives. Deer and buffaloes are run down, shot, and snared. Mr. Ballantyne rather startles us by the statement, that the Indians can send an arrow through a buffalo. "In the Saskatchewan, the chief food, both of white men and Indians, is buffalo meat, so that parties are constantly sent out to hunt the buffalo. They generally chase them on horseback, the country being mostly prairie land; and, when they get close enough, shoot them with guns. The Indians, however, shoot them oftener with the bow and arrow, as they prefer keeping their powder and shot for warfare. They are very expert with the bow, which is short and strong, and can easily send an arrow quite through a buffalo at twenty yards off." We almost suspect Mr. Ballantyne of drawing a longer bow than his Indian friends. We do not understand him, how-

ever, to have himself seen any of these marvellous shots (although he gives a spirited little drawing of a buffalo hunt), and perhaps some of the wild fellows of the Saskatchewan brigade imposed upon his youthful credulity. These "brigades" are flotillas of boats, manned by Canadian and half-breed *voyageurs*, who take goods for barter to the interior, and bring back furs in exchange. The men of the Saskatchewan "come from the prairies and the Rocky Mountains, and are consequently brimful of stories of the buffalo hunt, attacks upon grizzly bears, and wild Indians; some of them interesting and true enough, but the most of them either tremendous exaggerations or altogether inventions of their own wild fancies." To return, however, to the buffaloes. Two calves were wanted alive, to be sent to England, and a party was ordered out to procure them.

"Upon meeting with a herd, they all set off full gallop in chase; away went the startled animals at a round trot, which soon increased to a gallop as the horsemen neared them; and a shot or two told they were coming within range. Soon, the shots became more numerous, and here and there a black spot on the prairie told where a buffalo had fallen. No slackening of the pace occurred, however, as each hunter, upon killing an animal, merely threw down his cap or mitten to mark it as his own, and continued in pursuit of the herd, loading his gun as he galloped along. The buffalo-hunters are very expert at loading and firing quickly while going at full gallop. They carry two or three bullets in their mouths, which they spit into the muzzles of their guns after dropping in a little powder; and, instead of ramming it down with a rod, merely hit the but-end of the gun on the pommel of their saddles, and, in this way, fire a great many shots in quick succession. This, however, is a dangerous mode of shooting, as the ball sometimes sticks half-way down the barrel and bursts the gun, carrying away a finger, a joint, and occasionally a hand.

"In this way they soon killed as many buffaloes as they could carry in their carts, and one of the hunters set off in chase of a calf. In a short time he edged one away from the rest, and then, getting between it and the herd, ran straight against it with his horse and knocked it down. The frightened little animal jumped up and set off with redoubled speed, but another butt

from the horse again sent it sprawling; again it rose and was again knocked down, and, in this way, was at last fairly tired out; when the hunter, jumping suddenly from his horse, threw a rope round its neck and drove it before him to the encampment, and soon after brought it to the fort. It was as wild as ever when I saw it at Norway House, and seemed to have as much distaste to its thralldom as the day it was taken.

Buffalo-meat, however, though abundant in the prairies, is scarce enough in other districts of the Hudson's Bay territory, and so, indeed, is game of all kinds; so that at certain times and seasons, both Indians and Company's servants are reduced to very short commons, and amongst the former starvation is by no means uncommon. The contrasts of diet are as striking as those of climate; the provender varying from the juicy buffalo hump and rich marrow-bone, to miserable dry fish and *tripe-de-roche*—a sort of moss or lichen growing on the rocks, which looks like dried up seaweed, and which only the extremity of hunger can render edible. From Peel's River, a post within the Arctic circle, a chief trader writes that all the fresh provisions he has seen during the winter, consisted of two squirrels and a crow. He and his companions had lived on dried meat, and were obliged to lock the gates to keep their scanty store from the Indians, who were literally eating each other outside the fort; for cannibalism is common enough amongst the Indians of that region, and Mr. Ballantyne was acquainted with some old ladies who, on more than one occasion, had dined off their own children; whilst some, if report might be believed, had made a meal of their husbands. It is justice to the savages to say, that they do not eat human flesh by preference, but only when urged by necessity, and by the absence of all other viands. They will scrape the rocks bare of the *tripe-de-roche*—which, however, only retards starvation for a time, without preventing it, unless varied by more nutritious food—before cutting up a cousin. Now and then an aggravated case occurs, and one of these we find cited. In the middle of winter, Wisagun, a Cree Indian, removed his encampment on account of scarcity of game. With him went his wife, a son eight or nine years of age, two or three other children, and some relations—ten souls in all. Their change of quarters did not improve their condition. No game appeared, and they

were reduced to eat their moccasins and skin coats, cooked by singeing them over the fire. This wretched resource expended, they were on the brink of starvation, when a herd of buffaloes were descried far away on the prairie. Guns were instantly loaded, and snow-shoes put on, and away went the men, leaving women and children in the tent. But the famished Indians soon grew tired; the weaker dropped behind; Wisagun and his son Natappe, gave up the chase and returned to the encampment. Wisagun peeped through a chink of the tent, and saw his wife cutting up one of her own children, preparatory to cooking it. In a transport of rage he rushed forward and stabbed her and a woman who assisted her in her horrible cookery; and then, fearing the wrath of the other Indians, he fled to the woods. When the hunters came in and found their relatives murdered, they were so much exhausted by their fruitless chase, that they could only sit down and gaze on the mutilated bodies. During the night, Wisagun and Natappe returned to the tent, murdered the whole party, and were met, some time afterwards, by another party of savages, in *good condition*; although, from scarcity of game, every body else was starving. They accounted for their well-fed appearance, by saying they had fallen in with a deer, previously to which, however, the rest of the family had died of hunger.

This horrible story was told to an Englishman in the Indian hall of a far-away post in Athabasca, by a party of Chipewyan Indians, come from their winter hunting-grounds to trade furs. They were the same men who had met the two Crees wandering in the plains after getting up their flesh by swallowing their family. The loathsome food had profited them, however, but a short while; for the Chipewyans had hardly told the tale, when "the hall door slowly opened, and Wisagun, gaunt and cadaverous, the very impersonation of famine, slunk into the room with Natappe, and seated himself in a corner near the fire. Mr. C—— soon learned the truth of the foregoing story from his own lips; but he excused his horrible deed by saying that *most* of his relations had died before he ate them."

Notwithstanding this sanguinary tale the Crees, who inhabit the woody country surrounding Hudson's Bay, are the quietest and most inoffensive of all the Indian tribes trading with the Company. They

never go to war, scalping is obsolete amongst them, and the celebrated war-dance a mere tradition. But their pacific habits and intercourse with Europeans seem as yet to have done little towards their civilization. Some of their customs are of the most barbarous description. They have no religion, beyond the absurd incantations of the medicine tent; and the amount of Christianity English missionaries have of late years succeeded in introducing amongst them is exceedingly small. They drink to excess when they can get spirits; and formerly, when the Hudson's Bay Company, in order to contend successfully with other associations, thought it necessary to distribute rum and whiskey to the natives, the use of the "fire-water" was carried to a fearful extent. They smoke tobacco, mingled with some other leaf; are excessively lazy, and great gamblers. Polygamists, they ill-treat their wives, compelling them to severe toil, whilst they themselves indulge in utter indolence, except when roused to the chase. On the march, when old men or women are unable to proceed, they are left behind in a small tent made of willows, in which are placed firewood, provisions, and a vessel of water. Here, when food and wood are consumed, the unfortunate wretches perish. The habitual dwellings of the Crees are tents of conical shape, made of deerskin, bark, or branches. The manner of construction is simple and rapid. Three poles are tied together at the top, their lower extremities spreading out in the form of a tripod; a number of other poles are piled around these at half a foot distance from each other; and thus a space is inclosed of fifteen to twenty feet in diameter. Over these poles are spread the skin-tent, or the rolls of birch-bark. The opening left for a doorway is covered with an old blanket, a deer-skin, or buffalo-robe; the floor is covered with a layer of small pine branches, a wood fire blazes in the middle: and in this slight habitation, which is far warmer and more comfortable than could be imagined, the Indian spends a few days or weeks, according as game is scarce or plentiful. His modes of securing and trapping the beasts of the plain and forest are curious, often as ingenious and effective as they are simple and inartificial. Mr. Ballantyne initiates us in many of them in the course of a nocturnal cruise overland with Stemaw the Indian, which gives an excellent insight into trapper-life at Hudson's Bay. We start with the Cree from his

tent, pitched in the neighborhood of one of the Company's forts, at the foot of an immense tree, which stands in a little hollow where the willows and pines are luxuriant enough to afford shelter from the north wind. We have no difficulty in realizing the scene, as graphically sketched by our young apprentice-clerk, who is frequently very happy in his scraps of description:—"A huge chasm, filled with fallen trees and mounds of snow, yawns on the left of the tent, and the ruddy sparks of fire which issue from a hole in its top throw this and the surrounding forest into deeper gloom. Suddenly the deerskin that covers the aperture of the wigwam is raised, and a bright stream of warm light gushes out, tipping the dark-green points of the opposite trees, and mingling strangely with the paler light of the moon; and Stenaw stands erect in front of his solitary home, to gaze a few moments at the sky and judge of the weather, as he intends to take a long walk before laying his head upon his capote for the night. He is in the usual costume of the Cree Indians: a large leathern coat, very much overlapped in front, and fastened round the waist with a scarlet belt, protects his body from the cold. A small ratskin cap covers his head, and his legs are cased in the ordinary blue cloth leggins. Large moccasins, with two or three pair of blanket-socks, clothe his feet, and fingerless mittens, made of deerskin, complete his costume. After a few minutes passed in contemplation of the heavens, the Indian prepares himself for the walk. First, he sticks a small axe in his belt, serving as a counterpoise to a large hunting knife and fire-bag which depend from the other side. He then slips his feet through the lines of his snow-shoes, and throws the line of a small hand-sledge over his shoulder. The hand-sledge is a thin flat alip or plank of wood, from five to six feet long by one foot broad, and is turned up at one end. It is extremely light, and Indians invariably use it when visiting their traps, for the purpose of dragging home the animals or game they may have caught. Having attached this to his back, he stoops to receive his gun from his faithful squaw, who has been watching his operations through a hole in the tent, and throwing it on his shoulder strides off, without uttering a word, across the moonlit space in front of the tent, turns into a small narrow track that leads down the dark ravine, and disappears in the shades of the forest."

The snow-shoes above referred to, and which are in general use amongst both Indians and Europeans at Hudson's Bay, are as unlike shoes as anything bearing the name well can be. A snow-shoe is formed of two thin pieces of light-wood, tied at both ends, and spread out in the centre, thus making an oval frame filled up with network of deerskin threads. The frame is strengthened by cross bars, and fastened *loosely* to the foot by a line across the toe. The length of the machine is from *four to six feet*; the width from thirteen to twenty inches. Being very light, they are no way cumbersome, and without them pedestrianism would be impossible for many months of the year, on account of the depth of the snow, which falls through the meshes of these shoes, as the traveller raises his foot. That they are not fatiguing wear, is manifest from the fact that an Indian will walk twenty, thirty, and even forty miles a day upon them. Only in damp weather, the moist snow clogs the meshes, and the lines are apt to gall the foot. Apropos of this inconvenience, Mr. Ballantyne avails himself of the traveller's privilege, and favors us with a remarkable anecdote, told him by a Highland friend of his, Mr. B——, chief of the Company's post at Tadousac.

"On one occasion he was sent off upon a long journey over the snow where the country was so mountainous, that snow-shoe walking was rendered extremely painful by the feet slipping forward against the front bar of the shoe when descending the hills. After he had accomplished a good part of his journey, two large blisters rose under the nails of his great toes; and soon the nails themselves came off. Still he must go on, or die in the woods: so he was obliged to *tie* the nails on his toes each morning before starting, for the purpose of protecting the tender parts beneath; and every evening he wrapped them up carefully in a piece of rag, and put them into his waistcoat pocket,—*being afraid of losing them if he kept them on all night.*" This Mr. B—— had had a long and eventful career in North America, and was rich in 'yarns,' more or less credible, with which he regaled Mr. Ballantyne during a journey they made together. A deep scar on his nose was the memorial of a narrow escape he had made when dwelling at a solitary fort west of the Rocky mountains. He had bought a fine horse of an Indian, one of the Blackfeet, a wild and warlike tribe, notorious as horse-stealers. The animal had

been but a short time in his possession, when it was stolen. This was a very ordinary event, and was soon forgotten. Spring came, and a party of Indians, arrived with a load of furs for barter. They were admitted one by one into the fort, their arms taken from them and locked up—a customary and necessary precaution, as they used to buy spirits, get drunk and quarrel, but without weapons they could do each other little harm. When about a dozen had entered, the gate was shut, and then Mr. B—— beheld, to his surprise, the horse he had lost the previous year. He asked to whom it belonged, and the Indian who had sold it him unblushingly stood forward. “Mr. B—— (an exceedingly quiet, good-natured man, but like very many of his stamp, very passionate when roused) no sooner witnessed the fellow’s audacity than he seized a gun from one of his men, and shot the horse. The Indian instantly sprang upon him: but being a less powerful man than Mr. B——, and withal unaccustomed to use his fists, he was soon overcome, and pommelled out of the fort. Not content with this, Mr. B—— followed him down to the Indian camp, pommelling him all the way. The instant, however, that the Indian found himself surrounded by his own friends, he faced about, and with a dozen warriors attacked Mr. B——, and threw him on the ground, where they kicked and bruised him severely; whilst several boys of the tribe hovered around with bows and arrows, waiting a favorable opportunity to shoot him. Suddenly a savage came forward with a large stone in his hand, and standing over his fallen enemy, raised it high in the air and dashed it down upon his face. Mr. B——, when telling me the story, said that he had just time, upon seeing the stone in the act of falling, to commend his spirit to God, ere he was rendered insensible. The merciful God, to whom he thus looked for help at the eleventh hour, did not desert him. Several men belonging to the fort, seeing the turn things took, hastily armed themselves, and hurrying out to the rescue, arrived just at the critical moment when the stone was dashed in his face. Though too late to prevent this, they were in time to prevent a repetition of the blow; and, after a short scuffle with the Indians, without any bloodshed, they succeeded in carrying their master up to the fort, where he soon recovered. The deep cut made by the stone on the bridge of his nose, left an indelible scar.”

To return to Stemaw the trapper, whom we left striding along with confident step, as though the high road lay before him, although no track or trail, discernible by European eye, is there to guide his footsteps. After a walk of two miles, a faint sound a-head brings him to a dead halt. He listens, and a noise like the rattling of a chain is heard from a dark, wild hollow in his front. “Another moment, and the rattle is again distinctly heard; a slight smile of satisfaction crosses Stemaw’s dark visage; for one of his traps was set in that place, and he knows that something is caught. Quickly descending the slope, he enters the bushes whence the sound proceeds, and pauses when within a yard or two of his trap to peer through the gloom. A cloud passes off the moon, and a faint ray reveals, it may be, a beautiful black fox caught in the snare. A slight blow on the snout from Stemaw’s axe-handle kills the unfortunate animal; in ten minutes more it is tied to his sledge, the trap is reset and again covered over with snow, so that it is almost impossible to tell that anything is there; and the Indian pursues his way.” And here we have a drawing of Reynard the Fox, a fine specimen of his kind, black as coal, with a white tuft to his tail, looking anxiously about him, his fore paw fast in the jaws of a trap, with which a heavy log, fastened by a chain, prevents his making off. In the distance, the Indian, gun on shoulder, his snow-shoes, which look like small boats, upon his feet, strides forward, eager to secure his valuable prize. We give Mr. Ballantyne all credit for the unpretending but useful wood-cuts scattered through his book, which serve to explain things whose form or nature would otherwise be but imperfectly understood. They are an honest and legitimate style of illustration, exactly corresponding to the requirements of a work of this kind.

The steel trap in which the fox is caught resembles a common English rat-trap, less the teeth, and is so set, that the jaws, when spread out flat, are exactly on a level with the snow. The chain and weight are hidden, a little snow is swept over the trap, and nothing is visible but the bait—usually chips of frozen partridge, rabbit, or fish, which are scattered all around the snare. Foxes, beavers, wolves, lynx, and other animals, are thus taken, sometimes by a fore-leg, sometimes by a hind one, or by two at once, and occasionally by the nose. By two legs is the preferable way—for the



trapper, that is to say—for then escape is impossible. "When foxes are caught by one leg, they often *eat it off* close to the trap, and escape on the other three. I have frequently seen this happen; and I once saw a fox caught which had evidently escaped in this way, as one of its legs was gone, and the stump healed up and covered again with hair. When caught by the nose, they are almost sure to escape, unless taken out of the trap very soon after capture, as their snouts are so sharp and wedgelike, that they can pull them from between the jaws of the trap with the greatest ease." We are tempted to doubt the ease, or at any rate the pleasure of such an operation, and to compassionate the unfortunate quadrupeds, whose only chance of escape from being knocked on the head lies in biting off their own feet, or scraping the skin off their jaws between those of a trap. The poor brutes have no chance of a fair fight, or even of a few yards' law and a run for their lives. Their hungry stomachs and keen olfactories touchingly appealed to by the scraps of frozen game they eat their way to the trap, and finally put their foot in it. The trapper's trade is a sneaking sort of business; and one cannot but understand the feeling of self-humiliation of Cooper's Natty Bumppo, upon finding himself reduced from the rifle to the snare—and from the stand-up fight in the forest to the stealthy prowl and treacherous trap. And hence, doubtless, do we find the occupation far more frequently followed by Indians and half-breeds than by white men—at least at Hudson's Bay. Nevertheless Mr. Ballantyne, whilst enjoying dignified solitude in the remotest station of Seven Islands, his French Canadian servant and his Newfoundland dog Humbug, for sole companions, received the visit of a trapper, who was not only white, but a gentleman to boot. This individual, who was dressed in aboriginal style, had been in the employ of a fur company, had married an Indian girl, and taken to trapping. He was a good-natured man, we are told, and had been well educated—talked philosophy, and put his new acquaintance up to the fact that what he for some time had taken for a bank of sea-weed, was a shoal of kipling close inshore. He stopped a week at the station, living on salt pork and flour-and-water pancakes, and telling his adventures to his gratified host, to whom in his lonely condition, far worse society would have been highly acceptable.

The trapper's occupation is not always

unattended with danger. So long as he has only foxes and such small gear to deal with, whom a tap on the snout finishes, it is mere child's play, barring the fatigue of long walks and heavy loads; but now and then he finds an ugly customer in one of his traps, and encounters some risk before securing him. This we shall see exemplified, if we follow Stemaw to two traps, which he set in the morning close to each other, for the purpose of catching one of the formidable coast-wolves. "These animals are so sagacious, that they will scrape all round a trap, let it be ever so well set, and after eating all the bait, walk away unhurt. Indians consequently endeavor in every possible way to catch them, and, amongst others, by setting *two* traps, close together, so that, whilst the wolf scrapes at one he may perhaps put his foot in the other. It is in this way Stemaw's traps are set; and he now advances cautiously towards them, his gun in the hollow of his left arm. Slowly he advances, peering through the bushes; but nothing is visible. Suddenly a branch crashes under his snowshoe, and with a savage growl, a large wolf bounds towards him, landing almost at his feet. A single glance, however, shows the Indian that both traps are on his legs and that the chains prevent his further advance. He places his gun against a tree, draws his axe, and advances to kill the animal. It is an undertaking, however, of some difficulty. The fierce brute, which is larger than a Newfoundland dog, strains every nerve and sinew to break its chains; whilst its eyes glisten in the uncertain light, and foam curls from its blood-red mouth. Now it retreats as the Indian advances, grinning horribly as it goes; and anon, as the chains check its further retreat, it springs with fearful growl towards Stemaw, who slightly wounds it with his axe, as he jumps backward just in time to save himself from the infuriated animal, which catches in its fangs the flap of his leggin, and tears it from his limb. Again Stemaw advances and the wolf retreats, and again springs upon him, but without success. At last, as the wolf glances for a moment to one side—apparently to see if there is no way of escape—quick as lightning the axe flashes in the air, and descends with stunning violence on its head; another blow follows, and in five minutes more the animal is fastened to the sledge."

Wearied with this skirmish, and with the previous walk, Stemaw calls a halt under a

big tree, and prepares to bivouac. Having started with him, we shall accompany him to the end of his expedition, the more willingly that his proceedings are very interesting and capitally described by Mr. Ballantyne, in whose words we continue to give them.

"Selecting a large pine, whose spreading branches covered a patch of ground free from underwood, he scrapes away the snow with his snow-shoe. Silently but busily he labors for a quarter of an hour, and then, having cleared a space seven or eight feet in diameter, and nearly four feet deep, he cuts down a number of small branches, which he strews at the bottom of the hollow till all the snow is covered. This done, he fells two or three of the nearest trees, cuts them up into lengths of about five feet long, and piles them at the root of the tree. A light is applied to the pile, and up glances the ruddy flame, crackling among the branches over head, and sending thousands of bright sparks into the air. No one who has not seen it can form any idea of the change that takes place in the appearance of the woods at night, when a large fire is suddenly lighted. Before, all was cold, silent, chilling, gloomy, and desolate, and the pale snow looked unearthly in the dark. Now, a bright ruddy glow falls upon the thick stems of the trees, and penetrates through the branches overhead, tipping those nearest the fire with a ruby tinge, the mere sight of which warms one. The white snow changes to a beautiful pink; whilst the stems of the trees, bright and clearly visible near at hand, become more and more indistinct in the distance, till they are lost in the black background. The darkness, however, need not be seen from the encampment, for when the Indian lies down, he will be surrounded by the snowy walls, which sparkle in the firelight as if set with diamonds. These do not melt, as might be expected; the frost is much too intense for that; and nothing melts except the snow quite close to the fire. Stemaw has now concluded his arrangements: a small piece of dried deer's meat warms before the blaze, and meanwhile he spreads his green blanket on the ground, and fills a stone calumet (a pipe with a wooden stem) with tobacco, mixed with a kind of weed prepared by himself."

His pipe smoked, his venison devoured, the trapper wraps him in his blanket and sleeps. We are then transported to a beaver-lodge at the extremity of a frozen

and snow-covered lake. Yonder, where the points of a few bulrushes appear above the monotonous surface of dazzling white, are a number of small earthy mounds, the trees and bushes in whose vicinity are cut and barked in many places. It is a lively place enough in the warm season, when the beavers are busy nibbling down trees and bushes, to mend their dams and stock their storehouses with food. Now it is very different; in winter the beaver stays at home, and sleeps. His awakening is sometimes an unpleasant one.

"Do you observe that small black speck moving over the white surface of the lake, far away in the horizon? It looks like a crow, but the forward motion is much too steady and constant for that. As it approaches, it assumes the form of a man; and at last the figure of Stemaw, dragging his empty sleigh behind him (for he has left his wolf and foxes in the last night's encampment, to be taken up when returning home), becomes clearly distinguishable through the dreamy haze of the cold wintry morning. He arrives at the beaver-lodges, and, I warrant, will soon play havoc among the inmates.

"His first proceeding is to cut down several stakes, which he points at the ends. These are driven, after he has cut away a good deal of ice from around the beaver-lodge, into the ground between it and the shore. This is to prevent the beaver from running along the passage they always have from their lodge to the shore, where their storehouse is kept, which would make it necessary to excavate the whole passage. The beaver, if there are any, being thus imprisoned in the lodge, the hunter next stakes up the opening into the storehouse on shore, and so imprisons those that may have fled there for shelter on hearing the noise of his axe at the other house. Things being thus arranged to his entire satisfaction, he takes an instrument called an ice-chisel—which is a bit of steel about a foot long by one inch broad, fastened to the end of a stout pole, wherewith he proceeds to dig through the lodge. This is by no means an easy operation; and although he covers the snow around him with great quantities of mud and sticks, yet his work is not half finished. At last, however, the interior of the hut is laid bare, and the Indian, stooping down, gives a great pull, when out comes a large, fat, sleepy beaver, which he flings sprawling on the snow. Being thus unceremoniously awakened from .

its winter nap, the shivering animal looks languidly around, and even goes the length of making a face at Stemaw by way of showing its teeth, for which it is rewarded with a blow on the head from the pole of the ice-chisel, which puts an end to it. In this way several more are killed, and packed on the sleigh. Stemaw then turns his face towards his encampment, where he collects the game left there, and away he goes at a tremendous pace, dashing the snow in clouds from his snow-shoes, as he hurries over the trackless wilderness to his forest home"—where, upon arrival, he is welcomed with immense glee by his greedy Squaw, whose lips water at the prospect of a good gorge upon fat beaver. We are not informed what sort of eating this is; but we read of soup made of beaver skins, which are oily, and stew well, resorted to by Europeans when short of provender in the dreary wilds of Hudson's Bay. Indeed all manner of queer things obtain favor as edibles in the territory of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company. A party of Canadian *voyageurs* or boatmen found a basket made of bark and filled with bear's grease, which had been hidden away by Indians, who doubtless entertained the laudable design of forwarding it, per next ship, to the address of a London hairdresser. The boatmen preferred its internal application to the external one usually made of the famous capillary regenerator, and in less than two days devoured the whole of the precious ointment, spread upon the flour-cakes which, with *pemican*, form their usual provisions. Pemican is buffalo flesh, dried in flakes and then pounded between two stones. "These are put into a bag made of the animal's hide, with the hair on the outside, and well mixed with melted grease; the top of the bag is then sewed up, and the pemican allowed to cool. In this state it may be eaten uncooked; but the *voyageurs* mix it with a little flour and water, and then boil it; in which state it is known throughout the country by the elegant name of *robbidoo*. Pemican is good wholesome food, will keep fresh for a great length of time, and, were it not for its unprepossessing appearance, and a good many buffalo hairs mixed with it, through the carelessness of the hunters, would be very palatable." The Indians, it has already been shown, are by no means particular in their diet, and devour, with equal relish, a beaver and a kinsman. Another unusual article of food in favor amongst them is a species of white owl, which

looks, we are told, when skinned, comically like very young babies. They are large and beautiful birds, sometimes nearly as big as swans. Mr. Ballantyne shot one measuring five feet three inches across the wings. "They are in the habit of alighting upon the tops of blighted trees, and on poles of any kind, which happen to stand conspicuously apart from the forest trees; for the purpose probably, of watching for birds and mice, on which they prey. Taking advantage of this habit, the Indian plants his trap (a fox trap) on the top of a bare tree, so that, when the owl alights, it is generally caught by the legs." Owls of all sizes abound in Hudson's Bay, from the gigantic species just described, down to the small gray owl, not much bigger than a man's hand.

Hudson's Bay not being a colony, but a great waste country, sprinkled with a few European dwellings, dealings are carried on by barter rather than by cash payments, and of money there is little or none. But to facilitate trade with the Indians, there is a certain standard of value known as a castor, and represented by pieces of wood. We may conjecture the term to have originated in the French word *castor*, signifying a beaver—of which animal these wooden tokens were probably intended to represent the value. It stands to reason that such a coinage is too easily counterfeited for its general circulation to be permitted, and it consequently is current only in the Company's barter-rooms. "Thus an Indian arrives at a fort with a bundle of furs, with which he proceeds to the Indian trading-room. There the trader separates the furs into different lots, and valuing each at the standard valuation, adds the amounts together, and tells the Indian who has looked on the while with great interest and anxiety that he has got fifty or sixty castors; at the same time handing him fifty or sixty little bits of wood in lieu of cash, so that he may by returning these in payment of the goods for which he really exchanges his skins, know how fast his funds decrease. The Indian then looks around upon the bales of cloth, powder-horns, guns, blankets, knives, &c., with which the shop is filled, and after a good while makes up his mind to have a small blanket. This being given him, the trader tells him that the price is six castors; the purchaser hands him six of his little bits of wood, and selects something else. In this way he goes on till the wooden cash is expended. The value of a castor is from

one to two shillings. The natives generally visit the establishments of the Company twice a year; once in October, when they bring in the produce of their autumn hunts, and again in March, when they come in with that of the great winter hunt. The number of castors that an Indian makes in a winter hunt varies from fifty to two hundred, according to his perseverance and activity, and the part of the country in which he hunts. The largest amount I ever heard of was made by a man named Piaquata-Kiscum, who brought in furs, on one occasion, to the value of two hundred and sixty castors. The poor fellow was soon afterwards poisoned by his relatives, who were jealous of his superior abilities as a hunter, and envious of the favor shown him by the white men."

Mr. Ballantyne visits and describes Red River settlement, the only colony in the extensive district traded over by the Hudson's Bay Company. It contained in 1843 about five thousand souls—French-Canadians, Scotchmen, and Indians—and since then the population has rapidly increased. In the time of the North-West Company, since amalgamated with that of Hudson's Bay, it was the scene of a smart skirmish or two between the rival fur-traders, in one of which Mr. Semple, governor of the

Hudson's Bay Company, lost his life, and a number of his men were killed and wounded. We find some curious particulars of the stratagems and manœuvres employed by the two associations to outwit each other, and get the earliest deal with the Indian hunters. But to this we can only thus cursorily refer; whilst to many other chapters of equal novelty and interest we cannot even do that. We are obliged to refuse ourselves the pleasure of a piscatorial page, in which we would have shown the brethren of the angle, roaming by loch and stream, on trout and salmon intent, how in the land of Hendrick Hudson silver fish are caught whose eyes are living gold. All we can do, before laying down the pen, is to commend Mr. Ballantyne's book, which does him great credit. It is unaffected and to the purpose, written in an honest, straight-forward style, and is full of real interest and amusement, without the unnecessary wordiness and impertinent gossip with which books of this description are too often swollen. We are glad to learn, whilst concluding this paper, that the public will soon be enabled, by a second edition of the volume, to form a better idea of its merits, than it has been possible for us to give by these few brief extracts.

---

From *Lowe's Magazine*.

## NATIONAL PECULIARITIES OF INTELLECT AND TASTE.

THERE are few subjects which present themselves more forcibly to the mind of the intelligent observer of national characteristics, whether he contemplate them through the experience of an actual tourist, or the scarcely less vivid pictures afforded by modern literature, than those peculiarities of Intellect and Taste which distinguish one nation from another as completely as the hue of their complexions or the outlines of their physiognomy. Casting the mental eye back on the world of antiquity, through the mists of time, the shades of gigantic cities whose substance is no more, the Egyptians stand forth in their imperishable pyramids and exhaustless catacombs as a people whose work was at war with time; from the rock-hewn temple to the undecaying mummy, all was done to defy his scythe and sand-glass, but the conqueror has foiled

them. What he could not destroy he baptized with Lethe, and the history of Egypt remains as puzzling a problem to modern times as the marble hieroglyphics in the halls of Carnah.

Turning to ages more within the grasp of history, we find the empire of Persia so supremely Asiatic in spirit as well as position, and exerting so great an influence if not actual sway over the entire East through the varying fortunes of ages, that she may be justly regarded as the representation of ancient Asia. Possessing art, whose productions were grave, but luxurious; splendid, but often barbaric; always cumbrous, and never approaching to the poetry of that ideal beauty which beamed from the Delphian Apollo, or flashed from the Olympian Jove. Her literature, though boldly imaginative, was never free to in-

quire. "Obey and fear," was the motto of her philosophy, and the loftiest efforts of her muse were identified with the pomp, the riches, and the slavery of the East.

Gazing westward we behold the snow-crowned summits, the lovely valleys, and the laurel groves of Greece glorious with art, to whose immortal creations time has brought no rival, and filled with a wealth of song, romance, poetry, and philosophy, whose very debris is still an exhaustless mine to Europe. True, those arts and literature were dedicated to the service of a graceful but sometimes puerile mythology, which peopled every stream and forest with beings of earthly affinity, though not of earthly mould. Castalia must taste of the channel through which it flows, and as Greece degenerated, their freshness faded too. True philosophy was more speculative than practical, the consolation of sages rather than the benefactor of the race; it found the nations deceived, and it left them so; yet the glance of Grecian wisdom was keen and its pinion free, and the poets and artists of the land have made her mighty in all times, by rising through the popular faith which they served to those visions of beauty and grandeur which constitute the eternal faith of genius.

Westward still, as ages multiply, and the world-grasping Rome rises to our view; a people whose tastes, language, and manners have been exhibited on a wider theatre than ever was granted to the ambition of a state. The armies of Rome piled at her feet the intellectual as well as the material wealth of nations; yet the spoils of a conquered world, and the gathered lore of so many lands and ages, failed to redeem her soul from its native barbarism. In the days of her proudest splendor her citizens preferred the combats of the gladiators to the grandest tragedies of Euripides or Sophocles; and the noblest monument of her architecture, the Coliseum, remains as a mighty monument of her relish for blood and carnage, when the temples of the Capitol, and the palace of the Cæsars, have perished from all but the memory of the world.

The cities of Asia, the altars of Greece, and the forests of their barbarous regions, were ransacked for her glory or her pleasure; but she required only the luxury of the last without its magnificence; the licentiousness of Greece without its refinement; and the ferocity of the barbarians without their primitive virtues. In her hands the

Grecian mythology sank to a mean and monstrous embodiment of vice and folly; and the Grecian philosophy became like her Pagan empire, a mingled mass of iron and clay; but as that philosophy grew weak and that mythology old—for age will fall on human faith and wisdom—another power awoke in the heart of Rome, faint indeed at first, as the small stream that trickles from the mountain, but destined to become a river, that should bear down in its course the laws, the worship, and the institutions of centuries.

The days of Rome's imperial Christianity present us with the singular spectacle of a world in a state of transition, every department of which exhibits a confused mingling of the old and new—barbarism blends with civilization—the homilies of the Fathers with the harangues of the sophists, and the Christian ceremonies are celebrated with Pagan mystery; but tales of martyrs and miracles are fast superseding Virgil and Horace, and the arts which flourished so fair in former ages have sunk into degeneracy worse than oblivion, or are only remembered as the spoils of the forsaken temples collected to adorn the new and more popular faith.

The stream of time flows on, and lo that mighty empire has vanished from the earth; another race has supplanted alike the Greeks and the Latins, and another system has risen over the wrecks of the classic, but sterner and more rugged, for it grew in the stormy north, allied indeed with a purer faith, and characters less corrupted by the stagnant waters of an imperfect and artificial civilization; but wanting for ever in the grace, the grandeur, and the harmony, which the genius of Greece scattered in her track throughout the antique world.

The ancient gods are turned to demons in its sight, and their shrines are occupied by austere and martyr saints—goblins and elves replace the nymphs and dryads of the wild—philosophers are represented by the sorcerer—poets by the Runic sibyls—and in the room of the silent oracles arise the dark and forbidden systems of the magician.

The most partial survey of the Gothic ages will convince us that the kingdoms and republics founded by the northern hordes on the ruins of the Roman Empire, however diverse in origin, language, and government, were identical, so to speak, in the physiognomy of mind. From the Italian olives to the Norwegian pines, all had the same

rude and terrific forms of superstition, the same ascetic but credulous piety, the same unbounded reverence for their warlike nobility, and veneration for the Church that won their fathers from the worship of Woden, and the orgies of the Tekinger.

Their arts were wholly devoted to the service of faith and feudalism; and though they had not attained to the majestic simplicity of the classic fanes, or the visible divinity of classic canvas or marble, yet the ponderous strength of the feudal towers, the rich emblazonry of baronial shield and banner, and still more the massive grandeur of many an old cathedral, especially where time and the revolutions incident to both creeds and nations have spared the brilliant yet mellow tints of its enamelled windows, whose beauty has become a mystery to our less earnest days, the stern sculpture of its tombs, and the gorgeous decorations of its shrines, remind us that the taste of the Gothic ages was true to the strong, the stately, and the solemn.

Memorials of this genius meet us in almost every great city of Europe. Westminster Abbey shuts out the din of London from the glorious graves that make it a British Pantheon. Notre Dame towers above the palaces of Paris. Strasburg sends the chimes of its wondrous clock across the Rhine; and over the noonday life of Edinburg still ring the musical bells of Old St. Giles. But let us not forget that those fabrics also tell us of feudal bondage and priestly domination, the days of fear and fettered thought, when the fagot was ready alike for the witch and the Dissenter, and the literature of Europe was confined to the rude ballad, sung by some wandering minstrel, or the dry and musty chronicle, to be reached only through the favor of some lordly abbot.

The glory which had departed from Europe dawned again in the East; there also another race and a new religion had subverted the thrones and altars of the elder nations; but whilst the torrent that overwhelmed Europe burst from the snows of Scandinavia, the conquerors of Asia tramped from the Arabian sands. Never was conquest more rapid or complete than that of the Saracens; less than two hundred years from the time Mahomed proclaimed his divine mission in the deserts of Mecca, sufficed to plant the crescent on every shore from the banks of the Indus to the foot of the Pyrenes. The dawn of the ninth century exhibits to us caliphs and sultans en-

throned in the early seats of oriental and Roman civilization, accompanied by arts and learning, which retain, beneath a veil of Mahomedan disguise and Arab imagination, the blended features of both.

The Saracenic system was in fact like its faith, the mingled gleanings of many an ancient field. The halls of the Alhambra, the pages of Armagist, the Alkoran itself, and even the Thousand and One so dear and precious to our childhood, with many an other remnant long surviving the caliphs and their glory, testify this truth to the scholars of modern times. Asia had changed masters, but not her character or manners; the Orient has kept the same distinguishing traits of character under the sceptre of Semiramis, and the sword of Tamerlane; still the despotic monarch, the veiled harem, and the slowly journeying caravan, are there, true to the soil as the camel or the palm.

A few centuries and the song and science of the Saracenic caliphates have taken root in Europe. The dawn of philosophy has come, though dim with many dreams. The alchemist has erected his furnace, and the astrologer looks out from his lovely tower. The age of chivalry has arrived, with its romantic valor and its dazzling pageants; the knight has gone forth with his banner, the Trouvere with his romance, and the Troubadour, with harp and sword, has allied Mars with Apollo; darkness indeed, hung over the days of tournament and crusade, but "pleasant" in the words of a modern poetess, "were the wild beliefs that dwelt in legends old; lovely, though improbable, are the tales they have left us; and sweet, though broken, are the songs that have come down to us from the knightly poets of La Cour d'Amour."

Ages depart; the Arabian glory wanes in the eastern horizon, and with it wane the dreams, though not the power, of Europe; a new alarm has roused her slumbering nations, men have arisen to question doctrines received without either doubt or comprehension since Jupiter lost his divinity. Mark how dogmas, touching that untravelled world, whose portal is the grave, are blended with the hopes, the fears, and the schemes of busy mortals! Poets sing, politicians intrigue, and warriors combat for creeds. Religious controversy is heard in the tumults of crowds and the councils of kings; and the philosophy, the literature, and even the arts, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are tinged more or

less with the phraseology of Europe's different and generally hostile schools.

The night of the Gothic ages, aye and its stars of chivalry, now cast their lights or shadows only on the regions of romance and history. The thunders of the Reformation have died and left behind them but faint and falling echoes, and busy, toiling, but unexhausted Europe seems marching on, we trust, with an exhilarated pace towards the amelioration of those social evils that have pressed for so many ages on the human race. The activity of commerce, the spirit of inquiry, and the general diffusion of knowledge, have broken down many a partition wall of difference between the nations; yet, notwithstanding the assimilating operations of these causes, the distinctive features of national intellect may be traced as clearly in our modern world, as they were in that of the Greek and Roman.

In contemplating the different aspects of mind presented by nations of the present age, the genius of Britain claims our first attention, not alone because she is the land of the language we speak, whose songs were sung beside our cradles, and whose legends entranced our childhood, but because she is the leading state of Europe. Proverbially grave in character, and resolute in purpose, clear though slow of comprehension, and deliberate of dilating in judgment, with more than Roman conquest and greater than Tyrian enterprise, she has collected in three small and sea-girt isles half the wealth and influence of Christendom. We have said three, after the fashion of geographical denomination, and as regards two of the group, who will dispute the truth of the terms employed?—but alas for the third! With reference to it they form a woful exception, and the intelligent reader, instead of wealth and influence, would read poverty and degradation. This is not the page on which to trace the continued and complicated causes whose operations have made Ireland a proverb for misfortune to the world; an incessant claimant on the finances, and a problem, whose unsolvable perplexity seems scarce less fatal than the riddle of the Sphinx to every succeeding Cabinet of Britain. Nor has it room to tell the why and wherefore Scotland's rugged hills and stubborn soil support cities mighty as Athens in arts and philosophy, and richer in ships and merchandize than Tyre with all her people; and England has become a name synonymous with wealth,

and conquest, and freedom among the nations; yet even in these isles, long united in Crown and Legislature, and almost in language, there can be traced those characteristic features of national intellect which linger on through the dominion of conquest and the amalgamation of ages, like the memorials of their early and distinctive existence. England, the great representative and overshadowing power of the United Kingdom, in whose royalty that of the smaller isles has been inevitably submerged by the march of time and civilization, is pre-eminently a land of progress and achievement; yet her efforts have gone forth after the useful and advantageous, in the more limited or pecuniary sense of those terms, rather than the ornamental, the tasteful, or the magnificent. England is the first country in Europe for railways, but the last in painting or sculpture; her cities are rich in mercantile wealth and mighty in manufacturing machinery, but poor to a proverb in the continental glories of fountains, statues, and public gardens.

English literature, especially of late years, has partaken largely of the utilitarian spirit; from the philosopher's quarto to the small and often ephemeral periodicals which delight the story-loving populace, every page that issues from the press has, or is presumed to have, a practical tendency, and every pen is at work for nothing but public good. It is difficult to draw the line of demarkation between the commonly useful and the irremediably vulgar; hence the greater part of our present literature being written for and of low life, with all its common-place pursuits, instead of assuming the royal prerogative of the muse to turn like Midas whatever she touches into gold, has sunk to the level of its themes, and an immense amount of cottage conversation and nursery lectures is the consequence.

Yet even here a better day is breaking, voices have awoken which tell us that the Press will yet assert its ascendancy, and, enlightening the practical voices of the nation, become mighty to the pulling down of those strongholds of injustice and prejudice which still remain in our legal system or established conventionalities.

We turn to the North—it is Britain still, and the national mind is marked by a family resemblance; Scotland has the same practical tendency—her people cultivate with no less devotedness and success the useful and profitable arts of life—monu-

ments of a mechanical genius even mightier than that of England, inasmuch as the obstacles it finds in the northern land are greater, meet us by flood, and mine, and mountain gorge, till science seems to divide the empire with nature. We mark the ceaseless labor of indefatigable industry, the enterprise of far-sighted and shrewdly calculating commerce; the warehouse and the steam-engine are still prominent, yet the tastes of Northern and Southern Britain are by no means identical. The Scottish intellect retains its distinctive features, as enduring and strongly defined as those of the national character. Amid the pursuit of tangible utility and pecuniary advantage indicative of an indomitable resolution to have and to hold, with a store of worldly wisdom which seems to be intuitive, it has become a proverb, and should be an example. All is not material; there remains a yearning after the ideal, a tinge of old romance, a faith in legend, and a love of poetry, which might have been caught from the loneliness of lake and glen, the grandeur of mountain steep and summit, or the mighty mists and gorgeous lights that, night and day, pass over the northern hills and heavens; the stream of thought runs deeper, and its waves sound by with a graver and more measured tone, but there are spirits known to trouble the waters, fiery currents that run through, and mark them with apparent paradox. With the rigid doctrines and almost meagre worship of Calvin blends a religious fervor undreamt of in the stately southern Church, that deep devoted enthusiasm burning in the nation's heart from the covenant taken over churchyard graves to events of our own day, by which its existence and activity have been so strikingly indicated. With the practical sense whose attention to the interests, rather than the display, of life, has produced, under the most unpromising circumstances, such well-founded and widely-spread prosperity, mingle a tendency to metaphysical subtleties, and a leaning to philosophical speculations.

A nation's literature is the mirror of its mind, and that of Scotland reflects the mental peculiarities we have noted. For the greater part devoted to theology, and the discussion of those subjects deemed grave and weighty in mortal estimation, it occasionally wanders, with no timid step, through the long explored but uncertain realm of fiction; and, independent of names like that of Burns and Scott, that

stand like land-marks in the world's literature, we believe no territory beneath the sun is more abundant in local poets, bards that sing of their streams and hills of birth, till every river, and, we might say, brook, has some voice, though small and feeble, to celebrate with song that well-found place in the memory of its children, and tell the passing stranger of hearts that loved the stream.

What may be called the underwood of the prose department is still of denser growth; writers on all subjects, including those of tale and tract, are found in every city, street, and country parish, admired by their own small circle, and magnified by the honest pride of their kindred. But alas for the degeneracy attendant on all terrestrial productions; this state of things has its deficiencies at present, but too obviously telling on popular Scottish literature. Among such a motley host, imperfect instruction, undeveloped and inferior talent, are necessarily manifest, and a reader of ordinary judgment must remark the lamentable deterioration of style, the abundance of imitation, ranging from the puerility of English Christmas books, to the unintelligible mysticism of the German school, which prevail in periodical and volume, compared with those written in the renewing reign of Jeffrey; but the strength and energy of thought are still in the land, and it requires only a judicious and respected tribunal of criticism to make the literary circulation of Scotland clear, and strong, and famous, as it was in those boasted days.

Ireland can scarcely be said to own any literary capital. The talent as well as the labor of her children has been expended on other lands, and her poverty in this respect all but equals the meagreness of her material possessions. The newspaper press of St. Patrick's Isle has long been, like her politicians, a house divided against itself, and in this age, so prolific in periodicals, that they spring up in every city with the rapidity of the Prophet's gourd, which it is fortunate many of them resemble in destiny also, her metropolis can boast of a single Magazine. It is a curious fact, connected with this subject, that though many, and some of them well directed efforts, have been made to establish in Ireland those cheap publications so numerous in every other part of the kingdom, not a single attempt of the kind has ever succeeded; yet a people so unfortunately pe-



cular in circumstances are not without evidences of distinguishing taste, among which might be numbered the poems of Moore, the orations of Curran, and the novels of Griffin and Banim, together with their zealous, though scarce inferior successors, Carleton and Davis, and some superior names among the lyrists and historians of the repeal agitation.

Like the music of the land, which, in her memory, has outlasted or occupied the room of sundry more necessary and gainful arts, Ireland's literature retains the fitfulness of the national character, and the wild sadness of her historical fortunes; her poetry is chequered with light and shade, of equal intensity, various in its themes, but always heroic or tender; her fiction displays an unrivalled mixture of the comic and tragic muse; the former, indeed, matchless in its kind, but the latter gradually predominating, and darkening still deeper, till the fall of the curtain. Wrong, and loss, and ruin, seem to rest on the remembrance of all her authors, like thunder-clouds which no "sun-burst" can banish, and ever returning after the rain. Thomas Moore's *Melodies* to Ford's picture of the defeated angels, the singular versatile and emphatically original genius of Ireland, through the brilliancy of its wit and the philosophy of its unfrequent wisdom, preserves that luckless characteristic.

The genius of France, compared with that of Britain, presents us with a contrast strong as their ancient rivalry. Keen to perceive, prompt to execute, not easily discouraged, but ever ready for change, the Gallic land has retained, through all her Revolutions, a perception of the sublime and beautiful, like that which grew of old among the shrines of Athens. Boldly has she climbed the steepes of science, stately were her steps in the fairest fields of art, and lovely her goings by the brighter streams of Helicon; but how often have the dull yet profitable things of life been neglected for the brilliant and the baseless? and even in these how often has true taste been overbalanced by proneness to extremes, and a more than Athenian love of novelty? Hence the literature of France, though always powerful, and boasting names that few nations could rival either in strength or numbers, is at present possessed with such a thirst for what may be called the marvellous of ordinary life, as renders its fiction a mass of improbable

scenes and distorted passions, to which nothing but the evident talents of the authors, and the public demand for excitement, could give the slightest claim on the reader's attention, while the songs of Berenger, and the poems of Lamartine are, as in distant times they will be, the admiration of the world.

Italy lies a land of ruins, where art still reigns, in right of the inspiration that descended upon her in the night of the middle ages, beyond which her literature has made such small advances, for Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso have challenged their land in vain, for many a century, and found no champion who dares to reply. Still the inspiration is there, and peer and peasant alike delight to versify, and sing in the same grave and gentle measure the praises of saint or mistress.

Thoughtful Germany, with her staid industry, her love of calm investigation, and honest Gothic credulity, remains, from the Alps to the Baltic, the truest representative, as she was the earliest settlement, of the Teutonic race. Less profit seeking than England, and less splendor loving than France, her old yet busy cities rejoice in treasures of native art; music has gone into the hearts of her people; and, for its power of poetry, and depth of thought, her literature has found a deservedly high place in the libraries of nations; but the poetry of Germany grows wild at times with the soul of the old Saga; her philosophy is apt to slumber, and in that sleep what dreams have come? high but hazy as the hills of Austria, and melting away into mists that darken as they recede.

Holland has been called "the land of dykes and dams," why was it not the land of neatness? For scouring has ever been the soul of the people, who, even in the days of the learned Armenian, as the polemics of his time designated Grotius, never seem to have risen above the spirit of their polished floors or porcelain tiles. The Chinese of Europe, but without their Confucius; yet the want was well supplied by that solid and enduring resolution which opposed by turns, and with equal success, the power of the Spanish monarchy and the Northern Ocean.

Here closes our survey of modern nations as regards their distinguishing peculiarities of taste and genius; should we pursue the subject further it might be observed, that the nations of the Baltic are of a kindred soul, as well as origin, with Germany; and

the names of Goethe, Thorwaldsen, and Bremer, bear witness to the fact, in the volume of German fame, that Russia, mighty as she was to trample out the mind of Poland, and wide as are the deserts within the range of her autocrat's sceptre, still takes her intellectual character, as she has taken her yet mushroom civilization, from the southern nations, whose religion she despises, and whose politics she fears.

At the other extremity of the continent we would find the kingdoms of Spain and Portugal forming, in matters of taste, a sort of inferior Italy, whose brightest memories hang round the Luciad of Camoens, the Cid of Biraë, and woe for chivalry, the gallant knight of La Mancha!

In the new world, the southern continent seems but a repetition of the European Peninsula, as the northern is, with its boasted and somewhat heterogeneous institutions, but a cheap edition of England.

Over the broad east, and the half explored Africa, Europe is stretching forth the powers of her all-grasping commerce, strengthened by still increasing colonies, and growing civilization, till she finds her own image reflected in regions dear to the fables of antiquity, and cities known only to our fathers by the exaggerated report of dim and uncertain tradition. Before her march the despotic thrones of India, founded by so many conquerors, have fallen to feeble and crumbling fragments, and her temples, from which flowed the streams of ancient mythology, have divided the dominion of their thousand gods with the desolating powers of ruin and neglect.

China alone maintains, in her remote empire, ramparted by deserts, mountains, and seas, an internal world of her own, with its peculiar institutions, its uncommunicated arts, and its far-boasted philosophy; but that world is stamped with the unprogressing march of the Asiatic mind; the learning and the civilization of the Chinese, though easily acquired, seem to have stood still through the ages of Europe's awakening, and the sleep into which they sank, while the progress of other nations was like that of the tortoise, has been deepened in latter times by the pride, the jealousy, and the fear of old age, which can be succeeded only by imbecility.

Situated at the extremity of Asia, Japan appears but an insulated China, whose exclusive spirit seems strengthened by the sea that girds her shores. The dwellers of the "Isles of morning," as an Eastern poet

has called them, though said to be the Britons of Asia, are in reality as opposite to the enterprising and restless islanders of Europe in character, taste, and social institutions, as their respective countries are in longitude.

It is to be regretted that our knowledge regarding the arts and literature of those far eastern nations is even yet so imperfect that on the subject we can only remark, however enthusiastic the philosophers of ages less keen in research than our own might have been in their praise, yet to modern observation and discovery they present nothing beyond the ancient and unchanging genius of Asia.

Having thus contemplated the different tendencies of national mind in their most prominent displays, an inquiry naturally arises regarding the causes of such a remarkable variety; but here the essayist will experience the truth of that observation forced upon our notice by so many subjects. How meagre and unsatisfactory is the extent of human knowledge! The causes which determine national taste are bound up with those that form national character, and both are as complicated and intricate in their operations as the means by which the moral or intellectual bias is given to individuals. Climate, creed, the circumstances of their first institution, subsequent great events, the pursuits and habits of ordinary life, all are to be considered in turn; yet even these are not always sufficient to solve the problem.

Thus the gorgeous, but enervating, climate of Asia seems to dispose her inhabitants in the peaceful valleys of Siam, or the sterile deserts of Arabia, the temples of Mythra, or the shadow of the mosque, to worship mere power, pomp, and luxury, whether displayed in the palace of the prince, or the page of the poet. Without sufficient elevation of thought for the ideal, or energy for the practical, their philosophy has degenerated into indolence and their piety into absurd and useless mortifications, and the mother of nations has never advanced beyond a state of semi-civilization, her generations being from the period of our earliest records, through the conquests, the vicissitudes, and the discoveries of four thousand years, an unvarying succession of despots and slaves.

True it was that under her Arabian conquerors some remnants of ancient art and science were rescued from the general wreck of Europe, but it was owing to the fact that

Roman learning and Grecian philosophy had sought refuge in the deserts of the farthest east from the horrors of the northern invasion, and the civil dissensions which embroiled though it could not farther disgrace the closing days of Rome. Yet mark how that knowledge was rendered back to Europe with a celerity that must have astonished any eastern astrologer, had his trusted stars informed him that the western barbarians, whom the caliphs conquered and despised by turns, should, as in the present day, become the arbitrators and instructors of Asia.

The Crusaders could not retain one village of that Holy Land for which so much was given and promised, but with their swords and palm branches the knights and pilgrims brought back from Palestine those scattered rays of thought and science that brightened through their dark but chivalrous ages, and led Europe on till the invention of printing, the Protestant Reformation, and the discoveries of enterprising commerce, paved the way for all the gathered power of science, art, and literature, which have wrought the wonders of the present age, and promise still mightier results for the future.

On the other hand, was it the climate of Greece that made her once the home of the graces, the temple of glory, and the shrine of freedom as the world then knew it? We have seen the children of Othman retaining for ages the same despotic barbarism in the very atmosphere breathed by Plato, Homer, and Leonidas. Does not history here supply an instance of the power of creeds in forming the mental character of nations? The Greeks, great as were the absurdities and errors of their mythology, found in it no barrier to the freedom of thought and inquiry. Theirs was a faith that owned and made no martyrs, except in the doubtful case of Socrates, from the days of Troy to the Christian era; whilst it afforded a boundless and fitting scope for that wealth of imagination brought, it may be, from the well-spring of early wisdom which flowed of old, they said, beside the pile in the day-spring of Egyptian glory; but their Turkish conquerors having added to their Asiatic indolence and Tartar ferocity a creed which limited all research to the Koran, and concentrated all their duties in believing, rose, triumphed, and fell under the natural results of such a system of fanaticism and ignorance, and were driven from the groves of Academus and the city of Mi-

nerva, even as they had entered them—barbarians.

The Romans derived their learning and theology from Greece, but the early existence and subsequent prosperity of Rome, were founded on rapine and violence; her institutions were from the first essentially military, and the revolution which altered the republic to an empire made them only more despotically so. Hence the virtues and vices of the Romans, were those of soldiers, their luxuries and even their tastes were those of successful robbers, and every new accession of wealth and power, while it enabled them to decorate their amphitheatres with the works of Phidias and Apelles, also furnished the means of augmenting the bloody sports of the arena, and enlarging the domain of luxury without raising the standard of taste.

When the Empress of the world turned from her ancient gods, finding their days were numbered, the long wars and frequent revolutions which crowded on her closing eyes, the rapid advance of the northern barbarians, and the terrors and austerities with which the new faith was invested in the popular mind all contributed to sink the art, the taste, and the intellect of the times to one dull and monastic level.

Yet, be it remembered, that the same faith, when itself immersed in the gross darkness of succeeding ages, and seated on the high place of Roman power, made the first effort to recall the memory of Grecian genius to the frozen heart of Europe. It was she who kept the remnants of classic learning safe, though hidden in the dust of her convents. It was for her that the pencil of Raphael, the pen of Dante, and the all-excelling hand of Michael Angelo, executed those glorious monuments which still remain the praise and wonder of our times. Other agencies perfected what the Church had begun; but the full flood of the river was not what those had anticipated who first unsealed its spring.

The liberal patronage which the Church of Rome bestowed on the Fine Arts cannot indeed be said to have caused the Protestant Reformation, but that it greatly, though indirectly, contributed to that event, will not be doubted, when it is considered that, by her munificent though injudicious displays of taste she incurred enormous expense, to defray which recourse was had to the old and well-tried machinery for raising funds, as in the notable instance of indulgence selling, which followed the building of St.

Peter's with all its mighty but unexpected results; and that, by refining the tastes and feelings of the people, even through the medium of popular devotion, she inadvertently co-operated with other causes in raising the public mind above those puerile absurdities and tyrannical decrees, by which she still intended to govern it, when the age of their authority had passed away forever. Yet, in surveying the variety stamped on the character, as well as on the tastes of modern nations, we must acknowledge that the causes of its existence, like those of many a more interesting problem, lie yet beyond our search.

It cannot be, for example, a few degrees of latitude, or the fact, that the Protestant ritual is established in the one kingdom, and the Catholic faith in the other, that produces the difference which all observers have remarked in the mental tendencies of England and France, that the rational doctrines of liberal and enlightened Protestantism, compared with the old exacting creed, which from its Pontiff to its Confessional, was one system of spiritual despotism, naturally encouraged the freedom of thought, and the energy of action is now, we believe, no longer doubtful; and much of Britain's practical sense, and consequent prosperity, may be owing to Luther and Calvin. But we cannot affirm that all the love of pomp and

novelty inherited by her southern neighbor is the bequest of Rome. Spain has the same Catholic faith, and a still brighter climate, yet neither the taste nor the character of her inhabitants approach the Gallic form; and Protestant Prussia is yet far from rivalling practical and commercial England in her mighty mechanics, yet in displays of, or taste for, the Fine Arts, Berlin is not a whit inferior to Vienna—Vienna, the royal seat of devoutly Catholic Austria.

We know not if her liability to fogs and inundations from the Northern Ocean has conferred upon Holland the gift of everlasting neatness and most orderly inclinations. There are lands over which the wings of the mist spread no less darkly, to whose inhabitants a little of her zeal in this respect might be deemed a valuable addition. In short, in the consideration of national taste, as in the prosecution of every other subject, cases will be found which cannot be made analagous, and effects whose causes have never been discovered. The world has much to learn, not only on this but far more important matters, yet whatever the approximate, we are certain that the ultimate cause arises from that endless and yet harmonious variety which infinite wisdom has inscribed on all the productions of his material and mental universe.

---

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## SLEDY CASTLE, AND ITS TRAGEDY.

In a secluded part of the county of Waterford (in the parish of Modelligo) stands the lonely ruin of Sledy Castle,\* which, though unnoticed by tourists and sketchers, has been celebrated in its day for a tragedy of real life, marked by the features of romance, and connected with the civil discords of Ireland in the 17th century, and which has given significant names to some places in the vicinity. It is a fragment of local history, hitherto unwritten, and now fast passing away from the failing memory of tradition. But the castle is not favorably situated for attracting attention, though within a few miles of the town of Cappoquin. It stands on a slight elevation,

at a short distance from a little-frequented road leading from Cappoquin to Clonmel, in an uninteresting landscape, consisting simply of ground a little undulating and divided into fields, a sprinkling of plantation, a cabin or two, the shallow River Finisk\* winding beside the way, and peeps of low hills in the distance.

The tall, dark, square ruin, with its many gables and high chimneys, less resembles a castle than a bawn, as we call in Ireland a stone dwelling, strongly and defensively built, but not regularly castellated. It is a lone and naked object; there is no graceful veil of ivy, no umbrageous tree weeping near it, like some only surviv-

\* The English reader is requested to pronounce it *Slay-dy*. The place is called in Irish *Cwrach-na-Sledy*, i. e. the Bog of the Quagmires.

\* In Irish, *Fionn Uisce*, i. e. the fair water; from *Fionn* (pronounced *Finn*), fair, and *Uisce* (pronounced *Lsh-ga*), water.

ing friend, that had seen its day of strength, and mourned its years of decay. The edifice is in the form of a double cross, the eight limbs being all of equal length, and each finished by a tall, large gable, crowned by a high chimney; of these gables, seven remain perfect—the eighth has fallen. The castle is placed diagonally on its site; a circumstance which added considerably to its defensive capabilities. It is of rough stone, plastered over, and every corner is faced with cut stone. The walls are very thick, and still partially covered with a steep stone roof. The windows are irregularly placed—rather small, oblong squares, divided into panes by slight stone mullions and transoms. The entrance is completely demolished, but its two square flanking towers, one at each side, still remain; that on the left (as the spectator faces the castle) has a parapeted and battlemented platform, with a machicollation; the other is of inferior size, with the remains of stone stairs, midway in which is an opening—a small round arch of cut stone—as if intended for the convenience of looking down into the hall, to reconnoitre visitors. The broken stairs lead to a small, ill-lighted stone room, the “ladye’s bower” of the olden times, and thence up to the turret top, where the fair lady might woo the summer evening air.

The interior of the castle is a mere shell, and the ground is covered with ruins and rubbish, overgrown with nettles and rank weeds; but it is still evident that there were four stories, with three floors, supported on plain stone corbels. On the ground-floor may be traced the kitchen, with its ample fire-place, and an arched recess beside it; this apartment adjoins the machicollated flanking tower. Of other rooms nothing can be distinguished. The whole building is very plain; solidity and security seem to have been the sole aim of the founder.

The entire was surrounded, according to tradition, by a moat, furnished with a draw-bridge. Of these no vestiges remain, the moat having been long since filled up, to facilitate agricultural labors round the spot.

But it is time to pass from the description of Sledy Castle to its history, and that of its original possessors, the M’Graths.

In very early times, the ancient family of M’Grath\* held large estates in the

\* This name occurs in old records, with various orthographies; I have seen it written Cragh, Creigh, Creagh, M’Cragh, M’Craith, Magrath, and

western part of the county Waterford. They richly endowed the Augustinian Abbey, at Abbeyside,\* near Dungarvan; among the ruins of which, under a low window at the east end,† is an ancient tomb, inscribed, “Donald M’Grath, 1400.” For the defence of the abbey, this family built, beside it, a lofty square castle, some ruins of which still remain. Local tradition affirms that the M’Graths also built Fernane Castle‡ (of which scarce a fragment now exists), near Sledy; and Castle Clonagh,§ Castle Connagh, and Castle Reigh; all near the boundary line between the counties of Waterford and Tipperary.

At the close of the 16th, and commencement of the 17th century, the most remarkable person of the family was Philip M’Grath, commonly called in Irish, *Philib-na-Trioda*, (pronounced *na-Teeda*), that is “Silken Philip,” meaning polished, or elegant, which he is said to have been in an eminent degree. The country people relate that, at this period, one of the family estates comprised seven townlands, within a ring fence. Philip had two brothers, of whom, one named John, is said to have built the old, and now ruined castle of Cloncoscoran,|| near Dungarvan; the other named (I think) Pierce, is stated to have built the old Castle of Kilmanehin, in the barony of Glenheira.

M’Grath: I have adopted the latter, as in use in the districts where the family flourished. Dr. Lanigan says: “Our old writers allowed themselves too great a latitude in spelling proper names, so as often to excite doubts as to the identity of one and the same person. Hundreds of instances might be adduced.”—*Ecclesiastical History*. Vol. ii.

\* The remains of this building (the wall, tower, entrances, and windows) show it to have been of great beauty; the light Gothic tower is sixty feet high, and the arch that supports it is greatly admired for the elegance and skill of its construction. The oak timber used in turning the arch is still in good preservation, after a lapse of six centuries, though much exposed to the wet.

† It formerly stood at the north side, near the altar—the usual situation for the tombs of founders of religious edifices.

‡ Near Fernane now stands a modern house, called Mountain Castle, in memory of the ancient stronghold.

§ Castle Clonagh (in the county of Tipperary) is a circular structure, commanding the glen of Rosmore, through which runs the boundary line of the counties of Waterford and Tipperary. Castle Connagh stands on a high rock over the river Neir; it is square, and is protected on the side next the river by two round towers. Castle Connagh and Castle Reigh are in the county Waterford, in the barony of Glenaheira.

|| This castle is in a very low situation; it has a moderately elevated square tower at one end, and has much the appearance of a religious structure.

The personal grace and accomplishments of Silken Philip found favor in the eyes of a noble maiden,\* Mary Power, or Poer, daughter of John le Poer, then Baron of Curraghmore. She fell violently in love with him, surmounted the opposition of her family, and married him; and Philip brought home his bride to the old castle of Fernane, where he then resided. "Omnia vincit amor," says Virgil; but in *this* instance love had *not* subdued all the pride of this high-born fair: she despised her husband's dwelling as soon as she saw it, and positively refused ever to enter it, saying that her father's stables would be a more befitting residence for a lady. She ordered dinner to be served on a rocky hillock that overlooks the river Finisk; and when the repast was over, she returned to her father's seat, and there determined to remain till her husband should have built for her such an abode as she could esteem worthy of her presence; and she further required that it should be erected on her own jointure lands of *Curach na Sledy*, to secure herself in the use of the intended castle during her life. Philip at first refused to build the desired residence; but his wife insisted with such vehemence, that a serious misunderstanding took place between them, and the lady vowed never to be reconciled till she obtained her wish. The bridegroom seeing his domestic comfort at stake for ever, yielded at length, and commenced the work. His friends and relatives came forward to his assistance; and the numerous tenants of his family and their connexions not only gave voluntary labor, but also brought such large contributions of every kind, towards defraying the expenses of the building, that when the Castle of Sledy was finished, Philip M'Grath found himself much richer than when he commenced—a circumstance worthy to be recorded of an Irish gentleman; it being proverbial that a diametrically opposite result generally attends mansion-building in Ireland. A quantity of fine oak timber was used in the construction of the castle; but not a vestige of it now remains, having been all carried away piecemeal by the peasantry, subsequent to its desolation; and in one of the principal apartments was placed a handsome marble chimney-piece, with the name of the founder, and the date of the completion of the building, "*Philippus M'Grath, 1628.*" That memorial

was extant for about a century after the desertion of the castle, but is not now to be found. Tradition says that the building of Sledy Castle occupied seven years; during which period the lady of Philip M'Grath presented him with four children: the three elder were daughters, named (in the order of their birth) Margaret, Catherine, and Mary; the youngest was a son, named Donell (*Anglice*, Daniel).

The castle being at length finished, and the lady's pride gratified, she came, with her husband and children, to take possession, and the now happy couple looked forward to many years of enjoyment. But the foundations of the dwelling had been laid in strife, and that of no trivial kind: there had been the loosening of the most holy ties, the endangering of the most sacred affections; that very home had arisen as a memorial of domestic discord; and when the walls were thus founded, it is not wonderful that blood and rapine subsequently smote them to their destruction.

Philip M'Grath and his wife, when the cause of discontent was removed, lived lovingly together, esteemed by their equals, and respected by their inferiors, and for a few short years comfort and happiness seemed to have fixed their abode at Sledy. But scarcely had five years elapsed from the completion of the castle, when Philip M'Grath was snatched away, in the prime of life, from his new-built dwelling, his now affectionate wife, and his youthful family.

On his death, the heir, his son Donell,\* a child, was removed by his guardians to Dublin, for his education; but the widow, with her daughters, remained at Sledy. She was a clever and notable woman; and all things that devolved to her management throve so well, that Sledy Castle, forlorn as it now looks, was famed for its ample stores of rich plate and fine linen, handsome furniture, and well-filled money-chests.

Another sorrow, however, afflicted her not long after the loss of her husband. Her son, Donell M'Philip M'Grath (as he is styled in old records), died in his minority, but I cannot tell in what year, between 1633 and 1641. The estate of Sledy, or at least a principal part, seems then to have vested in the next male heir, Pierce M'Grath (probably the brother of Philip); but the widow still continued at the castle with her

\* This lady's sister, Catherine, married John Fitzgerald, of Dromana (county Waterford), and was grandmother of the first Earl of Grandison.

\* By an inquisition taken at Cappoquin, the 10th of September, 1633, Donell M'Philip M'Grath was found to be seized of Sledy, &c., &c.

daughters, who were possessed of very large fortunes. The widow was endowed with many excellent qualities, notwithstanding the blemish on the outset of her matrimonial career; time, sorrow, and the exercise of a strong understanding had chastened all her feelings, and her merits were universally acknowledged. She gave her daughters a good education, according to the fashion of the times, and they grew up to womanhood remarkably handsome and attractive, and had, as may well be supposed, innumerable admirers, not less on account of their beauty and accomplishments, than on account of their wealth. Tradition relates that the eldest, Margaret, was of the stately order of beauties, and had inherited the pride of her mother in her youthful days. The youngest, Mary, is said to have been a mild and winning creature; so kind, so gentle, so full of feeling, so lovable, that she was commonly called, in Irish, *Maire milis ni Philip na Tsioda* (pronounced *Marya meelish nee Philip na Teeda*), i. e., Silken Philip's sweet Mary. The three sisters were fond of society, embracing every opportunity the neighborhood afforded of enjoying it; and they frequently visited Clonmel, which being then, as now, a military station, balls and parties there were enlivened by the presence of the officers.

The commotions of the seventeenth century were favorable to the gangs of outlaws who infested the rural districts, to which they were a pest and a terror, robbing and murdering by night, and taking shelter by day in bogs, or among rocks, or in the mountain recesses. The part of the county Waterford of which I write (the parish of Modelligo, in the barony of Decies without Drum) was frequented by a band of robbers, whose captain was a desperado, called in Irish, *Uaithne* (pronounced *Oo-a-nee*), which being translatable into "Green," I shall term him by that name, for the convenience of such readers as are not gifted with the Irish tongue. This man had long and greedily desired the plunder of Sledy Castle; but all his plans for effecting an entrance were defeated by the caution of the widow, who, quite alive to the dangers of the times, kept garrison with an unrelaxing vigilance. The gate was always locked, and the keys in the lady's possession; the moat was always full, and the drawbridge never lowered without strict precaution; no ingress or egress permitted to any person whatever after nightfall; and when it happened that

the matron Chatelaine was absent, a near relation, in whom she could confide, was appointed commandant for the time. To attempt swimming the moat would induce the double risk of being drowned, or espied and shot by the sentinel; but, even were it effected, it would have proved useless, as the height and narrowness of the castle windows precluded escalade. But Green was not to be diverted from his purpose by difficulties: he knew that the pillage of Sledy would amply repay time spent and pains lavished, and he determined to await his opportunity.

At this period he had established his head quarters at a "Lis"\* (a circular flat green mound, surrounded by an earthen grass grown ditch) on the borders of a stream, and lying four or five miles distant from Sledy. Experience had proved to him that he had little chance of succeeding in his design upon the widow's stronghold, without the aid of domestic treachery. The servants generally were faithful, being followers or fosterers of the family. There was, however, amongst them a kitchen-maid, on whom he hoped to work through the means of love and vanity—two dangerous sentiments for a weak female head, and a base female heart. The scullion was just the fit tool for a villain, being the meanest and least-cultivated person in the household, and the farthest removed from comprehending anything of loyalty or honor. Green had among his band a son, who acted as his lieutenant—a remarkably handsome young man; him the outlaw tutored to throw himself in the way of the kitchen-maid, as she went and returned from mass, and to profess himself her lover. They met thus, young Green and the scullion, on Sundays and holidays; and the fine words and fine person of the pretended suitor gained so much on the wretched woman, that she entered into all his views, and promised to watch the first favorable opportunity for his stealing into the castle, and make it known to him by a pre-concerted signal. In consequence of this agreement, Green, the elder, moved his band nearer to Sledy, for their night-quarters, establishing them about a mile from the castle, at a huge rock, called in

\* Properly spelled *Lios*: these mounds are frequent, and are erroneously called Danish forts; but they were the abodes of the ancient Irish, whose wattled dwelling stood in the centre. The outer ditch served as a fortification, and was often planted with hawthorn trees. "Rath" is another name for these forts.

Irish *Carrig na Chodla* (pronounced *Carrig na Hullah*) i. e., Rock of the Sleep, and popularly termed in English, "the Sleepy Rock," which is a corruption of "the Sleeping Rock"—a name given to the place by the peasantry, from the circumstances of Green taking his repose there, while his sentinels were on the watch for the promised signal from the castle. The Sleepy Rock is the chief of a group of stratified conglomerate rocks, laid bare near the summit of a hill called Eagle Hill. These rocks lie on the site of the ancient road between Clonmel and Dungarvan, and present numerous shelves and recesses, shaded by superincumbent masses, and partially clothed with tufts of heath and fern, grass and wild flowers. It is about a mile from Sledy. Upwards of three miles from the rock is a kind of pass, called the *Dhu Clee* (*Dubdh Cloidh*) i. e., the Dark Fence, which seems to have been a kind of fortified road between two woods; from thence Green's "Lis" is a mile distant.

Among the wild crags of the Sleepy Rock, the outlaws made their midnight lair beside their watch-fire. The whole district was then densely wooded, and frequented by the wolf\* and wild cat, the fox, badger, hedgehog, and weasel, the eagle, raven, hawk, and kite, and occasionally visited by wild geese and ducks, cranes and sea-gulls. All of these, except the wolf and wild cat, are still denizens or visitors of the locality. The night scene at the Sleepy Rock must have been one well suited to a pencil such as Salvator Rosa's: the dark thick woods—the savage crags—the still more savage figures grouped amongst them, round their fire, with their wild glibs of hair hanging over their faces, their pointed barrad caps, their straight *trouse*, and rude brogues, and long frieze coats, with skirts divided into four—the pistols and skein (dagger-knife) in the girdle; and over all the ample frieze cloak, of which Spencer speaks so angrily—"The Irish mantle, a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, an apt cloak for a thief. . . . The outlaw being, for his many crimes and villainies, banished from the towns and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from

the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent-house—when it bloweth, it is his tent—when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle."\* Wrapped in such serviceable mantles, the banditti at the Sleepy Rock reposed round their fire, while the wakeful sentinel kept watch for the long-expected signal from their ally in the castle.

Leaving these worthies, we shall return to the fair sisters of Sledy. They had become acquainted at Clonmel with three English officers, whose names and whose rank tradition has not preserved, though one of them is said to have been a member of a noble family. The acquaintance between these officers and the young ladies soon ripened into mutual and warm attachment, which promised to terminate happily in the union of the three couples; for, upon the suitors laying their pretensions before the mother of the fair maidens, they were favorably received, and encouraged to hope for the hands of their lady-loves. From this we may naturally infer that those military men were themselves persons of some consequence and property; for though daughters might be won by the gay trappings, and the masculine beauty and accomplishments of suitors, whose "all of wealth was love," parents (especially the parents of heiresses) are seldom so romantically inclined.

It was now the summer of the year 1641—a year unhappily memorable for the great rebellion in the month of October. Margaret, the eldest of the sisters, could not have been more than twenty, Catherine eighteen or nineteen, and "Maire milia"—the sweet Mary—about seventeen. The three officers received an invitation from the widow to become her guests at Sledy Castle, and consequently they obtained leave of absence for a few days. It may well be imagined that on the day appointed for their arrival, the happy sisters, "the loving, lovely, and beloved," left from time to time their now desolate bow-er, and tripped deftly up the stone stairs to the turret top—

"Looking afar if yet their lovers' steeds  
Kept pace with their expectancy, and flew." BYRON.

At length the expected visitors came in sight, gallantly mounted, and in military apparel, for it is but in modern times that

\* The last presentment for killing a wolf, in the neighboring county, Cork (and the last, I think, in Ireland), was in 1710.

\* See Spencer's "State of Ireland."



British officers have affected to be ashamed of their distinctive garb, and escape from it into "mufti" on all occasions, as if striving to conceal their position in their country's service, like something disreputable. Whether this arises from an idea of *bon ton*, or from a decay of chivalrous feelings, it is but a sorry compliment to the service, and is one of the peculiar phases of John Bull-ism. It not being yet the fashion in the seventeenth century for English officers to disguise themselves as civilians, the guests from Clonmel appeared in their military dress\*—the heavy and encumbering portions of it, the cullets and vambraces, were laid aside, but the breast-piece gleamed beneath the stout buff coat, with its deep cuffs and collar, and silver buttons; the casque shone upon the head; the broad scarf crossed the figure from shoulder to hip; the trusty belt sustained the heavy sword; the gorget protected the throat, and the iron-fingered gauntlet the hand and wrist; and the high horseman's boot, with the spur on heel, encased the leg. After each officer, rode his servant, with his master's cloak-bag and valise, or small travelling mail. The horses' hoofs clattered merrily along the road; the welcome guests, galloping onwards, soon reached the drawbridge, that was lowered in an evil hour for them, and alighted from their panting steeds, that were never to bear them more.

I leave to imagination the joyous meeting—the courtesy of the stately matron, as she did the honors of her dwelling—the pleased, but fluttered, greeting of the blushing girls, and the glow of satisfaction in the bosoms of the lovers at their reception in the home of the beloved: it seemed as though Certainty were giving a pledge for Happiness to Hope.

While thus

"All went merry as a marriage bell"

in the state apartments, there was no lack of rude revelry and hospitality in the servants' hall. The domestics of Sledy were sedulous to offer civility to the officers' servants, and, ac-

\* It was Charles I. who introduced some uniformity into the dress and accoutrements of the English army. In his reign, the armor worn by the cavalry, consisted of *cullets* (pieces protecting the loins, and hooked on to the cuirass behind), the musket-proof *cuirras*, *pouldrons* (shoulders pieces), *vambraces* (arm pieces), *guessets* (heart-shaped pieces for the inside of the arms), *gorget*, *gauntlet*, and *casque*. The infantry wore pistol-proof *corsets*, *tassets* (flaps of armor protecting the thighs, and hooked to the corset), *gorget*, and *head-piece*.

cording to their ideas, the most proper way to welcome the strangers was to treat them to whisky at a public-house in the vicinity of the castle; for though good cheer in plenty had been ordered for the attendants of the visitors, still the Sledy servants considered *that* was the property of their mistress, and hospitality required they should do something from themselves. On this festive occasion the vigilance of the widow had relaxed, and she entrusted the keys to another hand; perhaps she thought the addition of six men, trained to arms, formed so strong a reinforcement to her garrison, that she need fear nothing during their stay. A faintly-remembered tradition states that Pierce M'Grath (the inheritor of the entailed estates after the death of the minor, Donell), who was present at this fateful visit, was the person to whom the matron confided her keys. The Sledy servants took a private opportunity of petitioning him to permit them a short absence to "treat" their new acquaintances, engaging that the kitchen-maid would carefully attend to the drawbridge during their temporary evasion. Pierce M'Grath suffered himself to be too easily persuaded; he unlocked the gates without the knowledge of the lady. The servants cautiously lowered the drawbridge, and under cover of the night, all stole out to the neighboring public-house, leaving behind them only the perfidious kitchen-maid, who, with an affectation of good nature, had volunteered to watch the still lowered bridge till their return. But scarcely had they departed, when she hurried up to the top of the flanking tower that adjoins the kitchen, and there displayed a light in the manner preconcerted between her and young Green. The light was but too speedily descried by the sentinel at the Sleepy Rock, and Green the elder alarmed and collected his men, and favored by the darkness, they set out silently for the betrayed castle.

The lady and her happy little party had concluded the social supper, the favorite meal of those times, but were still seated at table; and having dispensed with the restraining presence of attendants, they were at the height of a light-hearted gaiety, when suddenly the sound of stealthy, yet heavy footsteps, caused them all to turn their eyes towards the door—it happened, the ladies shrieked, the officers sprang to their feet—for the doorway and the passage behind were crowded with ferocious-looking ruffians, armed to the teeth, and seeming

the more terrible from their indistinctness, as but partially revealed by the light of the candles on the supper table.

The officers attempted to seize their swords, but the banditti rushing forwards, overpowered and disarmed them, forced them back into their chairs, and held pistols to their heads. Amid the angry ejaculations of the officers, the oaths and threats of the robbers, and the screams of the terrified girls, the widow recognised Green, of whom she had so often heard, and she flung herself on her knees before him, exclaiming, "Oh! Mr. Green! I know you, and I know your purpose; but I do not ask you to desist; I do not ask you to spare my property; take all—money, plate, jewels, all—all; strip Sledy from turret to foundation, if you will—I only make one prayer to you—oh! for the love of heaven! harm not my daughters."\*

"Madam," replied the outlaw, you are worthy to have your request granted, for you bear a good name; you have been good to the poor, and kind to your tenants, and it *shall* be granted, if your guests here remain quiet, and give us no trouble—but *not* else. Hark ye, boys!" (turning to the gang, and holding out a pistol) "if the best and bravest among you, or even my own son, dares lay a hand on that lady and her daughters, so long as these soldiers are quiet, he shall receive the contents of this through his brains."

The matron tottered to her chair, surrendering all her keys at the demand of Green, who, with his men, quitted the room to begin their pillage; but first leaving his son, with some of the fiercest of the band, to stand guard over the officers, whom they reduced to passiveness less by their cocked pistols, than by their threats to fire the castle, and spare no one, if their prisoners attempted any resistance.

And where, it will be asked, was Pierce M'Grath the while? Tradition says he was present during the whole scene, but does not state that he was noticed in any way by the robbers, or that he took any active part, or even offered any remonstrance (which, however, would have been useless), and this neutrality proved injurious to himself in the end.

\* The address of the lady to Green, and his reply, are not figments of my imagination; I give them, as nearly as possible, *verbatim*—as related to me by an aged man (the landlord of a rustic hostelry, a few miles from Sledy), who states himself to be descended, in the female line, from the same stock as Philip M'Grath.

There was a silence full of dread and suspense in that room so lately resounding with cheerful voices; where now was only heard the deep breathings of the indignant officers, and the low sobs of the sisters. How might that fearful night terminate? for who could rely on the forbearance of the outlaw?

After a lapse of time that seemed interminable ages, the heavy tread of the robbers was heard approaching—they entered laden with plunder; and Green, addressing the guards whom he had left behind, said: "Come, boys! it is time to return to our quarters; we have got as much as we can carry; so come away, and bring your prisoners along with you."

At these terrible words, the shrieks of the affrighted females filled the castle; the officers struggled to relieve themselves, but were grasped by hands like iron vices; the lady and her daughters fell at the feet of Green and his son, imploring them to release their prisoners, and offering large ransoms, which they promised should be left at any place the bandit would appoint.

"No madam," said Green to the widow; "remember that the *one* request you made was granted; I did not bargain for anything farther; and my own safety requires that I should take charge of these Saxon soldiers."

Again the weeping women besought the robber; and undertook that the officers should swear the most solemn and binding oaths of secrecy on the subject of that night's occurrences. Green was inexorable; and at length, bursting into a rage, he swore with a tremendous oath, that if he were thus pestered any longer, he would blow out his prisoners' brains, and hold himself freed from his promise to the widow.

The threat prevailed—the officers obeyed their captor's order, to rise, and prepare to depart. In the agonising moments of such a parting as this, there was no room for feminine reserve: the unhappy girls fell upon the necks of their betrothed, and reciprocated the close, clasping, long embrace, as though they felt in their anguish it was too surely the last. It needed some force to divide them; and the robbers left the apartment with their captives in the centre of the band. The half-distracted sisters flew to the door, to catch a farewell glimpse—the military ornaments of the officers gleamed for an instant in the candle-light, and disappeared—they cried after the

retreating banditti to act humanely towards their prisoners—crowding steps were heard descending the stairs, and tramping heavily without. The sisters hurried breathlessly up the stone stairs of their tower, and out on the top, to look down below; through the night gloom they saw a dark compact mass crossing the drawbridge; there was a halt when it had crossed; they heard the grating sound of a sledge, or sliding-car; there was some struggle, some altercation—it became evident that the outlaws were forcibly placing their prisoners on the car, and binding them upon it—the struggle ceased; the grating sound was again heard, and the heavy retreating steps—the close black mass was seen moving rapidly in the direction of the Sleepy Rock, and was soon utterly lost in the darkness.

Unspeakable indeed was the consternation of the officers' servants, on their return to the public-house with the other domestics, to find the ladies in an agony of alarm and sorrow, the castle plundered, and their masters carried off by ruthless miscreants. The kitchen-maid had disappeared. Tradition has told me nothing of her subsequent fate. Is it uncharitable to trust that it resembled that of her prototype, the traitress Tarpeia?

That was a miserable night at Sledy; they thought day would never dawn. At the first gleams of light the officers' servants mounted, and galloped back to Clonmel, to report their masters' misfortune to their corps. The strictest searches were instantly made by both civil and military authorities, to discover the robbers and their prisoners; but the former had abandoned the Sleepy Rock and the "Lis," and could not be traced; and no ingenuity, no activity, not even the proclamation of a very large reward, availed to procure the least clue to the fate of the ill-starred officers.

For some time the sorrowing sisters tried to hope that their lovers were yet safe; that Green had only confined them in some remote and secret nook, till he could release them without danger to himself or his band. Though Sledy Castle had been pillaged of money, plate, and jewels, to an extent that seriously injured the family, they disregarded their loss in their anxiety for their absent friends. For hours those young girls sat watching on the turret-top; their hearts beat audibly at the appearance of a passing stranger—was it some one coming to treat for ransom? They started at every horse tramp—was it the lost re-

turning? They were in that state of imaginative dreamy hope so well described by Miss Baillie, in her beautiful drama of "The Beacon:"—

"Wish'd for gales the light vane veering  
Better dreams the dull night cheering,  
Lighter heart the morning greeting,  
Things of better omen meeting;  
Eyes each passing stranger watching,  
Ears each feeble rumor catching,  
Say he existeth still on earthly ground,  
The absent will return, the long, long-lost be found."

At length, as days passed on, and still brought no intelligence of the missing officers, hope became weakened, and warm fancy chilled; and the sisters began to yield to the miserable conviction that their lovers had been murdered, and buried in some secret spot that defied discovery. The search relaxed, and was then given up as hopeless. A year had now elapsed; the civil war that had broken out in October, 1641, was raging throughout the country, and the family of Sledy were denounced by the government as rebels, on account of the outrage committed under their roof on English officers; they were suffering affliction under many forms. At the close of this wretched twelvemonth, a cow-herd was in search of a strayed heifer, and in the course of his researches, he came to a dark and solitary glen, watered by a stream that rises in an adjacent turf bog, and falls into the Colligan river. There, in a deep pool, in the bed of the stream, he perceived some unusual appearance, went to examine it, and discovered the bodies of the three ill-fated officers, still clad in their military array. He hastened off at once to Clonmel, declared his discovery to the authorities, and claimed the promised reward. A detachment was sent to the spot, from the garrison of Clonmel, guided by the cow-herd, to remove and examine the bodies, which being but little decayed,\* were still capable of complete identification; and it was also clearly discernible that they had been barbarously murdered, but the particulars of the crime have never transpired. The bodies were removed, and consigned to a consecrated grave with due rites and honors; and the part of the stream where the mortal remains were found, is called to this day, *Ath na Soighidiura* (pronounced *Augh na Seedhura*) i. e., "the Soldier's Ford."†

\* Bogs have a preservative power over animal matter, and the rivulet above mentioned is a bog stream.

† The 'Soldier's Ford' is, I am informed, half a mile nearer to the source of the stream than as marked in the Ordnance Survey Map.

It lies a mile from the "Lis" of Green, and upwards of six miles from Sledy. In its vicinity are two other places, still bearing names derived from some connexion with the tragedy of Sledy Castle: they are, *Cnoc Bhron* (pronounced *Knockrone*), i. e. "the Hill of Sorrow;" and *Muin na riagh* (pronounced *Moonaree*), i. e., "the Bog of Penance;" but the particulars of the reason why so named are forgotten. It is believed, however, that at the bog, after the discovery of the murdered men, the servants of Sledy performed some penance for the act of levity and disobedience which had given rise to so much crime and so much suffering; and of the hill it can but be conjectured, in the silence of tradition, that the sisters made some mournful pilgrimage to weep and pray at the spot where their betrothed had lain so long unburied, and had sat down on that hillock to rest in the weariness of their sorrow. Not having been able myself to visit those scenes, I will give the description of them in the words of a gentleman resident near them, to whom I am indebted for much local information. Of "the Soldier's Ford," he says—"This sequestered spot is at the eastern side of Druid Mount.\* Here, where a large conglomerate rock still occupies the bed of the Moonaree stream, an ancient passage,† which the eye may still define, crossed the ford, leading to Carrick-on-Suir and Clonmel. On the left bank of the ford stands a huge round boulder stone, based on the rock before named, and crowned with a beautiful tuft of blooming heather. Here the mountain-valley narrows quickly to a rocky glen, upon which the beetling hills to the east scowl darkly, as if in horror of its awful secrets. The stream, too, frets and wanders mournfully along its stony bed, as if under similar influence, instead of rushing and roaring in all the joyous strength of its youth, now revelling in deep pools, anon gamboling wildly over foaming falls, as the old herdsmen say it formerly did, which we may well believe from the traces of its frantic sport still visible. A saunter through this glen would afford much

\* The residence of my polite and obliging informant.

† It is said, either from conjecture, or faintly-remembered tradition, that the unfortunate officers had effected their escape from the robbers, and were making their way to Clonmel by this ancient pass, when they were overtaken and murdered at the ford. Some old persons have related to me, that when discovered, a sword was still grasped in the hand of one of the corpses.

satisfaction to the lover of geology, as a dozen varieties of stone may be seen at almost every step. 'The Hill of Sorrow' (about three quarters of a mile from the ford) is very stony, and covered with grass and heath: its south east side rising rather abruptly, seems likely to have afforded shelter for a *shieling*, or hut of some kind. 'The Bog of Penance' lies beneath the hillock (at a quarter of a mile distance\*), and is a large hollow amphitheatre, surrounded on all sides by picturesque hills, except at the south side, where a small stream, rising in its centre, discharges itself, and is thence called the Moonaree stream. The bog is a superior turbary of about one hundred acres, and has a depth of twelve feet of turf in some places. This was evidently a forest in ancient times."

Of Green and his comrades I have been unable to learn anything certain. Some assert that they escaped safely out of the country; others maintain that they were hunted down, and exterminated—some of them being shot, and others captured and hanged.

The tragedy of Sledy castle, occurring as it did at the fatal era of 1641, gave rise to very serious charges against the M'Grath family. The outrage committed on royalist officers within the castle, in the presence of its owners, and by the treachery of the household, who not only afforded ingress to the assassins, but previously lured away the attendants of the victims, leaving the latter no helper in the hour of danger—the gates being unlocked by Pierce M'Grath himself—his non-interference, though the atrocity was proceeding before his eyes—a neutrality which was attributed not to dread of the ruffians, but to acquiescence with them—his own personal immunity—the horse and sledge which dragged the victims to the slaughter having been supplied from the offices of the castle—all these facts appeared condemnatory to the authorities engaged in the investigation, who considered the servants of Sledy and the outlaws as acting in concert with the heads of the family. It also appeared, in the course of examination, that on the day of the officers' arrival, the steward of Sledy was riding near Green's "Lis," when he was met by the robber, who asked was there anything new at the castle? The steward, whom perhaps fear compelled to appear civil, replied

\* The distances are all given in English measure.

that three English officers had come to Sledy, and it was thought they would be married to the young ladies: he added, that he was then going to the wood of Graigue-na-gower\* to make some provision for the evening's entertainment. As he turned to depart, he heard Green say to a companion—"Then will *Uaithne* avenge himself on the soldiers of the Sassenach (Saxon), and rescue from them the fair daughters of Morya Philip," i. e., Mary Philip, for so the widow of Philip M'Grath was popularly called in Irish. It was asked why did the steward, after hearing this, permit the servants to leave the castle? No allowance was made for any plea of inadvertence, accident, or intimidation; all extenuating points were overlooked; the grief of the sisters was disregarded; the pillage of the castle was either disbelieved, or considered as got up by collusion for effect. Those were the days of passion and prejudice on all sides; and the whole occurrence was held to be a piece of deliberate treachery for the destruction of servants of the English crown, and was consequently adjudged to be an act of treason and rebellion. A decree of forfeiture went forth against the M'Graths, which affected all their property; the estates vested in Pierce, the widow's jointure lands, her daughter's inheritance, all were confiscated, and apportioned out by the government among strangers.

The lady and her children, on their expulsion from their residence, retired to a very humble cottage, little more than half a mile from the castle, and still in existence, though in a state of decay. They were reduced to a very low ebb of fortune, and were just saved from pauperism by some small resources, the fruit of the matron's former good management, which she now preserved from the general wreck; and they lived in their altered circumstances with a pious resignation, and an unostentatious exercise of virtues, that gave dignity to misfortune. Although they naturally led a life of great retirement, they were not forgotten, and the fame of the sisters' beauty was enhanced by the admirable manner in which they sustained their trials. Part of the Sledy estate had fallen to the lot of the Osborne family, the head of which was Sir Richard Osborne, who had come over from

England early in the seventeenth century, was created a baronet in 1629, and had acquired considerable property in various parts of the kingdom. His son, who became the second Sir Richard Osborne (but not till long after the date of our narrative), inspired with the generous wish of restoring one of the innocent sufferers of Sledy to a share of her lost affluence, resolved, with a rare disinterestedness, to seek a wife amid the impoverished but still respected family. And now I have to relate a most curious and unique wooing, in the recounting of which I shall indulge in no flights of fancy, but will, as nearly as possible, *verbatim*, "tell the tale as 'twas told to me," by an aged man, who had received it from his mother, a relative of the M'Graths.

One morning, soon after sunrise, Mr. Osborne, attended by a single servant, set out from his residence at Cappagh, near Dungarvan, on his errand, and directed his course towards Curach-na-Sledy. When he approached the end of his ride, he sent his attendant to wait for him at an appointed place, and proceeded alone to the cottage that now sheltered the last M'Graths of Sledy Castle. It was just breakfast hour when he arrived there, and drew his rein; and the matron herself came out to the door, to invite him to dismount and enter.

"I thank you, madam, for your courtesy," he replied; "but I may not alight or enter till I know if I shall be a welcome guest. It is my ambition to be the husband of one of your daughters, but I come to woo as a plain man, in all sincerity, and without holiday phrases. Suffer me to prefer my suit to your eldest daughter in my own brief way—a few simple words will settle all. If I am accepted, it will then be fitting time for me to enter your habitation, but not before."

The widow smiled, but indulged the suitor in his eccentric fancy; and reentering, she persuaded her daughter Margaret to appear to their visitor, and hear him. And he at once made the offer of his hand, simply, but earnestly and politely, declaring how happy and how much honored he should feel by her acceptance.

Margaret listened with downcast eyes and a pensive countenance; perhaps her thoughts reverted mournfully to the day when she was wooed and won by her murdered lover, and she felt that she could not so soon be unfaithful to his memory. When her new suitor waited her reply, an expression of pride came over her countenance, and she

\* *Graig na gowar*, i. e. the Brambly Hill-side of the Goats, is on the banks of the river Nier, in the barony of Glinaheira.

drew herself up with all her natural stateliness in a manner that augured ill for his success. Firmly, but not ungraciously, she declined his proposal, alleging that blighted as her fortunes had been, she could not endure to enter his family a portionless bride. She had too much delicacy to allude to her former unfortunate engagement, or to urge any personal objection; but it is asserted that she afterwards acknowledged to her friends, that she refused Mr. Osborne because he was but a "new man" in the country.\*

"I have sped but ill," said the gallant to the matron, when her daughter had retired; "yet my desire of marrying into your family remains the same. Permit me an audience of your second daughter, perhaps I may be more successful with her."

The widow, who appreciated the value of the connexion to her unprotected girls, complied, and led forward her daughter Catherine, to whom the gentleman addressed himself in much the same terms as he had used to her sister. But whether it was that Catherine's heart still retained too lively an impression of her soldier-lover—or that she was hurt at the want of etiquette in her present suitor, *she* likewise negatived his offer in nearly the same words as Margaret had spoken.

"Well, madam," observed the rejected wooer, "this is but sorry encouragement to a farther essay, yet I have one remaining chance; allow me to try it with your youngest daughter."

The lady acquiesced, and presented Mary, who was addressed by the persevering gallant as her sisters had been. Mary was of an affectionate and grateful disposition, and apparently she thought she could more easily conduce to her mother's comfort as the wife of a wealthy man, whose disinterestedness demanded her gratitude, than as a helpless mourner over the irretrievably lost. She listened to the proposal with varying blushes, signs of good omen that had not appeared on her sisters' cheeks; and when the speaker had concluded, with all grace, and gentleness, and modesty, she accepted his proffered hand. Then, instantly springing from his horse, he caught her in his arms, and ratified the treaty with an energetic salute; thus terminating his suit as unceremoniously as he had commenced

it. "And now in to breakfast," said he, "since I can enter in the character that I wished—that of one of your family." And he gallantly led in his promised bride.

What a strange courtship! how antipodal to Sir Charles Grandison's ceremonious proposals for Miss Harriet Byron, that our grand-dams delighted to peruse, with all the bowings, and the speeches, and the leadings in and out of the Cedar Parlor, and preliminaries, and references to grandsires, and guardians, and aunts, and uncles. Yet, the straightforward Osborne courtship on horseback, eccentric though it be, has in it so much of *bonhomie*, that though it raises a smile, it leaves a favorable impression—it reminds us of Shakspeare's delineation of Henry the Fifth's blunt wooing of Catherine of France. "I know no ways to mince in love, but directly to say, I love you; then, if you urge me farther than to say, do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer, faith do! and so clap hands, and a bargain. How say you, lady!"

After "sweet Mary" became the wife of the wealthy Osborne, she had ample opportunities of indulging her natural benevolence; and to this day the country people dwell with fondness on many traditional anecdotes of her munificence and her charities, which were so unbounded, that her husband was often obliged to limit her powers of bestowing, otherwise her generosity would have exceeded even his ample means. She was often known to empty to the last grain the meal bins of the household, to feed the hungry, and to denude herself of part of her apparel during her walks, to clothe the naked who crossed her path. It is related of her, that in her affectionate zeal to give her mother consequence, she prevailed on her husband to pass to his Sledy tenantry receipts for their rents, in the name of her parent, in order to preserve for her a semblance of her authority, and a shadow of her former rights to deck her fallen fortunes.

In some time after Mary's marriage, Margaret M'Grath became the wife of a gentleman of her own country, and of sufficiently long standing to satisfy her pride of pedigree. She is remembered as a religious woman; and I have been shown by her descendants, a silver chalice which she caused to be made for the celebration of private masses in her house. Round the base is the following inscription:—"Margaretha Cragh, uxor Joannis Power de Clashmore, Equitis, me fieri fecit in honorem

\* If tradition errs not in assigning this reason for Margaret M'Grath's refusal, the murdered officer, who was said to have been of noble family, must have been the one who was *her* accepted lover.

*sancta Trinitatis, Beataque V. Maria,*  
A. D., 1668.”\*

The remaining sister, Catherine, was also married, but to whom I am unable to say with any certainty. To the romantic and sentimental it will appear, no doubt, quite a spoiling of the legend that the sisters should have ever married after the tragical fate of their first loves. But they were very young when that melancholy circumstance took place; allowance must be made for the elasticity of the youthful mind, and for the healing powers of time. Besides, there are often amiable as well as valid reasons for second love; and it is creditable to the good feeling of those young girls, that their affections could be conciliated by the rare disinterestedness of those who sought them for their intrinsic worth alone, after they had lost the usually more prized gifts of fortune.

Sledy Castle was left deserted from the time of the forfeiture, and it fell to ruin by slow degrees. Occasionally some poor, houseless person took up his abode, unpermitted, yet unforbidden, among the empty chambers. The last lonely dweller there was a country schoolmaster, about seventy years ago, when the castle was much more perfect than at present: he taught his ragged scholars in the kitchen, but chose for his own use a room on the upper floor. He was the descendant of some old follower of the M'Graths, whose former greatness was his favorite theme. He wrote a book, being a kind of chronicle of that family,† and

containing a great deal of local history, and some curious information which tradition has now dropped from her loosened grasp. Some gentlemen of that period, who had seen the manuscript, were anxious it should be published; and the schoolmaster made several efforts to get it printed at Clonmel (Dublin was then beyond the reach of men in his humble sphere), but he was unsuccessful—that was not the age of literary enterprise, especially in Ireland. I have been unable to learn what became of the MS. after the death of its writer; but, as the Irish peasantry, in general, have great respect for manuscripts, especially if relating to old families, or to the histories of their own counties, it is, probably, still extant among the country-people; unless, indeed, it perished amid the commotions of 1798.

After the schoolmaster's decease, Sledy Castle remained wholly deserted, and progressing in decay. Short, indeed, had been the period of its palmy state; from the completion of the building, to the day of its desolation, by the decree of forfeiture, it had scarce numbered fully twice seven years. The ancient family of the M'Graths has passed away—their place knoweth them no more—their lands are held by other lords—their strongholds and mansions are in ruins—their very name has now but a legendary existence—

“Omnia tempus edax depascitur, omnia carpit;  
Omnia sede movit, nil sinit esse diu.”

\* “Margaret Cragh, wife of John Power, of Clashmore, Knight, caused me to be made in honor of the Holy Trinity, and of the blessed Virgin Mary, in the year of our Lord 1668.”

† The Irish, in the elder times, were very fond of preserving pedigrees, and writing family chronicles. Various books of this kind are still extant, in MS., written by the hereditary bards and annalists of ancient races, e. g., “The Book of the O'Kellys of Hy-Maine” (a district that comprised the present county of Galway, and part of Roscommon), compiled for that family, in whose hands it remained till 1757. Amongst a variety of other matter, it contains pedigrees and accounts of the chief races, derived from the Nial of the Nine Hostages; a list of the princes of Hy-Maine, from Ceallach, the great ancestor of the O'Kellys, down to 1427; pedigrees of the principal families of Ulster; filiations of the races descended from Heber; many historical poems, &c. “The Book of Fermoy,” containing accounts of the possessions of the Roches of Fermoy, with some historical tracts. “The Book of the O'Duigenans, or Annals of Kilonan,” a family chronicle of the M'Dermotts compiled by the O'Duigenans, hereditary historians

of Kilonan. It begins at A. D. 1014, and ends at A. D. 1571. This work was supposed to be lost; but an imperfect copy was discovered by John O'Donovan, and is now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. There is (or was) a “Book of Kilonan,” a different work, being a chronicle of events written by the clergy of Kilonan church, and commencing at A. D. 900. “The Book of Ballymote,” written under the patronage of Tomaltach M'Donah (chief of a district now comprised in Sligo, Leitrim, and part of Roscommon), at his residence, Ballymote, containing, amongst a mass of other matter, pedigrees of the ancient families of Ireland—as the Hy-Briuin Heremonians, the O'Connors, Clan-Colla, &c. Early in the 17th century, Muireadach O'Daly wrote a poem on the Fitzgerald family, recording both the chief and the minor branches—the name of the head of each tribe that branched off from the main stock—the principal actions of the family—the castles, abbeys, and monasteries they built, &c. At the same period, Mac Bruodin, hereditary poet of the O'Gormans, wrote a poem on that family, tracing their pedigree, and showing the tribes that sprang from the same root.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE SIX DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREAM.

Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes.—HALLAM.

### No. III.—THE METAURUS.

Quid debeas, oh Roma, Neronibus,  
Testis Metaurum flumen, et Hasdrubal  
Devictus, et pulcher fugatis  
Ille dies Latio tenebris, &c.

HORATIUS, iv., Od. 4.

The consul Nero, who made the unequalled march, which deceived Hannibal, and defeated Hasdrubal, thereby accomplishing an achievement almost unrivalled in military annals. The first intelligence of his return, to Hannibal, was the sight of Hasdrubal's head thrown into his camp. When Hannibal saw this, he exclaimed with a sigh, that "Rome would now be the mistress of the world." To this victory of Nero's it might be owing that his imperial namesake reigned at all. But the infamy of the one has eclipsed the glory of the other. When the name of Nero is heard, who thinks of the consul? But such are human things."—BYRON.

ABOUT midway between Rimini and Ancona a little river falls into the Adriatic, after traversing one of those districts of Italy in which the present Roman Pontiff is striving to revive, after long centuries of servitude and shame, the spirit of Italian nationality, and the energy of free institutions. That stream is still called the Metauro; and wakens by its name recollections of the resolute daring of ancient Rome, and of the slaughter that stained its current two thousand and sixty years ago, when the combined consular armies of Livius and Nero encountered and crushed near its banks the varied host, which Hannibal's brother was leading from the Pyrenees, the Rhone, the Alps, and the Po, to aid the great Carthaginian in his stern struggle to trample out the growing might of the Roman Republic, and to make the Punic dominion supreme over all the nations of the world.

The Roman historian, who termed that struggle the most memorable of all wars that ever were carried on,\* wrote in no spirit of exaggeration. For it was not in ancient, but in modern history, that parallels for its incidents and its heroes are to be found. The similitude between the contest which Rome maintained against Hannibal, and that which England was for many years engaged in against Napoleon, has not passed unobserved by recent historians. "Twice," says Arnold,† "has there been witnessed

the struggle of the highest individual genius against the resources and institutions of a great nation; and in both cases the nation has been victorious. For seventeen years Hannibal strove against Rome; for sixteen years Napoleon Bonaparte strove against England: the efforts of the first ended in Zama,—those of the second in Waterloo." One point, however, of the similitude between the two wars has scarcely been adequately dwelt on. That is the remarkable parallel between the Roman general who finally defeated the great Carthaginian, and the English general, who gave the last deadly overthrow to the French emperor. Scipio and Wellington both held for many years commands of high importance, but distant from the main theatres of warfare. The same country was the scene of the principal military career of each. It was in Spain that Scipio, like Wellington, successively encountered and overthrew nearly all the subordinate generals of the enemy before being opposed to their chief champion and conqueror himself. Both Scipio and Wellington restored their countrymen's confidence in arms, when shaken by a series of reverses. And each of them closed a long and perilous war by a complete and overwhelming defeat of the chosen leader and the chosen veterans of the foe.

Nor is the parallel between them limited to their military characters and exploits. Scipio, like Wellington, became an important leader of the aristocratic party among his countrymen, and was exposed to the

\* LIVY, Lib. xxi., Sec. 1.

† Vol. iii., p. 62. See also Alison, *passim*.



unmeasured invectives of the violent section of his political antagonists. When, early in the last reign, an infuriated mob assaulted the Duke of Wellington in the streets of the English capital on the anniversary of Waterloo, England was even more disgraced by that outrage, than Rome was by the factious accusations which demagogues brought against Scipio, but which he proudly repelled on the day of trial by reminding the assembled people that it was the anniversary of the battle of Zama. Happily, a wiser and a better spirit has now for years pervaded all classes of our community; and we shall be spared the ignominy of having worked out to the end the parallel of national ingratitude. Scipio died a voluntary exile from the malevolent turbulence of Rome. Englishmen of all ranks and politics have now long united in affectionate admiration of our modern Scipio: and, even those who have most widely differed from the Duke on legislative or administrative questions, forget what they deem the political errors of that time-honored head, while they gratefully call to mind the laurels that have wreathed it. If a painful exception to this general feeling has been recently betrayed in the expressions used by a leading commercial statesman, the universal disgust which those expressions excited among men of all parties has served to demonstrate how wide-spread and how deep is England's love for her veteran hero.

Scipio at Zama trampled in the dust the power of Carthage; but that power had been already irreparably shattered in another field, where neither Scipio nor Hannibal commanded. When the Metaurus witnessed the defeat and death of Hasdrubal, it witnessed the ruin of the scheme by which alone Carthage could hope to organize decisive success,—the scheme of enveloping Rome at once from the north and the south of Italy by two chosen armies, led by two sons of Hamilcar.\* That battle was the determining crisis of the contest, not merely between Rome and Carthage, but between the two great families of the world, which then made Italy the arena of their oft-renewed contest for pre-eminence.

The French historian, Michelet, whose "*Histoire Romaine*" would have been invaluable, if the general industry and accuracy of the writer had in any degree equalled his originality and brilliancy, eloquently

remarks, "It is not without reason that so universal and vivid a remembrance of the Punic wars has dwelt in the memories of men. They formed no mere struggle to determine the lot of two cities or two empires; but it was a strife, on the event of which depended the fate of two races of mankind, whether the dominion of the world should belong to the Indo-Germanic or to the Semitic family of nations. Bear in mind, that the first of these comprises, besides the Indians and the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Germans. In the other are ranked the Jews and the Arabs, the Phœnicians and the Carthaginians. On the one side is the genius of heroism, of art, and legislation: on the other, is the spirit of industry, of commerce, of navigation. The two opposite races have everywhere come into contact, everywhere into hostility. In the primitive history of Persia and Chaldea the heroes are perpetually engaged in combat with their industrious and perfidious neighbors. The struggle is renewed between the Phœnicians and the Greeks on every coast of the Mediterranean. The Greek supplants the Phœnician in all his factories, all his colonies in the east: soon will the Roman come, and do likewise in the west. Alexander did far more against Tyre than Salmanasar or Nabuchodonosor had done. Not contented with crushing her, he took care that she never should revive; for he founded Alexandria as her substitute, and changed for ever the track of the commerce of the world. There remained Carthage—the great Carthage, and her mighty empire,—mighty in a far different degree than Phœnicia's had been. Rome annihilated it. Then occurred that which has no parallel in history,—an entire civilization perished at one blow—vanished, like a falling star. The *Periplus* of Hanno, a few coins, a score of lines in Plautus, and, lo, all that remains of the Carthaginian world!

"Many generations must needs pass away before the struggle between the two races could be renewed; and the Arabs, that formidable rear-guard of the Semitic world, dashed forth from their deserts. The conflict between the two races then became the conflict of two religions. Fortunate was it that those daring Saracenic cavaliers encountered in the East the impregnable walls of Constantinople, in the West the chivalrous valor of Charles Martel, and the sword of the Cid. The crusades were the natural reprisals for the Arab invasions, and

\* See Arnold, vol. iii., 387.

form the last epoch of that great struggle between the two principal families of the human race."

It is difficult, amid the glimmering light supplied by the allusions of the classical writers, to gain a full idea of the character and institutions of Rome's great rival. But we can perceive how inferior Carthage was to her competitor in military resources, and how far less fitted than Rome she was to become the founder of concentrated centralizing dominion, that should endure for centuries, and fuse into imperial unity the narrow nationalities of the ancient races, that dwelt around and near the shores of the Mediterranean sea.

Though thirsting for extended empire, and though some of her leading men became generals of the highest order, the Carthaginians, as a people, were anything but personally warlike. As long as they could hire mercenaries to fight for them, they had little appetite for the irksome training, and the loss of valuable time, which military service would have entailed on themselves.

As Michelet remarks, "The life of an industrious merchant, of a Carthaginian, was too precious to be risked, as long as it was possible to substitute advantageously for it that of a barbarian from Spain or Gaul. Carthage knew, and could tell to a drachma, what the life of a man of each nation came to. A Greek was worth more than a Campanian, a Campanian worth more than a Gaul or a Spaniard. When once this tariff of blood was correctly made out, Carthage began a war as a mercantile speculation. She tried to make conquests in the hope of getting new mines to work, or to open fresh markets for her exports. In one venture she could afford to spend 50,000 mercenaries, in another, rather more. If the returns were good, there was no regret felt for the capital that had been sunk in the investment: more money got more men, and all went on well."

We perceive at once the inferiority of such bands of *Condottiere*, brought together without any common bond of origin, tactics, or cause, to the legions of Rome, which at that period were raised from the very flower of a hardy agricultural population, trained in the strictest discipline, habituated to victory, and animated by the most resolute patriotism. And this shows also the transcendency of the genius of Hannibal, that could form such discordant materials into a compact organized force, and inspire them

with a spirit of patient discipline and loyalty to their chief, so that they were true to him, in his adverse as well as in his prosperous fortunes; and throughout the chequered series of his campaigns no panic rout ever disgraced a division under his command, and no mutiny, or even attempt at mutiny, was ever known in his camp.

The *prestige* of national superiority had been given to Rome by the cowardly submission of Carthage at the close of the first Punic war. Faction and pusillanimity among his countrymen thwarted Hannibal's schemes, and crippled his resources. Yet did he not only replace his country on an equality with her rival, but gave her what seemed an overwhelming superiority, and brought Rome, by her own acknowledgment, to the very brink of destruction.

"But if Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who, in his hatred to the Trojans, rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy, so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause, is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius Nero, even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit, and wisdom, and power of Rome. The senate, which voted its thanks to its political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous defeat, "because he had not despaired of the commonwealth," and which disdained either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice, the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honored than the conqueror of Zama. This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and, as no single Roman will bear comparison to Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's Providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered; his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently by forming great nations; and no one man, even though it were Hannibal himself, can

in one generation effect such a work. But where the nation has been merely enkindled for a while by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it; and the nation, when he is gone, is like a dead body, to which magic power had for a moment given unnatural life: when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before. He who grieves over the battle of Zafra, should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty years later, when Hannibal must in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phœnician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilization of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organized empire, and prepare them for becoming, when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe."

When Hasdrubal, in the spring of 207 B. C., after skilfully disentangling himself from the Roman forces in Spain, and, after a march conducted with great judgment and little loss through the interior of Gaul and the formidable passes of the Alps, appeared in the country that now is the north of Lombardy, at the head of troops which he had partly brought out of Spain, and partly levied among the Gauls and Ligurians on his way; Hannibal with his unconquered and seemingly unconquerable army had been eight years in Italy, executing with strenuous ferocity the vow of hatred to Rome, which had been sworn by him while yet a child at the bidding of his father Hamilcar; who, as he boasted, had trained up his three sons, Hannibal, Hasdrubal, and Mago, like three lion's whelps, to prey upon the Romans. But Hannibal's latter campaigns had not been signalized by any such great victories as marked the first years of his invasion of Italy. The stern spirit of Roman resolution, ever highest in disaster and danger, had neither bent nor despaired beneath the merciless blows which the dire African dealt her in rapid succession at Trebia, at Thrasymene, and at Cannæ. Her population was thinned by repeated slaughter in the field; poverty and actual scarcity ground down the survivors, through the fearful ravages which

Hannibal's cavalry spread through their corn-fields, their pasture lands, and their vine-yards; many of her allies went over to the invader's side; and new clouds of foreign war threatened her from Macedonia and Gaul. But Rome receded not. Rich and poor among her citizens vied with each other in devotion to their country. The wealthy placed their stores, and all placed their lives, at the state's disposal. And though Hannibal could not be driven out of Italy, though every year brought its sufferings and sacrifices, Rome felt that her constancy had not been exerted in vain. If she was weakened by the continued strife, so was Hannibal also; and it was clear that the unaided resources of his army were unequal to the task of her destruction. The single deer-hound could not pull down the quarry which he had so furiously assailed. Rome not only stood fiercely at bay, but had pressed back and gored her antagonist, that still, however, watched her in act to spring. She was weary, and bleeding at every pore; and what hope had she of escape, if the other hound of old Hamilcar's race should come up in time to aid its brother in the death-grapple?

Six armies were levied for the defence of Italy when the long dreaded approach of Hasdrubal was announced. Seventy-five thousand Romans served in the fifteen legions, of which with an equal number of Italian allies, those armies and the garrisons were composed. Upwards of thirty thousand more Romans were serving in Sicily, Sardinia, and Spain. The whole number of Roman citizens of an age fit for military duty, scarcely exceeded a hundred and thirty thousand. These numbers are fearfully emphatic of the extremity to which Rome was reduced, and of her gigantic efforts in that great agony of her fate. Not merely men, but money and military stores were drained to the utmost; and if the armies of that year should be swept off by a repetition of the slaughters of Thrasymene and Cannæ, all felt that Rome would cease to exist. Even if the campaign were to be marked by no decisive success on either side her ruin seemed certain. Should Hasdrubal have detached from her, or impoverished by ravage her allies in north Italy; and Etruria, Umbria, and north Latium either have revolted or have been laid waste, as had been the case in south Italy, through the victorious manœuvres of Hannibal, Rome must literally have sunk beneath starvation; for the hostile or desolated country

\* Arnold, vol. iii., p. 61. The above is one of the numerous bursts of eloquence that adorn Arnold's last volume, and cause such deep regret that that volume should have been the last, and its great and good author have been cut off with his work thus incomplete.

would have yielded no supplies of corn for her population; and money, to purchase it from abroad, there was none. Instant victory was a matter of life and death. Three of her six armies were ordered to the north, but the first of these was required to overawe the disaffected Etruscans. The second army of the north was pushed forward, under Porcius, the prætor, to meet and keep in check the advanced troops of Hasdrubal; while the third, the grand army of the north, under the consul Livius, who had the chief command in all North Italy, advanced more slowly in its support. There were similarly three armies of the south, under the orders of the other consul, Claudius Nero.

Hannibal at this period occupied with his veteran but much-reduced forces the extreme south of Italy. It had not been expected either by friend or foe, that Hasdrubal would effect his passage of the Alps so early in the year as actually occurred. And even when Hannibal learned that his brother was in Italy, and had advanced as far as Placentia, he was obliged to pause for further intelligence, before he himself commenced active operations, as he could not tell whether his brother might not be invited into Etruria, to aid the party there that was disaffected to Rome, or whether he would march down by the Adriatic sea. Hannibal concentrated his troops, and marched northward as far as Canusium, and there halted in expectation of further tidings of his brother's movements.

Meanwhile, Hasdrubal was advancing towards Ariminum on the Adriatic, and driving before him the Roman army under Porcius. Nor when the consul Livius had come up, and united the second and third armies of the north, could he make head against the invaders. The Romans still fell back before Hasdrubal, beyond Ariminum, beyond the Metaurus, and as far as the little town of Sena, to the south-east of that river. Hasdrubal was not unmindful of the necessity of acting in concert with his brother. He sent messengers to Hannibal to announce his own line of march, and to propose that they should unite their armies in South Umbria, and then wheel round against Rome. Those messengers traversed the greater part of Italy in safety; but, when close to the object of their mission, were captured by a Roman detachment; and Hasdrubal's letter, detailing his whole plan of the campaign, was laid, not in his brother's hands, but in those of the commander of the Roman armies of the

south. Nero saw at once the full importance of the crisis. The two sons of Hamilcar were now within two hundred miles of each other, and if Rome were to be saved the brothers must never meet alive. Nero instantly ordered seven thousand picked men, a thousand being cavalry, to hold themselves in readiness for a secret expedition against one of Hannibal's garrisons. As soon as night fell, he hurried forward on his bold enterprise, not against any petty garrison, but to join the armies of the north, and crush Hasdrubal, while his brother lingered in expectation of the intercepted dispatch. Nero's men soon learned their leader's object, and each knew how momentous was its result, and how much depended not only on their valor but on the celerity of their march. The risk was fearful that Hannibal might receive information of the movements of the armies, and either follow their steps in fatal pursuit, or fall upon and destroy the weakened Roman forces which they had left in the south. Pressing forward with as rapid and unintermitted marches as human strength, nerved by almost superhuman spirit, could accomplish, Nero approached his colleague's camp, who had been forewarned of his approach, and had made all preparations to receive this important reinforcement into his tents without exciting the suspicions of Hasdrubal. But the sagacity of Hasdrubal, and the familiarity with Roman warfare which he had acquired in Spain, enabled him to detect the presence of both the Roman consuls in the army before him. In doubt and difficulty as to what might have taken place between the armies of the south, and probably hoping that Hannibal also was approaching, Hasdrubal determined to avoid an encounter with the combined Roman forces and retreated towards the Metaurus, which if he could have passed in safety, would have been a barrier, behind which he might safely have kept the Romans in check. But, the Gaulish recruits, of whom a large part of his army was composed, were unsuited for manœuvring in retreat before an active and well-disciplined enemy. Hotly pursued by the consuls, Hasdrubal wheeled back, and gave them battle close to the southern bank of the stream. His numbers were far inferior to those of the consuls; but, all that generalship could accomplish was done by the Carthaginian commander. His Gauls, who were the least trustworthy part of his force, he drew up on his left on

difficult and rising round; his Spanish veterans formed his right; and his centre was composed of the Ligurians, before whose necessarily slender array he placed his armed elephants, like a chain of moving fortresses. He seems to have been deficient in cavalry,—an arm in which Nero's reinforcement gave peculiar strength to the Romans. The consuls, on the other side, led their legions to the attack, each commanding a wing, while the prætor Porcius faced the Ligurians in the centre. In spite of the disparity of numbers, the skill of Hasdrubal's arrangements, and the obstinate valor of his Spanish infantry, who received with unyielding gallantry the shock of Livius' legions, kept the issue of the fight long in suspense. But Nero, who found that Hasdrubal refused his left wing, and who could not overcome the difficulties of the ground in the quarter assigned to him, decided the battle by another stroke of that military genius which had inspired his march. Wheeling a brigade of his best men round the rear of the rest of the Roman army, Nero fiercely charged the flank of the Spaniards, who had hitherto held their own against Livius with heavy mutual carnage. The charge was as successful as it was sudden. Rolled back in disorder upon each other, and overwhelmed by numbers, the Spaniards and Ligurians died, fighting gallantly to the last. The Gauls, who had taken little or no part in the strife of the day, were then surrounded, and butchered almost without resistance. Hasdrubal, after having, by the confession of his enemies, done all that a general could do, when he saw that the victory was irreparably lost, scorning to survive the gallant host which he had led, and to gratify, as a captive, Roman cruelty and pride, spurred his horse into the midst of a Roman cohort, and, sword in hand, met the death that was worthy of the son of Hamilcar, and the brother of Hannibal.

Success the most complete had crowned Nero's enterprise. Returning as rapidly as he had advanced, he was again facing the inactive enemies in the south before they even knew of his march. But he brought with him a ghastly trophy of what he had done. In the true spirit of that savage brutality which deformed the Roman national character, Nero ordered Hasdrubal's head to be flung into his brother's camp. Ten years had passed since Hannibal had last gazed on those features. The sons of Hamilcar had then planned their

system of warfare against Rome, which they had so nearly brought to successful accomplishment. Year after year had Hannibal been struggling in Italy, in the hope of one day hailing the arrival of him whom he had left in Spain; and of seeing his brother's eye flash with affection and pride at the junction of their irresistible hosts. He now saw that eye glazed in death, and in the agony of his heart the great Carthaginian groaned aloud that he recognised his country's destiny.

Meanwhile, at the tidings of the great battle Rome at once rose from the thrill of anxiety and terror to the full confidence of triumph. Hannibal might cling to his hold on Southern Italy for a few years longer, but the imperial city, and her allies, were no longer in danger from his arms. And, after Hannibal's downfall the Great Military Republic of the ancient world met in her carrier of conquest no other worthy competitor. Byron has termed Nero's march "unequaled," and, in the magnitude of its consequences, it is so. Viewed only as a military exploit, it remains unparalleled save by Marlborough's bold march from Flanders to the Danube, in the campaign of Blenheim, and, perhaps, also, by the Archduke Charles's lateral march in 1796, by which he overwhelmed the French under Jourdain, and then, driving Moreau through the Black Forest and across the Rhine, for a while freed Germany from her invaders.

Guizot.—Below the middle stature, somewhat square-built, and of an aspect always grave, if not severe, with a proud and piercing eye, M. Guizot strikes you, at first sight as a man of thoughtful and reflective habits, and of an energy subdued rather than extinguished by severe study. Approach him nearer, and you will perceive that he is more spare in flesh, more sombre in appearance, more livid in look, than you had supposed at a distance. His features, when excited, assume a disagreeable aspect,—his lips become contracted, his eyes appear deeper sunk in their cavernous orbits, and his whole appearance gives token of a person of a restless and melancholy, as well as of a meditative disposition. There is no gaiety in his look or manner. He does not laugh nor joke with his next neighbor on the bench of Ministers, and appears altogether absorbed in public affairs or in his own reflections. He exhibits, on his entrance to the Chamber, the impassibility of a professor or college tutor. He crosses his arms, inclines his head on his breast, and attentively listens to the discussion. But if the orator at the tribune attacks the man or his system, Guizot becomes restless and excited, rises from his seat, interrupts the speaker, strikes his desk with his wooden paper-knife, and, in giving a loud contradiction to the member in possession of the House, asks to be heard in reply.

From Howitt's Journal.

## VISIT TO EDGEWORTHSTOWN.—MISS EDGEWORTH.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

EDGEWORTHSTOWN lies in the county of Longford, about sixty-six miles W.N.W. of Dublin. As this place was not far out of my way, in the Autumn of 1845, when I visited Laracor, the one-time residence of Swift, and Lismore, "The Deserted Village" of Goldsmith, I halted there for the night, in order to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Edgeworth. My way by the celebrated Hill of Tara, and the old town of Trim, led me amongst some of the most venerable ruins and renowned antiquities of Ireland. These I do not here pause to notice. A few miles' drive from Trim, in a car brought me out upon the highway from Dublin to Longford, where I met the mail as I had agreed, and mounting it, soon found myself leaving the cultivated country, and advancing into a somewhat dreary, level, and boggy one. From about nine in the morning till three in the afternoon our drive continued through this kind of country. The farther we went the more *Irish* it became. The country in the immediate neighborhood of Dublin was varied and beautiful. Farther on it was more monotonous, but still well-farmed and cultivated, with decent farming villages, and fine trees. But now the whole landscape became bare moorland, and extremely flat and uninteresting. The cottages degenerated from stone to mud. They then got to have wicker-work chimneys, and then no chimneys at all. There was a hole in the ridge of the roof, but much oftener out of the side for the escape of the smoke; and sometimes this hole was in the wall instead of the roof; sometimes neither chimney nor window was to be seen, but the smoke was rolling out of the door. Pigs, geese, hens, and asses, were walking in and out of the houses, as coolly as the people. By almost every cabin were two goats with their legs tied, and yoked together by a cord. They were the *cows* of these particular families. Then there were several enormous black and white pigs basking on the dunghill, which is, throughout Ireland, placed plump before the door; or they were wallowing in its wetter depths. Besides these creatures, there was sure to be a little dog with a little clog hung round his neck. This I was

told was instead of a muzzle, and was required by the police, as the clog is supposed, if the dog run, to get between his legs, and impede his motions: but it is commonly tied up so cleverly short, that it is no inconvenience at all, and the dog generally rushes out to have a look at the passing car, and then goes and lies down with great satisfaction, no doubt persuaded that he has rendered a great public service, and driven horse, car, and traveller quite away from the village.

Besides these canine guardians of the peace, two or three policeman were, as everywhere in Ireland, generally in sight, in close jacket and trousers of olive green, with broad, black belts round their waists with a large gilt buckle, a little box like a cartouche box, and a bayonet appended. Over one door in each village was invariably a black board like a little coffin lid with a crown upon a cypher, and surrounded by the words, POLICE STATION.

Rags and dirt became more plentiful at every step. There was a most amazing display of trousers without legs; waistcoats without buttons; and coats which are not patched, they are a matting of patches, all loose at one end; being a rude imitation of feathers. The true Irishman in his grey frieze short, bob-tailed coat, breeches (he is faithful to breeches in spite of all changes), and his funny little hat with narrow and slouched brim, was there in abundance. The old women swarmed round us, at every stopping, and promised heaven and earth to us for a halfpenny. "Grove out the copper, your honor, and the Lord surround you with his blessings. Drop us a little sixpence or a little fourpenny bit, and we'll divide it faithfully, and the childer will be a praying for you as they peel the taties. Divide the money, your honor, and the Lord divide heaven with ye."—"Now don't be a pushing me wid my poor arm," said a woman at one place to a man at her elbow, showing an arm wrapped in bandage no doubt to excite pity, and the thing said to catch your attention,— "I'm not pushing you," said the man,— "No, I know ye ai'nt," replied the woman with the politeness of a Frenchwoman, "but I am

only afraid lest ye should.”—“Indulge your fatherly feelings towards the poor babby whose father’s at sea,” exclaimed another, holding up a child towards one of the passengers.—“I have nothing,” replied the gentleman, and out of nothing, nothing can come.”—“The Lord created the world out of nothing, your honor,” replied the quick-witted woman.—“But I’m not the Lord,” said the traveller.—“Your honor’s one of the Lord’s creation.”—“And so are you,” retorted the man, “and if that gives you any power of creating something out of nothing, why don’t you create a penny and not bother me for it?”—“I’m no coiner, your honor.”—“Nor I either,” added the traveller.—“Oh! yes, your honor, you can coin the silver out of the gold, and the copper out of the silver, very aisy!”

The coach rolled on, and it was well, for the traveller had found his match. Instead of the old women whom we left behind, we now passed young ones walking along the road with their cloaks, not upon their shoulders, but upon their heads, and with dirty bare feet, which made one query whether they washed them before going to bed, if they ever do go to bed.

Such were the scenes that continued to present themselves in the villages; the country little enclosed and less cultivated; very fertile, but farmed in a most slovenly manner. It seemed to want every human assistance that land can want;—draining, fencing, planting, ploughing, weeding, and often manuring. In general, however, there were abundant crops, but nobody seemed the better for it. Amid occasional displays of harvests and potatoes, there were abundance of what may be called capital pigsties, but very wretched houses; a land of rags and cabins, of weeds, thistles, rag-wort, and rushes, which prosper unmolested.

Well, through such a country I advanced towards Edgeworthstown. To make the way more cheerful, however, we had a jolly Irish coachman, who did not let his tongue have much rest the whole of the time. He praised the country, the people, everything. His horses—“Aint they nate cattle now? Aint they good boys now? That’s a fine large horse now—and that’s a good dale to say—there are so many fine horses in Ireland.” In the next village that we should arrive at, he assured me, who, he saw was an Englishman, that the young women were the very handsomest in all Ireland; and in

the next the very best natured fellows in the whole land, and so on. As a country girl passed us—“Faith, is’n’t she there a fine little darling. Ould Ireland is proud of her pretty girls, any how.” The country-houses that we passed, which were few, were the very finest in all Ireland, and the inhabitants the most affluent. If you asked why these rich people did not enclose the wastes, and drain them. “Oh! what were the poor people to do for peats then?” If you objected to the rank crops of ragworts in the pastures, he assured you that it was capital farming—the grass grew so in the shade of the ragworts. In fact, he was a regular Irish optimist. Everything was the best in the world.

Then he and some of the passengers amused themselves with matches at counting the living objects on each side of the road for a certain distance—a rook, an ass, or an old woman, reckoning one, a sheep three, a horse or cow five, and so on. It was wonderful what merriment and interest they contrived to extract out of this. We came to a milestone that was broken in two. “Ah! see what some evil-disposed person has done now!” exclaimed the witty whip. “that is the eighth milestone to ———, and the villain has broken it in two, and made sixteen of it, and we shall have double the distance to go!”

And then he told stories. We may take one as a specimen. Some Irish reapers bound for England passing us, I asked whether it were true that on their return from the expedition the people of one vicinity would entrust their collective gains to one man to bring over? “Oh, no!” said he, “don’t believe it. It is hard trusting any one in this world. A priest going along one Sunday on the road, saw a boy in a very ragged dress sitting dangling his feet in the water of a brook that ran by it.

“Well, my boy,” said the good father, “what makes you sit there to-day, and why don’t you go to the chapel?”

“It is because I’m not just fit to be seen there, because of the raggedness of my clothes,” said the boy.

“And who may your parents be, and what are they doing that they don’t see you better clad, and a going to the chapel on a Sunday?”

“I can’t exactly say,” replied the boy, “what they may be doing just now, because they have been dead some years, and I get along as well as I can without them.”

“But you should not neglect going to

chapel," said the priest, "and if you are ashamed of your clothes, why, I would have you get up betimes in the morning, and step into the chapel when nobody is there and say your prayers, and depend upon it God will be dropping something or other in your way."

So the boy thanked his reverence for his advice, and promised to follow it. Sometime after, as the priest was going the same way, he saw the same boy, but now very much altered in appearance; and being very well dressed.

"Well, my boy, did you follow my advice, and do you go now to chapel?"

"Ah! bless your reverence," replied the lad, "that I did, indeed, and I wish I had seen you years before, for it was the b st day of my life when I did see you."

"How was that?" asked the priest.

"Why, God bless your reverence! I got up early in the morning, as you advised me, and went away to the chapel, and as I did not want to be seen, I slipped in quietly and got behind the door, and began to say my prayers, and sure enough, it was just as your reverence said it would be—Providence was after dropping something in my way directly. When I first went in, there was nobody there, but presently there came a blind man, and he put his head into the chapel and said, 'Is anybody here?' and when nobody answered, for I kept quite still, for I would see what Providence would be after, the blind man entered and made his way to a seat, and began saying his prayers. And presently another blind man came and put in his head, and said, 'Is anybody here?' And the first blind man answered and said—'There is nobody but me, and I am blind.' And with that the second blind man entered and made his way to the first blind man, and sate down by his side, and they began to talk. And the one blind man asked the other how long he had been blind, and he said 'eighteen years.'

"Eighteen years! that is a very long time, why, you must have saved a power of money in all that time."

"Nay," replied the first man, "not so much as you would think—bad has been my best luck. I have only saved £10, and I have it stitched into my cap here, lest any one should steal it."

"And that is very odd, i'faith," said the second man, "for I have been blind only six years, and I have saved just £10

too, and I have it stitched into my cap here, that nobody may steal it."

"And with that your reverence," said the boy, "I saw that all your reverence had said was the truth; and that Providence had dropped something in my way immediately. So I up and went softly up to the men, and took each his cap away out of his hand, and made for the door. But oh! the two blind men but they were astonished, and they seized each other by the throat, and one said—'O ye thief of the world! but ye have stolen my cap and my money from me!' and the other said—'Nay, ye thief of the world! but ye have stolen my cap and my money!' And to it they went like furies, and when the people came into the chapel they found them rolling on the floor together, and screaming that the one had robbed the other, and the other had robbed the one—but no caps nor money were there to be seen—and then both the men were more astonished than ever. But I was by that time far across the fields, blessing your reverence for the true words ye had said to me, for, true enough, Providence had dropped something in my way all at once. And now your reverence sees that I dress decently as any boy of them all, and go to the chapel every Sunday; and often I bless the day that I met your reverence as I did."

This story, which reminded me of something like it somewhere in "The Arabian Nights," elicited much merriment; and no one seemed to think anything of the morality of it. It was a capital joke; and illustrated the coachman's saw—"That it is hard trusting any one in this world."

And so we arrived at Edgeworthstown. The town is, indeed, a tolerable village, but of a considerable better aspect; of stone houses with white-washed walls, glass windows, and, many of them, slate roofs. The Edgeworths' house is near the entrance from Dublin. It stands on the right hand, at perhaps two hundred yards distance from the road in its park, well wooded, and with a fine rich turf. It lies too, higher than the country in general, and therefore above the bog, and being well wooded, and encircled with a thick belt of trees, you walk in the park, which is a mile round, and forget all the dreary wastes around. The house is large, a fitting squire's house, and looks lordly and imposing as you pass.

At the only inn in Edgeworthstown I desired them to let me have a beefsteak, but



found that no such thing was to be had. A mutton chop was the highest point in the culinary department to be reached. The waiter said, that no cattle were killed in Edgeworthstown—they got their meat from Longford, and that seldom more than mutton was wanted. This would have astonished a traveller in England in any place dignifying itself with the name of town, but in Ireland we soon cease to be astonished at anything but the general poverty. Having got such a luncheon as the inn afforded, I walked up to the hall. Here I found a very cordial reception. In the true Irish spirit of hospitality, Mrs. Edgeworth was anxious that I should transfer myself at once from the village inn to her ample mansion, where there was as much abundance as in any English house of the same pretensions.

I found the ladies sitting in a large and handsome library, busy writing letters. These ladies consisted of Mrs. Edgeworth, the widow of Lovell Edgeworth; Miss Edgeworth, and Mrs. Francis Edgeworth, the wife of the Frank of Miss Edgeworth's tale.

Mrs. Edgeworth, a very agreeable and intelligent woman, surprised me by her comparative youth as the widow of Miss Edgeworth's father. She appeared not much more than forty, while Miss Edgeworth must be nearly twice that age. So far as age goes, it would have appeared quite in order, if that had been reversed, and Miss Edgeworth had stood as mother, and Mrs. Edgeworth as the daughter-in-law. Till that moment, I was not aware that Miss Edgeworth resided with her mother-in-law, but imagined her the occupant of the family mansion. I soon found, however, that Mrs. Edgeworth was the head of the establishment, and that Miss Edgeworth and Mr. Francis Edgeworth and his family resided with her. Mrs. Francis Edgeworth, a Spanish lady, lively, intelligent, and frank in her manners, surrounded by a troop of charming children, appeared as thoroughly familiar with English literature as if she had spent all her life in Great Britain.

My first impression of Miss Edgeworth was surprise at her apparent age. We read books and imagine their authors always young; but time is never so forgetful. He bears along with him authors as well as other people. They may put their works but not themselves into new editions in this world. Miss Edgeworth must, in fact, stand now nearly, if not quite, at the head

of British authors in point of years. In person she is small, and at first had an air of reserve; but this in a few minutes quite vanished, and with it at least the impression of a score years in appearance. One would expect from her writings a certain staidness and sense of propriety. All the propriety is there, but the gravity is soon lighted up with the most affable humor, and a genuine love of joke and lively conversation. When I entered, the two other ladies were writing at the library table, Miss Edgeworth at a small table near the fire. The room was a large room, supported by a row of pillars, so as to give views into the grounds on two sides. We were soon engaged in animated conversation on many literary topics and persons; and Miss Edgeworth handed me the last new novel of Miss Bremer, which had been forwarded by me from the author; requesting me to place a written translation under Miss Bremer's autograph inscription of the copy to herself. To do this she put into my hand the silver pen which had been presented to her by Sir Walter Scott.

She then volunteered to show me the gardens and grounds; and this remarkable woman speedily enveloped in bonnet and shawl, led the way with all the lightness and activity of youth. Mrs. Francis soon joined us, and we went the whole circuit of the park, which as I have already said, is a mile. Not far from the house near the foot path, and beneath the trees I observed an urn placed upon a pedestal, and inscribed,

"TO HONORA,  
1780."

Honora Sneyd, the lady affianced to the unfortunate Major Andre, but afterwards married to Mr. Lovel Edgeworth.

We then went into the gardens. The ladies appear to dig and delve a good deal in them themselves. Miss Edgeworth said she had been setting out some geraniums that day, though so late as September. The bog-plants appeared wonderfully flourishing, and yet no wonder, when we consider that the whole country is a bog, and that they can supply their beds at no expense.

In our round we came to a little secluded garden, which Mrs. Francis told me they had laid out for her, and her children, and where they had built a little summer-house of heath. It was very retired and pretty. Miss Edgeworth made some inquiries after a gentleman not far from London, and

asked me if I knew him, to which I replied, that my only intercourse with him had been a correspondence about a gardener who offered himself to me, and referred to this gentleman as his former employer. That on asking the man why he had left, he said that it was entirely because this gentleman and himself could not agree on the true manner of cultivating a certain rose. That both master and himself were great rose fanciers, and each thought he knew best how to grow them. That in most cases he acknowledged his master's skill and knowledge, but that in this instance he could not. He believed himself right, and his master wrong; and that they grew so warm respecting it, that he gave his master notice to quit, rather than be compelled to murder, as he called it, a fine and unique rose, by an improper mode of treatment. That on referring to the gentleman, he confirmed the account in all its particulars, giving the man a most excellent character, both as a man and a gardener, but so obstinate about this one rose, that he threw up his place, a martyr to his system of science, the master having become as obstinate from opposition to a favorite whim, as to let him do it!

This story infinitely diverted Miss Edgeworth, and seeing Mrs. Edgeworth at a distance she called her to hear it.

On our return to the house we were joined by Mr. Francis Edgeworth, and at dinner and during the evening we had a deal of talk of poetry and poets. Mr. Edgeworth seemed particularly to admire Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, and thought Keats had never yet had justice done him. In this we agreed, and indeed in most of the sentiments expressed; Mr. Edgeworth, being liberal in politics as well as in poetry. The ladies as well as Mr. Edgeworth, expressed their great obligation to Mrs. Howitt, for the introduction of Miss Bremer's works, and of a taste for the northern languages and literature in general. They had fallen into the error which has been very common, especially in America, of supposing William and Mary Howitt were brother and sister, instead of husband and wife.

We do not intend here to enter into any remarks on the writings of Miss Edgeworth, which are sufficiently well known to all readers, but there is one characteristic of them which has naturally excited much wonder, and that is, that in none of them

does she introduce the subject of religion, but confines herself to morals and their influence. We have been told, and we believe on good authority, the origin of this. Her father being a disbeliever in revealed religion, she made a promise to him never to write in favor of religion if he would consent never to write against it. Through a long life she has faithfully observed the compact, and the fact of its existence may explain what to so many has been a source of surprise. Whilst she may thus have rendered a service to religion, in her opinion, by guarding it from what she might deem a formidable attack, she has rendered pre-eminent service to her country by portraying its wants and characteristic failings, and rousing a spirit of patriotism in the breasts of her countrymen. Long before any other writers of her country she made domestic fictions the vehicle of great and necessary truths, and at the present moment, after so many have followed in her steps, she again agreeably surprises us by her new volume for the young, displaying in her *Orlandino* a vigor that seems to bid defiance to years.

In conversing with Miss Edgeworth on the condition and prospects of Ireland, I was somewhat surprised to hear her advocate the *laissez faire* system. She contended that Ireland was steadily progressing, and would do very well if people would not force their political nostrums upon her. She described the advance in the condition of the country and the people in her time, as most striking. What must it have been then? Of course, she would have an equality of legislation for the whole kingdom, and that in fact includes almost everything. Ireland herself would rise from her present misery and degradation with that advantage; yet it would be slowly, for length of time for recovery must be in some proportion to the length and force of the infliction. With present justice, there requires a grand compensation for the past, by a kindly but fair application of every means that can employ the people, especially in the cultivation of the land.

As I was going the next day to visit Pallasmore and Auburn, the birth-place and youthful residence of Goldsmith, I could not have been in a better quarter for information, Pallasmore being on their own estate. About ten o'clock a stately old servant conducted me to the inn with a lantern, and thus closed my short but agreeable visit to Miss Edgeworth.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE TWO FUNERALS OF NAPOLEON.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

But where is he, the champion and the child  
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?  
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones?  
Whose table earth—whose dice was human bones?  
Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,  
And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.—BYRON.

THE change from the calm to the tempest—from the deep and impressive solitudes of the ocean, to the busiest haunts of men—from savage to civilized life, are prominent examples of the mutations to which seamen are liable. And these events sometimes follow in such rapid succession, and are of such varied import, that even their truthful narration appears as though decked in the borrowed hues of fiction. To use an uneasy metaphor, a sailor may be said to be a naval knight-errant, with the ocean for his steed, upon which he rides in quest of adventure. Thus mounted, he sometimes stumbles upon sights as rare, and scenes as beautiful, as any that are to be found in the story books of yore; and perhaps there are but few who will deny that the pages of Dampier and Captain Cook are as full of chivalry as the Chronicles of Froissart, or that before the majestic daring of Columbus all knighthood pales.

These notions received additional strength, as my eyes fell upon the subjoined sentence inscribed in an old log-book, which I had just then discovered, somewhat mildewed and moth-eaten, at the bottom of a sea-chest.

*The Free Trader Homeward Bound,  
May 5th, 1821.*

### A MEMORABLE EVENT OCCURRED THIS DAY.

Apparently, at the time these words were written, it was supposed they would be sufficient to recall to the memory, at a future period, the circumstance they so briefly recorded, for my old journal said nothing more about it. True, it was further stated lower down on the same page with genuine nautical brevity under the head of *Remarks*.

"All useful sail set."

"Bent the best bower."

"Pumped ship."

"A stranger in sight," to which was added—

"Lat. by observation 16' 30" south,  
Long. 5' 30" west."

Assisted by the latitude and longitude, as well as by the date, I made two or three desperate dives into the stream of time, hoping to rescue from oblivion the "event," and, after a hard struggle, succeeded in bringing to the surface of my memory, the leading incident, and then the whole affair floated through my mind with all the freshness of yesterday. And, perhaps, it will be as well to state, for the information of the general reader, that on the day in question, the *Free Trader* was running before the south-east trade wind, over that aqueous portion of our planet, which rolls between the Cape of Good Hope and the island of St. Helena.

From what has been stated, it was evident that the "memorable event" had been dismissed in too summary a manner, and, indeed, circumstances, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, have induced me to take up the scanty detail at that moment, when the morning sun first broke upon the white caps of the waves, with the Indiaman upon their crests tipped and gilded with his light.

It was my morning watch, and I recollect leaning over the capstan, and lapsing into one of those paradoxical states, when although attending to nothing in particular, yet almost every object within the range of our senses undergoes a sort of dreamy observation. I could see the man at the helm, and note how firm he kept the plunging ship in hand, his sinewy grasp seemed by a secret intelligence to impress his will upon the vast mass of the vessel. Without disturbing the process of observation, a shoal of porpoises would occasionally rush along, pursuing their earnest and busy passage at a velocity, compared with which the progress of the swift ship was tardiness itself, for I could hear the hissing of the crisp sea as it curled into a crescent of foam beneath

her bows. Then came the busy hum of the "morning watch," mingling with the welcome sound of "eight bells," and the merry whistle of the boatswain piping to breakfast. The motion of the rolling vessel—the freshness of the delicious south-east trade—the thoughts of home—the dancing waters, and the sparkling sunshine, each of these, in their turn, would for a moment slightly arrest the attention, but vigilance is a cardinal virtue in old Neptune's domain, and bustling times were close at hand. A ship in the middle of the Atlantic, with a rattling south-easter whistling through the rigging, is not the best where day-dreaming can be indulged in with impunity, and so it soon appeared, for a hoarse voice from the main top-mast cross-trees, as if by magic, dispelled the illusion, and brought my senses to their duty.

"Sail, ho!"

"Where away?" was the prompt demand.

"Right ahead," returned the seaman. "I make her out a full rigged ship lying to."

The officer of the watch had barely time to apply his "Dollond," in the direction indicated, when the man aloft was again heard shouting,

"Land on the larboard bow."

As the *Free Trader* had been traversing the ocean for weeks, with nothing to relieve the eye, but "The blue above, and the blue below," the excitement which was caused by the discovery of the stranger, coupled with the sudden cry of "Land," is not surprising. For it is in the deep solitudes of the ocean, that man most keenly feels how dependent he is upon his kind for happiness. In such situations the most trifling incident arrests the attention—a floating spar, or even an old tar-barrel, become objects of speculative curiosity.

Accordingly, as we neared the strange ship, the cut of her canvas, and the mould of her hull, were critically examined by the more experienced seamen, who can generally guess from the appearance they present, not only the nation to which a ship belongs, but her occupation also. But, on the present occasion, they were puzzled to give a reason why a large vessel like the stranger, should be lying to, just where she was (that seemed the mystery), and apparently waiting our approach.

This quiet bearing lasted until the *Free Trader* was in the act of passing the strange vessel, and then, as if suddenly roused out of

her lethargy, a thin volume of white smoke was seen curling out of one of her forward ports. The explosion was followed by the appearance of a flag, which after fluttering for an instant, blew steadily out, and much to our satisfaction displayed the blue field and red cross of the English ensign.

"What ship's that?" bellowed a loud voice from our formidable looking neighbor, who had ranged alongside the Indianan close enough to be within hailing distance.

"The *Free Trader*."

"Where from?" was demanded.

"Calcutta, and bound to London," replied our captain.

"Do you intend calling at the island?"

"Yes!"

"Then send a boat on board his majesty's frigate, the *Blossom*, for instructions," was demanded in tones that left no doubt what would be the result of a non-compliance.

An interchange of visits speedily followed between the frigate and the Indianan, and soon after they were sailing side by side in the direction of the land, keeping company until the *Free Trader* had received such sailing directions as enabled her to stand in for the island alone. The frigate then took up her cruising ground as before.

It would require but a slight stretch of the imagination, to convert the perpendicular cliffs of St. Helena into the enormous walls of a sea-girt castle. There is an air of stern and solemn gloom, stamped by nature upon each rocky lineament, that reminds one of the characteristics of a stronghold. Not a sign of vegetation is outwardly visible. Headland after headland appears, each in its turn looking more repulsive than those left behind. The sea-birds, as they utter their discordant screams, seem afraid to alight, but wheel about the lofty summits of the bald rocks in a labyrinth of gyrations; while an everlasting surf, as it advances in incessant charges at their base, rumbles upon the ear in a hollow ceaseless roar.

It was during the operations of working the *Free Trader* round one of the points of the island, that the heavy booming sound of a large gun was heard, slowly borne up against the wind over the surface of the sea. As the sun was just then dipping in the bosom of the Atlantic, it was generally thought on board to be the evening gun. But again the same solemn, heavy sound floated by on the wind. Again and again it came in measured time, when at length, as we

cleared the last projecting headland, the roadstead and the town came suddenly into view. At the same time the colors of the fort on Ladder Hill, and on board the admiral's ship the *Vigo*, of 74 guns, were seen fluttering at half-mast, denoting the death of some person of distinction.

While sailing into our berth, and after the anchor had fixed us to the land, the reports of the cannon came upon us at intervals. Their sounds seemed bodeful of some great event. We all looked inquiringly for some explanation, but before any positive intelligence had reached the ship from the shore, surmise after surmise had given way to a settled conviction; for by one of those inscrutable impulses of the mind, every man in the *Free Trader* felt assured those island guns announced the death of Napoleon.

Our suspense was brief, for soon after the anchor was down, a shore boat came alongside, containing an official person, to demand the nature of our wants, and he confirmed our suspicions. This intelligence, although anticipated, created a feeling of disappointment, as every individual in the ship had speculated during the voyage upon the chance of seeing Napoleon alive. However, by an easy transition, now that he was dead, we wondered whether we should be permitted to witness his funeral; but as no communication was allowed from the ships in the roads to the shore between the hours of sundown and sunrise, we were obliged to pass the night in conjecture. Under these circumstances, we were scarcely prepared for the news that reached us early in the morning. It was a general notice to all strangers and residents, informing them that they were permitted to visit the island and witness the ceremony of the body of *General Buonaparte* as it lay in state.

After the lapse of six-and-twenty years, and now, when the passions of that mighty conflict which filled Europe in the early part of the century are extinct, it would be difficult to make the present generation comprehend the profound emotions which this news had upon those who, like ourselves, happened to be at St. Helena at this eventful period. Consequently, on the second day after Napoleon's death, nearly every individual on the island, as well as those in the different vessels at anchor in the roads, repaired to Longwood, the place where he died.

Of course the house was thronged with people, but as the greatest order prevailed, I was soon in the room with all that was left

of the most wondrous man of modern times. Suddenly coming out of the glare of a tropical sun into a partially darkened room, a few moments elapsed before the objects were properly defined. Gradually, as the contents of the apartment tumbled into shape, the person of Napoleon, dressed in a plain green uniform, grew out of the comparative gloom, and became the loadstar of attraction.

He was lying on a small brass tent bedstead, which had been with him in most of his campaigns. I found it impossible to withdraw my eyes for an instant from his countenance: it caused in me a sensation difficult to define, but the impression can never be forgotten. There was a crucifix on his breast, and by its side glittered a large diamond star, the brilliancy of which strangely contrasted with the pallid face of the dead. The skin was of a most intense whiteness, and looked like wax.

What struck me as most strange was the mean appearance of the surrounding furniture, and of the "getting up" of the ceremony. Few people in England, or indeed in France, would credit the dilapidated state of the apartment. It was literally swarming with rats and other vermin. There appeared, however, to be no want of respect to the memory of the dead hero, whatever might have been his treatment when living. But the knowledge of this tardy justice did not prevent a comparison between his fallen state in that rat-pestered chamber\* and the magnificence and power with which imagination invested him when living. And although it may be idle to compare the deeds of a great man with the appearance of the man himself, yet it is what most of us are prone to do; and on this occasion it was impossible to avoid falling into the practice, for possibly the results of a comparison could not be more striking. Napoleon at Austerlitz or Jena, with continental Europe at his feet, and Napoleon lying dead in that miserable, poverty-stricken room, presents to the dullest imagination a theme pregnant with emotion. It was indeed difficult to understand how, even by the proverbial instability of fortune, that insensible form lying in its utter helplessness, could ever have been the

"Man of a thousand thrones  
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones."

\* It is a well-known fact, that after Napoleon's body was opened, his heart was placed in a vessel in this room, and that during the night a rat devoured a large portion of it.

Solemnly and sternly the reality forced itself upon all, and I felt that I was reading a journal of true romance, so absorbing, so wretched, that if I was to confine my studies to man, it would be unnecessary to peruse a second volume to grow perfect in knowledge or reflection.

The time allowed for the visitors to remain in the chamber was very limited, and condensed observation into a passing glimpse. This could not well have been otherwise, as every individual on the island was anxious to obtain even a momentary view of one who had attracted so large a portion of the attention of the world. And not the least singular spectacle seen on that day, was the motley group which Napoleon's fame had drawn around his funeral couch. For although St. Helena on the map may at first appear to be a secluded spot, yet in reality it is not so. A glance or two is sufficient to assure us that it is placed in the centre of the great highway of the world, where the necessities of commerce, and the wants and hazards inseparable from a seafaring life, are the means of bringing together the antipodes of the human race. And if the dense masses of people which thronged to his second funeral at a more recent period, in his own dear France, were wanting, their deficiency in numbers was in some sort compensated by the variety of men; or if there was not a multitude, there was, at least, a medley of curious gazers.

Foremost in intelligence were the French and English; but apart from these stood the wondering African negro,—the uncouth Hottentot from the Cape—the yellow Brazilian from South America—the fierce-looking Lascar from Bengal—and the quiet, inoffensive Chinese from remotest Asia. Some of these knew but little of Napoleon's renown, but, being inoculated with the prevailing emotion, they came, like the more intellectual European, to gaze upon the embers of that dazzling meteor, the blaze of which had so recently expired.

The same tincture of corruption dyes all mortality, and hero dust as well as common clay soon becomes offensive in a tropical climate. Even on the second day after his death, it was already time he should have been soldered up. With a knowledge of this fact, the Governor-General had ordered the funeral to take place on the 9th, thus allowing only four days to elapse between his death and his burial.

In the meantime, the spot where the

pioneers were digging the grave, became an object of mingled curiosity and veneration; second only in importance to the illustrious hero who was so soon to make it his abiding place. It was close to a small spring, of which Napoleon always drank, and occasionally he breakfasted beneath the shade of two willows that bend over the bubbling waters. The grave was singularly made. It was formed very wide at the top, but sloped gradually inwards, having the appearance of an inverted pyramid. The lowest part was chambered to receive the coffin, and one large stone covered the whole of the chamber. It was said that this covering was taken from the floor of the kitchen at Longwood, where it had been used as a hearthstone in front of the fire-place; though why it should have been removed for such a purpose it is difficult to comprehend, for the island is not deficient of the requisite material. The remaining space was to be filled up with solid masonry, clamped together with bands of iron. These precautions, it appeared, were intended to prevent the removal of the body, as much at the request of the French as of the governor of the island.

Divested of the associations connected with his fame, Napoleon's funeral at St. Helena was a simple, though heartfelt affair. His long agony on that sunburnt rock commanded the reverence of every beholder. Consequently, on the 9th, all the inhabitants and visitors on the island flocked to the line of march. Like many others, I selected a prominent position on the shoulders of a hill, from whence the solemn procession could be traced, as it threaded its way through the gorges and ravines of this picturesque place, on its way to the grave. The coffin was borne upon the shoulders of English grenadiers, and followed by the soldiers who had contributed more towards his downfall than those of any other nation. Their solemn tread and grave deportment contrasted strongly with the heartfelt sorrow of Count Montholon and General Bertrand, who bore the hero's pall. Madame Bertrand followed next, in tears, and then came Lady Lowe and her daughters, in mourning; the officers of the English men-of-war next, and then the officers of the army; the Governor-General and Admiral Lambert closing the rear. The 66th and 20th Regiments of Infantry, the Artillery, and the Marines, were stationed on the crests of the surrounding hills; and when the body was lowered in-

to the tomb, three rounds of eleven guns were fired. And thus the great soldier of France received the last tribute of respect in honor of his achievements from the hands of his most constant, but, as he described them, the most generous of his enemies.

The last years of Napoleon's life, except so far as they derived a gloomy and awful importance from the remembrance of his terrific career of blood and power, were as insignificant as his first. He could neither act upon, nor be acted upon by the transactions of the world. He seemed to be buried alive. Kept as he was in close custody by a power, with whose strength it was useless to cope, and whose vigilance there was little chance of eluding.

On the following morning the sounds of labor were heard from every quarter of the Free Trader, and the long drawn songs of the mariners were rising in the cool quiet of the early dawn. Then commenced the heavy toil which lifts the anchor from its bed; the ship once more released from her hold upon the land, stood across the Atlantic for England, and long ere noon the sun-blistered rock of St. Helena was shut out from our view, by the rising waters in which it seemed to submerge. And thus ended the "memorable event" which formed such a singular episode in the otherwise monotonous voyage of the Free Trader.

---

On an intensely cold morning, some twenty years after the occurrences above narrated, I was proceeding to Paris as fast as a French diligence could carry me. After passing through a long winter's night, cramped and stiffened for want of exercise, it was with feelings approaching delight that I beheld the French capital. But as the vehicle neared the gay metropolis, it was impossible to avoid being surprised at the appearance of the populace. Every body was going towards Paris, no one appeared to be going in any other direction.

The multitude increased as we progressed, and when the *diligence* entered the Boulevard, it was with great difficulty the lumbering vehicle was urged through the living mass. On either side of us was a dense crowd of heads, eagerness pictured on every countenance. Amid the jabber arising from so large an assemblage, was heard the rolling sound of artillery, mingling strangely, nay wildly, with the solemn tolling of

the great bell of Notre Dame, which every now and then fell upon the ear, without mingling with the great tide of sound, but each vibration seemed distinct in its isolation. It was impossible, from the vexed and confused nature of the turmoil, arising from bells, guns, and drums, to form an idea whether the people were celebrating a holiday, a spectacle, or a revolution.

Most human feelings are contagious, and I was soon inoculated with a desire to mix with the crowd, and see what was going on. Accordingly, as soon as the *diligence* arrived at the Messagerie, I left my carpet-bag in the custody of an official, and set forth to satisfy my curiosity. Once fairly in the throng, I was soon urged along the Place de la Bourse, and from thence up the Rue Vivienne to the Boulevard des Italiens, happy in having availed myself of any change, whether of sentiment or situation, which would rouse my half-frozen blood into action, and enable me to compete with a temperature ten degrees below freezing.

Forward, forward, along the interminable Boulevard, I was forced by the dense mass, and extrication became hopeless. That broad thoroughfare seemed to be the main channel through which flowed the living tide, and, as it was continually being fed by the streets on either side, it ultimately was crowded to a dangerous degree.

At the magnificent church of the Magdeleine, a divided opinion acted upon the people, and gave me scope for action. I followed that section whose destinies led them to the Place de la Concorde, where I had scarcely arrived, when preparations of an uncommon description came at once into view.

Salvos of artillery were still heard, or rather they had never ceased; the bells also tolled incessantly, and that intolerable beat of the French drum, mixed with the noise arising from a crowd of thousands of Frenchmen, was most bewildering. But as well as the confusion would permit observation of the surrounding objects, it seemed that, on each side of the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées, large statues had been raised, each symbolical of some mental attribute, such as justice, valor, fortitude, and the like, and between their colossal figures magnificent tripods of a great height were erected, supporting vases which were filled with flames.

The spectacle had approached its crisis when I had arrived at the Place de la Con-

corde, and my position afforded me a good view up the avenue. In the distance, dense columns of horse and foot soldiery were slowly marching, proceeded by bands of military music, playing solemn airs. Column after column paraded by. The whole chivalry of France had assembled to do homage to some dearly-loved object, for every class of French soldiers had sent its representative, and every department of the kingdom its deputy. The procession appeared interminable. On came, in every variety of uniform, the soldiers of Hoche, of Moreau, Jourdan, Massena, and Angereau, of Davoust, Ney, Murat, Kleber, and Kellermann. Fragments of all "arms" of the Imperial Guard were there represented, strangely mingled with the picturesque dresses of Mamelukes and guides.

At length a moving tower of sable plumes, rolled by upon golden wheels, drawn by sixteen horses. Immediately following came the Royal Family of France and the great ministers of state, decorated with glittering stars and orders.

Twenty years back I had witnessed the funeral obsequies of this remarkable man, for of course, by this time, I knew that it was the second burial of Napoleon at which I was a chance spectator. Since then a great alteration had taken place in the affairs of Europe. A quarter of a century of profound peace had rendered the *entente cordiale* apparently perfect. British ships of war no longer muzzled the mouth of every French port from Dunkerque to Toulon. The correction was done, and the rod was burnt, and in the fulness of time came the crowning act of grace, when, as M. de Remusat stated in the *Chambre des Deputés*, England had magnanimously consented to the proposal of the French nation, to return the remains of Napoleon, thus surrendering the trophy of the most unparalleled struggle in modern history.\* And yet, incredible

\* An amusing act of gasconade, the performance of which rumor awarded to the Prince de Joinville, was freely commented upon in naval circles about this period. It will be remembered, that his Royal Highness was dispatched by the French government in the *Belle Poule*, the finest frigate in their service, to convey the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to France. After the exhumation of the body, which was performed in the presence of many English and French officers, the features of Napoleon were recognised, contrary as it was stated, to French expectation. The coffin after being placed in a sumptuous one brought from Europe, was conveyed, after many compliments upon the honor and good faith of England, on board the *Belle Poule*, which, with its sacred freight soon after put to sea. The faith of *perfidie Albion* was not so bad as expected. A few

as it may seem, when France was receiving from British generosity a boon which she could not obtain by any physical appliance, the law and medical students of Paris displayed a base and infamous hostility against the country which was in the very act of returning, with a noble and chivalrous sentiment, the undying token of her own *supremacy*, and the humiliation of her enemies, such expressions as *A bas Palmerston*, *A bas les Anglais*, sounded oddly enough in an Englishman's ears, with these recollections still throbbing in his memory.

It was to do honor to those precious remains that France, nay Europe, had assembled her thousands in the *Champs Elysees* on that day. His faults, as well as the unbounded sacrifices made to his daring ambition, seemed to be forgotten. Men appeared to point only to the bright and burning spots in Napoleon's career, without recollecting what they cost to France and the world. It was a spectacle of a nation paying homage in the names of freedom and honor to the representative of military power.

It has been said that French enthusiasm is easily excited, and that it as easily cools, seldom lasting long enough to ripen into the more dignified sentiment of traditional veneration. Certainly it inconsistently decreed the honor of national obsequies on Napoleon, whose fall was hailed by the great bulk of the nation, after the battle of Waterloo, as the term of their unbounded sacrifices, and as the second dawn of their public liberties. But little penetration was required to discover that curiosity was the strongest feeling exhibited, or at the most, it was a galvanized excitement—it wanted the reality of natural emotion. To those few, whose lot it was to witness

weeks after the French frigate had taken her departure from St. Helena, and was nearing the coast of Europe, an English frigate hove in sight, and perceiving a French ship-of-war, she bore down upon her, to speak her. From some unexplained reason, the Prince imagined she might be sent to capture the precious relic he had on board the *Belle Poule*, and rushing on the quarter-deck, he ordered his crew to quarters, and prepared for action. A word, however, from the captain of the English frigate was enough to dispel the gallant prince's vain alarms, and the explanations which soon followed, afforded the British tars a hearty laugh at the distorted view the Frenchman had of English faith. This rumored bravado of the Prince, is nevertheless in perfect keeping with his *Bobadil* pamphlet, published soon after his return with Napoleon's remains, in which he attempts to show how easily he could invade England, if he had only ships enough, with men of the right sort to man them.



both the burials of Napoleon, this must have been apparent. They could not fail to note the contrast between the gorgeous display of the second ceremony, and the simple, but deeply heartfelt, funeral at St. Helena. In Paris every thing seemed unreal. For a burial, the second ceremony was too far removed from the death; people, if they had not forgotten, had ceased to lament for him. The charger led before the hero's hearse had never borne the hero. And for a commemoration it was much too soon. True, the remembrance of his reverses, and his sufferings at St. Helena commanded the sympathy and reverence of every Frenchman present; doubtless they felt, and felt keenly, the return of their former hero, though dead; but the reflections were bitter to their sensitive natures; they felt that though the bones of their idol were amongst them, yet the sentence which indignant Europe had written on the rocks of St. Helena was not erased, but was

treasured in the depths of men's minds, and registered in the history of the world.

As the *catafalque* slowly passed by, over the bridge, along the Quay d'Orsay, until it was finally hidden from the view by the trees of the Esplanade of the Invalides, it was evident, that let his countrymen do what they would, let them fire their cannon, sound their trumpets, unfold the dusty banners of past wars, they failed to impart to the memory of the vanquished of Waterloo a becoming character; their funeral ceremony wanted moral grandeur; they converted into a theatrical show, what was intended for a national solemnity, for mourners there were none; his own uniforms were not even seen around him, and the only eagles there, were those which were cut in yellow pasteboard. But the light had burned out which projected the gigantic shadow on the canvas, and what was left behind? nothing but a name,

"The sport of fortune and the jest of fame."

---

From Dolman's Magazine.

## SICK CALLS.

### THE DYING BANKER.

#### CHAPTER I.—DRURY-LANE AT NIGHT.

I WAS, summoned on a busy Saturday night some three years ago. The beadle knocked smartly at my door, and informed me that a young lady wished to see me immediately. I went to the bottom of the chapel, and found her near the entrance door. She was crying bitterly. She told me that her father was suddenly very much affected in his head—that she was afraid he was losing his senses. She begged earnestly that, if possible, I would see him that night; for she trembled to think of what his state might be on the morrow. I, of course, consented; and prepared immediately for my sick call.

The direction given me was in a small street near Drury-lane. My nearest way lay through Clare market; which was densely thronged with purchasers and vendors of fish and vegetables, and perambulating stalls of nondescript refreshment.

It was about eleven o'clock as I turned into Drury lane; and here let me give a

slight sketch of this celebrated locality, which is never seen to such picturesque effect as on this hour of a Saturday night.

The palaces of old Drury-lane are long since departed; it is no longer a favorite site for the residences of the English nobility, or the foreign ambassadors, as it was in the reigns of James II. and of William III. Pawnbrokers, gin-palaces, and provision shops have long since usurped their place and state; and its immediate purlicues—once laid out in fair and stately gardens and shady walks, where fountains glistened in the noonday-day sun, where birds warbled their trilling melodies, and the ambient air was redolent of choice and richly-scented flowers,—these once beautiful environs now fester in rank squalor and filth, the abodes of crime and pollution, and peopled with the vilest of the vile. As you turn into Drury-lane, there are several pawnbrokers right and left. Each banker of the poor generally contrives to get a location at

the corner of a court or alley, or some quiet passage, where his customers may step in and out unperceived by the passers-by. Let us take as a specimen yon densely-stored establishment, which has relieved the necessities, or administered to the vices of the poor for some generations past. From basement to attics it is piled with pledges; each in its pigeon-hole, ticketed and numbered, and ready for delivery at a moment's notice. To save time, there is a speaking-trumpet in the shop, which communicates by a zinc pipe to the various store-rooms; and when a pledge is about to be redeemed, the word is passed up the pipe, and the article is slipped down a mahogany well, which goes through every floor. How often have I gazed at that curious shop, and stared at the motley contents which are hung about its door. Pendant groups of shawls, and sheets, and blankets, and every description of wearing apparel, gaudy silk handkerchiefs of the real bird's-eye spot, and faded gowns of every variety of shape, and color, and material. Suspicious old violins too are there, which arrest the hurried step of many a fiddling genius, and cause him to inspect their shape and varnish, in the delusive hope that one may turn out a veritable Cremona. Husky old flutes are there in abundance; and child's corals, and warming-pans, and fashionable stocks with a cataract of satin enriched with crimson stripes; and mosaic gold chains and studs, and shirt-pins with little chains and arrow-like devices; and a tempting old oil painting is sure to be there, with George Morland freshly painted in the corner, or some other celebrated and taking name, by which a stray collector is often taken in and done for; and a magnificent collection of plate is there also—plated, of course—but which, in the gas light, looks as bright and as costly as silver; soup-tureens and dish-covers of an antiquated pattern, bottle-holders, tea services, and candlesticks in rich profusion, strike the eye of the poor passenger with an inexhaustible idea of boundless wealth; and real silver spoons are there too, glistening in a row, and making the hearts of housewives pine with envy when they array at tea-time their scanty stock of Britannia metal.

But look at that stream of laden women, who, shunning the street-entrance, are groping their way round the corner of the alley. Whither are they bound? what do they carry with so much furtive care and circumspection? Glance your eye round

the corner, and you will see. A dozen paces down that alley there is another, and a secret entrance, dimly lit by a slender thread of gas inside the open door-way. This is the real business inlet, and through which these women so stealthily enter. A long passage leads at right-angles from the door, and faces two-thirds of the extensive shop. This long passage is divided into little dens, each with its wicket, and about three feet wide. The unhappy suppliants for the pawnbroker's assistance are thus screened from observation, and enabled to make their pitiful bargains in desired privacy. This nicety of feeling, however, only applies to the uninitiated in pawnbroking; the habitués of the locale lounge with their elbows on the counter, thrust their moppy heads forward, and laugh and chat with the shopmen as with old and long-trying acquaintances.

But it is at the window that you are gazing, resplendently lit up with external tin sconces, from which the light is reflected, and, joined with numerous bright jets within, shed the light of day on all around. And what an extraordinary museum does the window of that pawnbroker present, from the flat-iron of the drunken laundress, the ragged blanket of the starved mechanic, to the diamond ear-rings or necklace of the spendthrift lady of fashion! Each and every article has its ticketed price; and if each article could tell its pitiful tale, what a series of romantic facts, stranger and sterner than ever fiction imagined, could be gleaned! A row of wedding rings hangs on one of the small brass rods. How many domestic tragedies do these worn and battered rings denote! Heart-broken widows, famished wives, profligate mothers—who would sell or pawn their souls for gin—bring here the first sacred pledge of wedded love—that love which is either buried in the grave, or crushed out of life by crime or debauchery. A little tray contains articles of jewelry, marked from three and sixpence upwards: lockets containing hair—the hair of a dead lover, a dead parent—garnered and cherished so many failing years until grim poverty and starvation compelled the heart-broken survivor to pawn the sacred relic.

How many mournful kisses, how many sad and unavailing tears, have fallen upon that locket! But there was no resisting the grinding, pinching famine. We may guess the feelings of shame and timidity of that poor creature, as she neared the pawn-

broker's shop—the lingering, hesitating step that trembled at the threshold—the feeling that she was about to commit a crime;—but the Rubicon is passed, and from henceforth that threshold is worn with her frequent footsteps. See that small Breguet gold watch: it belonged to a gambling and ruined spendthrift. He pawned it to have a last chance at hazard: all was lost; and, in an hour afterwards, his corse was floating down the Thames. Look at that diamond pin. It was plucked from the bosom of a drunken reveller by a street-walker; and she too, soon after, committed suicide—leapt in a fit of frenzy from the fatal bridge, which, more than that of Venice, has been the bridge of sighs. A terrible history stares you in the face from each trinket in the group; the prison and the hulks, the mad-house, and the midnight grave of the self-destroyer, hold possession of their late owners: and they stand and glisten through the begrimed windows, mementoes of past sorrows and follies, and unatoned-for crimes.

In the classic region of Drury-lane, gin-shops reign preeminent. They have not the flaring, rampant way of displaying their magnificence that the more western emporiums exult in exhibiting to the squalid and miserable drunkard; though several are smart enough in external stucco, plate-glass, mahogany counters, and a battalion of immense casks or vats, labelled with gigantic letters, "Old Tom," "Cream of the Valley," "Splendid Gin," "The Nonpareil," and other tempting varieties of this villanous and poisonous compound—for villanous and poisonous it is to the stomach and brains of its unhappy and besotted recipients—being doled out in countless drams, at a much lower rate than it issued from the stiller. But the gin-palaces of Drury-lane have their peculiar type of debauchery,—perhaps unmatchable in any other quarter of this overgrown metropolis,—and their flaunting glories shine forth with redoubled splendor as the eleventh hour approaches on a Saturday night.

Reader, take your stand at that corner slaughter-house, so celebrated for its cheap and burning gin; the poor folk love what warms and stimulates them. They are reckless of the vitriol, so that they are oblivious for a brief hour of the icy and depressing calamities of life. Fix your eye for ten minutes consecutively on that mahogany swing-door, through whose ceaseless

openings a hot and stifling steam of spirituous compounds, of bad beer, and worse tobacco, and the breaths, foul and tainted, of a serried rank of drinkers, clamorous, pugnacious in their bestial draughts—issues, reeking and overpowering, into the cold midnight air. The ear is almost stunned with the noisy uproar inside those gates of death; the eye is pained with its quickly-recurring glimpse of the doings within; the pitying heart is saddened with the consciousness of the near vicinity of a pandemonium, little less frightful and abhorrent than hell itself. About two score of men, women, and children, are congregated about that gaudily-decorated bar,—hard-working, ragged mechanics, with their wives, madly spending a great part of the earnings of the previous week; drunken trulls, whose flushed and swollen visages proclaim habitual intoxication, and whose every second word is one of obscenity or blasphemy; young, daring, and insolent-looking costermongers, with their girls, scarce past the innocent age of juvenility; ancient fish-women, squatting upon their empty baskets, with the short and blackened pipe in their toothless mouths, crooning together over the day's market and scanty gains; ~~cadgers~~ in every variety of costume; the pretended sailor, the broken-down tradesman, the starving agriculturist; the hoarse ballad-singer, who has wound his remaining and unsold stock of sentimental ditties (three yards long for a half-penny) round his greasy and dilapidated hat, poor famished needle-women, who have no food to eat—who have but three half-pence in the world—and who strike the balance in favor of a glass of gin, that sends them to bed in a dreamy reminiscent state of better and happier days. Young boys and girls, too, are there, whose discerning palates are well acquainted with gin, and who stand on tip-toe at the capacious bar to imbibe their small glass—their pennyworth of poison. Mothers, too, are there, with babies in their arms, pouring down the throats of their offspring, with maudlin tenderness, the drainings of the scarce-emptied glass. It is a scene of horrors. And on a sudden the fierce uproar succeeds that hoarse murmur of sound within. Screams, quick and agonizing, are heard; oaths, deadly, and blasphemous, and most appalling;—and then the quick and repeated blow, the struggle, the smash of glass, the sob of agony, the terrible imprecation, the blasphemous appeals to that God whose name

they profane, the cries for the police, the rush, pell-mell through the doors, of a hideously-blent crowd of fighting combatants, of shrieking wives, and fiend-like husbands, and terrified children,—the renewed battle with the police, the capture of the most violent, their drooping repentant walk to the police-station at Bow-street, the gradual clearance of the crowd;—and then all is quiet in Drury-lane for the next quarter of an hour.

## CHAPTER II.—THE SICK ROOM.

"How do you find yourself, sir!" said I to an elderly gentlemen of prepossessing appearance, who was seated at a table covered with numerous manuscripts. His daughter, the young lady who summoned me, was standing by his side, pale and tearful, and anxiously watching her parent's looks.

The old man had gazed on me, as I entered the room, with a troubled look, as if he were puzzled at my intrusion.

"Papa," whispered his daughter, "this is the clergyman whom I requested to see you for spiritual consolation. You know, dear father, how much we talked about it the other day. You then promised me that you would be good, and go to confession."

Her father turned his eyes alternately from his daughter to me, without replying. His mind seemed lost in vacancy. It was then that something extraordinary struck me about his eyes. They were very glassy and tremulous; the muscles about the orbit of the eye were working with a twitching motion. His look was wandering, inquiring, anxious, and a tinge of imbecility had overspread his entire features. His mouth, though beautifully cut in nature's happiest mood, was slightly twisted aside, and a deep and internal distress gave it an appearance of anxiety most painful to contemplate. His forehead was magnificently developed. Gall would have been in ecstasies to have handled it. Slight as my knowledge of phrenology was, yet I could perceive the more noble organs of humanity beautifully and prominently developed. Its external formation showed high intellect, deep sagacity, and a happily-balanced brain. What then could have so disturbed its functions? It was *paralysis*—stealthily, but surely approaching—laying its gaunt hand on every faculty of the brain, and eye, and speech.

"Father, dear father, will you not speak to the clergyman,—your own clergyman?"

No answer, but a wild and incoherent look.

The poor girl wrung her hands, suppressed with difficulty an hysterical sob, and looked piteously at me with a heart-broken despondency.

I was much and deeply moved. They seemed alone together in the world, or some friend or relative would have been summoned on this afflicting occasion. There was, too, an air of shabby gentility in the room, that betokened poverty, though every precaution was taken to conceal it. In the rapid side glance that I took of its appointments on entering, I saw that everything was much worn, and of ancient workmanship. Everything, though in respectable order, looked faded and past its date, and valueless, save to its possessors. There were two exceptions. A beautiful miniature over the mantel-piece—a lady of exquisite beauty—painted in enamel, which I afterwards found out was the portraiture of the mother of the sobbing girl before me, and also a double-actioned harp, with a covering of green baize.

What could be done? I drew a chair beside the aged man and laid my hand gently on his shoulder. He turned his poor demented countenance, and looked at me long and piteously. At length he spoke.—"I am an old man, sir; take care of my daughter when I am gone." His words were slowly, very slowly, articulated. There was a thickness in their utterance, and a hesitation that shewed that both tongue and brain were affected.

"You love your daughter," I replied.

"Love her! dearly, dearly, sir. But what are you come for? Come, Ellen," he said, turning sharply round; "I have no time to waste; I must go on with my work."

So saying, he drew before him several folio sheets of paper, which were nearly covered with figures and memoranda.

His daughter sank at his feet, rested her clasped hands on his knees, and burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"Ellen," said he, "why do you cry? Why does this gentleman stop here? He is hindering me from retrieving my embarrassed fortunes. Aye," he muttered, "they say that I am poor and bankrupt; but they will soon see me win back more than my former wealth."

That this afflicting case may be intelligible to my readers, I must make them ac-

quainted with what the weeping, trembling girl told me an hour before. Her father had been a country banker. The firm was one of considerable standing and importance in a distant county, and bore a high character for stability and prudential dealings. When Mr. Danby (for so I must call him) began to feel the infirmities of old age, he resigned the active management of the bank to his head clerk, whom he had taken into partnership, and retired with his daughter to a beautiful country residence, which he had lately purchased. A few years passed happily away in calm retirement, when the old man's happiness was suddenly blasted, and his fortunes shipwrecked by the insolvency of his bank. His new partner had plunged recklessly into every wild and specious speculation, in the delusive hope of realizing speedily a colossal fortune. As fast as one scheme failed, another was eagerly taken up. A heavy drain was continually going on upon the available resources of the bank; the most disgraceful, dishonorable expedients were resorted to, from time to time, to raise money; stock, standing in his name, but belonging to minors and married women, was sold out; charitable, and even religious, trust property was misappropriated; but a curse from heaven seemed to blight every plan or expedient this dishonest banker took in hand. His American securities, in which he had embarked enormous sums, became waste-paper in the market—his patented inventions all failed—and the crash of several other banks and influential firms suddenly completed his ruin.

And curses, loud and deep, from the ruined widow and orphan—from the decayed gentlewoman—from the broken tradesman, followed this miserable man wherever he went. No one pitied him. But every one lamented over the entire ruin of the excellent Mr. Danby, whose only fault had been that he had no suspicion that his partner was a scoundrel, and that he had not kept a watchful eye on his proceedings. Everything that Mr. Danby possessed in the world—funded property, house and land—was sold to provide the miserable fraction of a dividend for the creditors. An old and faithful clerk purchased at the sale the harp and miniature for his beloved master and child, and devoted the whole of his savings to getting them comfortably settled in the metropolis, where Mr. Danby thought he might have a better chance of employment, and might be at a greater

distance from the scene of his late disgrace and misfortune.

For the five preceding years he had struggled to gain a scanty livelihood by keeping the books of tradesmen, and making up their Christmas bills. His daughter also did her best by exerting her accomplishments as a daily governess. But her employment was scanty, and her remuneration trifling. Her meek and quiet temper was often sorely tried by the cold insolence and unfeeling conduct of her employers. Still they struggled on, with God for their support, and to Him they looked for consolation in all their trials.

In the year preceding the opening of my narrative, Mr. Danby's mind seemed strangely affected. He became peevish, querulous, and fretful. His natural good temper deserted him entirely. He brooded more and more over his past misfortunes, and the poor old man complained at times bitterly about his shattered fortunes. He uttered terrible threats against his late partner; declared repeatedly that he was an infamous villain who richly deserved hanging, for bringing him and his child into so much and undeserved calamity, and so many poor tradesmen to ruin who had trusted to his honor. It was in vain that his sweet child endeavored to soothe and pacify him. He said he was sure she hated him for his folly in not looking sharper after the concerns of the bank. It was in vain that she pleaded her constant love and veneration for her poor old and irritated parent; in the exacerbations of his mental misery he would shun all society with her—lock himself in his bedroom, and remain the whole day without food. And then his hitherto firm and ardent trust in Divine Providence began to fail him; he looked with a gloomy and jaundiced eye at the dispensations of heaven, and muttered threats, that if it were not for his child, he would put an end to his life and his sorrows together.

Then it was that he began to absent himself from confession, which he before said was his great comfort and support. He thought himself an outcast from heaven, and gradually withdrew from attendance at chapel. This caused his daughter, as she told me, many bitter tears. They had hitherto prayed together, knelt together, and received together the bread of life, and it was with an aching heart that she now performed alone these sacred duties.

His next aberration was a fancied discovery how to pay off the national debt. He

neglected his slender appointments in book-keeping and spent days and nights in the working out his scheme. He expected a magnificent reward from government for his discovery; wrote repeated and incoherent letters to the chancellor of the exchequer, which, of course, were unanswered. Suspense and disappointment deprived him of sleep, took away his appetite, and, finally, brought on partial paralysis of the brain. It was in this state that I found him.

"My dear young lady," said I, "your poor father requires medical aid, and that immediately. I can be of no service here in his present sad state: allow me to send a doctor?"

She hesitated for a moment, requested to speak with me in the small ante-room, and then told me, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks, that she would have sent for one before, but they were too poor to incur much expense for medical advice, and she could not bear the idea of applying for the parish doctor.

"Do not, my dear child," I replied, "make yourself uneasy about it. I will see to it, and a friend of mine, if disengaged, will see your father to-night."

The poor girl put her trembling hand in mine, pressed it warmly, and looked at me with eyes full of grateful tears. Promising to see her father on the following Monday, I then departed in search of a physician.

He came, bled him copiously, and partially restored him to consciousness.

On Monday afternoon I visited him again. He then knew me, welcomed me kindly, and spoke with resignation as to his present state, and past troubles. He embraced the opportunity to make his confession, and the tears rained down the poor old man's cheeks when he received that priceless boon, the sacramental absolution of his sins.

"Sir," said he, "I can never sufficiently thank you for having imparted peace to an almost broken heart. God give me grace to bear my cross patiently. In the days of prosperity I was never sufficiently thankful to my heavenly Father for all his blessings; but now that he has withdrawn them, pray for me, sir, that my hope in him may remain to the end unshaken."

On the morrow I gave him the holy communion. He then began slowly to recover.

But God had prepared for him still further trials.

A month afterwards, his daughter sent a

lodger in the house, requesting me to come immediately to her father.\*

She was waiting for me on the stair-case, and appeared much agitated. "Oh, sir!" said she, "I am afraid something serious has happened to my father; pray, go to him." I entered his sitting-room. He was seated in an old arm-chair at a table, pen in hand; but his eyes were fixed, not upon his paper, but upon the ceiling, and he appeared absorbed in thought. A bright sunbeam, with its countless particles, came from the window, and glancing athwart his countenance, lit up every feature; but it gleamed powerless across the old man's open eyes. They shrank not nor quivered. No lightning's flash could move their dull tranquillity. He was blind.

"Bring the candles, Ellen," said the old man, "it is quite dark; how strange that night should have come so soon!"

\* In proof that my sketches are not exaggerated, when I had finished writing the above paragraph, I had a sick-call. I am now returned home, and will faithfully narrate what I have done, and seen, and heard. I have been attending a poor little girl about twelve years of age, who, two months ago, caught the typhus fever. She recovered; but, from going out bare-foot in cold wet weather, had a relapse, and is now in a dying state. I have heard the innocent child's little confession, anointed her, and given her the last blessing. I left her with her poor little wasted hands joined together, praying heartily to God. This is such an every day occurrence, that I should not mention it were it not for attendant circumstances. The father is a carpenter, an honest hard-working man. He was laid prostrate with typhus fever about six months since. He was dreadfully ill for four weeks; but rallied, and now creeps about, the shadow of his former self. Another priest attended him then; and was good and kind to him, or he must have starved. He has been out of work since his recovery, as his skeleton frame shews little capability for much exertion and no master carpenter will employ him. I saw his tools neatly arranged around his little parlor, in No. 48 Parker-street, Drury-lane. The poor man held the candle while I anointed his child; and he trembled and staggered from weakness while holding this slight burthen. In addition to his troubles, after his recovery, his wife was taken ill of the fever, but God brought her round. Then followed the sickness of the poor child of my last hour's ministration. It is a climax of suffering. When the poor mother came to me, crying, and begging me to come to her child, they had been starving all day—had neither fire nor candle. When, on leaving, I put some silver into the poor man's hand, his chest heaved, and he fairly sobbed in striving to utter his grateful thanks. And yet, with all this accumulation of most bitter distress, there was not the least complaint or murmur; but cheerful, heartfelt, unaffected piety, and the utmost resignation to the will of God. Again do I say, blessed are the virtuous poor, for theirs assuredly is the kingdom of heaven.

"Father," said the daughter, "dear father!" "Hush!" said I, in a low tone; and beckoning her to come near me, I whispered to her startled ear:—

"I fear, my dear child, your poor father is deprived of sight. Be calm, or fatal consequences may ensue."

A deep sob, but instantly repressed with heroic effort, escaped the grief-worn bosom of this hapless daughter. She fell on her knees; bowed herself down in earnest prayer to that adorable Being who alone can comfort the broken heart.

"Ellen," exclaimed the old man, with a sharp and querulous tone, "why don't you bring the candle! Time is money; I must not waste it."

"Dearest father," she answered, the tears coursing their way rapidly down her cheeks, "don't write any more to-night—let me lead you to bed. I am sure you are tired."

He was patient and submissive in her hands,—he knew not the extent of his calamity,—he wondered why night had come so quickly,—he wished it would go, and leave him to work again.

I went instantly to my friend, the physician, who was fortunately at home. He came back with me, and carefully, and in silence, examined his patient's eyes. On his return to the little sitting-room, Ellen anxiously asked if her father was really blind?

"It would be cruel in me to deceive you," was the reply of the benevolent physician; "I am afraid there is little hope of cure."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "Do not say that, sir. It is so sudden, it would break my heart. Oh, merciful father! strengthen me to bear this great trial."

My heart melted within me as I witnessed the grief of this poor afflicted girl. The bruised reed was indeed broken.

### CHAPTER III.—THE DEATH BED.

I took particular interest in Mr. Danby's case, and as his residence was near the chapel, I managed to see him almost daily. It was indeed a touching and a melancholy sight to witness this blind and aged man so suddenly deprived of one of God's greatest blessings,—a gift rarely sufficiently appreciated while this important organ is in a sound and healthy state, but when endan-

gered,—or partially, or, alas! totally deprived of its magnificent utility,—it is then we value it at a right estimation. *Experto crede.*

My slender funds, in addition to a liberal donation from my dear kind friend, the physician, enabled me to provide a nurse and all requisite necessities for the poor blind man. His daughter had the good fortune to get a little needle-work from one of her late employers. This timely occupation prevented her mind from being corroded by grief, and enabled her to sit constantly by the bed-side of her father, and speak to him from time to time those loving words of affection which none but a good and true-hearted woman can so effectually use in the sick chamber of suffering man. It is then that the helpless lords of the creation pine after the soothing ministry of woman's tenderness and compassion. Their own sex are too apt to regard their sufferings with calm and stolid indifference; not so a wife, or daughter, or sister, whose loving hand smoothes the tossed and tumbled pillow,—whose pitying eye is ever kindly directed towards you—and whose voice is ever low and gentle, and full of comforting influence.

My good old penitent was very calm and resigned; much more so than I expected he would be under his terrible privation. He was highly educated, and his mind was enriched with the best stores of ancient and modern literature. I rarely enjoyed an hour's chat more than I did with this good old man. The paralysis had spent its efforts in depriving him of his sight, and his mind seemed clearer and calmer than ever. Our conversation was generally of a varied description. He was deeply read in the Holy Scriptures, and he would delight in clothing biblical stories of blind men, in his own terse and eloquent words. He made out to me, clearer than I ever heard before, the infinite tenderness and compassion of God to blind men. He was never tired of recurring to the old Tobias, who had an angel sent from heaven to cure his blindness.

"I do not, my dear sir," he cheerfully said, "I do not myself expect, or even hope, for this high privilege. It's God's will I should be blind: Thy will be done, my heavenly Father!" He would then touchingly dilate on the advantages of blindness in our last moments: the more perfect concentration of mind upon God and eternity that necessarily results from the

absence of all distractions of sight. He thought it an unhappy thing in a person about to die to have his sight gradually obscured by the film of death, and to have his longings after immortality disturbed by the dimly-seen agonies of weeping relatives around his dying bed. He had one sacrifice less to make—the last, longing, lingering look at his child. He spoke firmly upon this trying point. He had no misgivings in God's all-protecting Providence. "He, who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without His divine permission, would not assuredly permit his much-loved Ellen to suffer overmuch, without grace to support it, when he was taken from her."

He seemed never wearied in talking of the joys of heaven; he had a rapturous, though humbly tempered, wish to be there and to see God face to face, and in the clear vision of His celestial glory, for ever to be inebriated with the plenty of His house. And then, at times, he would break out into a murmured and ecstatic thankfulness on the goodness of God, who had thus chastened him before receiving him into His heavenly kingdom. The infinite, all-atoning love of his Savior was dwelt upon with rapture; and in his frequent communion his soul was more and more purified—more nearly united to the martyred Lamb of God.

His daughter read to him morning and night, and frequently during the day, those beautiful prayers of the *Garden of the Soul*, which have prepared and fitted so many souls for heaven. She never seemed so happy, and tranquil, and resigned, as when she was assisting her father to die the death of the just. There was a fervor and spirituality about every tone of her low and musical voice, that vibrated tenderly through every chord and fibre of the heart. Her father felt it; for his countenance would glow, and his sightless eyes would be raised towards heaven with a reverential appearance that showed that, though corporeal sight was wanting, the eye of faith steadily contemplated the ineffable glories of that eternal kingdom to which he was now rapidly hastening.

And his death-bed was most beautiful and consolatory. His heavenly Father wonderfully consoled him in his last moments. They were moments of joy and of overflowing tenderness. A little space before he died, he desired the nurse to raise him up in bed.

"Ellen, my child," he feebly whispered,

"my dear, darling child, let me die in your arms. You have ever been the kindest, most dutiful of daughters to me; let me have this last happiness upon earth."

Almost fainting, tear upon tear flowing down her pale and convulsed cheek, her heart throbbing with unutterable anguish, yet keeping down, by a strong effort, every audible expression of grief, the dear child arose quickly from her knees in which reverent posture she had joined in the prayers for the dying, leaned over the pillow of her father, laid his poor dying head upon her bosom, clasped him tenderly round the neck, kissed again and again his pale brow and lips, and whispered tremulously words of heavenly peace and hope to his dying ear.

In a few minutes he faintly said, "Ellen, my darling child, God eternally bless you; may we meet in heaven. Reverend father, God Almighty bless you too for all your kindness to me; look to my poor child when I am gone!"

His right hand was slightly agitated. His daughter quickly divined the cause; she reverently raised it, kissed it and placed it on her own head. The old man's lips were tremulous with unuttered words; a tear rolled down his cheek; a smile prophetic of his heavenly heritage lit up his every feature; and with that look of happiness he expired.

---

THE QUEEN AND THE PARROT.—The following morsel of gossip appears in the *Bristol Mercury*:—"A noted bird fancier, living in the neighborhood of the Great Western terminus, in Bristol, lately reared a parrot of uncommon beauty, and moreover of a disposition to talk. Poll was duly instructed, and as will be seen in the sequel, in time more than repaid her tutor for the pains he had taken. Her teacher was so much pleased with Poll's progress that he determined to present her at Court, and she was accordingly started upon the journey. Poll upon her arrival, was somewhat abashed at the new scenes of splendor in which she found herself, and exhibited an unwonted uncouthness, and would not speak to any one. At length, however, she was introduced to the Queen, who, struck with the beautiful plumage and fine symmetry of the newly-arrived guest, entered with great condescension into conversation with her. Poll's shyness wore off, and before the Queen left her she said, 'If you don't send 20*l.* I'll go back.' The Queen inquired to whom she was indebted for this new acquisition to her aviary, ascertained the circumstances connected with the affair, and gave orders for the transmission of 20*l.* to the rearer of Poll, who accordingly was paid that sum a few days since at the West of England Bank in this city—an inducement to 'all teachers to impart profitable instruction to their pupils.'



From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE STATE OF MORALS AND EDUCATION IN WALES.

THE attention of the Government was first directed to the state of popular education in Wales in the year 1840. The inquiries which were set on foot on that occasion originated in the Chartist outbreak under the leadership of Frost, when some thousands of the mining population were impressed with an idea that they were to "march to London, fight a great battle, and conquer a great kingdom." The ministry of the day was aroused to a state of vigilance in a quarter to which its attention had been previously very little directed. An investigation was made into the condition of the population. It was found to be in the enjoyment of more than an average share of material comforts, but very low in the scale of morals and education.

Her majesty's inspector of schools under the Committee of the Council of Education, which had been then recently established, was commissioned to make the necessary inquiries into the state of the working-classes, and his Report disclosed the causes of the demoralized condition of the country, which was stated to have its origin in deficient education and an insensibility and culpable indifference on the part of the superior classes to the moral interests of the population by which they were surrounded.

Some praiseworthy efforts have doubtless since been made to improve the state of this district. Schools have been established in some spots, of which the moral features were formerly as repulsive as the physical aspect is cheerless, and in many places a decided improvement has been effected. Much, however, yet remains to be done to rescue this much-neglected locality from the dominion of lawlessness and vice.

While the portion of South Wales to which we have adverted has been undergoing a gradual and, we trust, a permanent improvement, the remainder of the principality has continued almost a *terra incognita* in reference to the state of popular education. The attention of Government was at length directed to it by an intelligent member of parliament, who, a Welshman himself, was the first to call the public attention to the condition of his country. Urged to the necessary duty by Mr. Williams, Government delegated the office of

inquiry to the Committee of Council of Education. A commission was speedily appointed, consisting of three gentlemen, well qualified for the duties they were required to discharge, and the result is the production of the three able and comprehensive Reports which have been recently presented to both Houses of Parliament.

We believe that few were prepared for the revelations made by these important documents. They exhibit a state of society utterly and, but for a few redeeming features, we should say, hopelessly corrupt, and disclose an amount of popular ignorance and moral degradation no less painful to contemplate than disgraceful to the country which harbors it, the State which has permitted it, and to the nation within whose confines it exists.

The information contained in these Reports is so minute and multifarious that it will be impossible, we fear, to give, within our necessary limits even a faint representation of the educational condition of Wales; but, by a selection of such facts as are most calculated to fix attention, we hope to present a correct outline of the moral features of the principality.

The Welsh undoubtedly labor under a very serious impediment to any considerable intellectual progress. The language presents an impassable barrier to the reception of new ideas. It shuts them out from all communication with the world of thought beyond them. Neighbors to the most enlightened and enterprising nation on the face of the globe, it dooms them to a state of comparative ignorance and mental torpor. It is the language of the Cymri, and anterior to that of the ancient Britons, and adapted only to express the wants of a simple people engaged in the pursuits of rural life and the feelings of religious devotion. It appears to be not ill adapted for religious controversy. The profoundest conceptions of theology may, it is said, be expressed in it with metaphysical accuracy. A taste for religious discussion forms a marked feature of the Welsh character. Their Sunday-schools are described as a mixture of worship, discussion, and elementary instruction; and a fifth of the entire population is returned as attending them. It is not pretended that these

schools, too often the only substitute for daily education, can supply its deficiency.

"The popular Sunday-schools are (Mr. Lingen says) maintained at little or no expense. Almost every adult scholar possesses his own Bible. The elementary books are little stitched pamphlets of the commonest kind. These are purchased by subscription. Commentaries are usually the property of individuals. They are possessed and read to a considerable extent. The rabbinical sort of learning, or exalted doctrine often contained in them, suits the popular taste. I have heard the most minute accounts given of such customs as expulsion from the synagogue and the constitution of the Jewish councils; and it will be seen by reference to the Report of my assistant, Mr. Morris, that a familiar acquaintance with formulæ, embodying the more abstruse parts of the Divinity, is far from being uncommon."

So much doctrinal controversy has arisen of late years in Wales, that the catechizing of these schools is now chiefly confined to polemics. The connexion between Church and State—whether confirmation is contrary to Scripture—whether baptism ought to be by immersion or the reverse—the rival systems of Presbyterianism and Independency—original sin—these are some of the subjects in which children are instructed, and which engage in earnest discussion the adult members of the Sunday-schools. Much immorality is also said to be the consequence of the evening meetings of these societies; and it will be apparent, that among the Welsh generally a taste for theological discussion and religious excitement may be perfectly well combined with a total disregard of moral purity.

The means hitherto adopted for removing the great obstacle to intellectual progress—namely, ignorance of the English language, have been found perfectly inadequate. In fact, in no class of schools has even an attempt been made to remove the first difficulty which occurs to a Welsh child at the very commencement of his course of instruction.

"Every book in the school (according to Mr. Vaughan Johnson†) is written in English; every word he speaks is to be spoken in English; every subject of instruction must be studied in English; and every addition to his stock of knowledge in grammar, history, or arithmetic, must be communicated in English words. And yet no class of schools has been furnished with dictionaries or grammars in Welsh and English. The promoters of the schools appear unconscious of the difficulty, and the teachers of the possibility of its removal. In the meantime, it is difficult to conceive an em-

ployment more discouraging than that of the scholars, compelled as they are to employ six hours daily reading and reciting chapters and formulæ in a tongue which they cannot understand, and which neither their books nor their teachers can explain."

Many schools, indeed, as Mr. Symons states, are "not for the purpose of mental instruction, or of education in any single sense of the word, but for that of accustoming the eyes to certain signs and the mouth to utter corresponding sounds."

What can be expected from attempts at education thus hopelessly defective but an amount of general ignorance unexampled, we believe, in any civilized nation? The ideas, no less of the adult laboring population than of children, under this system, must for ever remain exclusively local. The progressive intelligence of a thousand years has not yet extended to them. Scarcely a ray of the general illumination which the full light of knowledge has shed over other lands has entered their darkened minds. They cannot even understand a word which expresses a relation beyond their daily life. Their only literature is exclusively religious, and that replete with the bitterness of sectarian bigotry. All attempts to introduce a periodical literature in their own language devoted to the diffusion of general information have hitherto failed for want of encouragement, and been abandoned with loss by the projectors. They were rejected as much from want of interest in the subjects as from a positive inability to grasp unfamiliar ideas. A people thus isolated and cut off from all communion with a higher intelligence than their own naturally falls under the dominion of a degrading superstition. The belief in charms, supernatural appearances, ghosts, and witchcraft, is common. A book was published at Newport, in the year 1813, by a clergyman, designed, as expressed in the title-page, "to confute and to prevent the infidelity of denying the being and apparition of spirits, which tends to irreligion and atheism." And a subscription was lately made by his fellow-townsmen in order to enable a carpenter to travel fifty miles, from Monmouth to Lampeter, to consult a "wise man" how to recover some tools he had lost.\*

It is painful to reveal the moral condition of the Welsh people and to bring to light the illustrations with which these Reports are full. The evidence presented in corro-

\* Report. p. 5.

† Ibid. p. 11.

\* Mr. Symons's Report, p. 64.

boration of the opinions expressed is uniform, explicit, uncontradicted, and abundant. There is a total want of cleanliness in their houses and of decency in their domestic arrangements; a common herding of the sexes together in a sleeping apartment is general. In many places, squalid huts appear to be the deliberate choice of people who are not more poor than the peasantry of England. Drunkenness and dishonesty extensively prevail. The sanctity of places is sometimes as little regarded as the decencies of life. In one district a churchyard is used as a drying-ground, and in another is resorted to as the common privy of the parish. The houses are in general devoid of the accommodations which health and propriety require. The cottages are generally described as wretched in the extreme, formed in many places of loose fragments of rock and shale piled together, without mortar or whitewash. Never having seen a higher order of civilization, although they have the means to live respectably, they deliberately prefer, from ignorance, their degraded social condition. Nor is this state of feeling confined to the laboring population. The farmers, who might raise the standard of comfort and civilization around them, are content to inhabit huts scarcely less dark, dirty, and comfortless. The testimony of a gentleman well acquainted with the state of society in Welsh towns, is very strong on the social degradation of the people.

"The poor (he says) seem ignorant on most subjects except how to cheat and speak evil of each other. They appear not to have an idea what the comforts of life are. There are at least 2000 persons in this town living in a state of the greatest filth, and, to all appearances, they enjoy their filth and idleness, for they make no effort to get rid of it. From my experience of Ireland, I think there is a very great similarity between the lower orders of Welsh and Irish—both are dirty, indolent, bigoted, and contented."

Petty thefts, lying, cozening, every species of chicanery, drunkenness, and idleness, prevail to a great extent among the least educated part of the community, who are said scarcely to regard them in the light of sins. An acknowledged thief is almost as well thought of, and as much employed, as better characters by the lower orders.†

Perjury is common in courts of justice. It is a regular custom for parties to a cause

\* Evidence of Archdeacon Venables.

† Evidence of the Rev. J. Denning, Mr. Symons's Report, p. 58.

to employ persons to tamper with the jury before a trial comes on, and to infuse views of the case into their minds. A Bristol merchant is reported to have declared that his efforts to continue a commerce with the Welsh people, which would be mutually profitable, were they commonly trustworthy, had been wholly frustrated by their inveterate faithlessness to their bargains the moment they see the possibility of gaining a penny by breaking them.

But the predominant sin of Wales is the almost total absence of chastity on the part of both sexes, which prevails rather from the want of a sense of moral obligation than from a forgetfulness or violation of recognised duties. The number of illegitimate children in proportion to the population is astounding. The vice is not confined to the poor. Farmers' daughters are in the constant habit of being "courted in bed," and in the case of domestic servants, the offence is said to be universal. Pregnancy before marriage is the natural order of things, and neither creates shame nor affixes disgrace. The custom of Wales is said to justify the practice, and the system of "bundling," or courting in beds, is an ancient and recognised preliminary to marriage; if pregnancy ensues, the union generally, but by no means always, takes place. An attempt having been made at a Union board to persuade the guardians to build a workhouse, with the belief that it would check the increase of bastardy, they scouted the notion of its being any disgrace, and maintained *that the custom of Wales justified the thing*. In short, to use the emphatic language of the chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Bangor,—

"It is an undeniable fact, that incontinence is not regarded as a vice, scarcely as a frailty, by the common people in Wales. It is considered as a matter of course, as the regular conventional process towards marriage. It is avowed, defended, and laughed at, without scruple, or shame, or concealment, by both sexes alike. \* \* \* The minds of the common people are become thoroughly and universally depraved and brutalized; and to meet this appalling evil the present system of education in Wales is utterly powerless."

We will now, having dwelt longer than we could desire on these revolting details, endeavor to show what that education really is; and to point out its utter insufficiency to eradicate or check the moral pestilence with which a whole country is infected.

In the three counties of Brecknock, Cardigan, and Radnor, it appears that the

number at day-schools in every hundred of the whole population of the three counties is 6·17, amounting to little more than *one-sixteenth of the whole population*. And this result is conjectured to be more favorable than the truth, the population being taken from the census of 1841. Indeed, the commissioner, on satisfactory data, shows a deficiency in Brecknockshire of 21·7 per cent., in Cardiganshire of 43·2 per cent., and in Radnorshire of 46·6 per cent. The results are arrived at by assuming that five years is no undue proportion of a youth's lifetime to be allotted to the entire course of education, and that one-half of the whole number, between five and fifteen years of age, will give the floating number of children *in statu pupillari*; and from these a deduction of one-sixth is made for those who are not likely to attend the common schools. But a striking and significant fact is elicited by the statistics of the three above-mentioned counties. Of the whole number on the books of the district, no less than 5265, or 56·9 per cent., have been in attendance for less than one year, and only 732, or 7·9 per cent., for more than three years.

The proportions per cent. of the children attending schools to the population of the same age and sex is thus given for the whole of Wales: Carmarthenshire, 17·7; Glamorganshire, 25·4; Pembrokeshire, 27·7;—the three counties, 22·9; Brecknockshire, 20·7; Cardiganshire, 15·3; Radnorshire, 14·6;—the three counties, 17·1; Anglesey, 18·2; Montgomery, 18·4; Carnarvon, 19·7; Merioneth, 21·7; Denbigh, 22·8; Flint, 30·2. Total, North Wales, 22·0.

These few statistical facts speak more impressively than any description of educational deficiencies. The incomes of schools and the remuneration of schoolmasters, as detailed in tables, are facts of equal significance.

The average annual income of schools is represented to be, for the three counties of Carmarthen, Glamorgan, and Pembroke, at an average, 21*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.*; for the counties of Brecknock, Cardigan, and Radnor, it is said to range between 18*l.* and 25*l.*; and in the six counties of North Wales the average is specified as 26*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.* The school buildings are generally described as wretched in the extreme; sometimes consisting only of dark and dilapidated lofts, squalid hovels with floors of bare earth; and even the best, generally devoid of

apparatus, proper furniture, and decent accommodations.

In estimating the results of the very insufficient amount of elementary education in Wales, allowance must undoubtedly be made, not only for the great poverty of the schools, but for the manifold difficulties arising from the diversity between the language in which the school-books are written and the mother-tongue of the children.

"In proportion," Mr. Lingen justly observes, "as the teacher adheres to English, he does not get beyond the child's ear; in proportion as he employs Welsh, he appears to be superseding the most important part of the child's education. How and where to draw the line, how to convey the principles of knowledge through the only medium in which the child can apprehend them, yet to leave them impressed upon its mind in other terms and under other forms; how to employ the old tongue as a scaffolding, yet to leave, if possible, no trace of it in the finished building, but to have it, if not lost, at least stowed away;—all this presupposes a teacher so thoroughly master of the subject which he is going to teach, and also of two languages most dissimilar in genius and idiom, that he can indifferently represent his matter with equal clearness in one as in the other. No teachers less gifted could deal effectually with the existing state of things."

How far the present race of school-masters approximates to this standard, may be inferred not only from the exceedingly low rate of remuneration before described, but from the heterogeneous elements of which they are composed, as indicated by the ninety-seven different occupations which they have severally filled before they took upon themselves the office of an instructor—an office the least esteemed and the worst remunerated in the country, and serving as "the sink of all the others." The miserable pittance they get, not in most places exceeding the wages of a common laborer, is irregularly paid, and keeps them in a state of penury and contempt.

The intellectual and moral results of schools so circumstanced and so conducted can only, if not positively barren, be conceived as of the most humble description. We feel that, in estimating the attainments of children, every allowance ought to be made for a training so defective, and for the disadvantages under which they labor in their efforts to acquire even the most rudimentary knowledge. In questioning a child on subjects brought almost of necessity indistinctly before its mind, the difficulties of forming conceptions on matters alien to its

habits of thought ought to be duly appreciated; nevertheless, an amount of ignorance connected with questions of the most elementary instruction has been adduced in the evidence of these Reports, which is not less astonishing than deplorable.

The notions generally entertained on geography, and on subjects connected with national life and history, are not a little strange. Tredegar was named as the capital of England, and Europe and America described as towns in the same country. Indeed, a very faint conception is formed, even by teachers themselves, of the rudiments of geographical knowledge. The prevailing belief among children is, that Ireland is a town somewhere in Wales, and that France has been alternately placed in every quarter of the globe. Black people were assigned to every country except Wales. A decided majority of the children examined did not know the name of the county they were living in. A Dissenting minister is represented as illustrating idolatry by a description of "the god Ganges, whom the pagans carried on their shoulders, and made the people worship." In one school William the Conqueror was declared to have defeated the English at the battle of Waterloo, and to have reigned next before Queen Victoria; and Napoleon was by turns declared to have been an American, a Russian, a Scotchman, and a Spaniard. In two schools, widely distant from each other, Prince Albert was said to be the Queen of England. In by far the greater proportion of Schools the name of her majesty was unknown. In one she was pronounced to be the mother of our Savior; but a rather common impression exists that she sits somewhere in London, "making money."

However ludicrous these instances of a total absence of intelligent notions on common affairs may appear, the profound ignorance almost universally exhibited on religious subjects is calculated to give rise to very different emotions. It is, however, difficult to introduce illustrations without treading on the verge of profaneness, and presenting grotesque and incongruous images to the mind. Yet the truth cannot be disclosed without some allusion to the subject.

There is, in fact, little or no religious instruction given in the day-schools. In the adventure-schools the masters and mistresses admit they do not teach it, and that the parents would be dissatisfied if they did.

The Scriptures appear to be read in almost every school, but merely as a text-book, and a cheap one. In very few schools are the leading facts of the Gospel history known. In one, in reply to a question, "Who was Christ?" five repeatedly declared they did not know, and had never heard of him; one only knew he was crucified; two only knew who made the world. All except two declared, positively and repeatedly, that there would be no other life or world after this; that they had never been told or heard of any; and that their fathers and mothers never said anything to them about such things. In another school, two only could tell any one thing that Christ did; and a third said that he drew water from a rock in the land of Canaan. In another, one only knew who the apostles were, none what happened to Christ when he came into the world; but they thought that he was nailed to a cross by the "bloody Jews." Seven thought that it was done in Wales, and two in England. A child of fourteen repeated the Belief perfectly, and then said that she did not understand one word of it. All thought the sun went round the world. In another, three girls repeatedly declared that they had never heard of Christ; two, that they had never heard of God. Two out of six had never heard of St. Paul; the same number thought Christ on earth now; one only said he was in heaven. In another, none knew whether Christ would come back to the earth nor what death he died. One only could say half the Lord's prayer. All thought that the sun went round the world in twenty-four hours, and that the moon went away sometimes and then came back again. In another, two or three of the first class, after every inducement to tell the truth, declared that they had not heard of Christ at all, and were wholly unable to say who he was or what he did, or anything about him; and the disciples were defined as people who behaved ill to Christ. Baptism was the only word of which they seemed to have a dim conception, and that was explained as "being put into a basin."

In one school some of the children thought Adam, and others Eve, to be the mother of our Savior; and that the book of Exodus was written by Genesis, and Genesis by Exodus. In another, Mary Magdalene was declared to be the mother of Jesus Christ, the master acquiescing and assuring the commissioner that the case was so; a grown-up girl said that Abraham was the father of Jesus Christ, and that Jacob bap-

tised him; the greater part had never heard of the resurrection of the dead. In another it was said, that Mary Magdalene was the mother of our Savior, that the Virgin Mary was his wife, and that the Virgin Mary was God. Some thought that Jesus Christ was born in *Heaven*; others, that he was born in *hell*. The head boy of a large national school was of opinion that Nebuchadnezzar and Pharaoh built the temple of Jerusalem. In a church school in the county of Flint, scholars who could repeat the Church catechism perfectly believed that their "ghostly enemy" was Jesus Christ, and that there were three, nine, and fifteen gods. An apparently intelligent boy thought the ark in which Noah was saved was constructed of iron, and built by Solomon. In another, none could tell who were the Jews; and many believed that the Welsh were Jews. Moses was said to have been the husband of the Virgin Mary, and our Savior to have been born in the Garden of Eden. Mary Magdalene was repeatedly declared to be the mother of our Savior; and on one occasion, Joseph of Arimathea her husband. It was said in one school that St. Matthew wrote the History of England, and even the best scholars in another repeatedly and confidently asserted that the soul was mortal and the body immortal.

Opinions are said to differ as to the sufficiency of Sunday-school instruction; there can be none, we conceive, on the dearth of scriptural knowledge imparted in the day-schools. We concur in a just and important reflection on this subject by one of the commissioners:—

"A fatal delusion has misled the promoters of schools in North Wales. They have supposed that if the children make use of the Bible as a handbook to learn reading, from the alphabet upwards, and if catechisms be carefully committed to memory, the narratives and doctrines therein contained must be impressed on their understanding and affections. The catechisms and religious formularies, which were intended to direct and assist the teacher in explaining Scripture and imparting religious instruction, to supply the defects of extempore explanation, and to secure the scholars from the inculcation of false doctrine, have had the effect of suspending all intelligent exertion, have degraded the office of the teacher, and reduced the scholars to a state of hopeless ignorance, not only of the peculiar doctrines of respective denominations, but of the first principles and truths of Christianity."

\* Mr. Vaughan Johnson's Report, p. 47.

It appears, that of the entire number of schools provided for the poor, those established in connexion with religious bodies, or with a view of perpetuating particular religious creeds, are nearly four times as numerous as those for general education, unconnected with any sect or church. The attainments of a class of teachers having large and important schools committed to their charge, may be judged of from the following instances of ignorance elicited in the course of an examination by one of the commissioners:—

"In the Church school at Corwen none seemed to understand what they were reading, and the master was not able to explain. He even explained wrong. 'There came a dearth over all the land of Egypt' *Master*. What is a dearth? No answer. *Master*. A dearth means a *dew*, or *darkness*. Was St. Peter one of the twelve apostles? *Answer*. No. *Master*, informing the whole school, He was one of the seventy."

In the Church school of Llawynys the master, when his pupils stated that Pharaoh was the king of Israel, commended them, saying, "Very good." In schools so conducted, the discipline is, as may be supposed, not better than the instruction. The children are generally rude in their manners. One of the commissioners on entering a school found a boy fighting with the master. Insubordination and anarchy are generally triumphant. So discouraging is the employment, so poor and precarious the remuneration, that a master of a considerable school is reported to have said, that if his health permitted him, he would rather be a laborer again than keep school:—

"If the competency of a Welsh school-master, says Mr. Symons, is to be measured by the standard of the popular estimation of his duties, perhaps almost as many exceed as fall short of it. But if it is not an undue expectation, that a school-master who professes to teach English should do more than make his scholars pronounce and spell English words without understanding their meaning—that he should give them some degree of mental exercise—inform their minds on the subjects he professes to teach—acquaint them with the rules as well as the practice of arithmetic, and at least endeavor to advance the younger as well as the older classes of his scholars—if there be not extravagant requirements for the qualifications of a school master, I have no hesitation in saying, that there are very few persons worthy of that title in my district. I may safely say, that there are not a dozen who are efficiently teaching even that which they profess to teach; and that, if the standard be extended to skilful teaching, and all the improved

methods of mental cultivation, there are, in my judgment, one or two only who approach to it."<sup>9</sup>

There is a great and general deficiency of voluntary funds for the support of schools in the rural districts of Wales. In England, the most liberal contributions to such schools are made by the clergy and wealthy resident landed proprietors. In Wales, if the landed proprietors aid in the support of schools, it is confined exclusively to Church schools; but large districts exist in which they neither reside nor subscribe. There is much non-residence, also, among the clergy, occasioned by the want of glebe-houses, and it is their custom, in many parts of Wales, to reside in the nearest town, and thence visit their parishes. In the hundred of Dewisland, Pembrokeshire, out of twenty-one parishes, containing an aggregate population of 10,840, no less than twelve parishes, containing a population of 2392, are utterly unprovided with day schools at all; thirteen parishes, containing a population of 3401, are without a resident clergyman; and eleven parishes, containing a population of 2462, are without either a day-school or a resident clergyman. In the hundred of Kemess, in the same county, of twenty-six parishes, containing a population of 15,559, no less than thirteen parishes, containing a population of 2652, are without a day-school at all; fourteen parishes, containing a population of 3773, are without a resident clergyman; and twelve parishes, containing a population of 2386, are without either a day-school or a resident clergyman. In the hundred of Kilgorran, in the same county, consisting of nine parishes only, no less than five parishes containing a population of 2458, are without a day-school at all; six, containing a population of 2548, are without a resident clergyman; and four, containing a population of 2115, are without either a day-school or a resident clergyman.† The very restricted income of the clergy further precludes the possibility of their affording any efficient pecuniary assistance. What, indeed, can be expected from a body of men, however pious and self-denying, whose income—the average of three counties, Carmarthenshire, Glamorganshire, and Pembrokeshire, for example—amounts only to 133*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.*‡ The voluntary efforts that are made by the middle and

humbler classes to increase the amount of education, although highly praiseworthy, are totally inadequate to supply the pressing wants of the country; nor are these efforts themselves devoid of evil results, occasioned by a misdirection of the school income. On this subject we adduce the important testimony of Mr. Johnson:—

"The wealthy classes who contribute towards education belong to the Established Church; the poor who are to be educated are Dissenters. The former will not aid in supporting neutral schools; the latter withhold their children from such as require conformity to the Established Church. The effects are seen in the co-existence of two classes of schools, both of which are rendered futile—the Church schools, supported by the rich, which are thinly attended, and that by the extreme poor; and private adventure-schools, supported by the mass of the poorer classes at an exorbitant expense, and so utterly useless that nothing can account for their existence, except the unhealthy division of society, which prevents the rich and the poor from co-operating. The Church schools, too feebly supported by the rich to give useful education, are deprived of the support of the poor, which would have sufficed to render them efficient. Thus situated, the promoters are driven to establish premiums, clothing clubs, and other collateral inducements, in order to overcome the scruples and reluctance of Dissenting parents."

An attempt appears to have been recently made by the Dissenting body in South Wales to develop on a considerable scale what is called the voluntary system of education, and to demonstrate its independent efficiency: a more signal proof of the failure of that system we have seldom seen recorded. The leaders of the movement commenced by establishing a normal school at Bracon, and by combining the middle with the lower classes it was hoped to interest the latter in the plan. The rules of the British and Foreign School Society were adopted, and a system of agitation was commenced in all directions for the formation of committees, the collection of subscriptions, and the establishment of schools; out of 992 subscribers, 776 were either laborers, or farmers paying less than 20*l.* per annum in rent, mechanics, or small tradesmen, and 887 were annual subscribers of less than 1*l.* The amount subscribed and promised to be subscribed in five years did not exceed 5000*l.*

There are satisfactory indications of an earnest desire on the part of the Welsh to improve their intellectual and social condition. The wish to acquire a knowledge of

\* Mr. Symons's Report, p. 25.

† Mr. Lingen's Report, p. 10.

‡ Ibid., p. 35.

\* Report, p. 53.

the English language is strong and general. An ignorance of it is felt to be an insurmountable obstacle to their advancement in life, especially in their efforts to place their children out at service. In the mining districts, it keeps the workmen in a position of inferiority. He never becomes a clerk or agent. He never emerges from the laboring into the administrating class. He is able to read the Scriptures and the denominational magazines, all of an exclusively theological and sectarian character; but he is cut off from the supply of general knowledge which the press so abundantly diffuses over almost every other part of the kingdom. This evil is beginning to be generally estimated and keenly felt. A strong attachment to their own language is nevertheless still retained by the people. There is little or no probability at present of its being "*taught down*" in the schools; almost all the progress made, or likely to be made, in acquiring English, is attributable to their intercourse with those who speak it.

The ignorance of the small farmers is said to be complete; great numbers do not know their alphabet; when they come to be married they cannot write their names. Those who can read their own language have no means of general information. A few periodicals are said to be published in Welsh, by means of which all that goes on in England may be known in Wales; but however plain or colloquial the style, the farmers complain that they cannot understand it. A yeoman of considerable property, with a farm of 300*l.* per annum, and keeping a pack of hounds, cannot read, or write, or speak English. His three brothers, the eldest of whom has nearly 800*l.* per annum landed property, is in the same state.\*

Ignorant as the Welsh population is, no people, Mr. Symons remarks, better deserves to be educated. A strong desire for intellectual improvement exists. Their natural capacity is described as of a high order; their memories are remarkably retentive, and they learn with facility. Their temperament is warm, and a spirit of kindness is pleasingly evidenced by the ancient custom of assisting the marriages of each other's children by loans or gifts of money. The absence of great crimes also favorably distinguishes the Welsh population, and conjugal infidelity is comparatively rare. Of their present state of intellectual infe-

riority a full consciousness exists, but there appears to be no corresponding sense of their moral degradation. Indeed the state of opinion in reference to some offences seems to arise from a condition of mind incapable of distinguishing right from wrong, and evinces a total deprivation of the moral principle: the natural and inevitable effect of a systematic and long-continued violation of its laws. Should we be asked whether the state of society, such as here disclosed, is worse than the condition of some districts in England, we frankly affirm that we believe it is very little worse; but the disadvantages of an isolated country, and a poor and non-resident clergy, plead strongly in favor of a more than ordinary share of attention being directed to its most pressing and palpable wants.

The proper remedies for the evils which exist we hope to see speedily discussed by the legislature. In the meantime we may venture to suggest a measure or two, which seem calculated to meet the necessities of the Welsh population.

It appears to be the conviction of all who have the interests of the principality at heart, that the continued existence of the Welsh language, at least as the language of common life, is incompatible with the intellectual progress of the people. It is useless for all the purposes of practical life. It is adapted to express only the notions of an obsolete agriculture, poetry, and religious feeling. There is doubtless, something touching in the thought of the systematic extinction of a language, with all its venerable associations, in which for upwards of two thousand years, and generation after generation, an ancient people has lisped its first accents, communicated its daily thoughts, and addressed itself to the Divinity in prayer and praise. But extinguished it must be. It will be preserved in the antiquarian records of a departed age; but in proportion as it fades into obscurity and falls into disuse, will be manifest the increasing light of Welsh civilization.

To accelerate this desirable epoch the English language must be *effectually* taught. We are not ignorant of the difficulties which surround such an undertaking. It will require the cordial co-operation of the landed proprietors and the clergy; we trust that this will be secured, and their minds be reconciled to the transition which must take place as soon as its paramount necessity has been demonstrated.

In the meantime no effort should be spar-

\* Mr. Johnson's report, p. 61.



ed to place the existing schools in a state of efficiency, and to establish others where they are so urgently required. The voluntary system, as attempted to be developed in Wales, has completely and signally failed, and it rests with the Government to mature some plan which shall prove satisfactory to the different religious denominations, and adapted to meet the pressing wants of the community. We have adduced sufficient proof of the readiness of the Dissenting body to accept state assistance, under reasonable restrictions; and we are happy to point out these examples of proper feeling and correct appreciation of the importance and absolute necessity of public aid, as we wish to see them followed by their brethren in England. We rejoice at these symptoms of improved feeling among a party from which the greatest obstructions to popular education have recently come.

Many of the landed proprietors in Wales exhibit a great disregard of the responsibilities of their position. What they will not do for themselves and their country the State ought to do for both; and by throwing a part of the burthen occasioned by the necessary increase of schools as a charge upon landed property, compel them to make those sacrifices for the benefit of the population surrounding them which they are morally bound to make. We desire to see a school-rate impartially assessed upon the landed property of Wales. Nothing short of this will, we conceive, be commensurate with the magnitude of the evil. Nor would any formidable difficulty, we believe, be found in administering the rate in such a manner as to do justice to every class of religionists. The children of Dissenting parents should never be *compelled* to learn the church catechism, or to attend church ordinances. This system has been established for sometime in schools connected with Poor-law Unions. General religious instruction is given to all, but the Church Catechism is not taught to children whose parents object to it. The clergy and Dissenting ministers, concurring, as they must do, as to the cause of the fearful degradation of their common country, and equally desiring to remove it, will, we trust heartily unite in any reasonable plan for so important an object.

And now before we part with this subject, we take leave to address a few words to the Government under whose directions these inquiries have been instituted. The State, having uncovered the nakedness and

exposed the moral sores of her neglected children, is forbidden, no less by compassion than by shame, to leave them to fester into a mass of putrifying corruption. It is impossible that public attention should not be immediately directed to this subject. Much must be done, and done promptly. The people of this country, great as may be their own shortcomings in this field of exertion, will not endure the continued scandal of a nation so closely connected with them, being brought up in a state of almost heathen ignorance, and living in an habitual and more than barbarian disregard of the decencies of civilized life. The strong hand of Government must be put forth to cope with the gigantic evils which these Reports reveal; and it is our conviction that a Government—we care not of what party it may be composed, or what principles it may profess—which should shrink from the plain duties of its position, will forfeit all right to the moral allegiance of the nation. The whole subject of popular education has been too often treated by successive Governments in an unworthy spirit; the maturest counsels have been perplexed by unexpected opposition, and the best-planned schemes have been abandoned from a pusillanimous apprehension of the effects of sectarian agitation. We believe that each party in the state is justly chargeable with this weakness. But the time has, we trust arrived when the educational wants of the community will be met, not only with an earnest desire, but with a resolute determination, to supply them. If the true end of legislation be, as a great philosopher and statesman has defined it, to give “a technical dress, a specific sanction, to the popular will,” that will cannot, we conceive, henceforth be faintly or feebly expressed. But let it not be collected from the prejudiced clamor raised by artificial means. We are quite prepared to see a system of agitation again resorted to by certain religious bodies, to the effects of which more than one ministry has weakly succumbed. We believe that the nature of this agitation is beginning to be better understood. A central committee establishes itself in the metropolis, and petitions from the provinces are, as a matter of course, “got up to order.” It is astonishing that any firm and conscientious Government should have been diverted from its duty by the effects of such a system. No Government can be worthy of the name that is not determined for the future to despise and defy them.

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

## THE SEVEN SAGES OF GREECE AND THEIR SAYINGS.

No country ever produced so many illustrious men in so short a time as Greece. It was a land of great warriors and of sublime poets—of matchless orators, statesmen, and philosophers. And though delighting in athletic accomplishments and the excitements of war, though dazzled by the beautiful creations of their painters and their sculptors, and fascinated and enraptured by the sublimest and the sweetest strains that ever poet sang, it must yet impart a high idea of the innate strength of mind of the lively Greeks, that *wisdom* was ever regarded by them as possessing the highest claim to their admiration. They considered the title of Sage as the noblest distinction they could confer. Seven men were thus ennobled by the united voice of their countrymen; and the "Seven Sages of Greece" have become familiar almost as a household word. Who and what they were, it will be the object of this and a succeeding paper to explain more fully than has yet been done.

They were all cotemporaneous; and they flourished in the sixth century before the Christian era. The great object of their studies was human nature—its duties, and its principles of action; to benefit mankind was their great aim. Few of them attained celebrity in philosophy, as we now understand the term—Thales and Solon, indeed, alone seem to have applied themselves to any of its branches; but the benefits which, by their wisdom, they conferred on their nation, and the moral and useful precepts which they have bequeathed to us, will do more to perpetuate their fame than the greatest amount of scientific knowledge to which at that early period they could possibly have attained. One, and one only, of their number must be excepted from the greater part of this eulogy—the name of Periander of Corinth will ever be a by-word of reproach in the mouths of men—an enduring monument of the evil effects of undue ambition—a warning to bad princes that tyranny is its own punishment—a mournful picture of great talents perverted to an unworthy end.

## THALES.

Thales was the first who obtained from

his countrymen the high title of "sage;" and in his attainments in science and philosophy he far surpassed the other six. He was of Phœnician extraction, and was born at Miletus, in Ionia, 640 years before the Christian era. In science and philosophy Greece was still ignorant; and in order to prosecute these studies to advantage, the young Milesian spent several years in travel, residing for some time in Crete and in Phœnicia, in the latter of which countries, from the great commerce it carried on with foreign lands, Thales became acquainted with the habits and knowledge of various nations. But it was to Egypt in particular that the young Greeks of good family usually proceeded, as it was at that time the great fountain-head of knowledge to all the nations bordering on the Mediterranean. To Egypt, accordingly, Thales also proceeded, visiting the chief cities of that highly civilized country, and receiving from the priests of Memphis varied and important information in geometry, astronomy, and the other sciences, which for centuries they had successfully studied. It was doubtless from them that he adopted the leading tenet of the Ionic school of philosophy, of which he was the founder, namely, that water was the first principle in matter, the chief agent in the convulsions which agitate the surface of the globe. There were many inducements for the priests to adopt this theory. Shortly before the time of Thales's visit, the Egyptians had acquired a considerable tract of land by the retiring of the waters of the Mediterranean; they found shells in the heart of their mountains, even in the substance of their metals; from most of their wells and fountains they drew a brackish water like that of the sea; and they depended for subsistence on the fertilizing inundations of the Nile.

On his return to his native country, Thales imparted the knowledge he had acquired to his fellow-citizens. It was probably about this time that he was intrusted with a chief place in the administration of his country; and in this he displayed much zeal and ability, henceforth devoting to the study of nature only such time as he could spare from affairs of state. He was resolutely opposed to matrimony; or, more

probably, he seems to have considered the cares of the married state as likely to encroach too much on the little leisure he had to devote to his favorite philosophical pursuits. His mother, we are told, pressed him much to choose a wife—but to this he at first pleaded that he was too young; and afterwards, on her entreaties being renewed, that he was too old.

Thales made considerable attainments in geometry; and on visiting the Pyramids in Egypt, he was able to measure the proportions of one of the largest from the extent of its shadow. But it was in astronomical science that Thales chiefly distinguished himself. He advocated the division of the year into 365 days; and studied the motions of the heavenly bodies with so much success that he was the first Greek who accurately calculated and foretold an eclipse of the sun. Like most men of a contemplative turn of mind, fits of abstraction were not unusual with him. One night, it is narrated, when, as was his wont, he was walking with his eyes fixed on the starry skies, he stumbled into a ditch. "Ah! served him right!" cried a Thracian girl, who was attending him; "he would read the skies, and yet doesn't know what is at his feet!"

Thales as we have mentioned, was the founder of the Ionic school of philosophy—the speculations of which upon the nature of man and the structure of the universe, though often ingenious, and in some points far in advance of the age, were in the main very absurd and erroneous. This school, however, obtained much celebrity, and many of its philosophers stood high in the estimation of their countrymen. Some of the theories held by members of this school were very singular. Some fancied that the sun was a rim of fire—others that the heavens were a solid concave, on which the stars were nailed—that earth was cylinder-shaped—that it was a level plain—that earth and sky were of stone—that the moon was inhabited—and that man was originally formed by the union of earth and water, to which the sunbeams imparted the spirit-fire of life. Thales was free from many of the absurd doctrines of his followers, very much, doubtless, in consequence of his attainments in astronomy; and as his leading doctrine, he regarded the Intelligence, or God, as the author and soul of the world, and water, as we have said, as the principle of everything. None of the philosophical writings of Thales have come

down to us; but we have several pithy aphorisms, exemplifying his knowledge of human nature. He lived to the advanced age of ninety-six, dying about 545 B.C.

#### SAYINGS OF THALES.

Nothing is more ancient than God, for he was not created; nothing is more beautiful than the world, and it is the work of God; nothing is more active than thought, for it traverses the whole universe; nothing is stronger than necessity, for everything yields to it; nothing is wiser than time, for to it we owe every discovery.

Which is the happiest of governments? That in which the sovereign can without danger take the most repose.

Hope is the only good which is common to all men; those who have lost all still possess it.

Do not do yourself what offends you in others.

Know your time, and do not publish beforehand what you purpose to do. You would fail in your project, and be laughed at by your rivals.

Love your parents. If they cause you some slight inconveniences, learn to support them.

#### SOLON.

Solon, the celebrated Athenian lawgiver, was born in the small island of Salamis, on the southern coast of Attica, 592 years before Christ. He was of noble lineage, being descended from Cadmus, the last king of Athens, and a family relationship existed between him and his future antagonist Pisistratus. His father had expended the greater part of his fortune in acts of benevolence, and at his death the family were no longer able to maintain the rank to which they had been accustomed. Young Solon, however, received a liberal education at Athens, and became desirous of re-establishing the fortunes of his family. From the maritime situation of Athens, and the natural bent of its citizens to mercantile pursuits, the Athenian nobility considered it in no way derogatory to their rank to engage in commerce; and Solon accordingly entered into commercial life, and it would appear with considerable success. It was doubtless in the capacity of merchant that the greater part of his early travels were undertaken, when he visited almost every part of Greece, and during which his already well-informed mind closely observed the habits and customs of the places he visited. During these travels his attention was principally directed to the study of mankind and their principles of action, which was of great service to him in his subsequent office of legislator; and from his various attainments, on his return to his native country,

he was already one of the greatest philosophers and politicians of his day. He cultivated the acquaintance of all those who were most distinguished by their virtues and their wisdom—especially such as were void of personal ambition, who were animated by a patriotic spirit, and by the desire of ameliorating the forms of government, and of directing the passions of their countrymen to a useful and an honorable end. Periander too, the talented but tyrannic ruler of Corinth, was at this time among the number of his acquaintances; and it is narrated that one day, when they were at table together, Solon was unusually silent. "Why don't you converse?" inquired Periander; "is it stupidity? is it barrenness of ideas?"—"Do you not know, then," replied Solon, "that it is impossible for a fool to keep silence at table?"

The Athenians at this time groaned under the sanguinary laws of Draco, which punished every crime indiscriminately with death. Athens, indeed, was in a state of anarchy, for the laws were too atrocious to be put in force. A new code must be drawn up, more conformable to the spirit of the age and the spirit of the people; and Solon was unanimously chosen by his fellow-citizens for that high but difficult office. He was created archon and supreme legislator. He executed his task with great zeal and with great impartiality, and it was one which required all the wisdom of his matured mind. One day, when engaged in his task, Anacharsis, the Scythian philosopher, entered his apartment: "What are you taken up with, my dear Solon?" said he. "Do you not know that laws are like cobwebs? The weak are caught in them; the strong break through."

Solon acted very much on the principle conveyed in this remark; and if in his laws he has unduly favored the people, it was because he was deeply interested in their happiness, and because he saw how many means of oppression were possessed by the powerful, and how difficult it was for the poor man to protect himself. Whether the institutions he framed were the best to effect his purpose may be doubted; he himself remarked, "I have not given the Athenians the best of laws; but I have given them the best they were capable of receiving." But unquestionably he placed a very dangerous power in the hands of the people, by constituting them a court of last appeal in every cause, and in framing his laws so obscurely that an appeal to the people to

interpret them was of constant occurrence. In regard to the domestic relations, the code of Solon was far in advance of the spirit of his age, and infinitely superior to that framed by Lycurgus for the Spartans. Solon was the first of his nation who invested the family compact with a dignity becoming its importance, by regarding marriage as a sacred tie, and strengthening it by legislative enactments. But he could not at once rise superior to the lax morality of the age; he permitted divorce, though under restrictions, yet on grounds that would appear far from sufficient in modern times. It was reserved for the religion of Christ to raise woman to her proper rank in society; the New Testament is the great charter of her liberties. The character of Solon makes it probable that he sought much of his happiness in the domestic relations; and we know that he was an affectionate father. He was deeply afflicted by the death of his son; and a friend one day visiting him, surprised him in tears. "Why do you grieve so bitterly?" said his friend; "tears cannot bring back the dead."—" 'Tis because of that I weep!" was the sorrowful rejoinder.

The conduct of Solon, and the laws which he framed, gave so much satisfaction to the Athenians that he might now have easily obtained the sovereign power in the state. But he refused the offer of the kingly office; and having now completed his legislative duties, and fearing lest he should himself be the first to alter his code, he withdrew into voluntary exile for ten years, having previously obtained from his countrymen a solemn oath that they would strictly observe his laws for one hundred years, and that they would live at peace till his return. Upon leaving Athens he visited Egypt. From thence he repaired to the court of Cræsus, king of Lydia, who seems to have treated him with great favor, although the opinions of the frank-spoken sage must have been at times disagreeable to the most opulent monarch of the age. On one occasion being asked by Cræsus if he were not the happiest of mortals, "Tellus, an Athenian," replied the sage, "who always saw his country prosperous, his children virtuous, and who died himself in his country's defence, was more truly to be called happy than the possessor of riches and the ruler of empires."

Thus living as it were in seclusion, removed from the cares of state, and free from the anxieties of his late legislative

office, Solon indulged the belief that, by the wise and mild constitution which he had framed, he had permanently secured the happiness of his countrymen. But if in this he was forgetful of the fickleness of the people, he underrated also the ambitious projects of individuals. In his absence, the republican constitution which he had framed was already tottering. The blow was struck by a relation of his own—Pisistratus. While yet a youth, Pisistratus had fixed upon himself the admiration of the Athenians no less by his military talents and personal valor in the field, than by his eloquence and address at home. Gifted with a fine person—brave, frank, and generous, he was every way fitted to become the idol of the people; he redressed private grievances, listened to the complaints and encouraged the hopes of those who flocked around him; and on the return of Solon, he was rapidly smoothing his way to supreme power.

Republican in principle, and grieved to see the liberties of his country thus endangered, Solon struggled against the rising power of his ambitious relative—but in vain. Strong in the love of the people, Pisistratus soon obtained the protection of a body-guard to his person—Solon alone raising his powerful voice in opposition. Henceforth Athens was no longer free. Yet Pisistratus knew how to gild the chains which he threw round his fellow-citizens; and his conduct while in power was in many respects most praiseworthy. His rule was distinguished by justice and moderation; he raised the dignity of Athens; he encouraged literature and the arts; and was the friend and patron of illustrious men. He always treated Solon with the greatest respect, though the latter continued his inflexible antagonist; and even, by kindly offices, endeavored to renew the ties of friendship which formerly had existed between them. But Solon rejected the friendly advances of one whom he deemed the destroyer of his country's liberty; and grieved at the overthrow of his best plans, and chagrined at the sight of his countrymen forging their own chains by the favor they showed to Pisistratus, in bitterness of heart the old man withdrew from Athens, and retired to Cyprus, where his declining years were sustained by the kindness of King Philocyprus.

It was most probably in his retreat in Cyprus that he composed one of the few poems of his which have come down to us,

in which he bewails the misfortunes of his native country—The ruin which the rashness of the Athenians was bringing upon them. "O Athens!" he exclaims, "destiny would have spared you, but you will perish by the hands of your own citizens! . . . The blasting hailstorm escapes from the bellowing cloud; the rapid thunder-bolt leaps out from the clear sky; the wind raises mighty tempests on the sea; and often by great men perish great states—often the imprudent people of a sudden find themselves lorded over by usurpers. . . . O Athenians! ascribe not to the gods the ills that overwhelm you; it is the work of your own corruption: yourselves have placed the power in the hands of your oppressors." He then expresses his gratitude for the kindness of the Cyprian monarch, and seems about to conclude, when a yearning for home fills his heart—the longing of age to revisit the scenes of its youth: "O lovely Venus! crowned with violet wreaths, smooth my path o'er the sea, bless the hospitable land that has welcomed me, and grant that I may once more behold my dearly-loved Athens!" The desire of his heart was not granted. He died at the court of King Philocyprus, in the eightieth year of his age.

His laws survived him for four hundred years, until Greece became absorbed in the rising empire of Rome; and Cicero, who himself saw them in operation, passes a high eulogium on the wisdom of one who framed a code so mild, and so well adapted to the temper of the fickle Athenians. The prominent feature in the character of Solon is utilitarianism—his love of the useful—his earnest desire of practically benefiting the physical and moral condition of those around him. A philosopher, he avoided the then uncertain and ill-directed speculations of metaphysics, and turned his attention solely to the duties of man and the laws of nature. Of his success in the former of these studies his code will be an enduring monument, and in the latter, having regard to the state of science in his day, he seems to have been little less successful; and, wishing to instruct his countrymen in the philosophy of nature, he composed a treatise on the subject, using poetry as a vehicle for his ideas, in order to impress them more deeply on the minds of the people. As a poet, he did not give way to the ideal reveries, the passionate sentiments, the ardent aspirations of the poetical temperament; the charms of poetry are chiefly

employed by him to render his precepts attractive. Austerity formed no element in the character of Solon; but he seems always to have been calm-tempered, and of strict justice; and if in some places his writings were tinged by voluptuousness, some allowance ought to be made for the laxity of morals then all-prevalent. In conclusion, we may remark, that the writings of Solon consisted of a number of letters, a poem upon the Atlantis—an isle which was supposed to exist far off in the Western Ocean,—and several political elegies, of which some fragments have been preserved, which everywhere exhibit proofs of a noble mind, an elevated understanding, and a great talent for serious poetry.

#### SAYINGS OF SOLON.

There is a God who is Lord of all; no mortal has power equal to his. Our ideas of the Deity must always be imperfect.

No man is happy; but also, no one under the sun is virtuous.

As long as you live, seek to learn: do not presume that old age brings wisdom.

Take care how you speak all that you know.

Distrust pleasure; it is the mother of grief.

Do not be in a hurry to make new friends, nor to quit those you have.

Few crimes would be committed, if the witnesses of the injustice were not more deserving of it than the unhappy victims.

Courtiers are counters used at play—they change in value with him who employs them.

#### BIAS.

Bias of Priene united the benevolence of the philanthropist to the wisdom of the sage; and the memory of his kind actions will more surely preserve his name from oblivion than even the purity and truth of his maxims. He was born in Priene, one of the twelve independent cities of Ionia. He won the esteem of his countrymen by his talents and zeal in behalf of his native state, which, sharing the common fate of small republics, was alike torn by intestine divisions and menaced by powerful enemies from without; and which, but for his exertions, must speedily have lost its independence. He inherited, or amassed by his own efforts, a considerable fortune; and his wealth was employed by him in gratifying the promptings of a benevolent heart. Among other generous actions, he ransomed the young captives of Messena, watched over their education with all the interest of a parent, and afterwards sent them back to their native land, bearing with them the rich presents which his kindness had bestowed

on them. He was a poet, we are informed, and composed a poem of some two thousand verses on the way to become happy: he had found it, for he did good.

Bias flourished about five hundred and sixty-six years before our era. He was elevated by his countrymen to office in the state; but his native gentleness of heart was unchilled even by the stern forms of the hall of justice. On one occasion, we are told, on condemning a man to death, Bias wept. "If you weep," said one to him, "for the guilty, why do you condemn him?" "We can neither repress the emotions of nature," said the sensitive sage, "nor disobey the law." He is said to have been possessed of great eloquence; and, to the last hour of his life, it too, like his fortune, was ever ready at the call of benevolence. One day the old man was pleading the cause of one of his friends; when he had finished speaking, he leaned his head on the bosom of his nephew who stood near. When the judges had pronounced in his favor, the bystanders wished to awake him—but life was flown!

#### SAYINGS OF BIAS.

A good conscience is alone above fear.

Listen much, and never speak but to the purpose.

To desire what is impossible, and to be insensible to the troubles of others, are two great maladies of the soul.

People who bestow all their talent on trifles, are like the bird of night, which sees clear in the darkness, and becomes blind in the light of the sun.

You become arbiter between two of your enemies; you will make a friend of him whom your decision favors. You constitute yourself judge between two of your friends: be sure you will lose one of them.

The wicked suppose all men knaves like themselves; the good are easily deceived.

The most unhappy of men is he who cannot support misfortune.

#### CLEOBULUS.

We know but little of Cleobulus, but he seems to have been a mild and good prince. He was a native of Lindos, in the island of Rhodes, and was elevated to the sovereignty of his country; and it was as much by the wisdom and the zeal for his country's welfare which characterized his conduct on the throne, as from his philosophical attainments, that he won a place among the sages of Greece. Nature seems to have been no less kind to him in physical than in mental endowments, for he is said to have possessed great beauty of form. His leisure hours

were devoted to the cultivation of philosophy and poetry; and after a tranquil reign, he died in the seventieth year of his age, 546 B.C. His daughter Cleobulina seems to have inherited her father's talents, and profited by his instructions. She distinguished herself as a poetess, and composed several enigmas, in one of which the year is thus characterized:—"A father had twelve children; and these twelve children had each thirty white sons and thirty white daughters, who are immortal, though they died every day."

#### SAYINGS OF CLEOBULUS.

Benefit your friends, that they may love you more dearly still; benefit your enemies, that they may at last become your friends.

Never take the part of a railer: you would make an enemy of his victim.

Many words and more ignorance: such is the majority of mankind.

Choose a wife among your equals. If you take one from a higher rank, you will not have allies, but tyrants.

#### CHILON.

Chilon was a native of Sparta, and became one of the Ephori, or chief magistrates of the state; and in fulfilling the duties of his high office, his judgments were always dictated by the strictest impartiality. A true Spartan, he entertained a profound veneration for the laws of Lycurgus, and considered the slightest deviation from their rigid execution, in spirit as well as in form, as the highest of offences; and for one failing in this point he all his life after reproached himself. One of his friends, it seems, had been guilty of some misdemeanor, and was brought before him for trial: Chilon had the firmness to condemn him, but advised him to appeal from his decision. Such was the fault with which this upright magistrate reproached himself: it is one from which he is absolved at the bar of posterity. The character of his eloquence and of his writings bespoke the Spartan: always bold, always nervous, and of few words. "Know thyself," is one of his admired aphorisms—a precept the difficulty of rightly fulfilling which has since become proverbial, and one of which, from the preceding anecdote, Chilon, as was to be expected, seems to have been no more capable than others, for had he thoroughly "known himself" his sensitive mind would have had cause to weep over not one but a thousand failings.

The Olympic games, at which all Greece assembled every fourth year, and in which rivals alike for literary and athletic fame competed, was the great arena of distinction for the Greeks. Sparta, of course, was not hindmost in the athletic contests; and in 597 B.C., a son of Chilon was a competitor in the games. He proved victor in the combat of the Cestus; and on his triumphal entrance into his native city, his aged sire, overcome with joy, died in the youth's arms while embracing him.

#### SAYINGS OF CHILON.

Know thyself. Nothing is more difficult: self-love always exaggerates our merits in our own eyes.

You speak ill of others; do you not fear, then, the ill they will speak of you?

You bewail your misfortunes; if you considered all that others suffer, you would complain less loudly.

Distrust the man who always seeks to meddle with the affairs of others.

It is better to lose than to make a dishonest gain.

Your friends invite you to a feast; go late, if you like. They call you to console them; hasten.

Do not permit your tongue to outrun reflection.

To keep a secret, to employ well one's leisure, and to support injuries, are three very difficult things.

Let your power be forgotten in your gentleness; deserve to be loved; avoid being feared.

The touchstone tries the quality of gold: gold, the quality of men.

#### PITTACUS.

Pittacus was distinguished alike as a warrior and as a philosopher: his victories in the field endeared him to his countrymen: and his wisdom was held in such high repute that many of his maxims were engraved on the walls of Apollo's oracular temple at Delphi. A patriot, a warrior, and a sage, he will live for posterity; virtuous, self-denying, and contented, his memory will be cherished by all good men. He was a native of Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos. His country was then groaning under the oppression of the tyrant Melanchrus; and as he grew up, young Pittacus resolved to attempt the liberation of his native isle. Alcæus, the great lyric poet, had roused the patriotic ardor of his fellow-citizens by his stirring warlike odes, and his bold invectives against tyranny; and his sons now associated themselves with Pittacus in his daring enterprise. Their efforts were successful. The citizens rose against

the tyrant; and under the generalship of Pittacus, he was defeated and driven from the island. But scarcely had the Mitylenians begun to taste the sweets of freedom when a new danger arose, and they were menaced by a formidable invasion from the naval power of Athens. Pittacus was again chosen leader, and defeated the Athenians in several engagements, in one of which he killed the enemy's general in single fight. As the issue of the war seems in some way to have depended on the issue of this combat, it is recorded that Pittacus, besides his usual armor, provided himself with a net, which he concealed in the hollow of his shield, and during the fight he skilfully contrived to entangle his antagonist in its meshes, and thus came off victor.

His countrymen were not deficient in gratitude; and Pittacus was soon after created governor of the city, with kingly power. His reign was marked by justice and moderation; he introduced many wise laws and institutions; and at the end of ten years voluntarily abdicated the throne, alleging that the virtues and innocence of private life were incompatible with the possession of unlimited power. Filled with admiration for his noble conduct, his countrymen now sought to load him with marks of their esteem. But Pittacus declined the dangerous gift of wealth; and when offered an extensive tract of land, he refused to accept more than he could overcast with a javelin. A costly present is also said to have been sent to him by King Cræsus, which was declined in the same contented spirit of independence. His declining years were passed in peaceful retirement, employing much of his time in literary pursuits. His writings have perished; but they consisted, we are told, of a code of laws for his countrymen, a variety of moral precepts, and some elegiac verses. He lived to the advanced age of eighty-two, and died peacefully, full of years and of honors, 570 B. C.

Originally of obscure parentage, Pittacus is said to have had the weakness to marry a lady belonging to the class of the nobility, whose pride often disturbed his usual serenity of mind, and helped to embitter his otherwise tranquil existence. He had a high regard for the duties of children to their parents, and of parents to their offspring; and nothing could be better suited to express this than one of his own maxims—"As you treated your father," he says, "so expect in your old age to be treated by

your children." One day, we are told, a son was about to plead against his father, when Pittacus stopped him: "You will be condemned," said he to the youth, "if your cause is less just than his: if more so, you will still be condemned."

#### SAYINGS OF PITTACUS.

Happy is the prince whose subjects fear for him, and do not fear him.

Would you know a man? Invest him with great power.

The prudent man foresees evil; the brave man bears it without complaining.

You answer for another: repentance is at hand.

In commanding others, learn to govern yourself.

I love the house where I see nothing superfluous, and where I find everything necessary.

#### PERIANDER.

THE enrolling Periander among the sages of Greece is now-a-days regarded as derogatory to the high character of his colleagues; for in his case his vices and tyranny were more conspicuous, and are now oftener thought of, than his wisdom and ability. The word "tyrant" in its original signification means "prince," and it was only in after times that it came to be applied as an epithet of reproach. But Periander was a tyrant in the worst sense of the term; so that some writers have been tempted to think that it was another Periander who lived about the same time that was the sage; but there is little authority for this supposition, and the general opinion is, that the tyrant and the sage were one person.

Periander was a native of Corinth, and became a magistrate and leading man in the state. At this time he is said to have been of a mild and even amiable disposition: but ambition sprang up in his heart, and seems quickly to have obtained a mastery over his early good qualities. Bent upon attaining supreme power in his native country, and at first uncertain as to the best means of succeeding in his ambitious project, he despatched an envoy to the court of the tyrant of Syracuse, that he might procure the advice of one well fitted to guide him aright in the course which he meditated. The tyrant was in the country when the messenger was brought to him; and after reading Periander's letter, he bade the envoy mark what he did, and then, plucking off all the ears of corn which overtopped the rest, told him that was the answer he was to make to his master. Periander divined his meaning.



He forthwith surrounded himself with an armed guard; and, by high pay and other inducements, secured their fidelity to his person. By means of them he made himself supreme in Corinth, cutting off all those who by their talents or influence were likely to prove rivals, selecting his officials from the servile and the cowardly, and issuing death-warrants on the slightest suspicion.

The iniquities of his public career were only surpassed by those which stained his conduct in private life, where he was guilty of irregularities so gross that we are forced to forbear detail. As he became old, constant and harassing fears preyed upon his mind; his agitation, his terrors, his remorse punished the tyranny which he had not courage to abdicate; he trembled at his shadow—the echo of his own footfall filled him with alarm. His tyranny and its punishment lasted forty years. Enfeebled by age, and no longer able to bear the tortures of a guilty conscience, he one night dispatched some youths of his body-guard to lie in ambush at a certain spot, with orders to kill the first man who should pass that way. It was himself who went: they had killed their prince ere they recognised him.

This monster of cruelty was possessed of learning and wisdom, and was on terms of

friendship with the other six sages. Had not ambition come with its deadening and all-engrossing influence—had he continued in the rank in which it found him; he might have carried his attainments to a higher perfection, and have preserved the better nature of his youth; and so have bequeathed his title of sage uncoupled with that of tyrant. He has left some valuable maxims; but perhaps in his case the most striking is one which must have been wrung from him in bitterness of heart, when, alone, unloved, agitated by nervous terrors, the aged tyrant called to mind what he might have been and what he was—"Would you reign in safety?" he remorsefully asks: "surround not your person with armed satellites; have no other guard than the love of your subjects!" He lived eighty years, and died 585 years before the Christian era.

#### SAYINGS OF PERIANDER.

Pleasure endures but a moment: virtue is immortal.

Do not content yourself with checking those who have done ill; restrain those who are about to do it.

When you speak of your enemy, think that one day, perhaps, he may become your friend.

A dangerous promise has been drawn from you by force; go, you have promised nothing.

---

From Howitt's Journal.

### ROBERT NICOLL.

BY DR. SMILES.

THE name of Robert Nicoll will always take high rank among the poets of Scotland. He was one of the many illustrious Scotchmen who have risen up to adorn the lot of toil, and reflect honor on the class from which they have sprung—the laborious and hardworking peasantry of their land. Nicoll, like Burns, was a man of whom those who live in poor men's huts may well be proud. They declare from day to day, that intellect is of no class, but that even in abodes of the deepest poverty, there are warm hearts and noble minds, wanting but the opportunity and the circumstances to enable them to take their place as honorable and zealous laborers in the great work of human improvement and Christian progress.

The life of Robert Nicoll was not one of much variety of incident. It was, alas! brought to an early close, for he died almost ere he had reached manhood. But in his short allotted span, it is not much to say, that he *lived more* than most men have done, who have reached their three score years and ten. He was born of hard-working, God-fearing parents, in the year 1814, at the little village of Tulliebelton, situated about the foot of the Grampian hills, near Auchtergaven, in Perthshire. At an early period of his life his father had rented the small farm of Ordie-braes, but having been unsuccessful in his farming, and falling behind with his rent, his home was broken up by the laird; the farm stocking was sold off by public roup; and the poor man was

reduced to the rank of a common day-laborer. The memory of Ordie-braes afterwards haunted the young poet, and formed the subject of one of his sweetest little pieces—

"Aince in a day there were happy hames

By the bonny Ordé's side:

Nane ken how meikle peace an love

In a straw roof'd cot can bide.

But these hames are gane, and the hand o' Time

The roofless wa's doth raze:

Laneness and sweetness hand in hand,

Gang o'er the Ordé Braes."

Robert was the second of a family of seven children, six sons and one daughter; the "sister Margaret," of whom the poet afterwards spoke and wrote so affectionately. Out of the bare weekly income of a day-laborer, there was not, as might be inferred, much to spare for schooling. But the mother was an intelligent, active woman, and assiduously devoted herself to the culture of her children. She taught them to read, and gave them daily lessons in the Assembly's Catechism, so that, before being sent to school, which they were in course of time, this good and prudent mother had laid in them the foundations of a sound moral and religious education.

"My mother," says Nicoll in one of his letters, "in her early years, was an ardent book-woman. When she became poor, her time was too precious to admit of its being spent in reading, and I generally read to her while she was working; for she took care that the children should not want education."

Robert's subsequent instructions at school, included the common branches of reading, writing, and accounts; the remainder of his education was his own work. He became a voracious reader, laying half the parish under contribution for books. A circulating library was got up in the parish, which the lad managed to connect himself with, and his mind became stored apace.

Robert, like the rest of the children, when he became big enough and old enough, was sent out to field-work, to contribute by the aid of his slender gains, towards the common store. At seven years of age, he was sent to the herding of cattle, an occupation by the way, in which many of our most distinguished Scotchmen,—Burns, James Ferguson, Mungo Park, Dr. Murray (the Orientalist), and James Hogg—spent their early years. In winter, Nicoll attended the school with his "fee." When occupied in herding, the boy had always a book for his companion; and he read going to his work and returning from it. While engag-

ed in this humble vocation he read most of the Waverley novels. At a future period of his life, he says, "I can yet look back with no common feelings on the wood in which, while herding, I read Kenilworth." Probably the perusal of that beautiful fiction never gave a purer pleasure, even in the stately halls of rank and fashion, than it gave to the poor herd-boy in the wood at Tulliebelton.

In his "Youth's Dream," he looked back with delight to that glad period of his life,—

"O, weel I mind how I would muse,

An' think, had I the power,

How happy, happy I would make

Ilk heart the world o'er!

The gift, unending happiness—

The joyful giver I!

So pure and holy were my dreams

When I was herdin kye!"

When twelve years old, Robert was taken from the herding, and went to work in the garden of a neighboring proprietor. Shortly after this, when about thirteen years of age, he began to scribble his thoughts, and to string rhymes together. About this time also, as one of his intimate friends has told us, he passed through a strange phasis of being. He was in the practice of relating to his companions the most wonderful and incredible stories as facts—stories that matched the wonders of the Arabian Tales,—and evidencing the inordinate ascendancy at that time of his imagination over the other faculties of his mind. The tales and novel literature, which, in common with all other kinds of books, he devoured with avidity, probably tended to the development of this disease (for such it really seemed to be), in his young and excitable nature. As for the verses which he then wrote, they were not at all such as satisfied himself; for, despairing of ever being able to write the English language correctly, he gathered all his papers together and made a bonfire of them, resolving to write no more "poetry" for the present. He became, however, the local correspondent of a provincial newspaper circulating in the district, furnishing it with weekly paragraphs and scraps of news, on the state of the weather and the crops, etc. His return for this service, was an occasional copy of the paper, and the consequence attendant on being the "correspondent" of the village. But another person was afterwards found more to the liking of the editor of the paper, and Robert to his chagrin, lost his profitless post.

Nicoll's next change was an important

one to him. He left his native hamlet and went into the world of active life. At the age of seventeen he bound himself apprentice to a grocer and wine merchant in Perth. There he came into contact with business, and activity, and opinion. The time was stirring with agitation. The Reform movement had passed over the face of the country like a tornado, raising millions of minds to action. The exciting effects of the agitation on the intellects and sympathies of the youth of that day, are still remembered; and few there were, who did not feel more or less influenced by them. The excitable mind of Nicoll was one of the first to be influenced; he burned to distinguish himself as a warrior on the people's side; he had longings infinite after popular enlargement, enfranchisement, and happiness. His thoughts shortly found vent in verse, and he became a poet. He joined a debating society, and made speeches. Every spare moment of his time was devoted to self-improvement; to the study of grammar, to the reading of works on political economy and politics in all their forms. In the course of one summer, he several times read through with attention "Smith's Wealth of Nations," not improbably with an eye to some future employment on the newspaper press. He also read Milton, Locke, and Bentham—and devoured all other books that he could lay hands on, with avidity. The debating society with which he was connected, proposed to start a periodical; and Nicoll undertook to write a tale for the first number. The periodical did not appear, and the tale was sent to *Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine*, where it appeared under the title of "Jessie Ogilvy," to the no small joy of the writer. It decided Nicoll's vocation—it determined him to be an author. He proclaimed his Radicalism—his resolution to "stand by his order," that of "the many." His letters to his relatives, about this time, are full of political allusions. He was working very hard too,—attending in his mistress's shop, from seven in the morning, till nine at night, and afterwards sitting up to read and write; rising early in the morning, and going forth to the North Inch by five o'clock, to write or to read until the hour of shop-opening. At the same time he was living, on the poorest possible diet—literally on bread and cheese, and water—that he might devote every possible farthing of his small gains to the purposes of mental improvement.

Few constitutions can stand such intense

labor and privations with impunity; and there is little doubt but Nicoll was even then undermining his health, and sowing the seeds of the malady which in so short a time after, was to bring him to his grave. But he was eager to distinguish himself in the field of letters, though then but a poor shop-lad; and, more than all, he was ambitious to be independent, and have the means of aiding his mother in her humble exertions for a living; never losing sight of the comfort and welfare of that first and fastest of his friends. At length, however, his health became seriously impaired, so much so, that his Perth apprenticeship was abruptly brought to a close, and he was sent home by his mistress to be nursed by his mother at Ordie Braes,—not, however, before he had contributed another Radical story, entitled "The Zingaro," a poem on "Bessy Bell and Mary Gray," and an article on "The Life and Times of John Milton," to *Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine*. An old friend and schoolfellow, who saw him in the course of this visit to his mother's house, thus speaks of him,—

"Robert's city life had not spoiled him. His acquaintance with men and books had improved his mind without chilling his heart. At this time he was full of joy and hope. A bright literary life stretched before him. His conversation was gay and sparkling, and rushed forth like a stream that flows through flowery summer vales." His health soon became re-established, and he then paid a visit to Edinburgh, during the period of the Grey Festival,—and there met his kind friends Mrs. Johnstone, William Tait, Robert Chambers, Robert Gilfillan, and others known in the literary world, by all of whom he was treated with much kindness and hospitality. His search for literary employment, however, which was the main cause of his visit to Edinburgh, was in vain, and he returned home disappointed though not hopeless.

He was about twenty when he went to Dundee; there to start a small circulating library. The project was not very successful; but while he kept it going he worked harder than ever at literary improvement. He now wrote his *Lyrics and Poems*, which were soon afterwards published, and extremely well received by the press. He also wrote for the liberal newspapers of the town, delivered lectures, made speeches, and extended his knowledge of men and society. In a letter to a friend, written in February, 1836, he says, "No wonder I am busy. I

am at this moment writing poetry; I have almost half a volume of a novel written; I have to attend the meetings of the Kinlock Monument committee; attend my shop; and write some half dozen articles a week for the *Advertiser*; and to crown all, I have fallen in love." At last, however, finding the library to be a losing concern, he made it entirely over to the partner who had joined him, and quitted Dundee, with the intention of seeking out some literary employment by which he might live.

The Dundee speculation had involved Nicoll, and through him his mother, in debt, though to only a small amount. This debt weighed heavy on his mind, and he thus opened his heart in a highly characteristic letter to his parent about it:—"This money of R.'s (a friend who had lent him a few pounds to commence business with) hangs like a millstone about my neck. If I had it paid I would never borrow again from mortal man. But do not mistake me, mother; I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great battle of life. God has given me too strong a heart for that. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle, and to work, that he may be made humble and pure hearted, and fit for that better land for which earth is a preparation—to which earth is the gate. Cowardly is that man who bows before the storm of life—who runs not the needful race manfully, and with a cheerful heart. If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ills of which they are so much afraid—poverty included—there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and mammon worship on earth than is. I think, mother, that to me has been given talent; and if so, that talent was given to make it useful to man. To man it cannot be made a source of happiness unless it be cultivated; and cultivated it cannot be unless, I think, little [here some words are obliterated]; and much and well of purifying and enlightening the soul. This is my philosophy; and its motto is—

Despair, thy name is written on  
The roll of common men.

Half the unhappiness of life springs from looking back to griefs which are past, and forward with fear to the future. That is not my way. I am determined never to bend to the storm that is coming, and never to look back on it after it has passed. Fear not for me, dear mother; for I feel myself daily growing firmer, and more hope-

ful in spirit. The more I think and reflect—and thinking instead of reading, is now my occupation, I feel that, whether I be growing richer or not, I am growing a wiser man, which is far better. Pain, poverty, and all other wild beasts of life which so affright others, I am so bold as to think I could look in the face without shrinking, without losing respect for myself, faith in man's high destinies, and trust in God. There is a point which it costs much mental toil and struggling to gain, but which, when once gained, a man can look down from, as a traveller from a lofty mountain, on storms raging below, while he is walking in sunshine. That I have yet gained this point in life I will not say, but I feel myself daily nearer it."

About the end of the year 1836, Nicoll succeeded through the kind assistance of Mr. Tait, of Edinburgh, in obtaining an appointment as editor of an English newspaper, the *Leeds Times*. This was the kind of occupation for which he had longed; and he entered upon the arduous labors of his office with great spirit. He threw himself heart and soul into the work, laboring with the energy and devotion of one who felt that there was social and political existence and freedom in the truths he gave utterance to. During the year and a half of his editorship, his mind seemed to be on fire; and, on the occasion of a parliamentary contest in the town in which the paper was published, he wrote in a style which to some seemed bordering on phrenzy. He neither gave nor took quarter. The man who went not so far as he did in political opinion, was regarded by him as an enemy, and denounced accordingly. He dealt about his blows with almost savage violence. This novel and daring style, however, attracted attention to the paper, and its circulation rapidly increased, sometimes at the rate of two hundred or three hundred a week. One can scarcely believe that the tender-hearted poet and the fierce political partizan were one and the same person, or that he who had so touchingly written

"I dare not scorn the meanest thing  
That on the earth doth crawl,"

should have held up his political opponents, in the words of some other poet,

"To grinning scorn a sacrifice  
And endless infamy."

But such inconsistencies are, we believe, reconcileable in the mental histories of ar-

dent and impetuous men. Doubtless had Nicoll lived, we should have found his sympathies becoming more enlarged, and embracing other classes besides those of only one form of political creed. One of his friends once asked him why, like Elliot, he did not write political poetry. His reply was, that "he could not: when writing politics he could be as *wild* as he chose: he felt a vehement desire, a feeling amounting almost to a wish, for vengeance upon the oppressor; but when he turned to poetry, a softening influence came over him, and he could be bitter no longer."

His literary labors, while in Leeds, were enormous. He was not satisfied with writing from four to five columns weekly for the paper; but he was engaged at the same time in writing a long poem, a novel, and in furnishing leading articles for a new Sheffield newspaper. In the midst of this tremendous labor, he found time to go down to Dundee to get married to a young woman, since dead, for whom he had for some time entertained an ardent affection. The comfort of his home was thus increased, though his labors continued as before. They soon told upon his health. The clear and ruddy complexion of the young man grew pallid; the erect and manly gate became stooping; the firm step faltered; the lustrous eye was dimmed; and the joyous health and spirits of youth were fast sinking into rest. The worm of disease was already at his heart and gnawing away his vitals. His cough, which had never entirely left him since his illness, brought on by self-imposed privation and study while at Perth, again appeared in an aggravated form; his breath grew short and thick: his cheeks became shrunken; and the hectic, which never deceives soon made its appearance. He appeared as if suddenly to grow old; his shoulders became contracted; he appeared to wither up, and the sap of life to shrink from his veins. Need we detail the melancholy progress of a disease which is, in this country, the annual fate of thousands.

It almost seemed as if, while the body of the poet decayed, the mind grew more active and excitable, and that as the physical powers became more weakened, his sense of sympathy became more keen. When he engaged in conversation upon a subject which he loved—upon human progress, the amelioration of the lot of the poor, the emancipation of mind, the growing strength of the party of the movement—he seemed as one inspired. Usually quiet and reserved,

he would on such occasions work himself into a state of the greatest excitement. His breast heaved, his whole frame was agitated, and while he spoke, his large lustrous eyes beamed with an unwonted fire. His wife feared such outbursts. They were followed by sleepless nights, and generally by an aggravation of his complaint.

Throughout the whole progress of his disease, up to the time when he left Leeds, did Nicoll produce his usual weekly quota of literary labor. They little know, who have not learnt from bitter experience, what pains and anxieties, what sorrows and cares, lie hid under the columns of a daily or weekly newspaper. No galley-slave at the oar, tugs harder for life than the man who writes in newspapers for the indispensable of daily bread. The press is ever at his heels, crying "give, give;" and well or ill, gay or sad, the Editor must supply the usual complement "of leading article." The last articles poor Nicoll wrote for the paper, were prepared whilst sitting up in bed, propped about by pillows. A friend entered just as he had finished them, and found him in a state of high excitement; the veins on his forehead were turgid, his eyes were bloodshot, his whole frame quivered, and the perspiration streamed from him. He had produced a pile of blotted and blurred manuscript, written in his usual energetic manner. It was immediately after sent to press. These were the last leaders he ever wrote. They were shortly after followed by a short address to the readers of the paper, in which he took a short but affectionate farewell of them; and stating that he went "to try the effect of his native air, as a last chance for life."

Almost at the moment of his departure from Leeds, an incident occurred which must have been exceedingly affecting to Nicoll, as it was to those who witnessed it. Ebenezer Elliot, the "Corn Law Rhymer," who entertained an enthusiastic admiration for the young poet, had gone over from Sheffield to deliver a short course of lectures to the Leeds Literary Institution, and promised himself the pleasure of a kindly interview with Robert Nicoll. On inquiring about him, after the delivery of his first lecture, he was distressed to learn the sad state to which he was reduced. "No words (says Elliot in a letter to the writer of this memoir), can express the pain I felt when informed on my return to my inn, that he was dying, and that if I would

see him I must reach his dwelling before eight o'clock next morning, at which hour he would depart by railway for Edinburgh, in the hope that his native air might restore him. I was five minutes too late to see him at his house, but I followed him to the station, where about a minute before the train started he was pointed out to me in one of the carriages, seated I believe, between his wife and his mother. I stood on the step of the carriage and told him my name. He gasped: they all three wept; but I heard not his voice."

The invalid reached Newhaven, near Leith, sick, exhausted, distressed, and dying. He was received under the hospitable roof of Mrs. Johnstone, his early friend, who tended him as if he had been her own child. Other friends gathered around him, and contributed to smooth his dying couch. It was not the least of Nicoll's distresses, that towards his latter end he was tortured by the horrors of destitution; not so much for himself as for those who were dependent on him for their daily bread. A generous gift of £50 was forwarded by Sir William Molesworth, through the kind instrumentality of Mr. Tait, of Edinburgh, but Nicoll did not live to enjoy the bounty; in a few days after he breathed his last in the arms of his wife.

The remains of Robert Nicoll rest in a narrow spot in Newhaven Churchyard. No stone marks his resting place: only a small green mound that has been watered by the tears of the loved he has left behind him. On that spot the eye of God dwells; and around the precincts of the poet's grave, the memories of friends still hover with a fond and melancholy regret.

Robert Nicoll was no ordinary man: Ebenezer Elliot has said of him, "Burns at his age had done nothing like him." His poetry is the very soul of pathos, tenderness, and sublimity. We might almost style him the Scottish Keats; though much more real and life-like, and more definite in his aims and purposes than Keats was. There is a truth and soul in the poetry of Nicoll, which come home to the universal heart. Especially does he give utterance to that deep poetry which lives in the heart, and murmurs in the lot of the poor man. He knew and felt it all, and found for it a voice in his exquisite lyrics. These have truth written on their very front—as Nicoll said truly to a friend, "I have written my heart in my poems; and rude, unfinished,

and hasty as they are, it can be read there."

Need we cite examples?—"We are lowly," "The Ha' Bible," "The Hero," "The bursting of the Chain," "I dare not scorn," and numerous other pieces which might be named, are, for strength, sublimity, and the noble poetic truths contained in them, equal to anything in the English language. "The Ha' Bible" is perhaps not unworthy to take equal rank with "The Cottar's Saturday Night" of Robert Burns.

To this interesting memoir by our friend Dr. Smiles, we will add a few sentences.

William Tait, in a note to us, observes, that "Robert Nicoll's manners were uncommonly gentle, yet he was spirited in conversation. I recollect when he and Mr. M'Laren, of the *Scotsman*, dined with me and a few friends more, Mr. M'Laren remarked the strange brilliancy of Nicoll's eyes, in which there appeared what might be supposed to be the true poetic fire, or—mayhap, one of the well known signs of consumption."

It was in Edinburgh that we ourselves saw Robert Nicoll, just before he went to Leeds to edit the *Times*; and we thought that we had never seen any one who so completely realized the idea of the young poet. Somewhat above the middle size, of a free and buoyant carriage, and with a countenance which was beautiful in the expression of intellect and noble sentiment. His eyes, struck us as most poetical,—large, blue, and full of enthusiasm. There was an ingenuousness about him that was peculiarly charming, and the spirit of freedom and of progress that animated him, seemed to point him out for a brilliant, ardent career in the cause of man.

He accompanied us to breakfast at the house of an old Friend, a leading member of the Society there, and the order, the quietness, and seriousness of the family, made a most lively impression upon him. After breakfast the old gentleman brought the Bible and read a chapter, after which we sat some time in silence, and when the conversation was renewed, it was not of the ordinary matters of the day, but of the progress of the Peace Society, the Anti-Slavery Society, and similar topics, all embracing human improvement and welfare. As we retired, Nicoll said it was a peep into an entirely new life to him, and brought strongly to his imagination the life of Covenanters and Patriarchs. We may well under-

stand his feelings when we read his "Ha' Bible," with which, as a fine specimen of his poetry, we will close this article.

#### THE HA' BIBLE.

Chief of the Household Gods  
Which hallow Scotland's lowly cottage homes!  
While looking on thy signs  
That speak, though dumb, deep thought upon  
me comes—  
With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is stirr'd,  
Like Childhood's when it hears the carol of a bird!

The Mountains old and hoar—  
The chainless Winds—the Streams so pure and  
free—  
The God-enamel'd Flowers—  
The waving Forest—the eternal Sea—  
The Eagle floating o'er the Mountain's brow—  
Are teachers all; but O! they are not such as thou!

O! I could worship thee!  
Thou art a gift a God of love might give;  
For Love and Hope and Joy  
In thy Almighty-written pages live!—  
The Slave who reads shall never crouch again!  
For, mind-inspired by thee, he bursts his feeble  
chain!

God! unto Thee I kneel,  
And thank Thee! Thou unto my native land—  
Yea to the outspread Earth—  
Hast stretched in love Thy Everlasting hand,

And Thou hast given Earth and Sea and Air—  
Yea all that heart can ask of Good and Pure and  
Fair!

And, Father, Thou hast spread  
Before Men's eyes this Charter of the Free,  
That all thy Book might read,  
And Justice, love, and Truth and Liberty.  
The Gift was unto Men—the Giver God!  
Thou Slave! it stamps thee Man—go spurn thy  
weary load!

Thou doubly-precious Book!  
Unto thy light what doth not Scotland owe?—  
Thou teachest Age to die,  
And Youth and Truth unsullied up to grow!  
In lowly homes a Comforter art thou—  
A sunbeam sent from God—an Everlasting bow!

O'er thy broad ample page  
How many dim and aged eyes have pored?  
How many hearts o'er thee  
In silence deep and holy have adored?  
How many Mothers, by their Infants' bed,  
Thy Holy, Blessed, Pure, Child-loving words have  
read?

And o'er thee soft young hands  
Have oft in truthful plighted Love been join'd,  
And thou to wedded hearts  
Hast been a bond—an altar of the mind!—  
Above all kingly power or kingly law  
May Scotland reverence aye—the Bible of the Ha'.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

#### POPULAR LECTURERS.—PROFESSOR NICHOL.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

THIS, indeed, is the age of public lecturing, and we might spend a long time in discussing its *pros* and *cons*, its advantages, and its evils. The open and legitimate objects which popular lecturing proposes to itself are chiefly the three following: Instruction, Excitement, and Communication between the higher minds of the age, and those of a lower grade. Now, in reference to its utility as an organ of instruction, much may be said on both sides. In public lecturing, truth is painted to the eye; it is enforced and illustrated by voice, gesture, and action; it stands in the person of the orator, as in an illuminated window. The information thus given, attended by a personal interest, and accompanied by a peculiar emphasis, is more profoundly impressed upon the memory; and many, by the fairy aspect of truth which is presented, are induced to love and learn, who otherwise would have remained indifferent and dis-

tant. On the other hand, the quantity of knowledge communicated by lecturing is seldom large; and, as to its quality, lecturers are under strong temptations to dilute it down to the capacities of their audience; and, instead of conducting them from first principles to details, they give them particular facts, and tell them to travel back themselves to leading principles, an advice which they seldom, if ever, follow. Too often the hearers, however strongly urged to the contrary by their instructors, forget to pursue profounder researches, to seek after higher sources; and the close of the six or seven lectures is the close of their studies, and furnishes the complement of their knowledge. Often, too, the class who have least access to books have also least access to lectures, or even when privileged to attend them, find their *special* wants but indifferently supplied.

In the excitement produced by good pub-

lic lecturing its advocates find a more plausible argument in its favor. It is an amusement so happy and so innocent; it withdraws so many from the theatre, the card-table, and the tavern; it gives such a stimulus to nascent intellects; it creates around the lecturer such circles and semi-circles of shining faces; it rouses in so many breasts the spark of literary and scientific genius; it commences the manufacture of so many incipient Miltons, no longer mute and inglorious; and of whole generations of young Arkwrights, worthy of their illustrious progenitor. Nay, we would go a little farther still, we would "better the instruction." Its excitement and pleasure do not stop here. The lecture-room promotes a great many matches; it brings young ladies and gentlemen into close and intimate propinquity; it excites active and animated flirtations; it forms, besides, a pleasant interchange to one class with the card table—to another, an agreeable lounge on the road to the afterpiece, and to a third, a safe and decent half-way house to a quiet social *crack* in a quiet ale-house. It is also a nursery for the numerous sprigs of criticism which abound—faithfully figured by the immortal *Punch*, in those specimens of the rising generation who deem that, as "for that ere Shakspeare, he has been vastly over-rated." And last, not least, it permits many a comfortable nap to the hard-wrought doctor or *dominie*, or artisan—to whom it matters not whether the lecturer be in the moon or in the clouds, as they are only, like their instructor, absent and lost.

Joking, however, apart, popular lecturing is undoubtedly a source both of much entertainment and excitement, though we are not sure but that that entertainment is more valued by the luxurious as a variety in their pleasures, than by the middle and lower classes as a necessity in their intellectual life; and although we are sure that an undue portion of that excitement springs from the glare of lights, the presence of ladies, the mere "heat and stare, and pressure," of which Chalmers complained; and that comparatively little of it can be traced to the art, less to the genius, and least of all to the subject, of the discourses.

As a means of communication between men of science and literature, and the age, it is we are afraid, what Mr. Horne would call a "False Medium." You have in it the Prophet, shorn, dressed, perhaps scented, perhaps playing miserable monkey-

tricks to divert the audience—and not the Moses coming down the Mount, with face shining, but with lips stammering, from that dread communion on the summit; or if the Prophet do preserve his integrity, and speak to the souls instead of the eyes and ears of his audience, it is at his proper peril; wild yawnings, slumbers both loud and deep, not to speak of the more polite hints conveyed in the music of slapping doors and rasping floors, are the reward of his fidelity. We are aware, indeed, that a few have been able to overcome such obstacles, and in spite of stern adherence to a high object, to gain general acceptance. But these are the exceptions. Their success, besides, has greatly resulted from other causes than the truth they uttered. Certain graces of manner—certain striking points in delivery—a certain melody, to which their thoughts were set—created at the first an interest which gradually, as the enthusiasm of the speaker increased, swelled into a brute wonder, which made you fancy the words "Orpheus no fable," written in a transparency over the speaker's head. But clear steady vision of truth, true and satisfying pleasure, and any permanent or transforming change, were not given. The audience were lifted up for a season, like an animal caught in a whirlwind, by the sheer power of eloquence; they were not really elevated one distinct step—they came down precisely the same creatures, and to the same point, as before, and the thing would be remembered by them afterwards as a dream.

Minds, again, somewhat inferior to the prophetic order, find a far freer and more useful passage to the public ear and intellect, and succeed in giving not only a vague emotion of delight, but some solid knowledge, and some lasting result. Such a mind is that of our admirable friend, Professor Nichol; and even at the apparent risk of indelicacy, we propose to analyze its constituent qualities, as well as the special causes of his great success as a lecturer. May this article greet his eyes, and cheer his heart somewhere in that great land of strangers, where he is at present sojourning, (would he could read it under the shadow of the Andes!) and convince him that his friends in Scotland have not forgotten him, and are, in the absence of himself, either drawing, or looking at his picture!

The first time we heard of Professor Nichol was on the publication of his "Views of the Architecture of the Heavens," and



the first thing that struck us about the production was the felicity and boldness of its title. The words "Architecture of the Heavens" suggested, first, the thought that the heavens were the building of a distinct divine architect; secondly, that the building was still in progress; and, thirdly, that from even this low and distant platform we are permitted glimpses of its gradual growth toward perfection. The essence, in fact, of the nebular hypothesis was contained in the title; and although that hypothesis is now commonly thought exploded, it is only so far as the visible evidence is concerned—as a probable and beautiful explanation of phenomena, the origin of which is lost in the darkness of immeasurable antiquity, it retains its value. But how suggestive to us at the time was the expression, "Architecture of the Heavens!" Formerly we deemed that when man awakened into existence, the building, indeed, was there in all its magnitude, but that the scaffolding was down—all trace and vestige of the operation elaborately removed—and that the Almighty architect had withdrawn and hid himself. But now we had come upon the warm footprints of omnipotence—the Power was only a few steps in advance; nay, thrilling thought! we had only to lift our telescopes to behold him actually at work up there, in the midnight sky. The telescope enabled us to stand behind the processes of the Eternal—it was a wing by which we overtook the great retreat of the Deity, if indeed a retreat it was, and not rather a perpetual progress—a triumphal march onwards into the Infinite Dark. It brought us ever new, electric, telegraphic tidings of Him whose goings forth were of *old*—from everlasting—and which were *new* to everlasting as well. Such were the dim, yet high suggestions, of the nebular hypothesis. If we relinquished them recently with a sigh, we now sigh no more; for now we have been taught, in a manner most impressive, the immense *age* of the universe, whose orbs seem hoary in their splendor, and have thus found a new measure for computing our knowledge, or rather for more accurately estimating our ignorance, of the days, of the years, of the right hand of Him that is the Most High. How long, we now exclaim, it must be since the Great Artist put his finishing touch to that serene gallery of paintings we call the stars, and yet how perfect and how godlike their execution; since their lustre, their beauty, and their holy calm are this night as fresh

and unfaded as at the beginning! And how solemn the thought, if these works, in the hiding of their Creator, be so magnificent, how great must himself be, and how great must he have been, especially as he travailed in birth with such an offspring, amid the jubilant shouts of all awakening intelligence!

It is very common to skip the preface in order to get at the book. In this case, we skipped the book to get at the pictures. We read, nay, devoured, the plates—the poems shall we call them—ere we read a word of the letterpress. And most marvellous to us was their revelation of those starry sprinklings, relieved against the dark background—those wild capricious shapes, which reminded you of rearing steeds under the control of perfect riders—seeming at once to spurn and to be subject to immutable laws—those unbanked rivers of glory flowing through the universe—why, we seemed standing on a Pisgah, commanding the prospect of immensity itself. But still more striking to overlook, as we then imagined, the laboratory of God, and to see his work in every stage of its progress—the six demiurgic days presented to us contemporaneously and at once. No wonder that such plates enchanted us, and that we seemed gazing on rough copies from the paintings of the Divine hand itself. What a triumph, too, to mind over matter, and to a poor sun-illuminated worm, over his haughty torch—to be able, *with a pin-point*, to indicate, and, if necessary, to hide his place in the firmament! It was, indeed, an hour much deserving of memory. The folding-doors of the universe seemed to open upon us in musical thunder; and if we could not, as yet, enter, yet we could wish, like Mirza, for the wings of a great eagle to fly away with them. It was one of those apocalyptic moments that occur, or that can occur so seldom in life, for it is not every day that we can see, for the first time, in the expanded page of immensity, the charter of our soul's freedom, and feel ourselves "enlarged" to the extent of the length and breadth, the depth and the height of the creation.

Returning from a reverie, in which we saw our sun and his thousand neighbor stars quenched like a taper, in the blaze of that higher noon, we found ourselves in earth again, and remembered that we had yet to read Dr. Nichol's book. And it is the highest compliment we can pay it, to say that it did not dissipate or detract

from the impressions which the eloquent pictures had produced, and that it gave them a yet clearer and more definite form. It bridged in the foaming torrent of our enthusiasm. It translated (as Virgil does Homer) the stern and literal grandeurs of night into a mild and less dazzling version. We liked, in the first place, its form. It consisted of letters, and of letters to a lady. This held out a prospect of ease, familiarity, clearness, and grace. Most expounders, hitherto, of astronomical truth, had been either too stilted in their style, or too scientific in their substance. But here was a graceful conversation, such as an accomplished philosopher might carry on with an intelligent female, under the twilight canopy, or in the window recess, as the moon was rising. It in no way transcended female comprehension, or if it did, it was only to slide into one of those beautiful, bewitching mists, which the imagination of women so much loves. There were, too, a warmth and a heartiness about the style and manner, which distinguished the book favorably from the majority of scientific treatises. These, generally, are cold and dry. Trusting, it would seem, to the intrinsic grandeur of the subject, they convey their impressions of it in a didactic and feeble style, and catalogue stars as indifferently as they would the withered leaves of the forest. Nichol, on the contrary, seems to point to them, not with a cold rod, but with a waving torch. He never "doubts that the stars are fire"—no immeasurable icebergs they, floating in frozen air, but glowing, burning, almost living orbs; and his words glow, burn, and nearly start from the page in unison. We will not deny that this heat and enthusiasm sometimes betray him into *splendida vitia*—into rhetorical exaggerations—into passages which sound hollow, whether they are so or not—and worse, into dim and vague obscurities, copied too closely from his own nebula, where you have misty glimmer, instead of clear, solid land; but his faults are of a kind which it is far more easy to avoid than to reach, which no sordid or commonplace mind, however accomplished, durst commit; and the spirit which animates his most tasteless combinations of sound, and peeps through his swelling intricacies of sentence, is always beautiful and sincere. Beyond most writers, too, on this theme, he has the power of giving, even to the uninitiated, a clear and memorable idea of his subject—the truths of Astronomy

he paints upon the eye and soul of the reader. And this he is enabled to do—first, because he has a clear vision himself, which his enthusiasm is seldom permitted to dull or to distort; and, secondly, because he seeks—labors—is not satisfied till he has transferred this entire to the minds of his readers, and of his auditors. Thus far of the mere manner of his writing. In considering its spirit, we shall find metal more attractive. That is distinguished by its sincere enthusiasm, its joyous hope, and by its religious reverence.

What field for enthusiasm can be named in comparison with the innumerable and ever-burning stars—the first objects which attract the eyes of children, who send up their sweetest smiles, and uplift their tiny hands to puck them down, as playthings—the beloved of solitary shepherds, who, lying on the hill-side, try to count them in their multitudes, call them by names of their own, love those "watchers and holy ones," as if they were companions and friends, and sometimes exclaim, with the great shepherd king of Israel, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man!"—the beloved of the mariner, who, pacing his midnight deck, turns often aloft his eye to those starry sparklers, shining on him through the shrouds, or,—

"Mirrored in the ocean vast—  
A thousand fathoms down"—

the loved of the wakeful, especially of those who are awake through sorrow, who, as they see them trembling through the lattice, feel, or fancy, that they are sympathizing with their agonies, and would, if they could, send down a message from their far thrones that might wipe away their tears—the loved of the astronomer, who, a friendly spy, watches their every motion, and through the tube of his telescope distills into himself the essence of their beauty, their meaning, and their story—the loved of the poet's soul, who snatches many a live coal of inspiration from their flaming altars—the loved of the Christian, who sees in them the reflection of his Father's glory, the milestones on the path of his Redeemer's departure, and of his return—the loved of all who have eyes to see, understandings to comprehend, and souls to feel their grandeur so unspeakable, their silence so profound, their separation from each other, and from us so entire, their

multitude so immense, their lustre so brilliant, their forms so singular, their order so regular, their motions so dignified, so rapid, and so calm. "If," says Emerson, "the stars were to appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had thus been shown. But night after night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile."

It is singular, that while the theory of the stars has been perpetually changing, the conception of their sublime character has, under every theory, remained nearly the same. While they were believed to be, as in the darker ages, absolutely divine, incorruptible, and perfect in their essence, they were not regarded with more enthusiasm, alluded to with more frequency, or lauded with more eloquence, than now, when we know that imperfection, and inequality, decay, and destruction, snow, and perhaps sin, have found their way thither, as well as here; and Dante, amid his innumerable descriptions of the heavenly bodies—and no poet has so many—has said nothing finer in their praise than we find in some of the bursts of Bayley. If science has, with rude hand, torn off from the stars that false lustre of supernaturalism which they bore so long, it has immeasurably multiplied their numbers, unlocked their secrets, at once brought them nearer and thrown them farther off, and supplied the glitter of superstition by the severe light of law. If they seem no longer the thrones of angels, they are at least porch-lamps in the temple of Almighty God. If no longer the regents of human destiny, they are the Urim and Thummim upon the breast of the Ancient of Days. If not now regarded as a part of the highest heaven, they at least light the way that leadeth to honor, glory, and immortality. From sparks they have broadened into suns; from thousands they have multiplied into millions. It is ever thus with the progress of genuine truth. Remorselessly, as it rushes on, it scatters a thousand beautiful dreams, slumbering like morning dew-drops among the branches of the wood, but from the path of its progress there rises, more slowly, a stern, but true and lasting glory, before which, in due time, the former "shall no more be remembered, neither come into mind."

A collection of all the descriptions of the

stars, in the poetry and prose of every age, would constitute itself a galaxy. It would include Homer's wondrous one-lined allusions to them—so rapid and so strong, as they shone over Ida, or kept still-watch above the solitary Ulysses in his sea-wanderings—the crown they wove over the bare head of the sleepless Prometheus—the glances of power and sympathy which they shed in, through rents in the night of the Grecian tragedies—the ornate and labored pictures of Virgil and Lucretius—the thick imagery they supply to the Scripture bards—their perpetual intermingling with the *Divina Comedia*, darting down through crevices in the descending circles of damnation, circling the mount of purgatory, and paving the way to the vision of essential Deity—Shakspeare's less frequent but equally beautiful touches—Milton's plaintive, yet serene references to their set glories—Young's bursts of wonder, almost of longing and desire, for those nearer neighbors to the eternal throne, which appeared to him to see so far and to know so much—Byron's wild and angry lashing at them, like a sea, seeking to rise, and reach and quench them, on a thousand shipwrecks—Wordsworth's love to them, for loving and resting on his favorite mountains—Bayley's hymnings of devotion—Chalmers' long-linked swells of pious enthusiasm—and last, not least, our author's raptures, more measured, more artistic, but equally sincere.

There occurs a passage in one of Byron's letters, written in Venice, where he describes himself, after a debauch, looking out at the night, when he exclaims, "What nothings we are before these stars!" and adds, that he *never sufficiently felt their greatness*, till he looked at them through Herschell's telescope, and *saw that they were worlds*. We rather wonder at this, for we have always thought, that, to a highly imaginative mind, it mattered little whether it looked to the stars through the eye or the telescope. Who does not see and feel that they are worlds, if he has a heart and an imagination, as well as an eye? Who cares for the size of algebraic symbols? A star, at largest, is but a symbol, and the smaller it seems, the more scope it leaves for imagination. The telescope tends rather to crush and overwhelm than to stimulate—to fill than to fire—some souls. It necessarily, too, deprives the seeing of the stars, so far as they are regarded individually, of many of its finest

accessories. The mountain which the star seems to touch—the tree through which it trembles—the soft evening air on which it seems silently to feed—the quick contrasts between it and its neighboring orbs—its part as one of a constellated family—such poetical aspects of it are all lost, and the glare of illumination falls upon one vast unit, insulated at once from earth, and from the other parts of Heaven. It is as though we should apply a magnifying glass to a single face in a group of painted figures, thereby enlarging one object at the expense of the others, which are not diminished, but blotted out. While, of course, acknowledging the mighty powers and uses of the telescope, and confessing, that from no *dream* did we ever more reluctantly awake, than from one which lately transported us to Parsonstown, and showed us the nebula in Orion just dropping to pieces, like a bright dissolving cloud, yet we venture to assert, that many derive as much pleasure and excitement from the crescent moon still as in Shakspeare's time, a silver bow new bent in Heaven—from round, shivering Venus in the green west—from the star of Jove suspended high over head, like the apparent king of the sky—and from those glorious jewels, hanging like two pendants of equal weight and brilliancy, from the ear of night, Orion and the Great Bear, as they could from any revelation of the telescope. This very night we saw what probably impressed our imagination as much as a glimpse of the Russian gleries would have done. The night has been dark and drifting till a few minutes ago. We went out to the door of our dwelling, looking for nothing but darkness, when suddenly, as if flashing out through and from the gloom, and meeting us like a gigantic ghost at our very threshold, we were aware of the presence of *Orion*, and involuntarily shuddered at the sight.

All astronomers of high name have been led at first to their science by the workings of an enthusiasm, as strong as passion and as high as poetry. We cannot doubt that Newton was from his boyhood fascinated by the beauty of the heavenly bodies, and that his wistful boyish glances at their serene splendor and mystic dance formed the germs of his future discoveries. To some, *Woolsthorpe* reverie of twilight, we may trace the fall of the keys of the universe at the feet of his matured manhood! Surely a loftier principle was stirring in him, than that which renders the juvenile

mechanician uneasy till he has analyzed the construction of a toy. It was not, in the first instance, the mathematical puzzles connected with them that attracted him to those remote regions, but it was their remoteness, magnitude, and mystery, which roused him to grapple with their secrets. Ordinary children love to see, and would like to join, the march of soldiers, as they step stately by. The boy Newton burned to accompany, as an intelligent witness and companion, the steps of planets and suns. This enthusiasm never altogether subsided, as many well-known anecdotes prove. But too soon it ceased to express itself otherwise than by silent study and wonder; it retired deep into the centre of his being, and men, astonished at the lack-lustre look with which the eye of the sage was contemplating the stars, knew not that his spirit was the while gazing at them as with the insatiate glance of an eagle. Thus frequently has it been with astronomers. Their ardent diving beyond human sight or sympathy has failed to attract the minds of others, and by coating itself in the ice of cold formulæ and petrified words, has repelled many a poetical enthusiast, whose imagination was not his only faculty. We look on Professor Nichol as an accomplished mediator between the two classes of mind, or, as we have formerly called him, an Aaron to many an ineloquent Moses of astronomy.

How he has preserved his child-like love for his subject-matter we do not know, but certainly we always feel, when reading him, that we are following the track of suns, burning and beneficent as footsteps of God, and not of "cinders of the element," whirled round in a mere mechanical motion, and chiefly valuable as lively and cheap illustrations of Euclid's elements! It is said that he has sacrificed powers of original discovery to popular effect; but what if this popular effect, in which so many are now participating, should be to rouse the slumbering energies of mightier geniuses, and give us a few Newtons, instead of one fully developed Nichol!

"Ha! I think there be six Richmonds in the field."

We like next to, and akin to this, in Professor Nichol, his spirit of hope and joy. This, we think, ought to be, but is not always, the result of starry contemplations. Our readers all remember Carlyle's celebrated exclamation, "Ah, it's a sad sight," as he looked up to a sparkling Janna-

ary sky. Whether we join with him in this, or with Emerson in expressions of jubilant praise, may depend partly upon our state of feeling. In certain moods the stars will appear hearths, in others hells. The moon is bayed at, not by dogs alone. The evening star awakens the gloomy hour of the misanthrope, and shines the signal to the murderer, as well as lights the lover to his assignation with his mistress, and the poet to his meeting with the muse. It seems now, besides, evident to most, that the universe being made of one material, struggle, uncertainty, woe, and the other evils to which finitude is heir, are, in all probability, extended to its remotest limits, and that thus the stars are no islands of the blest, but, like our own world, stern arenas of contest, of defeat, or of victory. Still there are many reasons why the heavenly bodies should be a permanent spring of cheering if pensive thought. There is first their unfathomable beauty. Is it nothing to the happiness of man that God has suspended over his head this book of divine pictures, talking to him in their own low but mighty speech, spotting his nights with splendor, and filling his soul with an inspiring influence which no earthly object can communicate? Doubts and difficulties may occupy part of the intervening time, but the first and the last feeling of humanity is, "Thanks, endless and boundless, to Heaven for the stars." Secondly, They give us a sense of liberty which no other external cause can do, and which must enhance the happiness of man. This was one great good of the discovery of America. It did not, when found, fulfil the dreams of navigators; it was not a cluster of fortunate isles, filled with happy spirits—the worst passions of man were found among the most beautiful scenery in the world; but its discovery shivered the fetters of usage and prejudice, burst the old *maniamundi*; and man, the one-eyed giant, found himself groping and pawing, to say the least, in a wider dungeon, and breathing a freer air. But the modern astronomy has broken down stronger walls, and made man, in a sense, free of the universe. What though he has good reason to believe that these many mansions of his Father's house are not, as yet, peopled with the perfect and the happy, To him height and depth have unbared many of their secret marvels, new provinces, pointing to innumerable others behind—have expanded in the kingdom of the Infinite—every limit and barrier have fled

away, and the surprised prisoner feels his spirit at large, unbounded in a boundless universe. Surely the telescope, in infusing into the mind such a sense of freedom, has been a benefactor to the heart of man, who may exclaim to it, in the language of the sword song, "Joy-giver, I kiss thee." But, thirdly, the stars diffuse happiness through the thoughtful mind, as revealing a whole, so vast, that all our partial and gloomy views of it are straightway stamped with imperfection and imbecility. How little and idle our most plausible theories look under the weight of that beaming canopy! Imagine the shell-fish, amidst its sludge, dreaming of the constitution of that world of waters which rolls above! So insignificant appears a Locke, a Kant, or a Spinoza, exalted each some five or six feet above his grave, and theorising so dogmatically on the principles of the starry ocean. We seem to see the mighty mother bending down, listening to each tiny but pompous voice, smilingly measuring the size of the sage, and saying, in the irony of the gods, "And is this really thy opinion, my little hero, and hast thou, within that pretty new thimble of thine, actually condensed the sea of truth? *Perge Puer.*" Thus the midnight sky teaches us at once the greatness and the littleness of man—his greatness by comparison with his past self—his littleness by comparison with the expanse of the universe, and with his future being; and by both lessons it summons us to joy; because from the one we are obviously advancing upwards, and because from the other our doubts are seen to be as little as our resolution of them; our darkness yet pettier than our light. Why, to one, who could from a high point of view overlook the general scheme of things, the darkest and broadest shadow that ever crossed the mind of man—that ever made him dig for death, or leap howling into perdition—may appear no larger than one dim speck upon a mountain of diamond.

We stand up, therefore, with Leigh Hunt and Emerson *versus* Carlyle and Foster, for the old name—the happy stars; and Professor Nichol will come in and complete the majority. Without specially, or at large, arguing the question, he takes it for granted, and sees human immortality and infinite progress legibly inscribed on the sky. The words "onwards" and "to come" are to him the rung changes of the sphere-music, and fearlessly, and as in dance, he follows them into the hoary deep.

We admire, still more, Professor Nichol's spirit of reverence. Religion as a human feeling is so natural a deduction from the spectacles of Night, that we sometimes fancy, that did man live *constantly* in a sunless world, and under a starry canopy, he would be a wiser and holier, if a sadder being. One cause, we imagine, why people in the country are more *serious* than the same class in towns, is, that they are brought more frequently, with less interruption, and often alone, into contact with the night sky, which falls sometimes on the solitary head heavy as a mantle with studs of gold. "An undevout astronomer," says Young, "is mad." Nor will the case of La Place disprove this poetic adage—if we understand him to mean, by devotion, that general sense of the Infinite in the imagination which passes as worship into the heart, and comes out as praise upon the lips. La Place was a worshipper—and that not merely, as Isaac Taylor intimates, of a law which had frozen into a vast icy idol, but of the warm creation as it shone around him. Still, his worship did not reach the measure, or deserve the name of piety; it was the worship of an effect, not of its living, personal, and father-like cause. Nichol, on the other hand, never loses sight of the universe as an instant, ever-rushing emanation of the Deity. "God," he says, quoting a friend of kindred spirit, "literally creates the universe every moment." He is led by Boscovich's theory of atoms to suppose an infinite Will, producing incessantly all force and motion. And thus the beauty of things seems to him, as it were, an immediate flush upon the cheek of the Maker, and their light a lustre in his eye, and their motion the circulation of his untiring energies; and yet, withal, the works are never lost in the conception of their Creator, nor the Creator pantheistically identified with the works. The mighty picture, and its mightier back-ground and source, are inseparably connected, but are never confused.

He takes up, in short, precisely the view and the attitude of the ancient Hebrew prophets, in regard to the external universe. To them, that is just a bright or black screen concealing God. All things are full of, yet all distinct from, Him. That cloud on the mountain is his covering; that muttering from the chambers of the thunder is his voice; that sound on the top of the mulberry-trees is his "going;" that wind bending the forest or curling the clouds is Himself

in his morning or his evening walk; that sun is his still commanding eye; that fire is the breath of his inflamed nostrils. In all the sounds of nature he is speaking—in all its silence he is listening. "Whither can they go from his Spirit? whither can they flee from his presence?" At every step, and in every circumstance, they feel themselves God-inclosed, God-filled, God-breathing men, with a spiritual Presence lowering or smiling on them from the sky, sounding in wild tempest, or creeping in panic stillness across the surface of the earth; and if they turn within, lo! it is there also—an Eye hung in the central darkness of their own heart. This sublime consciousness a cold science had in a great measure extinguished. Deity, for a season, was banished from the feeling of men; but we are mistaken if a higher and better philosophy have not brought *him* back!—brought back the sun to the earth, in bringing back sight to the blind! Say, rather, a better philosophy, of which our author is not the least eloquent expounder, is bringing back *man* to a perception of the overhanging Deity.

On the relations which connect astronomy with revealed religion, Professor Nichol, though not silent, is somewhat less explicit than we could have wished. In the absence of the powerful light which he could have cast upon this topic, we must permit ourselves a few cursory remarks, constituting an outline, which may or may not afterwards be filled up. The Christian Scriptures were, of course, never intended to teach astronomy, any more than to teach botany, or zoology, or conchology, or any other ology, but theology; their main object is to bear a message of mercy to a fallen race, and their allusions to other subjects are necessarily incidental, brief, glancing for a moment to a passing topic, and then rapidly returning to the main and master theme. It follows, therefore, that if we look in them for a systematic statement of truth on any secular subject, we may look long, and look in vain. Nay, we need not have been surprised, although they had in every point coincided with floating popular notions of physical subjects, provided they did not fail, by their wonted divine alchemy, to deduce from them eternal lessons of moral truth and wisdom. But as "all things are known to the soul"—as even the mind of genius, in its higher hour, has rare glimpses of subjects lying round about, as well as within, the sphere of its thought—so, much

more we might have expected that the divinely inspired soul should have hints and intimations, occasional and imperfect, of other fields besides its own. Working in ecstasy, was the prophetic mind never to overleap its barriers? We affirm, and, did space and time permit, could, we think, prove the following propositions:—1st, We find in the Scripture writers not only a feeling of the grandeur of the heavenly bodies, but a sense, obscure indeed, but distinct, of their vast magnitude; 2dly, No real contradiction to the leading principles of the modern astronomy; 3dly, One or two hints, that, whether by revelation or otherwise, the true scheme of the universe was understood by more than one of their number; 4thly, The recognition, especially, of the principle of a plurality of worlds; and, 5thly, The recognition of the operation of decay, change, convulsion, and conflagration, among the stars. "He hangeth," says Job, "the earth upon nothing." What a clear and noble gleam of astronomical insight was this in that dark age! In the deep wilderness of Edom did this truth, the germ of the Copernican hypothesis, flash upon the soul of the lonely herdsman, as he turned up his eye to a heaven of far more brilliancy than ours, through whose serene and transparent air Night looked down in all her queen-like majesty—all her great orbs unveiled—here the Pleiades, and there the bands of Orion—here Arcturus and his sons, and there "Canopus shining down with his wild, blue, spiritual brightness"—the South blazing through all her chambers as with solid gold—the zenith crowning the heavens with a diadem of white and red and purple stars! There wandering the inspired herdsman, and seeing that those orbs which his heart told him were worlds, were suspended and balanced in the mere void, his mind leaped to the daring conclusion, that so, too, was the firm earth beneath his feet; and with like enthusiasm to that of Archimedes, when he cried "*Eureka! Eureka!*" did he exclaim, "He hangeth the earth upon nothing, and stretcheth out the north over the empty place."

In like manner, striking is the relation between some admitted facts of astronomy, and some recent speculations in metaphysics, and those remarkable declarations of Scripture concerning the non-permanence of this material framework. We will not soon forget a little circumstance of curious coincidence which occurred in our own experience, in reference to this subject. We

had returned from hearing, in Dundee, a lecture by a brilliant friend, in which, in his own inimitable way, and as a deduction from his own daring theory, he had described the dissolution of the universe. At family prayers that very evening, in the course of our ordinary reading, occurred the third chapter of Peter, prophesying the same event. We were all, particularly the lecturer himself, struck with it. It seemed a sublime commentary from the written word upon the lesson we had heard read us from the stars. So far from looking on it as a mere chance coincidence, we all appeared to hear in it God's own whisper—that we had not been hearing or believing a lie.

We are aware that the magnitude and multitude of the stars have furnished a theme of objection to the sceptic, and have elsewhere attempted to show, that Dr. Chalmers has not fully or satisfactorily answered that objection. His "*Sermons on the Modern Astronomy*"—certainly of this century the most brilliant contribution to the *oratory* of religion—are not distinguished by his usual originality and force of argument. They repel assumptions by assumptions; and, in the exuberant tide of eloquence, the sophism in question is lost sight of, but not drowned. The objection of the sceptic was—Would the Proprietor of a universe so vast have given his Son to die for a world so small? and, perhaps, the best reply might be condensed in three questions asked in return to the infidel's one. 1st, What is material magnitude compared to mind? 2dly, Can you *prove* that the vast magnitude on which you found your objection is peopled by moral beings? and, 3dly, What has magnitude to do with a moral question? What for instance, has the size of a city to do with the moral character of its inhabitants? What has the extent of a country to do with the intellectual or moral interest which may or may not be connected with its plains? Whether is Ben Mac Dhui or Bannockburn the dearer to the Scottish heart? though the one be the prince of Scottish hills, and the other only a poor plain, undistinguished, save by a humble stone, and by the immortal memories of patriotism and courage which gather around that field, where "those who had wi' Wallace bled" bade "welcome to their gory bed, or to victory?" Whether is more glorious the gay city of Madrid, or the lonely cape of Trafalgar, where the guns of Nelson, from their iron lips, spake destruction to the united fleets of France

and Spain, and where, in the embrace of victory, expired the hero whose premature grave was covered with laurels, and watered by his country's tears? Whether is Mont Blanc or Morgarten the nobler object? though the one be the

"Monarch of mountains—  
They crowned him long ago,  
On a throne of rocks in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow."

and the other only a humble field where the Swiss baffled their Austrian oppressors, and where "first in the shock with Xuri's spear was the arm of William Tell?" Whether is more beloved by the Christian's heart Caucasus or Calvary? and yet the one is the loftiest of Asia's mountains, and the other a little hill—a mere dot upon the surface of the globe. So, may there not issue from this remote earth of ours—from the noble deeds it has witnessed—from the nobler aspirations which have been breathed up upon it—from the high thoughts which have been thought upon its surface—from the eloquent words which have stirred its air into music—from the poets who have wrought its language into undying song—from the philosophers who have explored the secrets of its laws—from the men of God who have knelt in its temples—from the angels who have touched its mountains—from the footsteps of Incarnate Deity, which have imprinted its plains—a flood of glory, before which the lustre of suns, constellations, and firmaments, must pale, tremble, and melt away.

Another consideration is important and obvious. If the greatness of the creation, and of its God, dwindles, earth and man must dwindle also—every separate section of the universe, and each separate family—for all sections and families, compared to infinity, are less than nothing—and if special circumstances in man's history called for a special interposition in his behalf, surely the urgency of the demand justifies the interference. And as to the question of condescension, the very term involves a false and human conception of God; or if God did condescend to come down to man's condition, it was, in fact, little more than had he condescended to care for, and die for angels—the gulf between both ranks and himself being boundless. Besides, if, as many suppose, misery and sin extend throughout the universe, may not the scheme of human redemption be only a part of a general process—as Chalmers says,

"may not the redemption of many guilty worlds have been laid on the Redeemer's shoulders;" or, if, on the other hand, ours be the sole world that has fallen, would not this alone account for the importance attached to, and the sacrifices made for it? Just as, let the meanest man in a kingdom commit a high crime, his insignificance is forgotten—he rises instantly into importance—he is summoned to solemn trial, and on his trial the interest and eyes of an entire nation are suspended; or let the tiniest hill in a country, so tiny that it was not thought worth while to give it a name, but break out into a volcano, and that fire will become to it as a crown—men will flock from every quarter to see it—it will become the principal feature—the terrible tongue of the region—and the old snow-clad mountains will appear diminished in its presence. So (*this* view Dr. Chalmers has admirably amplified, but has not sought to prove the *premise* on which it would require to be founded), if we should call earth the only blot on the fair page of God's universe, we can thus account why angels have rested on its summits—the voice of God been heard in its groves—and the son of God, for thirty-three years, ate its bread, walked on its surface, and at last died for its sins.

But, in seeking partially to fill up Dr. Nichol's blanks, let us not forget his redundant merits—the genial glow of his spirit—the rich, yet nice exuberance of his language—his tremulous and prolonged sympathy with every note of his theme—the clear telescopic light he casts on what is dark—the fine chiaroscuro in which he often bathes what is clear—the choice flowers of poesy, which he culls and wreathes around the drier and barer corners of his discourse—and the rich stream of pious feeling which rises irresistibly from each of his closes, as from a censer of incense. Such qualities we find not only in his first work, but even more finely displayed, we think, in his book on the "Solar System." "We would indite," says Charles Lamb, "something on the solar system. Betty, bring the candles." How the gentle Elia fared in this candle-light excursion he does not inform us. But we believe that his grave intentions, as he soared aloft, were speedily disturbed: the only question he asked at the Moon was if it were made of green cheese; to the "red haired race of Mars" he recommended the use of wigs; the wet sheet under which he found Jupiter lying, suggested pensive, yet clear—



ing recollections of Coleridge, and the "Cat and Bagpipes;" Saturn he seized by the hoary beard, threw at him a copy of Keats' "Hyperion," and advised him to pawn his ring for a little firewood; Astrea reminded him of an asterisk on the last page of a bad novel; Uranus he voted a rogue, on account of his many aliases; Neptune he reviled as an absentee from the Irish and other Channels; and when he neared the fixed stars, the thought of their being in motion threw him into a fit of laughter, which precipitated him back to Fleet Street! In the absence of authentic details concerning this expedition, we have willingly accepted Dr. Nichol's more scientific guidance. We have stood with him on the shining summits of the Moon, looked around on the glazed desolation—gone down into the dreader than Domdaniel caverns, and coming up, asked at the huge overhanging Earth, and the stripped stony Sun, the unanswered question—Is this a chaos or a ruin? We have climbed the tall cliffs of Venus—been notes in Mercury, itself a mote in the near blaze of the Sun—pressed our foot-prints on the snows of Mars—swam across the star of Jove, so beautiful and large—paused, and wished to pause for ever, under the divine evenings of Saturn, wishing his ring that of eternity; saluted, from Herschell, the Sun, as the "Star of Day," far, faint, diminished, dis-crowned—and from Neptune, as from a promontory, have looked out into the empire of a night like day, while behind us lay a day like night. A winged painter, with bold pinion, and bolder pencil, did he lead us from world to world, and his wing seemed to get stronger, and his vision clearer, and his colors more vivid, the dimmer the region, and the farther the flight.

If we have, in speaking at such length of Dr. Nichol, as a writer, left ourselves less room to descant on his merits as a lecturer, our reason is, in both characters he is substantially the same. His writings are just undelivered lectures—his lectures are just spoken books. There are some in whom speaking develops new powers, and who are more at home behind the desk of the lecture-room, than behind that of the study. There are others in whom speaking discovers new deficiencies, and who, for want of practice, or diffidence, or contempt for their audience, lecture below their general powers. Professor Nichol belongs to neither of those classes. Both in the study and the lecture-room, he is the same clear expound-

er, vivid describer, and tempered enthusiast. His manner, without detracting aught from, adds little or nothing to, the impression of his thought or style, of which it is simply the medium. Its principal quality is ease—an ease not materially impaired by a certain hesitation. Hesitation we need scarcely say, has often a great charm. How fine sometimes it is accompanying the prattle of a beautiful child! And we know some popular divines who have stammered themselves into pulpit celebrity, proving that a fault dextrously managed is worth two merits left in a state of nature. Dr. Nichol's hesitation is not great, is confined to his extempore speech, and seems rather to spring from an excess than a deficiency of matter or words. Every little while, too, he resorts to his notes, and reads his pet passages with much gusto and effect. We must say, however, that we prefer him when carrying on his conversations—so lively, explicit, and entertaining—with his hearers.

In this combined character of lecturer and popular writer, Dr. Nichol has done more than any man living to uncase science from its mummy confinements, and to make it walk abroad as a free and living thing. And though he should never accomplish much in the walks of positive discovery, nor even build up any solid systematic treatise of scientific exposition, he shall not have labored in vain, nor spent his strength for naught. He has in his various works and progresses through the country, scattered the profuse seeds of what shall yet be an abundant harvest of astronomical enlightenment and enthusiasm. We have been amazed and delighted to witness the impression he contrives to make upon the humblest minds, by the joint effect of his subject—his gorgeous style—his gigantic diagrams, and the enthusiasm which speaks through his pallid visage and large grey eyes; and how many "ready made astronomers" he leaves behind him wherever he goes.

At the commencement of this century, the popular literature of astronomy was in no very palmy condition. Fontenelle, indeed, had defended, with much acuteness and elegance, the doctrine of a "plurality of worlds." Addison, like a "child-angel," had prattled a wondrous prattle about the stars, in some of his Saturday Spectators. But the real text-book of popular prose instruction on this subject was "Hervey's Meditations"—a book written by a good

man, but feeble writer, and chiefly distinguished by its inane glitter. But now, not to speak of Dr. Dick, whose lucid and widely-read books have done so much to popularize the theme, the genius of Chalmers, Isaac Taylor, and others, has made up for the indifference of ages. Still, Nichol is the *prose* laureate of the stars. From his writings ascends hitherto the richest tribute of mingled intelligence of their laws—love for their beauty—admiration of their still strong order—hope in the prospects of mankind, as reflected in their mirror—and sense, ever profound and near, of that unseen Power who counts their numbers, sustains their motions, and makes their thousand eyes the organs and the symbols of his omniscience.

In some of the Professor's recent works, such as his "Observations on the System of the World," and his Preface to Willm's Education, we have been a little annoyed at the quantity of careless writing they contain—at once loose, obscure, and incorrect—and have been tempted to lay the blame now upon his printers, and now upon his own most incomprehensible and nebulous *handwriting*. We were amused the other day to meet with a sapient critic in the *Scottish Press*, who, as specimens of the

fault of his style, clashes, along with a paragraph of his, some sentences written by one of his friends, whose writing is totally distinct, both in essence and in form.

We take our leave of this subject with considerable regret, both because we are always sorry to part from a frank, friendly, and intelligent companion like Dr. Nichol, and because we are even yet sorrier to leave a theme so fascinating, even to an unscientific writer, as the "star-eyed science." We cannot close without alluding to the recent death of Miss Herschell, long the associate of Sir William, in his midnight observations, and to whom our author pays an eloquent compliment, in his "Architecture of the Heavens." After long enjoying the brilliant reputation of her brother, and the equally wide and true, if not so brilliant, reputation of her nephew—retaining amid the chills of extreme age, all the ardor of her enthusiasm, and engaged, it is said, to the last in her favorite pursuit—she has fallen asleep. Every astronomer, surely, is ready to envy her fate, so far as her retaining to the end her post is concerned. To die at the telescope is surely a nobler destiny than to die at the cannon, or on the throne.

---

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

### THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF FEBRUARY, 1848.

1. *History of the Girondists*. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. In three Vols. H. G. Bohn.
2. *Le National, for February and March, 1848*.
3. *Tables exhibiting the various fluctuations in the Three per Cent. Consols, from 1789 to 1847*. By J. VAN SOMMER. Smith, Elder & Co.

[Of the various articles on this great event, with which the English journals abound, we have selected that of the Westminster, because it is more complete in its details of circumstances, and more thorough in its analysis of the causes which led to the revolution—especially of those of a social, commercial, and financial character, than any other we have seen. Its genial sympathy with the aspirations for liberty, and its hopeful view of things, better accord also, with the sentiments likely to prevail among us, respecting the event. The views of the Edinburgh Review we should have preferred to see, but the April number was not issued at the sailing of the Steamer.—ED.]

TIME has placed upon its records another of those tales of romance in which truth is stranger than fiction. A crowd of events,

bewildering the public mind from their previous incredibility, have passed like a dream; but, not like a dream, to be forgotten. The story of February, 1848, will not fade from human memory as a nine days' wonder. The term "revolution" is too feeble to express the magnitude of the change that has taken place;—a change which the sublime imagery of Scripture can alone adequately depict. We seem to have stood as witnesses to the opening of the seventh seal; as listeners to the sounding of the seventh trumpet; and the words that rise to our lips are those of the Apocalypse—"I saw a mighty angel take a stone, like a great millstone, and cast it

into the sea, saying 'thus with violence shall Babylon be cast down, and shall be found no more at all.'"

"The voice of the people," it was long since said, "is the voice of God;" and if it be ever true that Heaven sometimes appears visibly to man in the judgment of retribution and condemnation, it has been now. And what is the proclamation?—"Old things are passing away and behold I make all things new!" Old systems of civil polity; the old state craft of cabinets and diplomatists; the old trust of a people in princes, and of princes in standing armies; the old intolerance of political and religious opinion; the old oppressions of privilege and corruption;—these are passing away, and a new era is commencing with the inspiration of new hopes, founded upon the acquisition of new rights, at last beginning to be cherished, although as yet perhaps imperfectly understood.

We are not assuming the advent of a millennium. We know, on the contrary, that the immediate result of every great political convulsion, like that which has just occurred, is calamitous; involving a suspension of industry, and ruin to multitudes. Nor are we believers in the sufficiency of republican forms of government to exempt mankind from the consequences of human errors and passions. In the question of whether the late cabinet of the Tuilleries, or that which has been suddenly formed at the Hôtel de Ville, be the better qualified, royalty apart, to direct the affairs of a nation, we take but little interest. All men have their weaknesses, and the judgment of none is infallible; but it is not *men* that will now govern; it is *principles*. The actors that henceforth will appear upon the stage will be but the springs of a mightier movement; and that movement will be an onward one; misdirected sometimes, and erratic in its course, but still an onward movement, one which nothing can stay or resist; for in the earthquake which has swept away a dynasty, have disappeared some of the mightiest but last remaining barriers to human progress.

We shall endeavor to state the grounds of our opinion; and this will be best done in the course of the observations that will naturally arise out of a connected narrative of the facts. These we will note down in the order in which they have transpired, both with a view to present explanation, and the convenience of future reference, in a form, which, a few years hence, may be

somewhat more available (to our readers at least) than existing fugitive newspaper documents, or the elaborate histories of the time, in ten or twenty volumes, that will one day issue from the press.

The character of the ex-king of the French may be described almost in a word; it has not been that of a man with either a bad heart or a weak head. It has been that common-place character, which applies to a multitude of mortals in private life, with whom self, family, friends, and connexions, are the great centre upon which the world turns. It is a misfortune for mankind, when one of this class fills a throne; a still greater misfortune when he who fills it possesses great talents, perverted by the same bias; and of the real, natural, and acquired abilities of Louis Philippe, no one has entertained a doubt.

The accident of a moment, in the revolution of 1830, made him a monarch; but he was to be a citizen-king, surrounded with republican institutions!—an anomalous position which there was no time to consider. The republicans were weak, and some rallying point was necessary to prevent anarchy. He presented himself, and was accepted.

The policy that it was likely he would pursue soon became apparent. It was to turn back the tide of democracy, and prevent any further encroachments upon the traditional prerogatives of the crown. If he thought at all of the welfare of France, it was but the old story, "everything *for* the people, but nothing *by* the people;" "I and my family" were the themes of every royal speech—"L'état c'est moi."

His first step was to disembarass himself of the instruments of his elevation. He behaved with coldness to Benjamin Constant, quarreled with Lafayette, and dismissed from office Lafitte and Dupont de l'Eure. The liberal party became indignant; Casimir Périer was called to office to put them down; Armand Carrel attacked the measures of the court in the "National," and commenced in the same journal a discussion on the comparative merits of a monarchical and a republican form of government. The press was attacked; insurrectionary movements followed; and violence, on the one hand, in the suppression of *émeutes*, and corruption on the other, as a means of support, became the order of the day. Turning to one of the back numbers of this Review, published in October 1837,

we find the following description of the steps taken by Louis-Philippe to seduce and corrupt the popular leaders opposed to him. It reads with new interest now that the play has been played out, and that we know the catastrophe of the plot, in the case of all the parties concerned.

"One of the most deplorable effects of the new government of France is the profligate immorality which it is industriously spreading among the ablest and most accomplished of the youth. All the arts of corruption which Napoleon exercised towards the dregs of the revolution, are put in practice by the present ruler upon the *élite* of France: and few are they that resist. Some rushed headlong from the first, and met the briber half way; others held out for a time, but their virtue failed them as things grew more desperate, and as they grew more hungry. Every man of literary reputation who will sell himself to the government is gorged with places and loaded with decorations. Every rising young man of the least promise is lured and courted to the same dishonorable distinction. Those who resist the seduction must be proof against every temptation which is strongest on a French mind: for the vanity, which is the bad side of the national sociability and love of sympathy, makes the French, of all others, the people who are the most eager for distinction; and as there is no national respect for birth, and but little for wealth, almost the only adventitious distinctions are those which government can confer. Accordingly, the pursuits of intellect, but lately so ardently engaged in, are almost abandoned; no enthusiastic crowds now throng the lecture-room: M. Guizot has left his professor's chair and his historical speculations, and would fain be the Sir Robert Peel of France; M. Thiers is trying to be the Canning; M. Cousin and M. Villemain have ceased to lecture, have ceased even to publish; M. de Barante is an ambassador; Tanneguy Duchâtel, instead of expounding Ricardo, and making his profound speculations known where they are more needed than in any other country in Europe, was a Minister of Commerce, who dared not act upon his own principles, and is waiting to be so again; the press which so lately teemed with books of history and philosophy, now scarcely produces one, and the young men who could have written them are either placemen or gaping place-hunters, disgusting the well-disposed of all parties by their avidity, and their open defiance of even the pretence of principle."

It was this cancer, which had eaten into the system of Louis-Philippe's administration till it had left nothing vital, that destroyed it. When it had proceeded to such an extent that a minister (M. Teste) was formally accused before a criminal court, and ultimately found guilty of receiving

direct bribes, the government lost its last hold upon public opinion. It remained only to be proved what strength could be derived from bought majorities in the Chambers, fortifications, and an immense standing army. These were soon to be put to the test; but at the moment when the trial was about to be made, no one predicted or could have foreseen that the end was nigh.

We were in Paris in January, soon after the opening of the Chambers, when it was known that M. Guizot could command a clear majority of 100 votes; and when his position, however it might be assailed, was, as we were assured by some of the chiefs of the liberal party, quite impregnable. So it appeared to M. Guizot himself, to the King, and all the private friends of the minister; and that confidence was their ruin.

The session began stormily, and with ominous presages of a losing cause. The first question that gave rise to a serious discussion, was another public scandal. It had been long known that appointments under the government were often to be procured by money as well as patronage; and, in the affair of M. Petit, clear evidence of a negotiation of the pecuniary terms upon which one place was to be surrendered and another obtained, was brought home to the private secretary of M. Guizot. The case was not perhaps materially worse than our own almost equally indefensible custom of selling and exchanging commissions in the army; and the defence of M. Guizot was that the practice had been tolerated by his predecessors, although not countenanced by law. He thought it sufficient to give notice of an act to prohibit such transactions for the future, and render them penal. This was admitting judgment against himself for sanctioning an act which he knew to be in itself wrong; and was descending from the advantage ground which he had hitherto maintained, of a moral reputation, personally irreproachable.

The second marked incident of the session was a speech (Jan. 14th) of M. le Comte de Montalembert upon the Swiss question, in which the most violent denunciations were thundered against radicals, reformers, and republicans, whether of Switzerland or France. The speech was warmly applauded by the Conservative party; and the Duke de Nemours and M. Guizot personally tendered their congratulations to the orator upon his success. In the midst of

\* From the review of the "Life of Armand Carrel," by (A).—London and Westminster Review for October, 1837.

them, but as a warning thrown away, came the news of a revolution in Sicily, commencing, Jan. 12th, with an insurrectionary movement at Palermo. The discussion upon the paragraph of the address upon the Swiss policy of government, was closed by a division, Feb. 3d, when the numbers were,—

For the paragraph	-	-	-	260
Against it	-	-	-	126
<hr/>				
Majority for Ministers	-	-	-	80

The third important discussion, and in fact the final one, for with it the Chamber of Deputies ended its existence, arose out of a paragraph of the address in which the promoters of the numerous reform banquets that had been held during the preceding year were stigmatized as mischievous agitators, blind to the true interests of their country, and influenced by hostile passions. This was a gross insult to the members of the opposition, nearly the whole of whom had been present at some one or more of these banquets, and, followed up as it was by the declaration of the Minister of the Interior (M. Duchâtel), and the Minister of Justice (M. Hébert), that there should be no reform, was a wanton defiance of the entire nation. It now seems inconceivable that men in the responsible position of ministers could have become headstrong and reckless enough to have thrown down such a challenge. The explanation is only to be found in the obstinacy of wounded pride, arising out of the personal offence which these banquets had given to Louis-Philippe; for at most of them, and even where the language of the speakers in condemnation of the government measures was the most moderate, the King's health had been designedly omitted. The tone of the debate under these circumstances of irritation necessarily became that of mutual exasperation; and the strong language employed by M. Duchâtel and M. Hébert, instead of serving the cabinet, only weakened it, by drawing forth the angry exclamations of "this is worse than Polignac,"—"blood will follow these threats."

The more moderate and independent portion of the Conservative party at last becoming alarmed at the probable effect of this violence upon the country, proposed, as a compromise, an amendment, meaning very much the same thing as the original paragraph, but suppressing the offensive terms "*ennemis et aveugles*." If this com-

promise had been accepted, the storm would at once have subsided. It would of course have led, though tardily, to the concession of reform; but the certainty of reform being won at last would have prevented revolution. Nothing, however, could shake the pertinacity of the court party. The terms "*ennemis et aveugles*" were to be retained at all risks. Significant and memorable words. To whom were they really applicable? To Louis-Philippe, his own enemy, and blind to his own destiny. The following was the division of Friday, February 11—

For the original paragraph	-	-	-	228
Against it	-	-	-	185
<hr/>				
				43

The diminution of his majesty and the breaking up of his party appeared to produce no sensible effect upon the minister. M. Sallandrouze moved an amendment to the effect that government should itself take the initiative in the reforms required and demanded by the country, but it was rejected by M. Guizot. The numbers were (February 12)—

Against the amendment of M. Sallandrouze	-	-	-	222
For the amendment	-	-	-	189
<hr/>				

Majority for Ministers	-	-	-	33
------------------------	---	---	---	----

We now find M. Guizot making vague promises of taking the subject of parliamentary reform into consideration, but refusing to pledge himself to the introduction of any specific measures respecting it this year or the next, and emphatically expressing and repeating his determination to put down all public demonstrations of opinion, in the shape of reform banquets. This was met by the opposition declaring their resolution to attend the reform banquet which had been announced for the twelfth arrondissement of Paris, and defying the minister to make good his threat; no law existing against a public meeting for any peaceable and constitutional object.

Upon this conduct of the opposition there can hardly be two opinions. The minister had clearly committed himself to a course of which the tendency, as utterly destructive of public liberty, could not be mistaken. Its illegality was also obvious, for the law which forbade organized associations without the sanction of the police, never was intended to apply to a meeting of persons not affiliated in societies; or, as it

was properly observed, the law would have interdicted a family dinner party, without a police commissioner as one of the invited guests. Illegal, however, or not, it was the duty of every man opposed to absolutism to make a stand here. To surrender the right now attacked was tamely to bow the neck to despotism, and see the last vestiges of freedom contemptuously trodden under foot.

To try the question, it was decided that the reform banquet of the twelfth arrondissement of Paris, which had been postponed from time to time, waiting the course of events, should now merge into a general banquet to which the independent members of both Chambers, and the public generally, should be invited. The object being a pacific demonstration of opinion, it was arranged, that to avoid all danger of collision with the authorities, the banquet should not be held in Paris itself, but in the suburbs, at Chaillot, near the Barrière de l'Étoile; and to place the legality of the meeting beyond all doubt, by giving it as much as possible the character of a private re-union, the number of guests was limited to 1,500, and no person not invited was to be admitted.

Nearly one hundred Deputies, including M. Odilon Barrot, Dupont de l'Eure, Lamartine, &c., but not M. Thiers, who held aloof (awaiting to be sent for by the king), accepted the invitation. A few members only of the Chamber of Peers signified their intention to be present.

The day fixed for the banquet was Tuesday, February 22nd, and it was not until the Monday—the day preceding—that the government finally determined to attempt its suppression. The first intention of M. Guizot was to allow the banquet to proceed, under protest. A civil officer was to be sent to verify the fact of meeting, and afterwards a crown prosecution was to be commenced against its originators; but on the Monday the court took offence or alarm at an advertisement and programme which appeared in the opposition journals, of a contemplated procession from the Madeleine to Chaillot; to consist of the guests invited to the banquet, officers and soldiers of the National Guards, with students and others, who were expected to assist, as an escort. On the Monday evening, when it was of course too late to prevent the assembling of crowds the next day to witness the procession,—the banquet having been the sole theme of conversation for a fort-

night previous,—proclamations were posted about the streets by the police, announcing that no banquet or procession would be permitted, and cautioning the public against tumultuous assemblages in the streets.

In the Chamber of Deputies an intimation to the same effect was received during the early part of the sitting, and at once put an end to the discussion of all other business.

“The opposition members, with M. Odilon Barrot, retired into a committee room to consult. At length M. Odilon Barrot entered the chamber followed by a vast number of deputies, and in a moment the house was all attention. M. Odilon Barrot immediately rose, and after alluding to the denial by the government, in the course of the debate on the address, of the right of citizens to assemble without tumult or without arms, to discuss their political rights, he said that the intention of the opposition deputies in attending the banquet was to assert the existence of the right, and allow the government the opportunity of settling the question before the tribunals. He added that he was convinced, that if the government had allowed the manifestation to take place, the public peace would not have been disturbed, and the public mind would have been more tranquil.

“M. Duchâtel replied at considerable length. He said that the intention of the government, till that morning, was to have allowed the banquet to proceed, and merely to have protested against it, in order to let the question be tried before the ordinary tribunals; but the manifesto issued that morning by the Banquet Committee had changed everything. It was an appeal to classes opposed to the government, and was dangerous to the peace of the capital. The government was inclined to allow the question to be settled judicially, and could not allow an *imperium in imperio*. They therefore resolved to suppress the meeting.

“The sitting was then terminated by adjournment; the members separating in a state of the greatest agitation.”

Some difference of opinion arose among the members of the Banquet Committee and the deputies of the opposition, whether the proclamation of the government should be obeyed. A minority were inclined to form the procession at all hazards; but it was finally agreed that the meeting should be given up; that the public should be urged to maintain a peaceable attitude, so as to put the government wholly in the wrong, and that the late discussion of the question in the Chambers should be renewed in a form that would lead either to a dissolution, and so bring it before the electors, or to a change of cabinet. Articles of impeachment were therefore to be moved against the ministry, by M. Odilon Barrot. These were not expected to be carried, but

they would suffice to create an agitation that would force the government to give way; or failing to do so, the opposition, by resigning in a body, had the power in their hands of an appeal to the people. It was calculated that the number of Deputies retaining their seats, although a majority, would be insufficient to constitute the legal quorum required for the further prosecution of the business of the session.

In the morning, a formal announcement that the banquet was deferred appeared in all the opposition papers, and the Minister of the Interior having been assured that no attempt would be made to form a procession, the orders he had given to the troops of the line to occupy the ground and all the avenues leading to the place of meeting, were countermanded. Picquets, only, were stationed in places where crowds might be expected to assemble, sufficient, it was presumed, to disperse a mob; but no serious disturbance was anticipated, either by the ministry or its opponents.

The proclamations, however, of the prefect of the police (M. Delessert), and the announcement of the opposition journals, came too late. They had not been read by multitudes of the working classes, who had previously set apart the day for a *fête*, and who, even when they had read the notices, were little inclined to be hauled off their holiday. The majority of these might be peaceably disposed, but their presence in the streets was necessarily calculated to render formidable the smaller number bent upon mischief, if an opportunity should arise. Unfavourable weather, rain falling at intervals, did not affect this disposition; and at an early hour the Place de la Madeleine, the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs Elysées, were thronged by the working classes.

"At noon, the vast area between the Chamber of Deputies and the church of the Madeleine was crowded with a dense multitude, which at one time could not have amounted to less than thirty thousand persons. A little before twelve o'clock, a procession of labouring persons, consisting of several hundreds, attired chiefly in blouses, arrived by the Rue St. Honoré, and the Rue Duphot, at the Place de la Madeleine, and halted at the hotel where the meetings of the opposition deputies have been usually held. Until this moment no display of military force took place at this point. Soon afterwards, however, a regiment of infantry, accompanied by a civil magistrate, wearing the tricolor sash, arrived on the spot, and drew up in front of the hotel. The usual summons to disperse being read, the persons forming the proces-

sion submitted without any resistance, and marched away, taking the route towards the eastern faubourgs.

"The multitude around the church of the Madeleine now became most formidable in numbers, though manifesting no symptoms of disorder or violence. The regiment which had arrived were drawn up in line along the railing of the church. Soon after several squadrons of the municipal cavalry arrived, and the populace was desired to disperse. This order being disregarded, the charge was sounded, and the dragoons rushed on the people. A first effort was made to disperse the crowd by the mere force of the horses, without the use of arms, and the dragoons did not draw. This, however, proving ineffectual, several charges with drawn swords were made, the flat of the sword only being used. By these means, the multitude was at length dispersed, without any loss of life or injury that we could hear of. At one o'clock, the main thoroughfares were clear. During the remainder of the day, the principal streets were patrolled by the cavalry of the municipal guard, the infantry of the line keeping clear the footways.

"Throughout these operations the good temper, forbearance, discipline, and intelligence of the troops of every class were especially remarkable. It is right to state that the same good dispositions were observable generally on the part of the people, who were seen shaking hands with the cavalry commanded to disperse them, and saluting the infantry regiments with 'Vive la Ligne!'

"Each company of infantry carried, besides their usual arms, a collection of implements for cutting down barricades, such as hatchets, pick-axes, adzes, &c. These were tied upon the knapsack, each soldier carrying one."

We next hear of a mob of the lowest rabble running through the Champs Elysées, breaking the lamps; of a crowd attempting to escalate the railings and walls surrounding the Chamber of Deputies, but repulsed, and afterwards retiring, singing the "Marseillaise," and a chorus from the new opera of the "Girondins," "Mourir pour la Patrie;" of a deputation of students, accompanied by another crowd, arriving at the office of the "National" with a copy of their petition to the Chambers for the impeachment of ministers; and towards evening of attempts to form barricades in different streets; attempts for the most part frustrated by the municipal guards, or the troops of the line. These petty commotions created so little uneasiness, that the funds not only remained firm, but in the belief that the threatened danger was past, slightly rose. The three per cents, which were on the Friday at 73f. 85c., opened on Tuesday at 73f. 90c., and closed at 74f.

\* The "Express" of Wednesday evening, Feb. 23, 1848.

At the Chamber of Deputies three impeachments against the Cabinet were handed to the President, who without reading them ordered that they should be taken into consideration on Thursday. One of the impeachments was presented on the part of M. Odilon Barrot, and signed by fifty-three deputies; another on the part M. Duvergier d'Hauranne; the third on the part of M. de Genoude, deputy for Toulouse.\*

In the evening, the disturbances were renewed, and now began to wear a threatening aspect. Gunsmiths' shops were broken open; barricades were formed in the neighborhood of the principal markets; lamps were extinguished; posts of the municipal guards were attacked; the streets were filled with troops; and at night, anxiety for the result of the sanguinary contest on the morrow, which had become inevitable, spread through the whole of Paris.

Perhaps in saying this we should except the court party, for, although slumbering on the edge of a volcano, they appeared

\* The following was the act of impeachment of M. Odilon Barrot and the deputies of the left:

We propose to place the ministers in accusation as guilty—

1. Of having betrayed abroad the honour and the interests of France.

2. Of having falsified the principles of the constitution, violated the guarantees of liberty, and attacked the rights of the people.

3. Of having, by a systematic corruption, attempted to substitute, for the free expression of public opinion, the calculations of private interest, and thus perverted the representative government.

4. Of having trafficked for ministerial purposes in public offices, as well as in all the prerogatives and privileges of power.

5. Of having in the same interest, wasted the finances of the state, and thus compromised the forces and the grandeur of the kingdom.

6. Of having violently despoiled the citizens of a right inherent to every free constitution, and the exercise of which had been guaranteed to them by the charter, by the laws, and by former precedents.

7. Of having, in fine, by a policy overtly counter-revolutionary, placed in question all the conquests of our two revolutions, and thrown the country into a profound agitation.

The following were the signatures:—

MM. Odilon Barrot, Duvergier d'Hauranne, Thiard (General), Dupont (de l'Eure), Isambert, Léon de Malleville, Garnier-Pagès, Chambolle, Bethmont, Lherbette, Pagès (de l'Arige), Baroche, Havin, Léon Faucher, Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, Le Courtais, Hortensius-Saint-Albin, Crémieux, Gautier de Rumilly, Bimbault, Boissel, Beaumont (de la Sonnette), Lesseps, Mauguin, Creton, Abatucci, Luneau, Baron, Lafayette (Georges), Marie, Carnot, Bureaux de Puzy, Dussolier, Mathieu (Saône-et-Loire), Drouyn-de-l'Huys, D'Aragon, Cambacérès (de), Draul, Marquis, Bigot, Quinette, Maichain, Lefort-Gonssolin, Tessie de la Motte, Demarçay, Berger, Bonnin, Jouvencel (de), Larabit, Vavin, Garnon, Murat-Ballange, Taillandier.

unconscious of danger. Eighty thousand troops of the line had been concentrated in or near Paris, and Paris was now surrounded by forts, to which the troops could retreat in case of need, and by which all the principal roads of the metropolis could be commanded. A portion of the National Guard were known to be disaffected, but the general body, it was believed, being composed of the middle classes, who had something to lose, were disposed to assist in the suppression of any riotous demonstrations, that might directly or indirectly affect property; and of the readiness of the municipal guard, or armed police, to support the government, there could be no doubt. The worst that could happen seemed to be the loss of a few lives, but lives which, in the estimation of Louis-Philippe, could be well spared, and the possible sacrifice of M. Guizot, to his rival, M. Thiers.

It is of some practical moment, in reference to our own future prospects, not so much to comment upon the error of these calculations, as to trace its source. The mistake arose out of the ignorance of the government and its friends, of the extent to which they stood damaged in public opinion. They were right enough in their estimate of the weakness of a mob; but wrong in not perceiving that even that weakness was strength as compared with the feebleness of a party, left without a single honest or unbought adherent throughout the country. The ragged boys who break lamp-glasses and shop windows, do not make revolutions; but let it come to a fair stand-up fight between a crowd of street vagrants and a royal family, for which a million of spectators looking on will not lift a finger, and there need be little hesitation about which way the victory will be decided. But whence this ignorance of the court party of the state of the public mind? The explanation is to be found in their own suicidal folly, which from July, 1830, to February, 1848, incessantly sought to repress the indications of opinion, whether as manifested through the medium of public meetings, or the press. Never had there been a government which had originated so great a number of prosecutions of the press, as were conducted on the part of the crown solicitor, during the reign of Louis-Philippe; and by the stamp laws of September, 1835, all cheap newspapers, addressed to the mass of the people, had perished at a blow. The higher priced journals that survived, existed only under the guarantee of



good behaviour, conveyed by a deposit of several thousand pounds, as *cautionnement*, which might be forfeited at once by an unfavourable verdict of a jury. Thus even such papers as the "National" were compelled to speak under breath of the court; all expressions having the remotest tendency to bring the King into contempt, or which might be so construed, being visited upon the editor with heavy penalties.

The application of this moral lesson to our own case is important; for in regard to the suppression of cheap newspapers, the English government have followed closely in the footsteps of Louis-Philippe; although in other respects the system of restriction has not, here, been carried to the same extent. It will be remembered that one of the consequences of the Reform Bill, was an agitation for the abolition of the newspaper stamp and advertisement duties; an agitation which proceeded so far, that at last unstamped newspapers were set up in defiance of the law, and successively established, although several hundred persons were prosecuted, and suffered imprisonment for their publication. At the close of 1835, the sale of unstamped newspapers was estimated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer at 200,000 weekly; the whole of which were put down by an act of the following session, which embodied for the object some of the most severe and despotic provisions to be found in the statute book, borrowed from the excise restrictions and regulations. This measure, which we owe to the cabinet of Lord Melbourne and Mr. Spring Rice (now Lord Monteagle), was accompanied by what, to a certain class of superficial thinkers, was considered a boon,—the *reduction* of the stamp and advertisement duties. The boon was a boon only to the proprietors of the high-priced journals, who pocketed a considerable part of the difference; and a boon to the rich, to whom the difference between 5*d.* and 7*d.* was an immaterial object. To the poor man, to whom the one price or the other rendered the purchase of political intelligence a rare and costly luxury, and to the whole body of the unrepresented classes, the act was, and remains, a cruel wrong. The evidence of the extent to which it has fettered political discussion, lies in the fact that we have not now, in 1848, a single additional stamped daily newspaper\* more than the number published in 1835, before the reduction of

the duty. And what have either the Whig or Tory parties in the house gained by their distrust of a free press? They destroyed the influence which, long before this, would have peaceably led to national education, an improvement of the suffrage, and equalized taxation; and, like Louis-Philippe, they have shut themselves out from the means of learning what is passing in the minds of the working classes at the present moment. Where are the organs of the untaught, but sufficiently catechized labourer; and through what channels of communication is his mind to be reached? We have forbidden him to speak; and we cannot speak to him. In what way is he preparing to act? Already the signs that have escaped him are ominous. A mine of explosive materials lies beneath our feet.

Wednesday, February 23.—Crowds began to assemble at an early hour, principally in the neighbourhood of the Porte St. Denis, and the Porte St. Martin, and to busy themselves in the formation of new barricades. These were attacked and partially destroyed, as fast as formed, by the municipal guard, or the troops. The morning passed in skirmishes, in which some were killed, and success was generally on the side of the authorities; the people, however, when dispersed in one place, assembling instantly in another, and rapidly increasing in numbers.

Orders and counter orders for calling out the National Guards, had been given on Monday night. The doubt whether they could be trusted had prevailed; many having refused to obey the summons. On Tuesday night, when the symptoms of riot had become general, a new order was issued in the hope that the National Guards, if not supporters of the government, would yet be true to the instincts of property in the suppression of disturbance, and that their moral influence with the people might prevent the further effusion of blood. On Wednesday, considerable bodies of the National Guards appeared in the streets,

\* This is not the place for replying to the objections of the abuses of a cheap press, but we would here observe that the remedy is not to be found in the suppression of any class of periodicals because of their cheapness, but in improved regulations. The best check would be a good law of newspaper copyright. The most violent and ill-conducted newspapers have always been those which have lived by the piracy of intelligence, police reports, &c., obtained by other journals at considerable cost.

\* The 'Daily News' only takes the place of the 'Public Ledger' and the 'Morning Journal.'

but although at first wavering as to the course they would follow, it soon became evident that they would yield to the contagion of popular enthusiasm, and act with, rather than against the movement. The decisive incident of the day occurred in the Rue Lepelletier, near the office of the "National," and is thus described by an eye-witness.

"Hearing loud shouts from the crowd in the streets, I opened the window, and perceived that the people were throwing up their hats and crying '*Vive la Reforme!*' '*Vive la Garde Nationale!*' '*Vivent les vrais Défenseurs de la Patrie!*' and then winding up with the *Marseillaise*, in which the National Guards joined.

"I descended into the street instantly, and found that the National Guards of the Second Legion, to the amount of about 150, had formed in two lines across the Rue Lepelletier, one division at each extremity of the theatre. In the centre were the officers; outside, the people, frantic with joy. On asking a National Guard what had happened, 'We have declared for Reform,' said he, 'that is, some of us differ about Reform, but we are agreed about Guizot!' '*Vive la Reforme!*' '*Vive la Garde Nationale!*' cried the people incessantly.

"An hour afterwards the National Guards proceeded, with their *sapeurs* at their head, in full uniform, to the Tuileries to declare their sentiments.

"They returned about one o'clock, and occupied the Rue Lepelletier again. A platoon closed the street on the Boulevard. Loud cries of '*Vive la Garde Nationale!*' called me to the window again. A squadron of cuirassiers, supported by half a squadron of *chasseurs à cheval*, arrived. The *chef d'escadron* gave orders to draw swords. The ranks of the National Guards closed. The cries of the people redoubled, although not a man of them was armed. The squadron made a half movement on the Rue Lepelletier, when the officer in command of the National Guards drew his sword, advanced, and saluted him. A few words were exchanged. They separated. The one placed himself at the head of his soldiers, and gave the word to wheel and 'forward,' and they resumed their march accompanied by cheers and clapping of hands from the multitude. The officer of the National Guards returned very quietly to his post, and sheathed his sword.

"I am told the words exchanged between the officers were these—'Who are these men?' 'They are the people.' 'And those in uniform?' 'They are the Second Legion of the National Guard of Paris.' 'The people must disperse.' 'They will not.' 'I shall use force.' 'Sir, the National Guard sympathize with the people, the people who demand Reform.' 'They must disperse.' 'They will not.' 'I must use force.' 'Sir, we the National Guards, sympathize in the desire for Reform and will defend them.'

"I am assured by persons who say they heard all that passed, that the officer and the cuirassiers cried '*Vive la Reforme!*' But I cannot affirm or contradict it.

"HALF-PAST 2.—Thrice since similar scenes have occurred. The municipal guards, who at present occupy the unpopular position of the gendarmes of 1830, are now, by order of Government, mixed up with the troops of the line, on whom the people are lavish of their compliments and caresses. A column of cavalry and infantry, municipal guards *à cheval*, cuirassiers, and municipal guards *à pied*, and infantry of the line arrived by the Boulevard at the end of the Rue Lepelletier. They made a move like the others as if to wheel into that street, but the attitude of the National Guard made them pause, and immediately the word was given to continue their march, the people rending the air with cries of '*Vive la Reforme!*' '*Vive la Garde Nationale!*' and '*Vive la Ligne!*' Again a precisely similar occurrence took place, but this time it ended with the absolute retreat of the troops, for they turned round and retired up the Boulevard."

A military revolt (and this was nothing less, for the National Guards, although citizens, were, when in arms, as much soldiers owing obedience to their commander-in-chief as troops of the line) leaves to an arbitrary government no choice but between civil war and submission. When, therefore, the wishes of the second legion, seconded by the third and fourth, and subsequently by other legions, were signified to Louis-Philippe, at the Tuileries, through General Jacqueminot, they were at once acceded to. Reform, and the dismissal of the Guizot cabinet, were promised, and Count Molé was entrusted with the charge of forming a new ministry. The news of this change was immediately carried to the Chamber of Deputies by M. Guizot himself. On entering he was saluted with groans and cries of "*à bas Guizot!*" from the National Guards of the tenth legion, there on duty. Let us note his last appearance on the scene.

"M. Vavin, deputy for the Seine, was the first to address the chamber, and said, that as deputy of the Seine, and in the name of his colleagues, he had a solemn duty to fulfil, to demand of the Minister of the Interior information and explanation as to what was passing in the capital. Within twenty-four hours the most serious disturbances had broken out in Paris. The population had observed with astonishment the absence of the National Guards. On Monday orders had been given to call them out. A counter order must have been given in the night. It was only the day before, after collisions had taken place, that the *rappel* was beaten. All the day the people had been exposed to serious danger. If the National Guards had been called out at the commencement, it is probable such sad results would not have been to be deplored.

• Correspondent of the 'Times,' Feb. 23, 1848.

"The Minister of Foreign Affairs then stated that he did not think it for the public interest, nor proper for the chamber, to enter on any debate on the explanation demanded. The King had called on M. le Comte Molé—(cheers from the left)—to form a new cabinet. (Renewed cheers.) He said such interruptions could not induce him to add to, or withhold anything of what he intended to say. As long as his ministry remained in office, he should cause public order to be respected according to the best of his judgment, as he had hitherto done.

"After some interruption created by this announcement,

"M. Odilon Barrot rose, and said: In consequence of the situation of the cabinet, I demand the postponement of the proposition named for tomorrow. (The impeachment.) (Loud cries of 'Yes, yes,' and 'No, no.')

I will submit to the decision of the chamber on the point. (No, no.)

"M. Dupin then rose and said—The first thing necessary for the capital is peace. It must be relieved from anarchy. Every one knows that the spirit of July exists yet. Homage has been done to the will of the nation, but the people must know that its deliberations must not be on the public way. The assemblages must cease. I do not see how the ministry, who are provisionally charged with the public affairs, can occupy themselves at the same time in re-establishing order, and with the care of their own safety.

"M. Guizot: As long as the cabinet shall be entrusted with public affairs, it will cause the law to be respected. The cabinet sees no reason why the chamber should suspend its labors. The Crown at the present moment is using its prerogative. That prerogative must be respected. As long as the cabinet is upon these benches, no business need remain suspended."

The motion for postponing the charge of impeachment from Thursday to a future day, was negatived by the Chamber, which then rose. Exit M. Guizot; who for the next twelve days vanishes into space. What has become of him, where he lies concealed, or whither he has fled, remains a mystery till the 3d of March; on which day the fallen monarch and the fallen minister land on the British shore, at different ports; the ex-minister at Folkestone, by the Dover mail steamer from Ostend, "looking pale and fatigued; as much perhaps from the effects of his voyage, as from the great and exciting scenes in which he had figured as one of the principal actors." His arrival had been preceded some days by that of his colleague, M. Duchâtel, at Brighton.

The dismissal of the ministry produced but a momentary calm. At first the National Guards seemed disposed to be con-

tent with their triumph; but it soon became evident to their chiefs that, after the step they had taken, some better guarantee was required for their own safety than a cabinet to be formed by a personal friend of the King, and in which the views of the Court party would necessarily retain the ascendancy. This feeling was naturally encouraged by the only authorities recognised by the people, the small but energetic nucleus of republicans meeting in the office of the "National," and who now for the first time began to dream of the possibility of realizing their ulterior objects. The streets, therefore, continued to be crowded with rioters, who, as evening drew in, compelled the inhabitants to illuminate, and who, whenever they found themselves in sufficient force, attacked the picquets of the municipal guard, and often succeeded in disarming them; partly with the assistance of the National Guards, who acted as mediators in the contest;—favoring the ultimate escape of the obnoxious force.

Between ten and eleven, the somewhat subdued excitement of the populace was changed into rage. A crowd passing the Hotel of Foreign Affairs, which, as the residence of M. Guizot, had been repeatedly threatened, and was now occupied by the 14th regiment of the line, was suddenly fired upon by the troops with fatal effect. Many fell, desperately wounded; some dead. The report of this discharge renewed the consternation of the friends of order, who had begun to flatter themselves that all was over. Twenty minutes after, says an observer stationed in the Rue Lepelletier,

"The buzz of an approaching multitude coming from the Boulevard des Capucines was heard, chanting the low-song of death, '*Mourir pour la Patrie*,' instead of the victorious *Marseillaise*. Mingled with this awful and imposing chorus, the noise of wheels could be heard. A large body of the people slowly advanced. Four in front carried torches. Behind them came an open cart surrounded by torch-bearers. The light was strong, and discovered four or five dead bodies, partly undressed, which appeared to have been carefully ranged in the cart.

"When the head of the column reached the corner of the Rue Lepelletier the song was changed to a burst of fury, which will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it. The procession halted at the office of the 'National,' and the whole party burst into a unanimous shriek or cry of vengeance! You know how sonorous is that word when pronounced in French. The dead bodies in the cart were those of the men who fell under the fire of the soldiers above mentioned.

\* "Express," of February 24, 1848.

"The night was an awful one. The noise of workmen appeared to break on the stillness. Having heard a similar one in 1830, I guessed what was going on. Barricades—one immensely strong at the end of the Rue Richelieu—were in progress of construction. This has since continued without intermission. Every tree on the whole line of the Boulevard has been felled. Every one of the superb lamp-posts has been thrown down, and all converted into barricades.

"At the corner of every street is a barricade; gentlemen, shopkeepers, clerks, workmen, all laboring at the work with an eagerness and an earnestness beyond description."

This unfortunate accident, for an accident it appears to have been, decided the fate of the monarchy. It destroyed the last hope of appeasing the public mind with moderate concessions. How it originated appears doubtful. It is said that an officer was struck by a chance shot, and that the soldiers fired without orders; but there are various accounts. It is certain only that the act was deeply deplored by the government; and with reason.

Late at night it was known that Count Molé had failed in his attempts to form a ministry, and that the king had sent for the leaders of the two sections of the opposition, M. Thiers and M. Odilon Barrot; but this announcement, which would probably have satisfied the people six hours earlier, and prevented further tumult, now came too late. The demand for reform had become converted by exasperation into a settled purpose of revolution, and the same spirit was likely to extend to the provinces. During the night the egress of the mails had been stopped, and the railways round Paris had been damaged or destroyed at every point at which troops were expected to arrive.

Thursday, Feb. 24.—Early in the morning a placard was posted about the streets to the effect that at 3 o'clock A. M., M. Thiers and M. Odilon Barrot had been appointed ministers. Subsequently the following proclamation was posted at the Bourse:—

"Orders have been given to cease firing everywhere.

"We have just been charged by the king to form a new ministry.

"The Chamber will be dissolved, and an appeal made to the country.

\* Correspondent of "The Times."

"General Lamoricière has been appointed Commandant of the National Guards.

"THIERS.

"ODILON BARROT.

"DUVERGIER DE HAURANNE.

"LAMORICIERE."

The orders issued to the troops were, it appears, not only to cease firing, but to retire to their quarters. Accordingly, about 11 o'clock the trumpets sounded a retreat, and most of the important positions which up to that hour had been occupied by the infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were abandoned to the people and the National Guard. This, which on the Tuesday would have been a perfectly safe and even a judicious measure on the part of the government, became on the Thursday an act of unconditional surrender. The armed crowds at the barricades, hitherto divided and held in check by the military, were now at liberty to concentrate their force upon any point they pleased to attack, and there was no magic to arrest them in the names of the new ministers. M. Thiers, as a *quasi* liberal, they did not trust, and his more popular colleague, M. Odilon Barrot, was considered to be wanting, from the timidity natural to wealth, in the energy required for the crisis.

Marshal Bugeaud, who had been named to the command of the troops in Paris, protested against the orders given, and resigned. His officers sheathed their swords in despair. Whole regiments marched to their barracks, allowed themselves to be quietly disarmed by the mob, and in some instances with hearty good-will. There was now no want of muskets or cartridges on the side of the insurrection, and the number of working men and others who had the resolution to use them for the expulsion of the royal family, exclusive of the national guards, was by this time swelled to an estimated force of twenty thousand men.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock, the whole of this miscellaneous army directed itself upon the Tuileries and the Palais Royal, thronging and choking up the streets leading to them by their dense masses. At the Palais Royal some severe fighting took place between the people and a company of the 14th regiment of the line, in charge of the state apartments, who refused to surrender their arms, and maintained a struggle of nearly two hours before they were finally overcome. During the contest the sound of the incessant firing kept up in this quar-

ter was distinctly heard in the Tuileries ; its effects, combined with the unfavorable reports which reached the court from every part of the city, producing panic among the inmates of the Chateau, and all who were there assembled.

In the court-yard of the Tuileries were 3,000 infantry, with six pieces of cannon, and two squadrons of dragoons. These might for the moment have swept the space before them (the Place du Carrousel) clear of combatants ; but what would this slaughter have availed ? They were surrounded not only by an armed populace, but by six legions of the National Guards, ready to close in upon them, if rendered desperate by their position ; and who were now supporting a demand for the abdication of the king.

It was represented to Louis-Philippe that abdication was the only means left to save the interests of his family. Instead of "*à bas Guizot* !" "*la tête de Guizot* !" the more fearful cry had been heard of "*à la potence Louis-Philippe* !" The Line, it had been proved, could not be depended upon to act against the National Guards, and the National Guards would not fire upon the people. Abdication in favor of his grandson, the young Count de Paris, and the appointment of his mother, the Duchess of Orleans as Regent, in the place of the unpopular Duke de Nemours, would, it was said, satisfy all parties—few voices having as yet been openly raised for a republic.

This was a proposition which, to be accepted with dignity, required not only deliberation but freedom of action. The answer of Louis-Philippe should have been given at St. Cloud, to which it was yet open for him to retreat, with the force remaining at his disposal, and where, protected by the detached forts, he might at least have remained till he could have dictated honorable terms of capitulation. But all nerve and self-possession seem to have deserted the unfortunate monarch. He signed an act of abdication presented to him by Emile de Girardin ; an act as powerless as a sheet of paper thrown to the winds in the midst of a hurricane ; but with it all was lost.

Before the news of the abdication could possibly be known in Paris, the troops of the line in the court-yard of the Tuileries were summoned to quit the ground. Whom were they now to obey ? The commander-in-chief had resigned. The king had abdicated. The government was dissolved. A few minutes of hesitation, and they might be as fatally compromised as the Swiss

guards of the first Revolution. They agreed to resign their post. The Chateau was to be protected by the National Guards ; but the armed populace rushed by them, and entered it in triumph.\* "*Sauve qui peut*."

\* The following particulars of the taking of the Tuileries were given in "*La Réforme*" newspaper : "It was learned that the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, and 10th legions surrounded the Tuileries, and that the others were on the march. The combat was imminent. It was then that Lieutenant Aubert Roche, advancing towards the railing near the Rue de Rivoli, caused the commandant of the Tuileries to be sent for. That person arrived with great fear. 'You are lost !' cried the lieutenant. 'You are surrounded, and a combat will ensue, if you do not evacuate the Tuileries, and give them up to the National Guards.' The commandant, understanding the position, caused the troops to be ranged in a line against the Chateau without causing them to leave. Before that they had been drawn up in *échelons*. Seeing that the movement of retreat was not effected, citizen Aubert Roche, accompanied by the citizen Lesueur, chief de bataillon of the canton of Laguy-Riney, who joined the 5th legion, ran to the railing of the Rue de Rivoli, knocked, and announced themselves with a flag of truce. The gate was opened, and both of them unaccompanied, with their swords in their hands, entered into the midst of the court, which was full of soldiers. The commandant of the Tuileries advanced, saying that he had caused the troops to be withdrawn. 'That is not enough,' said the lieutenant ; 'the palace must be evacuated, if not, misfortune will happen.' The commandant of the Tuileries then conducted the two officers before the Pavillon de l'Horloge, where stood several generals, and the Duke de Nemours, all with consternation impressed on their faces.—'Monseigneur,' said the commandant of the Tuileries, 'here is an excellent citizen, who will give you the means of preventing the effusion of blood.' 'What must be done,' said the prince in a trembling voice to the lieutenant who was presented to him ? 'Sir, you must evacuate the palace this very instant, and give it up to the National Guards—if you do not, you are lost. The combat will be a bloody one—the Tuileries are surrounded—the 5th legion, of which I form a part, is fighting at this moment at the Palais Royal, with its major and superior officers at its head. Take care that the combat does not cease before these troops have left, if not, the battle will be renewed here.' 'You think so ?' replied the duke. 'I will make the troops retire.' And, at the same instant, in presence of the two officers of the National Guards, he gave the order to retreat. The artillery went by the railing of the palace, and the staff and the Duke de Nemours by the Pavillon de l'Horloge, their horses descending the flight of steps. The cavalry followed them, then the infantry. It was even forgotten to relieve the posts, who remained. The citizen Aubert Roche charged himself to introduce the National Guards into the palace. He went to warn the National Guards, who were then near the staff. The National Guards then put the butt-end of their muskets in the air, and entered the court of the Tuileries by the railing of the Rue de Rivoli, accompanied by the curious, all quite astonished to find themselves masters of the palace. A quarter of an hour after the combat ceased on the Place du Palais Royal, the combatants hastened to attack the Tuileries, but they found the gates opened."

The Tuileries is no longer an abode for kings, nor even for ex-monarchs. Leave your valuables; save your lives; and "stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."

The ex-King and Queen pass out at a private door into the gardens, and demand of the National Guards an escort through the crowd beyond. M. Maurice, editor of the "Courier des Spectacles," is standing in the Place de la Concorde about one o'clock in the afternoon, talking with the colonel of the 21st regiment of the line, when his attention is arrested by a young man in plain clothes on horseback, who trots by at a quick pace, circulating the news that the king has abdicated.

"A few instants after, at the Pont Tournant, we saw approach from the Tuileries a troop of National Guards on horseback, at a walking pace, forming the head of a procession, and by gestures and cries, inviting the citizens to abstain from every unfavorable demonstration. At this moment, the expression, a *great misfortune (une grande infortune)* was heard, and the king Louis-Philippe, his right arm passed under the left arm of the Queen, on whom he appeared to lean for support, was seen to approach from the gate of the Tuileries, in the midst of the horsemen, and followed by about thirty persons in different uniforms. The Queen walked with a firm step, and cast around looks of assurance and anger intermingled. The King wore a black coat with a common round hat, and wore no orders. The Queen was in full mourning. A report was circulated that they were going to the Chamber of Deputies to depose the act of abdication. Cries of '*Vive la Reforme!*' '*Vive la France!*' and even by two or three persons, '*Vive le Roi!*' were heard. The procession had scarcely passed the Pont Tournant, and arrived at the pavement surrounding the Obelisk, when the King, the Queen, and the whole party made a sudden halt, apparently without any necessity. In a moment they were surrounded by a crowd on foot and horseback, and so crowded that they had no longer their freedom of motion. Louis-Philippe appeared alarmed at this sudden approach. In fact, the spot fatally chosen by an effect of chance produced a strange feeling. A few paces off, a Bourbon King, an innocent and resigned victim, would have been happy to have experienced no other treatment. Louis-Philippe turned quickly round, let go the Queen's arm, took off his hat, raised it in the air, and cried out something which the noise prevented my hearing; in fact, the cries and *pêle-mêle* were general. The Queen became alarmed at no longer feeling the King's arm, and turned round with extreme haste, saying something which I could not catch. At this moment, I said, '*Madame, ne craignez rien, continuez, les rangs vont s'ouvrir devant vous.*' Whether her anxiety gave a false interpretation to my intention or not I am ignorant, but, pushing back my hand, she exclaimed, '*Laissez-moi,*' with a most

irritated accent; she seized hold of the king's arm, and they both turned their steps towards two small black carriages with one horse each. In the first were two young children. The King took the left and the Queen the right, and the children with their faces close to the glass of the vehicle, looking at the crowd with the utmost curiosity; the coachman whipped his horse violently, in fact, with so much rapidity did it take place, that the coach appeared rather carried than driven away; it passed before me, surrounded by the cavalry and National Guards that were present, and cuirassiers and dragoons. The second carriage, in which were two females, followed the other at the same pace, and the escort, which amounted to about 200 men, set off at a full gallop, taking the water side, towards St. Cloud."

While this incident is passing, bonfires are being made of the royal carriages and furniture, at the Palais Royal and Tuileries. The throne of the state reception room is carried in triumph through the streets, and finally burned in the Place de la Bastille. The plunder and destruction of property commenced is, however, chiefly confined to the insignia of royalty, and speedily checked. Sentinels are placed at the entrances of the Tuileries by the leaders of the people, and no person allowed to leave the Chateau without a rigorous search.\* The scene changes to the Chamber of Deputies. It is that of the final catastrophe of the monarchy. The curtain is about to fall.

"About half-past one, it was rumoured about that the Duchess of Orleans and the two young princes, her sons, were about to arrive. Shortly after, a movement was apparent in the passage on the left of the Chamber, and the Duchess and her two sons entered, followed by the Duke de Nemours and the Duke de Montpensier. The Count

\* The moral feeling of the people generally, with regard to property, may be gathered from the following anecdote of remorse of conscience, related subsequently by the "Droit":—

"A working man went to the commissary of his quarter, and stated that, after fighting for the people during the three days of February, he was among the first to enter the Tuileries, and, reflecting on the state of destitution in which he had left his wife and family, was tempted to take a double breast-pin, united by a small chain, and mounted with two large pearls, upon which he afterwards obtained 5*fr.* from the Mont de Piété, which saved four persons from starvation. But having got back to work and pay, he was able to restore the 5*fr.* with the ticket from the Mont de Piété, which he placed in the hands of the commissary, who gave the man high praise for his resolution in doing what was right. The pin, when redeemed, was found to have belonged to the Duke de Nemours, and each pearl is worth 500*fr.*" The "Droit" adds, "that several other similar restitutions have been made, and among them a valuable tortoise-shell box, with a portrait set in gold."

de Paris entered first of all; a person holding him by the hand. With difficulty he penetrated as far as the semi-circle in front of the President's chair; so encumbered was it with deputies and National Guards. His presence and that of the rest of the royal party created a great sensation. The Duchess seated herself in an arm-chair with her sons at each side of her in the wide space just mentioned.

"Almost immediately after, the passages to the various parts of the Chamber were filled with an immense body of the people and National Guards, both armed. Cries of 'You cannot enter!' 'You have no right to enter!' were then heard; but the next moment a number of men belonging to the people forced their way into the Chamber, and placed themselves right under the tribune.

"The Duchess of Orleans then rose, and taking the young princes by the hand led them to the range of seats forming the *pourtour* behind the deputies, and still exactly in front of the President. The Duke de Nemours and the Duke de Montpensier placed themselves in the last line of seats, immediately behind the Princess and her sons. The greatest agitation prevailed in every part of the Chamber, and it was a moment after increased by the public tribunes being rushed into by another body of the people.

"M. Dupin then ascended the tribune, and amidst deep silence said—In the present situation of the capital and the critical circumstances in which the country was placed, the Chamber was bound to assemble immediately. The King has just abdicated. (Sensation.) He has disposed of the Crown in favour of his grandson, the Count de Paris, and has constituted the Duchess of Orleans Regent. (Applause from all the benches of the Centre, and from some of the public tribunes, and with loud disapprobation on the left.)

"A voice from one of the tribunes—'It is too late!'

"An agitation, impossible to describe, here arose. A number of deputies collected round the Duchess of Orleans and the rest of the Royal group. National Guards without ceremony came and mingled with the deputies who had done so."

M. Marie ascends the tribune, and when silence is restored, reminds the Chambers that a law exists which gives the regency to the Duke de Nemours, and which cannot be abrogated by an act of the King in favor of another. He demands the nomination of a Provisional Government; M. Crémieux and the Abbé de Genoude, support the proposition. Odilon Barrot is called upon to speak, and declares himself in favor of the regency of the Duchess of Orleans, a ministry of tried liberal opinions, and an appeal to the country. The Duchess herself rises and addresses some words to the Chamber, which are not heard.—Odilon Barrot resumes his discourse, and appeals to all parties to defend the crown of July, now committed to the

custody of a child and a woman, as the only means of putting an end to intestine divisions, and averting the evils of civil war. A majority of the deputies present signify their assent, but their tokens of approbation are drowned in murmurs from the galleries, and cries of *Vive la République*. The Marquis de Larochejaquelein protests against some of the statements of the preceding speakers, without succeeding in explaining his own. M. Chevallier, editor of the "*Bibliothèque Historique*," ascends the tribune, amidst cries of "you are not a deputy," "you have no right to be there." M. Chevallier cautions the Chamber against proclaiming the Count de Paris without the consent of the people, into whose hands the real sovereignty had again fallen.

"At this moment a vast crowd broke into the Chamber. They were dressed in the most heterogeneous manner, some in blouses, with dragoon helmets on their heads; others with cross-belts and infantry caps; others again in ordinary clothes, but all with arms—swords, lances, spears, muskets, and tri-colored flags. These persons at once seized on such deputies' seats as were unoccupied, several even ascended the tribune, and fixed themselves there. The President perceiving what had occurred, and in order to mark his disapprobation, as well perhaps as to signify that the sitting could not go on under such circumstances, put on his hat. This created a dreadful uproar, and numerous cries, 'Off with your hat, President!' were heard from the new comers. Several of them even directed their muskets at him. The scene was of almost unimaginable violence.

"M. Ledru-Rollin, from his place, overpowering the tumult with his voice—'Gentlemen, in the name of the people, I call for silence!'

"A number of the deputies, appearing to consider their position perilous, began to withdraw, and as they abandoned their places the crowd took possession of them. The tumult was tremendous, and many deputies looked with anxiety towards the Duchess of Orleans and her children. She, however, sat calm amidst the uproar.

"M. Ledru-Rollin after some time succeeded in making himself heard.—'In the name of the people (said the hon. deputy) I protest against the kind of government which has just been proposed to you. (Immense applause, cries of 'Bravo, bravo!' from the new comers, and their comrades in the public tribunes: the shouts were deafening.) This is not the first time that I have thus protested; already, in 1842, I demanded the Constitution of 1791 (Cheers.) That Constitution declared that it should be necessary to make an appeal to the people when a regency bill was to be passed. (The loudest applause.) I protest, therefore, against the government that it is attempted to establish. I do so in the name of the citizens whom I see before me; who for the last two days have been fighting, and who will, if necessary, again

combat this evening. (From every side cries of 'Yes! yes!' cheers, with brandishing of arms, and in some cases raising of muskets to the shoulder; indescribable tumult.) I demand in the name of the people that a Provisional Government be named." (Great applause.)

"M. de Lamartine.—Gentlemen, I shared in the sentiments of grief which just now agitated this assembly in beholding the most afflicting spectacle that human annals can present—that of a Princess coming forward with her innocent son, after having quitted her deserted palace, to place herself under the protection of the nation. But if I shared in that testimony of respect for a great misfortune, I also share in the solicitude—in the admiration which that people, now fighting during two days against a perfidious government for the purpose of re-establishing order and liberty, ought to inspire. (Great applause from the tribunes.) Let us not deceive ourselves—let us not imagine that an acclamation in this Chamber can replace the co-operation of 35,000,000 of men. Whatever government be established in the country it must be cemented by solid definitive guarantees! How will you find the conditions necessary for such a government in the midst of the floating elements which surround us? By descending into the very depth of the country itself, boldly sounding the great mystery of the right of nations. (Great applause in the tribunes.) In place of having recourse to these subterfuges, to these emotions, in order to maintain one of those fictions which have no stability, I propose to you to form a government, not definite, but provisional—a government charged, first of all, with the task of staunching the blood which flows, of putting a stop to civil war (cheers); a government which we appoint without putting aside anything of our resentments and our indignation; and in the next place a government on which we shall impose the duty of convoking and consulting the people in its totality—all that possess in their title of man, the right of a citizen." (Tremendous applause from the people in the tribunes.)

"A violent and imperative knocking was now heard at the door of an upper tribune, which was not entirely filled. On the door being opened a number of men rushed in, well provided with arms, and who appeared to have just come from a combat. Several of them forced their way to the front seats, and pointed their muskets at the deputies below. Some of these weapons were also turned in the direction of the Royal party.

"Immediately the persons near the Duchess of Orleans seemed to address her energetically, and a moment after she arose, and, with her sons and the two Princes, quitted the Chamber by a door on the extreme left.

"M. Sauzet at the same moment withdrew from the president's chair, and nearly all the deputies who had remained quitted their places. The noise and disorder at this moment were at the greatest height.

"Shortly after, silence being somewhat restored,

"M. Ledru-Rollin said, 'According as I read out the names, you will say "Yes" or "No," just as they please you; and in order to act

officially, I call on the reporters of the public press to note down the names, and the manner in which they are received, that France may know what has been done here.' The hon. deputy then read out the names of MM. Dupont (de l'Eure), Arago, de Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Garnier Pagès, Marie, and Crémieux; all of which were received with acclamations.

"Cries of 'To the Hotel de Ville!' here rose, followed by a cry of 'No civil list,' and another of 'No king!' Some one having directed the attention of the crowd to the picture of Louis Philippe swearing obedience to the charter, cries of 'Tear it down!' arose. A workman, armed with a double-barreled fowling-piece, who was standing in the semicircle, cried out, 'Just wait until I have a shot at Louis Philippe!' and at the same moment both barrels were discharged.—(Great confusion ensued, in the midst of which two men jumped on the chairs behind the president's seat, and prepared to cut the picture to pieces with their sabres.)

"Another workman ran up the steps to the tribune, and exclaimed, 'Respect public monuments! respect property! Why destroy the pictures with balls? We have shown that the people will not allow itself to be ill-governed; let us now show that it knows how to conduct itself properly after its victory.' (Great applause.)

"The next instant, M. Dupont (de l'Eure) was placed in the chair. M. de Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin attempted severally to obtain a hearing, but unsuccessfully. Several of the National Guards, and some of the people, also made similar attempts, but without effect. A cry then arose in one of the tribunes of 'Let Lamartine speak!' and at once all the others took it up.

"M. de Lamartine.—'A Provisional Government will be at once proclaimed.' (Enthusiastic cheers of 'Vive Lamartine!')

"Other voices.—'The names! the names!'

"M. Crémieux, amidst great tumult, said, 'it is essential that silence be restored, in order that our venerable colleague, M. Dupont (de l'Eure), may read to you the names which you wish to learn.'

"As the tumult, which had lulled for a second, whilst the honorable Deputy was speaking, recommenced just as violently as ever, the names were written down on a sheet of paper, and that, being placed on the end of a musket, was so paraded about the Chamber.

"M. Ledru-Rollin (in the midst of the noise)—'A Provisional Government cannot be organized in a light or careless manner. I shall read over the names aloud, and you will approve of them, or reject them, as you think fit.'

"In the midst of shouts and cries the honorable Deputy read out the names, but nothing could be heard. Nearly all the Deputies had by this time departed, and the National Guards and the people had the Chamber to themselves.

"M. Ledru-Rollin.—'We are obliged to close the sitting in order to proceed to the seat of Government.'

"From all sides—'To the Hotel-de-Ville! Vive la République!'



Louis Philippe, in his flight from the Tuileries is said to have been heard to exclaim in the anguish of a wounded spirit, "comme Charles X.!" but the comparison, although not a favorable one, is yet too flattering to the former to be just. Charles the Tenth, when he quitted France after the Revolution of July, 1830, proceeded to the coast by slow and easy stages, not as a prisoner, but with a military escort as a guard of honor. Louis-Philippe, had he requested it, might have been supplied with a similar escort, and travelled in state, with all the comforts of a coach-and-six, the whole of his journey. The only anxiety of the new government, as we have seen from the event, was, that his journey should not be interrupted; and the feeling of the populace towards him was manifested in the exclamations heard from the crowd, "Let him depart—we are not assassins!" "Bon voyage!" To have detained Louis-Philippe, or any members of the royal family, would have been an embarrassment to the new government they were most anxious to avoid. The arrest was ordered, *pro forma*, of M. Guizot and his colleagues, but no active measures for their apprehension followed. When information was given at the Hotel de Ville of the place of concealment of some of the ex-ministers and others, hints were conveyed to the fugitives that it would be expedient to choose another. All were suffered to flee who wished to escape the possible consequences of the part they had acted. We read, therefore, with no sympathy of the privations endured by the ex-monarch before his arrival in England; but they are worth noting, as indicating the deep distrust and total misapprehension of the character of the French people, which seem to have influenced him to the last, and the profound indifference of the latter to any possible efforts that may hereafter be made by him or his descendants for the recovery of the crown. The following particulars are from the "National":—

"The mayor and ex-adjoint were absent when the ex-King arrived at St. Cloud on Thursday about three o'clock, escorted by some national guards and dragoons to prevent his being annoyed. The commandant cried that the King had abdicated. After having descended from the little carriage in which he had come, he asked to have riding-horses. Being told there were none, he went into the public omnibus, which took him to Versailles. He was accompanied by the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, and the Duchess of Nemours. He only stayed at the chateau three

quarters of an hour. He told the adjoint he had been basely deceived. In the evening his valet, Provost, arrived at St. Cloud, bringing some clothes for the King; for in his hurry he had taken nothing. This valet had, in the morning, with tears in his eyes, said concessions must be made to the people, that Paris was very agitated. What think you was the reply? 'Tis only the gossip of the cafés, we will bring them to reason; in a few hours all will be settled.'"

Another account says:—

"The ex-King, when he left the Tuileries with the Queen, got into a brougham in the Place de la Concorde, and drove off to St. Cloud at such a rate, that when they had crossed the bridge the horse was too exhausted to mount the hill leading to the Chateau. Several men pushed the carriage up, however. After taking some papers, the ex-king entered a hackney coach at St. Cloud and drove off to Versailles, and thence to Trianon. He in a short time entered a travelling carriage; but before leaving the park he saw at a distance, approaching towards him, six men on horseback, and became afraid that they were in search of him. He, therefore, ordered the coachman to stop, alighted, and ran into a guard-house at the gate of the park, near the railroad station (Montretout), and concealed himself behind a stove. The men having passed, an *aide-de-camp* informed him there was no danger. He accordingly re-entered the carriage and drove off."

A letter received from Dreux, published in the 'Journal de la République,' states that the flight of Louis-Philippe had been so unforeseen that it was necessary, at Trianon, to make a subscription for his travelling expenses, which produced about 200 francs, with which sum he proceeded in a hired vehicle from Versailles to Dreux.

"Here they put up at the house of a person on whose fidelity they could rely, where they passed the night. This friend, whom we understand to be a farmer, procured disguises for the Royal fugitives and suite, the King habiting himself in an old cloak and an old cap, having first shaved his whiskers, discarded his wig, and altogether so disguised himself as to defy the recognition even of his most intimate friends. The other disguises were also complete.

"Although we have stated above that they passed the night at Dreux, they started long before daylight on their way to La Ferté Vidame, where Mr. Packham had been building a mill on some private property of Louis-Philippe. On their route they were accompanied by the farmer, who promised to see them in safety to the coast through a country with which he was well acquainted. They took the road of Evreux, 12 to 15 leagues from Honfleur. They travelled chiefly by night, and reached Honfleur at 5 o'clock on Saturday morning. They remained at Honfleur in the house of a gentleman whom the king knew for a short time, and then crossed to Trouville, a short distance from the town. It was their inten-

tion to embark at Trouville, but owing to the boisterous state of the weather, they were compelled to remain at the latter place two days, when, finding they could not embark, they returned to Honfleur, with the intention of embarking from that place, but the weather still continuing very rough, and the King fearing that the Queen in her exhausted condition would be unable to bear the fatigues of a rough passage, deferred his departure till the weather changed on Thursday. In the mean time information was secretly conveyed to the Express, Southampton steam-ship, that she would be required to take a party from Havre to England.

"On Thursday afternoon the gentleman who sheltered the dethroned monarch and his consort at Honfleur, engaged a French fishing-boat to convey the fugitives from Honfleur to Havre, and fearing that in this small vessel the features of the King might be recognised, the gentleman engaged a person to interpret French to the King, who, to render his disguise more complete, passed as an Englishman. Nothing of moment transpired on the passage to Havre, where the Express was waiting with her steam up, and at 9 o'clock on Thursday evening the royal fugitives and suite set sail for England. The vessel reached the offing of Newhaven harbor at 7 o'clock this morning, but owing to the state of the tide she could not enter the harbor till nearly 12 o'clock."

Friday, March 3.—The ex-King and Queen of the French landed at Newhaven. Their suite consisted of General Dumas and General Rumigny, a valet, and a female German attendant. Louis-Philippe, whose first reply to the congratulations addressed to him, was, "Yes, thank God, I am in England once again," appeared in the disguise which he had worn after his departure from Dreux; consisting of a green blouse, a red and white comforter, and a casquette, or peasant's cap. Over the blouse was a sailor's frock coat, borrowed of the captain of the Express. The Queen was attired in plain mourning, over which she wore a woollen cloak, of black and white plaid, with broad checks. We need hardly add that they were hospitably received in this country; but with a silent welcome on the part of the public. The residence assigned them by the English Government is Claremont; where for the present they take up their abode as the Count and Countess of Neully.

The Duchess of Orleans, who also reached England in safety with her two children, afterwards left for Germany, with the object, doubtless, of placing her interests and those of the young Count de Paris under the protection of the Northern Powers.

\* Daily News, March 4th, 1848.

This was a false step. The Northern Powers have now too many embarrassments of their own to engage lightly in a war with French democracy; and if the time should come for war with France to be proclaimed, it will not be in the name of the rights of the Count de Paris.

Friday, February 25th, 1848.—The existence of a National Republic, with a provisional executive strong enough at once to assume administrative functions, was formally announced in the following proclamation:—

"To the French People,

"A retrograde government has been overturned by the heroism of the people of Paris.

"This government has fled, leaving behind it traces of blood, which will for ever forbid its return.

"The blood of the people has flowed, as in July, but, happily, it has not been shed in vain. It has secured a national and popular government, in accordance with the rights, the progress, and the will of this great and generous people.

"A Provisional Government at the call of the people and some deputies in the sitting of the 24th of February, is for the moment invested with the care of organizing and securing the national victory.

"It is composed of

"MM. DUPONT (DE L'EURO)  
LAMARTINE  
CREMIEUX  
ARAGO  
LEDRU ROLLIN and  
GARNIER PAGES.

"The Secretaries of the Government are—

"MM. ARMAND MARRAST  
LOUIS BLANC and  
FERDINAND FLOCON.

"These citizens have not hesitated for an instant to accept the patriotic mission which has been imposed upon them by the urgency of the occasion.

"Frenchmen, give to the world the example Paris has given to France. Prepare yourselves, by order and confidence in yourselves, for the institutions which are about to be given you.

"The Provisional Government desires a Republic, pending the ratification of the French people, who are to be immediately consulted.

"Neither the people of Paris nor the Provisional Government desire to substitute their opinion for the opinions of the citizens at large, upon the definite form of government which the national sovereignty shall proclaim.

"'L'unité de la nation,' formed henceforth of all classes of the people which compose it;

"The government of the nation by itself;

"Liberty, equality, and fraternity for its principles;

"The people to devise and to maintain order;—

"Such is the democratic government which France owes to herself, and which our efforts will assure to her.

"Such are the first acts of the Provisional Government.

(Signed) Dupont (de l'Eure), Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Bedeau, Michael Goudchaux, Arago, Bethmont, Marie, Carnot Cavaignac, Garnier Pages."

Of the members of the Provisional Government it may be briefly observed, that M. Dupont (de l'Eure) had attained by age, being in his 80th year, the venerable title of "Father of the Chamber of Deputies." He had taken part, when a young man, in the first revolution of 1789, in which commenced that struggle with monarchy which had lasted down to the present day; and his whole life had been one of honorable consistency. In 1842, the respect entertained for him by the French people, was shown by his election for four separate constituencies in the Department of the Eure.—He sat for Evreux.

Of the literary and practical reputation of M. de Lamartine we need not speak. His position in the Chamber of Deputies was that of Burke in the House of Commons, but with higher aims, and less narrow party sympathies than the English orator. His "History of the Girondists,"† which all men should read who would understand the political tendencies of the age, had prepared the way for the late revolution, by reviving the discussion of republican ideas, and pointing out the causes of their former failure. In the Chamber of Deputies he represented Macon. M. Crémieux, late Deputy for Chiron, is a free-trader, whose parliamentary career, as a leading member of the opposition, has been in part distinguished, like that of Mr. Bright, by an agitation against the game laws. M. Arago, as a mathematician, secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and member of the

\* A subsequent proclamation gives the following distribution of Cabinet Offices:—

M. Dupont (de l'Eure) President of the Council, (without Portfolio).

M. de Lamartine, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

M. Crémieux, Minister of Justice.

M. Ledru Rollin, Minister of the Interior.

M. Michel Goudchaux, Minister of Marine.

General Bedeau, Minister of War.

M. Carnot, Minister of Public Instruction, (a son of Carnot of the Convention).

M. Bethmont, Minister of Commerce.

M. Marie, Minister of Public Works.

General Cavaignac, Governor General of Algeria.

M. Garnier Pages, Mayor of Paris."

† An English translation has been published by Bohn, in 3 vols.

\* This office was soon after assigned to M. Marrast; M. Garnier Pages† undertaking the duties of Minister of Finance.

Office of Longitudes, enjoys an European reputation. In France, as a politician he has always been known as an enemy of privilege and corruption. M. Ledru-Rollin, late deputy for Mans, was subjected to a government prosecution for an election speech, and thus obtained notoriety and popularity. He sat on the extreme left, and defended with ability the ultra democratic opinions of "La Réforme," against the policy, not only of M. Guizot, but also of M. Thiers and Odilon Barrot. Of the qualifications for a future ministry of M. Garnier Pages, great expectations had been entertained by the members of the opposition.

These were the men, who, from their position in the late legislature, it was necessary to put prominently forward to secure public confidence; but the two men in France, to whom, more perhaps than any other, may be traced the energy and decision which frustrated the views of M. Thiers and Odilon Barrot for a Regency, and caused a Republic to be proclaimed, were M. de Lamartine and Armand Marrast; the latter twelve years ago, an exile in England—an escaped political prisoner from St. Pelagie, flying from the vengeance of Louis-Philippe; subsequently the Editor of the *National*, and in that capacity rendering himself formidable to the government, by his unrivalled powers of sarcasm, and as, in some respects, the ablest journalist of France.

The courage, eloquence, and judicious conduct of M. de Lamartine have been the theme of just and universal admiration. The happiest effects resulted from his influence over the people; and among these, perhaps not the least was his successful appeal to the armed crowds before the Hotel de Ville to throw away the red flag of the first revolution, which they had at first raised as the flag of the Republic (and which had excited general alarm as an emblem of blood), and to adhere to the tricolor, under which the armies of France had marched to victory. Addressing them for the fifth time during the day, and with muskets brandished about his head, from the yet prevailing feeling of distrust of the intentions of the Provisional Government in regard to a compromise with royalty, he said—

"Citizens! for my part I will never adopt the red flag; and I will explain in a word why I will oppose it with all the strength of my patriotism. It is, citizens, because the tricolor flag has

made the tour of the world, with our liberties and our glories, and that the red flag has only made the tour of the Champs de Mars, trailed through torrents of the blood of the people.”\*

Never had orator a greater triumph. The people who had refused to listen to him, drowning his voice in their clamors, gradually became softened, shed tears, and finished by lowering their arms, throwing away their flags, and peaceably dispersing to their homes.

The first sitting of the Provisional Go-

\* The allusion here is to the “Massacre of the Champs de Mars.” July 17, 1791. The flight of the king (Louis XVI.) from Paris having led to riotous demonstrations, during which some unprovoked murders had been committed, the National guard assembled to disperse the populace. The result is thus described by Lamartine in his “History of the Girondists.”

“Bailly, Lafayette, and the municipal body, with the red flag, marched at the head of the first column. The *pas de charge* beaten by 400 drums, and the first rolling of the cannon over the stones, announced the arrival of the national army. These sounds drowned for an instant the hollow murmurs and the shrill cries of 50,000 men, women, and children, who filled the centre of the Champs de Mars, or crowded on the glacis. At the moment when Bailly debouched between the glacis, the populace, who from the top of the bank looked down on the mayor, the bayonets, and the artillery, burst into threatening shouts and furious outcries against the National Guard. ‘Down with the red flag! Shame to Brilly! Death to Lafayette!’ The people in the Champs de Mars responded to these cries with unanimous imprecations. Lumps of wet mud, the only arms at hand, were cast at the National Guard, and struck Lafayette’s horse, the red flag, and Bailly himself; and it is even said, several pistol-shots were fired from a distance; this, however, was by no means proved; the people had no intention of resisting—they wished only to intimidate. Bailly summoned them to disperse legally, to which they replied by shouts of derision; and he then, with the grave dignity of his office, and the mute sorrow that formed part of his character, ordered them to be dispersed by force. Lafayette first ordered the Guard to fire in the air; but the people, encouraged by this vain demonstration, formed into line before the National Guard, who then fired a discharge that killed and wounded 600 persons—the republicans say, 10,000. At the same moment the ranks opened, the cavalry charged, and the artillerymen prepared to open their fire, which, on this dense mass of people, would have taken fearful effect. Lafayette, unable to restrain his soldiers by his voice, placed himself before the cannon’s mouth, and by this heroic act saved the lives of thousands. In an instant the Champs de Mars was cleared, and naught remained on it save the dead bodies of women and children, trampled under foot, or those flying before the cavalry; and a few intrepid men on the steps of the altar of their country, who amidst a murderous fire, and at the cannon’s mouth, collected, in order to preserve them, the sheets of the petition, as proofs of the wishes, or bloody pledges of the future vengeance of the people, and they only retired when they had obtained them.”

vernment lasted night and day, without intermission, for sixty hours, during which it was besieged at every moment by tumultuous crowds or deputations; but finally succeeding in inspiring all with confidence in the integrity and firmness of its intentions. When, on the Saturday, February 26, its first initiative labors were brought to a close, M. de Lamartine again descended the steps of the great staircase of the Hotel de Ville, and presenting himself in front of the edifice, with his colleagues, thus expressed himself:

“Citizens—

“The Provisional Government of the Republic has called upon the people to witness its gratitude for the magnificent national co-operation which has just accepted these new institutions.

“The Provisional Government of the Republic has only joyful intelligence to announce to the people here assembled.

“Royalty is abolished.

“The Republic is proclaimed.

“The people will exercise their political rights.

“National workshops are open for those who are without work. (Immense acclamations.)

“The army is being re-organized. The National Guard indissolubly unites itself with the people, so as to promptly restore order with the same hand that had only the preceding moment conquered our liberty. (Renewed acclamations.)

“Finally, Gentlemen, the Provisional Government was anxious to be itself the bearer to you of the last decree it has resolved on and signed in this memorable sitting; that is, the abolition of the penalty of death for political offences. (Unanimous bravos.)

“This is the noblest decree, Gentlemen, that has ever issued from the mouths of a people the day after their victory.” (‘Yes, yes!’) It is the

\* This just and generous sentiment of the Provisional Government, and the decree of “death” of the National Convention in 1792, after the trial and condemnation of Louis XVI., form one of the most striking contrasts of history. In Lamartine’s “History of the Girondists,” the conduct of the Duke of Orleans (the father of Louis-Philippe), at the memorable sitting when judgment was pronounced, arrests the attention of the reader. The votes of the Convention were taken openly, and with a proud solemnity befitting the occasion. Every member mounted in his turn the tribune, and raised his voice for “death,” or “exile,” or “imprisonment.” The twenty-one deputies for Paris all voted for DEATH.

“The Duc D’Orleans was the last called. Deep silence followed his name. Silly, his confidant and favorite, had voted against death. It was expected that the prince would vote as his friend had done, or would refuse in the name of nature and of blood. Even the Jacobins anticipated this exception; but he would not be excepted. He ascended the steps slowly and unmoved, unfolded a paper which he held in his hand, and read with the voice of a stoic these words: ‘Solely occupied with my duty, convinced that all who have at-

character of the French nation which escapes in one spontaneous cry from the soul of its Government. ('Yes, yes; Bravo.') We have brought it with us, and I will now read it to you. There is not a more becoming homage to a people than the spectacle of its own magnanimity."

The abolition of the punishment of death for political offences, at the moment when the Royal Family and the ex-ministers were flying for their lives or trembling in concealment, was indeed a noble inspiration; and it probably did more than any other act of the Provisional Government to produce that general conviction of the justness and moderation of their views, which led the entire nation to accept the new men, as the indispensable necessity of the time, with an unanimity to which there is hardly a parallel in history. On the part of the army, Marshal Bugeaud; on the part of the clergy, the Archbishop of Paris; gave in their adhesion to the new Republic. On the part of the middle classes, whether in Paris or in the provinces, and of the whole press, without a solitary exception, there does not appear to have been the hesitation of a moment. All seem to have felt by in-

tempted, or shall attempt hereafter, the sovereignty of the people, merit death, I vote for "death." These words fell in the silence, and to the astonishment, of the party to whom the Duc D'Orleans seemed to concede them as a pledge. He did not find, even from the Mountain, a look, a gesture, or a voice that applauded him. The Montagnards, whilst condemning to death a captive and disarmed king, might wound justice, affright mankind, but they did not appal nature. Nature revolted in them against the vote of the first prince of the blood. A shudder pervaded the benches and tribunes of the assembly."

Another decree, subsequently issued, but conceived in the same spirit, a spirit worthy of a great cause, must not be passed over in silence; it marks an epoch in the moral history of nations.

#### "THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

"The Provisional Government of the Republic, considering that during the last fifty years every new government that constituted itself required and received oaths, which were successively replaced by others at every political change; considering that the first duty of every republican is to be devoted without any reservation to the country, and that every citizen who, under the government of the Republic, accepts functions or continues in the exercise of those he occupied, contracts in a still more special manner the sacred obligation of serving it and devoting himself to its security, decrees:—

"Public functionaries of the administrative and judiciary order shall not take any oath.

"Paris, March 1st, 1848.

"(Signed) The Members of the Provisional Government:—Dupont de l'Eure, Lamartine, Arago, Crémieux, Ledru-Rollin, Garnier Pages, Marrast, Marie, Louis Blanc, Flocon, Albert."

stinct, that whether or not the people were prepared for Republican institutions, the time was come when a trial of them must be made; for after the fall of a government which but a few days before had enjoyed the reputation of being one of the strongest in Europe, and then suddenly vanished like a mist, there could be no further hope of security for person or property under the protection of royalty.\*

In this unanimity, which even subsequent distress, arising from financial and commercial difficulties has not in the least disturbed, lies the safety of the Republic. It is a guarantee against the recurrence of the sanguinary scenes of the first revolution. The timid English who have fled from Paris in the belief that the new political clubs that have sprung into existence, will, by exciting the passions of the people, lead to another reign of terror, have entirely mistaken the character of existing circumstances in relation to those of the past. The Jacobin clubs of 1791 were the leaders of a perpetual revolt against a court guilty of perpetual treachery—they were the terrible, but energetic defenders of their country against the armies of a foreign coalition.

But neither the duplicity of the court, nor the foreign coalition, would have given any mischievous influence to the clubs of Paris during the first revolution, but for an act of the National Assembly, originating in patriotism, of which the consequences have not been understood. This

\* This feeling was put to the test by a feeble attempt on the part of the few remaining friends of the elder branch of the Bourbons, which ended in the following ridiculous failure:—

"Ten young men attempted on Saturday evening," says the *Courrier Français*, "to get up a Legitimist manifestation in the Faubourg St. Germain. The people, seeing them all dressed in black, with white cockades in their hats, cried out '*Tiens! Tiens!* A funeral! They are undertakers' men!' The young men, finding the people in such good humor, immediately set to work. 'Friends,' exclaimed they, 'remember Henry IV., and proclaim his descendant. Long live Henry V.!' The people, in the same good humor, immediately cried out, 'Ah, how is he, the dear prince? Is he not dead? So much the better! Make our compliments to him, if you please, gentlemen. How happy he will be! Henry IV. is dead! Vive la République!' Thus did the people turn Legitimacy to the right about. If we relate this fact, it is merely to add that, in despair for the cause, they immediately went to inscribe themselves at their respective mayoralities, as nearly all the young men of the Faubourg St. Germain had already done. Thus Legitimacy has turned into Republicanism, the wisest thing it could do. 'Henry IV. is dead. Long live the Republic!'"

was their celebrated self-denying ordinance, by which, when they had completed their work of framing a constitution for the nation, the National Assembly declared themselves ineligible as candidates at the next election; leaving therefore the further progress of legislation to a body composed entirely of new men, for the most part of unknown names, and inferior capacity. The immediate result of this measure was, a great accession of strength to the clubs, which a little before were dying of inanition. Robespierre, the disciple of Rousseau, the friend of peace, "the incorruptible," and the most popular man of the day, descended from the arena of statesmen to that of demagogues, and gradually yielded to the infection of that spirit of sanguinary violence (as means to be justified by the end) which he had been himself the first to denounce. This violence, however, only broke out when the party of the Girondists of the New Legislative Assembly, sought to put down the Jacobins; and that at a time, when, by their own temporizing policy with the court, they had lost their own popularity. It was then that the leaders of the Jacobins instigated the mob to attack the Tuileries, place the king under arrest, and proclaim the Convention, by which he was tried and condemned. But now the contest of sixty years has been brought to a close. There is no longer any "veto," but in the will of the majority. The object of political agitation will no longer be insurrection in disguise; for against whom are the people to be invited to rebel? Against the government? Why resort to arms when they can change it by a vote? The new clubs of Paris will be as harmless as our own election committees and parish meetings. They will discuss the merits of candidates, organize parties at elections, criticize the debates of the National Assembly, prepare petitions, and when there are no obnoxious laws to be repealed, sink into insignificance.

The apprehension of civil war arising out of freedom of debate, the freedom of the press, and universal suffrage, are as groundless in respect to France as the same fears would be in respect to America. And not less devoid of rational foundation has been the alarm of another continental war, as the immediate consequence of the revolution. On the announcement of the abdication and flight of Louis Philippe, the rates of insurance in London for vessels chartered for the Mediterranean rose to war risks; and yet

the first news that followed was that of an order given by the King of Prussia to recall the troops on their march to the assistance of Austria and the King of Naples. Up to the present moment the revolution, instead of increasing the preparations for war, has stopped those which were already on foot. Instead of further attempts to crush opinion by armies, the absolute governments of Europe have all suddenly been placed on the defensive. We hear no more of coalition, but of popular concessions; and that in countries where the spirit of liberty had been supposed to be extinct.\* The strongholds of despotism in Europe, whether in a mild and paternal form, or in that of naked tyranny, were Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. Two of these have surrendered, almost at discretion. How long will the third threaten the progress of civilization, or brave its assaults?

The following day, Sunday (Feb. 26), was devoted to the ceremony of a formal inauguration of the new Republic at the Column of July on the Place de la Bastille; and to masses in the church for the victims who had fallen on the side of the people.†

\* The policy of the French Government has been explained by M. de Lamartine (in a circular addressed to the foreign agents of the Republic, for which we have not room), to be one of peace, so long as the right of every nation to regulate its own internal affairs is respected by other powers; but of war, in the event of foreign aggression, whether manifesting itself in France or Italy.

† The following Saturday, March 4th, was devoted to the solemnity of their funeral; the National Guard, the troops of the line, the authorities, schools, &c., the whole population of Paris assisting. The ceremony was performed in the Madeleine, and the bodies were interred in the vaults of the Column of July, in the Place de la Bastille.

"The day was beautiful, and a brilliant sun shining on the sharp, clear outlines of the white Grecian church, on the lofty old-fashioned houses around it, so picturesque in their complete contrast with it, and glancing from the forest of bayonets bristling among hundreds of tricolored flags above the surface of the motley and closely packed crowd, of which no end was to be seen as far as the eye could reach, formed a spectacle that no city save Paris could furnish, and Paris only on such an occasion. There was something awful in that mass of human life; it was easy to imagine how armies fail in collision with such myriads; yet it was but a fraction of the host the city poured forth from every street into the main channel in which flowed the business of the day.

"While the authorities were with difficulty pushing their way into the church, the choir under the portico, drawn from the three operas, and conducted by MM. Girard and Laty, contributed its part to the proceedings. The arrival of the Provisional Government was hailed by the *Marseillaise*, splendidly sung, with the accompaniment of a military band. The instrumental piece that followed, a funeral

The killed on both sides appear to have been under two hundred; a number remarkably insignificant as compared with the result, and proving either that there was very little actual collision, or that the troops in firing must often have directed their muskets in the air. The number of wounded then lying at the hospitals was 428, of whom 78 belonged to the military or to the Municipal Guard. On the Tuesday, Feb. 29th, within a week only of the date of the first outbreak, order was perfectly restored; the barricades had been removed; the people had returned to their ordinary occupations; the railways were again open; and but few traces remained of the convulsion which had occurred.

The organization of a corps called the "National Garde Mobile," and the immediate employment on public works of all laborers without the means of subsistence, contributed to this result. These measures, which under any other circumstances would have been hazardous, and which, even in the present case, involved a heavy financial loss, with no permanent benefit to the working classes, were, in the situation of Paris the only course of safety. They at once cleared the streets of all the idlers with arms in their hands, from whose excited passions or real destitution danger might have been anticipated, and placed them, with their own consent, under the wholesome restraint of civil and military subordination.

In the provinces, the authorities appear to have had but little difficulty in maintaining public tranquillity. In no part of France was a voice raised for the fallen dynasty; and the news that the Revolution

march by Cherubini, was comparatively weak; little of it was heard above the hum of the crowd; this was succeeded by the 'oath' chorus from *Guillaume Tell*, a piece from the *Creation* ('the Heavens are telling'), and the 'prayer' from *Mose in Egitto*. The selection seemed to alternate mourning and supplication with the notes of triumph; the effect was sublime. As the music ceased, the funeral cars on which the coffins, fifteen in number, had been placed, were ready to proceed; as the first of the six moved onward, the *Marseillaise* was repeated; one verse was sung by the female voices alone, the men taking up the chorus, 'aux armes.' As the spirit-stirring strain arose, the whole crowd uncovered and remained so till the last of the cars, which were open, showing the forms of the coffins under the black palls, had passed. The dramatic effect at that moment, the homage of the people, the fierce invocation to battle, the stillness of death, all uniting, made the hearts of all beat quicker with excitement."

was accomplished having been proclaimed in the same breath with the announcement of the first conflict, there was no pretext for riotous demonstrations in aid of the popular triumph. The only serious disturbances which the authorities were unable to repress, appear to have been of the class with which we are too familiar in this country to attribute exclusively to republicanism. Not a year passes in England without mob fights between English and Irish reapers, English and Irish railway laborers, each party seeking to expel the other from the field of employment; and it would have been strange in France, at a moment when the mob of every village naturally looked upon themselves as the sole masters of the country, if English operatives should not have suffered from Trades' Union combinations.

The temporary success of the lower order of protectionists in driving English workmen out of France must not, however, be received as an evidence that the tendencies of the new Republic will be adverse rather than favorable to the principles of free trade. We may notice one counter-symptom in the marked hostility that has been shown towards the Octroi system (town dues, on all articles of consumption), and this will probably end in the substitution of direct for indirect taxation to a much greater extent than now exists. We must bear in mind also that no National Assembly to be elected in France by universal suffrage can be composed of men more in the interest of monopoly than the late Chamber of Deputies. The majority were mere delegates of beet-root-sugar manufacturers, iron founders, and forest proprietors, and they carried protection as far as it would go. There will be now a better chance than before for the public consumer. His voice will at least be heard. Free trade leaders are not wanting; and we rejoice to hear of their activity. The growing influence of their new journal, "*Le Libre Echange*" is a favorable augury; and among the minor indications of progress which have not escaped us, the election of a journeyman watchmaker, M. Peupin, a member of the Free Trade Association of Paris, as a delegate to the Government Commission on the Labor question, a Commission named by protectionists, and still under their influence, is deserving attention. M. Peupin was chosen at a meeting of his own trade to represent their interests in the Commission, after a full explanation of his own opinions

as a free-trader: 212 persons were present, and the whole voted in his favor, with only one exception.

We have arrived at that portion of our narrative which relates to the alarm of the middle classes, both in France and England, and its disastrous consequences, caused by the supposed *Socialist* tendencies of the Revolution; which many who know nothing of socialism imagine must necessarily involve some violent levelling of all distinctions of property.

On the very first day of the revolution the working classes of Paris, and especially those who had taken a part in the overthrow of the Orleans dynasty, were not slow in making it understood, and we do not blame them for it, that this time the revolution was to result in some improvement of their position, and was not to be confined to the creation of a multitude of places under government for the middle and upper classes, as in the case of the Revolution of July.

Another thing they made apparent; and that was their conviction that in some way or other an improvement of their physical and social condition was an object within the power of attainment of an honest government. In this belief we share; differing with them upon the means, and differing especially upon the means thrust upon the Provisional Government of the Hotel de Ville. The labor question was one for the deliberation of the National Assembly, not for impromptu legislation. But pledges for the future would not satisfy the people; the pressure was serious; and hence the following decree:—

“Considering that the revolution made by the people ought to be made for them.

“That it is time to put an end to the long and iniquitous sufferings of workmen.

“That the labor question is one of supreme importance.

“That there is no other more high or more worthy of the consideration of a republican government.

“That it belongs to France to study ardently, and to resolve a problem submitted at present to all the industrial nations of Europe.

“The provisional government of the republic decrees a permanent commission, which shall be named *Commission de Gouvernement pour les Travailleurs*, which is about to be nominated, with the express and special mission of occupying itself with their lot.

“To show how much importance the provisional government of the Republic attaches to the solution of this great problem, it nominates President of the Commission of Government for Workmen one of

its members, M. Louis Blanc, and for Vice-President another of its members, M. Albert, workman.

“Workmen will be invited to form part of the committee.

“The seat of the committee will be at the Palace of the Luxembourg.”

If by the word “people,” in the first paragraph of this proclamation, we are to understand the working classes alone, it is not ingenuous, for nothing is more clear, than that without the support of the National Guards the revolution could not have been accomplished; and even with that support the government was only conquered because there were none who cared to defend it. But we will not cavil with terms or phrases. The mischief which followed the appointment of the Commission arose, not out of the appointment (for all inquiry is in itself useful), but out of the permission given to it prematurely to act. Before the Commission could be properly organized, so as to embrace the various sections of the working classes, including free-traders, as well as trades unionists, and embody a real representation of their interests, and in fact, before the Republic was a week old, we have decrees signed Louis Blanc and Albert, “Ouvrier,” (March 1 and 2), fixing the duration of a day’s labor at ten hours, and abolishing “*marchandage*,” or the customary division of large contracts among a number of sub-contractors, without which no great work can be executed, excepting at a greatly enhanced cost.

The ten-hours labor decree is of course only an exaggerated copy of the ten-hours labor act forced upon Lord John Russell, and we have not, therefore, a word to say against Louis Blanc that would not equally apply to Lord Ashley. Both the citizen and the noble lord had not learned (but we trust they have now better knowledge) that it is the competition of workmen among themselves that regulates the hours of labor, and not the good pleasure of masters, or the will of a legislature. True, a factory may be closed at six in the evening, or shut up altogether, if it so please a government; but what law can prevent the hand-loom weaver, who is his own master, working 18 hours out of the 24, when the power-loom is idle\* (and this is a common case); and

\* A law which restricts labor only in factories, and it is only in factories restriction is possible, is in fact a law against the use of machinery; and it seems somewhat remarkable this should not have been perceived by some at least connected with the Commission. M. Albert, the Secretary, is a working



who is to say to the tailor, the shoe-maker, the watch-maker, the sempstress, toiling voluntarily to eke out scanty wages at their own homes, day and night, and often seven days in the week, "at such an hour shall you begin to labor, and at such an hour shall you cease to labor, that your competition may not interfere with the interests of those who are compelled in factories to submit to the same regulation?"

If the Labour Commission of Louis Blanc and Albert, "Ouvrier," had commenced its duties with *inquiry*, it would have been enabled to teach its constituents that the factory operatives of England, instead of being satisfied with their Ten Hours' Labour Act, would at the present moment be only too happy to set it aside, if the opportunity should ever again be offered them of making up for past losses, by working over hours. From the long-continued depression of trade, the majority of mill hands have been obliged to submit, since the act was passed, to half-time. Instead of sixty hours employment per week, they have found it difficult to obtain thirty; and projects of emigration to America, where the factory hours are fifteen per day, are at the present moment being seriously discussed, as the only remedy for the existing distress, by those who were foremost in the late agitation.

All that the law can do in regulating hours of labour, without injustice, or mischievous interference (the case of children excepted), is to define the meaning of a day's labour, in the absence of any written contract between master and servant, so that all claims for extra wages for extra hours might be settled without dispute. To pass a law that factory operatives, or any other, should not be allowed to work extra hours, what-engineer, and one of the editors of '*L'Atelier*,' a journal in which we find the following sensible address:—

Paris, Feb. 25, 6 p.m.

"Brothers!—We learn that amidst the joys of triumph, some of our companions, misled by perfidious counsels, have wished to tarnish the glory of our Revolution by excesses which we disapprove of with all our energy; they have threatened to break the mechanical presses! Brothers! These men are in the wrong. We suffer as they do the perturbations caused by the introduction of machinery into manufactures; but, instead of quarreling with inventions which abridge labor, but multiply produce, we charge none but egotistical and improvident Governments with being the cause of all our grief. In future this can never be. Therefore spare the machines. Besides, to attack machinery is to stop the march and stifle the voice of the Revolution. It is, under the grave circumstances by which we are surrounded, doing the work of bad citizens."

ever sum might be offered them; that a reaper, for example, should not be permitted to rise with the lark, and finish his work by the light of the harvest-moon, is, or would be, insupportable tyranny.

Louis Blanc has written a book on the Organization of Industry, full of generous thoughts. When called upon to realize its aspirations, he converts it into the sword of the destroying angel. The total *disorganization* of industry has been hitherto the only result of the decrees and proclamations of the commission. A temporary stagnation of trade, and a scarcity of employment, is in all cases a necessary consequence of revolution. The Commission meets it by pledges of more abundant employment, and increased rates of remuneration. It raises the wages of omnibus drivers and conductors, and is immediately beset with a thousand applications from other classes of operatives for a similar decree in their favour. It puts an end to sub-contracts (*marchandage*), without pausing to consider whether head contractors will be ruined or otherwise by the change, or what works it will cause to be suspended; and as if to add to the difficulties of merchants, manufacturers, builders, and every class of capitalists, it obtains from the Provisional Government a decree abolishing arrest for debt, without waiting to give the creditor a more effectual remedy for the recovery of his property; thus plunging every description of enterprise into an abyss of hopeless uncertainty and confusion. In such circumstances, every prudent man would necessarily seek to withdraw his capital from trade; not to embark it in new speculations. A strike for wages, or some new restriction of labour, compelling the discharge of one set of servants and the engagement of another, might in a moment change the fairest calculations of profit into ruinous losses. To undertake the execution of a new contract, when all old conditions of labour had become unsettled, would be to take a ticket in a lottery in which all the chances would be against the employer. We see, therefore, within the first fortnight of the labours of the Commission, trade paralyzed, and many thousand workmen, in every branch of industry, who had never before wanted employment, suddenly reduced to destitution.

In all this, however, we trace nothing of *socialism*. The first decrees of the Labour Commission were concessions, not to the

communists, but to the trade unionists. And it is here the real danger lies. The operatives who believe wages may be raised and the hours of labour lessened by arbitrary regulations, and who seek to effect their objects by the intimidation of masters, the destruction of machinery, and the exclusion of strangers or foreigners from the field of employment, are much more numerous than the socialists, whether in France or England, and are certainly not the disciples of St. Simon, Fourier, George Sand, or Robert Owen.

The term "socialist" has been applied without distinction to every person who has indulged in new speculations on the subject of social science, however much those speculations may differ. In this country, "socialism" has become a bugbear, from its supposed connexion with laxity of morals, and infidelity in religion; but its essential characteristic, and the only one in which all socialists agree, is the principle of "mutual co-operation for the interests of all." The extent to which mutual co-operation is practicable, without interfering with that individuality which is equally essential to happiness, is the question of *degree* upon which different opinions are entertained. And let us look this monster fairly in the face. The Athenæum Club, in Waterloo place, is a socialist community: confining its co-operation to the object of palace accommodation for gentlemen of literary tastes, and a *juste milieu* order of harmless politicians. The Reform Club, in Pall Mall, is another socialist community, composed principally of Whigs, and going one step further than the Athenæum, in providing sleeping accommodation for those members who require it. The Suburban Village Association patronized by Lord Morpeth, proposes to form socialist communities on a large scale, but confining their objects to comfortable cottage residences, amidst pleasant fields and gardens; with schools and churches, and cheap means of access by railways. It would be only to persuade the inhabitants of one of these suburban villages to become joint-stock partners in a farm and factory for their own benefit, and we should have an exact pattern of the kind of socialist communities Louis Blanc is probably seeking to establish in France at the present moment; but of the success of which Lamartine, Marrast, and other members of the Provisional Government, are not so sanguine as himself. That such communities would fail in the first instance is very pro-

bable—is almost certain; much has to be learned of the arrangements required, and modes of management, and until a knowledge of these has been gained by experience, there will be defective organization and a waste of means. But who would say that the experiment should not be tried? And with the evidence surrounding us of the marvels accomplished by joint-stock associations of capitalists, what data have we for a prediction that joint-stock associations of labourers (and labour is capital) may not one day realize the results of which philanthropists have dreamed? The difficulties to be overcome are not physical but moral. The theory is sound, and it is that of Christianity, that the interest of one is the interest of all; but the habit of identifying our happiness as individuals with the common good has to be formed. Education, when it has escaped its present trammels, may form it.

So far from socialism being a just cause of apprehension to the middle and upper classes, its prevalence in France, although but among a comparatively small section of the population, is really a valid security for the general stability of the existing institutions of property. The communists of every school deprecate alike the principle of confiscation or spoliation. They seek not to pull down the rich, but to raise the poor by placing them in a position to secure a better share than they now obtain of the fruits of their own industry; and they propose to accomplish this by purely voluntary associations, assisted in the first instance by government loans. Two or three millions sterling (one half the cost of our own poor Laws), will probably be the extreme expenditure of the French Republic for some years upon objects of this nature, and if the money should be all sunk it will not have been thrown away. The government will be popular with the working classes when they see it seriously occupied with schemes for their welfare; and those schemes, whether ultimately they fail or not, will, by the attention they will excite, and the discussions to which they will give rise at every stage of their progress, inspire hope, diminish the number of "strikes," and calm down the spirit of violence. But come what may of this new labor movement, we challenge Louis Blanc, or any republican philanthropists who may hereafter take his place, to produce, by any project, however visionary, likely to be sanctioned by the National Assembly, a

tithe of the social disorders which arose out of the Irish Labor-Rate Act of 1846,—the greatest curse under the name of relief with which any country was ever afflicted; and of which the cost was ten millions sterling!

The first measure of the Labor Commission, forced upon the government, not by the socialists but by the trades unionists, led to disastrous results. All the relations between master and servant, employer and employed, having become unsettled, multitudes of operatives suddenly found themselves thrown upon the resources of their past savings. This led to a run upon the Savings' Bank, and to a financial crisis, by which the whole industry of the country was brought to a stand.

We must not, however, exaggerate the influence of the bad political economy of the Trades Unions. Neither should we attribute to the revolution nor to republicanism consequences which do not necessarily belong to either. The revolution and the labor question precipitated a financial crisis; but the crisis would have stopped far short of that universal bankruptcy which ensued, but for two other causes in operation, one of which is sufficiently obvious; the other but little understood.

We allude first to the profligate expenditure of the late government, which, according to the financial report of M. Garnier Pagès\* (dated March 9th), had been at a rate exceeding the revenue of £44,000 per

day during the last 268 days, and which had caused 37 millions sterling to be added to the national debt of France since the year 1841. On the first of January, 1848, the national debt of France, deducting the government stock belonging to the sinking fund, amounted to £207,185,789. The whole of this burden it was necessary for the Republic to accept, and as the best possible pledge that it would accept it, and of its anxiety to uphold public credit, the Provisional Government commenced paying in advance on the 6th of March, out of the balance they found in the treasury, the dividends due on the 22nd. This measure, although re-assuring, did not prevent, as it was hoped it would, the great depreciation of government stock, as shown by the following quotations:—

	1848.	Closing Prices of 3 per Cents.	Closing Prices of 5 per Cents.
February 21st	-	73f. 85c.	- 116f. 45c.
March 7th	-	56f. 50c.	- 89f.
" 8th	-	47f.	- 75f.

The fall of railway stock was in a similar, and in some instances in a greater proportion than the above, from the damage done to the northern lines, partly at the instigation of parties connected with the old road traffic.

	Prices of Northern of France Railway Shares of £30—£10 paid.
Feb. 21	- - 1½ to 1½ premium.
March 7	- - 6½ " 6 discount.
" 8	- - 7½ " 7 "

\* Given in *extenso* in the "Times" of March 13. The following abridged statement of the National Debt of France is from the "Times" of February 29th.

"On the accession of Louis Philippe to throne the capital of the funded debt of France had reached to about £172,000,000. Since that period an excess of expenditure over revenue has been the rule, and the following plans have successively been taken:—

*Period, amount, and rate of the French loans contracted during the last 18 years.*

Date.	Amount in francs.	Rate per cent.	Contract price.
1830	40,000,000	5	102
1831	120,000,000	5	84
1832	150,000,000	5	98.50
1841	150,000,000	3	78.52½
1844	200,000,000	3	84.75
1847	250,000,000	3	75.25
Total	910,000,000		

"We have here an addition of thirty-seven millions sterling (being at the rate of more than two millions increase each year), which brings the present total to about 209 millions. These stand in the following way:—

	Rentes.	Capital in francs.	Capital in sterling
5 per Cents.	147,000,000	2,940,000,000	115,294,000
4½ per Cents.	1,000,000	22,222,222	871,000
4 per Cents.	22,000,000	550,000,000	21,569,000
3 per Cents.	55,000,000	1,833,333,333	71,895,000
	224,000,000	5,345,555,555	£209,629,000

The failure of banking houses holding large securities in railway bonds, was one of the first symptoms of commercial alarm. But the subject of greatest uneasiness was the deficit of 1847, for which a loan of 14 millions sterling had been contracted by the fallen government, in November, on which £3,280,000 only had been paid. The balance of £10,720,000 remained to be paid by instalments of £400,000 per month, and as the loss to the subscribers would be ruinous, the contract price having been 75*s.* 25*c.* in the 3 per cents., it became a problem whether even the house of Rothschilds, through whom the contract had been taken, would not break down under its responsibility.

To check the run upon the Savings' Banks, the interest allowed the depositors was raised to 5 per cent., but this did not have the effect of quieting their fears. The run continued; and it became necessary to declare the inability of the government to meet it with any means at their disposal. The property of the depositors, amounting to £14,200,000 was chiefly invested in the funds. To convert this into cash by sales of stock after a fall of 35 per cent., or to obtain the cash by any other mode, was obviously impossible. The government at once announced the fact. It arranged to pay each depositor £4 in cash, to meet the case of the very poor withdrawing it from actual need, and to pay the surplus in exchequer bills at four and six months' date, and 5 per cent. stock at par.\* This measure in-

\* "The Provisional Government, considering that the fallen Government has left to the charge of a Republic a sum of 355,087,717*l.* 32*c.*, arising from the deposits made in the savings-bank; considering that of this sum there only remains disposable, in cash, 65,703,820.40*c.*; considering that the small deposits belong in general to necessitous citizens; whereas the large deposits belong, on the contrary, generally to persons in easy circumstances; and whereas it is desirable to reconcile the interests of justice with that of the Treasury, and that of private individuals with that of the public; decrees—Article 1. The *livres* (receipt-books) showing a payment of 100*l.* and under, shall, at the demand of the depositors, be reimbursed in cash. Art. 2. Deposits of from 101*l.* to 1,000*l.* shall be reimbursed in the following manner:—1, 100*l.* in cash; 2, the remainder, up to half of the sum paid in, in one or more treasury bonds, at four months' date, and bearing interest at 5 per cent.; 3, the last half in a coupon of five per cent. rentes at par. Art. 3. For the receipt-books in which the sum paid in shall exceed 1,000*l.*, the savings banks shall pay—1, 100*l.* in cash; 2, the remainder up to half the amount in treasury bonds at six months' date and bearing interest at 5 per cent.; 3, the last half in a coupon of 5 per cent. rentes at par. Art. 4. The receipt books inscrib-

ed in the name of societies for mutual assistance shall not be subject to the preceding provisions; their deposits shall be reimbursed in cash. Receipt-books for deposits made since Feb. 24, 1848, are also excepted from the measure. *March 15th, 1848.*"

stead of relieving the pressure, aggravated it into panic. The depositors finding that a transfer warrant given them as 100 francs, would only sell for 75 (although they were not obliged to sell it in an unfavorable market), considered themselves robbed. The anxiety to obtain gold or silver to hoard in the event of worse contingencies increased on every hand; a run commenced upon all the banks throughout the country, including the Bank of France, which finally (March 15th) was obliged to suspend specie payments. The government then adopted the only course which remained; it issued a decree, authorizing the substitution of notes for coin, and declaring the notes of the Bank of France a legal tender.

The next day a 1,000 franc note was sold for 625 francs in silver, establishing what a bullionist writer would call a *depreciation* of paper of 17 1-2 per cent; but more correctly—for no one has ever doubted the solvency of the Bank of France, an *appreciation* of *bullion*, or rise in the value of silver to that extent. The alarm spreading throughout the continent—the demand for the precious metals, with a view to hoarding, became general. The two great banking corporations of Belgium, the *Société Générale* and the *Banque de Belgique*, were compelled to follow the example of the Bank of France; and within a week of the same date.

Two months only had elapsed since the Bank of England had been drained of its treasures by a similar panic, but originating in different causes, and had been compelled to protect itself by an order in council (October 23), authorizing an enlargement of its discounts at 8 per cent. upon notes which had become already practically inconvertible, and which were then sustained solely by the credit of the corporation. Previous to this order in council, panic had succeeded panic, crisis had succeeded crisis, throughout the two years of 1846 and 1847; but without a whisper of revolution or republicanism. When at last the news came of a Republic established in France, the English funds and the shares of joint-stock companies fell instantly, almost in the same proportion in London as French funds and shares in Paris.

ed in the name of societies for mutual assistance shall not be subject to the preceding provisions; their deposits shall be reimbursed in cash. Receipt-books for deposits made since Feb. 24, 1848, are also excepted from the measure. *March 15th, 1848.*"

	Closing prices of 3 per cent. consols for money.	Closing prices of London and N. Western shares.
Feb. 21, 1848	89½ to ½	147 to 149
28	81 ½	133 138
Mar. 9	80½	130 133
13	80½	128 130
22	82½ ½	125 127

At the moment we are writing it is almost difficult to say whether the stagnation of trade, from the depression of every description of stock, without exception, in which capital has been invested, is not as great in England as in France; and yet not a thought has been entertained in any quarter of the people of this country suddenly agreeing to exchange the sceptre of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria for another Commonwealth or Protectorate like that of Cromwell. To what then are these universal embarrassments, these periodical ague-fits of commerce, to be really attributed? To the false monetary principles by which commercial transactions are regulated. False in reference to the use of coins as a "fixed standard of value;" a standard as uncertain as if a yard measure were sometimes to mean 36 inches and sometimes 24; and false in reference to the mode of adjusting the payment of contract debts; the medium agreed upon being one which in unforeseen circumstances, such as those which have recently arisen, may become impossible, by disappearing altogether from circulation.

Before we quit the subject of the labor question, we would ask the trades unionists of Paris, and all who have sought to regulate wages by a money-standard, to consider well what it is they seek to fix. In settling the wages of a day laborer at 15s. per week, they fix undoubtedly the quality, weight, and number of certain silver coins which he is to receive. But is this all their object? It is not. Their ulterior object is the food, clothing, fuel, and shelter which, it is supposed, 15s. will purchase. But will 15s. always purchase an uniform quantity of these? They will not. A bushel of flour in 1846 was 8s. one week and 12s. another;—with the same quantity of silver at his command, the day laborer was one week fed, and another week starving. This does not happen when wages are paid in kind. The contract of a domestic servant being principally for his board, whether flour be 8s. or 12s. per bushel, he obtains the same quantity of bread, or of some other equivalent food. If provisions be scarce the loss falls upon

his master; that is upon *capital*. In the case of money wages, it falls wholly upon *labor*. A most serious difference. It is idle to talk of coins as fixed standards of *value*. They are fixed in nothing but weight and quality. Their real want of uniformity of value while retaining the same names, or rather the want of a true standard of value, founded upon general averages, is the source of endless confusion. Trade will continue to be a lottery, and the labor question will never be understood and placed upon a right footing until this mischief has been traced through all its ramifications and corrected.

The doctrine of "convertibility," or the law which makes metallic money the only legal tender, with no means of adjusting its varying value to the equity of contracts, is another of the delusions, pregnant with disaster, of the same currency theory. At first sight it seems plausible enough to say that a promise to pay one hundred sovereigns (we purposely avoid the word pounds) should be discharged with sovereigns only, and not with tea or sugar, or some other commodity, at the pleasure of the debtor; but as it is notorious that there is not in existence one sovereign for every thousand that would be required to discharge all commercial obligations in gold, *at once*, is it not folly, amounting to lunacy, to contend that the debtors and creditors of a nation shall not, with their own consent and that of the legislature, protect their common industry from fluctuations greater than those of the gaming table, by allowing other property than gold or silver to be substituted for the precious metals at a previously agreed price, in certain emergencies?

Imagine the commander of a garrison issuing a contract for beef, and upon a murrain among the horned beasts of the district rendering it impossible for the contractor to fulfil his engagement to the letter, refusing to accept, instead of beef,—mutton, pork, fowls, veal, or venison, and deciding to hang the contractor, and allow his soldiers to starve, rather than consent to any modification of the original agreement. The position of the contractor in this case is that of all the bankers of Europe. Their business as bankers is to invest in securities bearing interest the surplus portion of the deposits placed in their hands, not likely in ordinary circumstances to be required by the public. These deposits, although originally lodged perhaps

in the form of checks and notes, are all liable to be demanded in gold or silver, and to be so demanded *at once*. In addition to which, all bank notes payable on demand are liable to be presented at once. The consequence is, that any event which produces general distrust may cause a sudden demand for gold and silver to an amount greater than exists in the whole world. Such a demand can only be even partially met by forced sales of investments, at whatever sacrifice such sales may be effected; depressing therefore alike the value of all securities that are not metallic, and making the fortunes of every man connected with commerce or manufactures hang upon a thread.

The wisdom of the nineteenth century has as yet discovered no remedy for this tremendous evil. A remedy worse than the disease is endured in the belief that there are absolutely no other means of checking excessive and fraudulent issues of paper money than the test of "convertibility;" a test which fails the moment it is applied on a large scale! No one now even suspects a government of abusing the prerogative of the mint, and debasing the coinage, as in the time of Henry VIII., but fraudulent issues of paper money, it seems, however restricted and regulated by Act of Parliament, would be too severe a temptation for the virtue of statesmen!

It is now assumed that the consequence of a suspension of cash-payments on the part of the Bank of France, will be the same inundation of inconvertible paper, based upon nothing, with which France was deluged during the first revolution, under the name of assignats; the whole of which became valueless. This was in 1796. The next year, however (1797), the Bank of England suspended cash payments. Yet the English assignats did not become waste paper, but on the contrary, so far maintained their value, that on the return of peace they bought back the gold which enabled the bank to resume cash-payments in 1821.\*

\* *Assignats* were first issued by the NATIONAL OR CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY, in 1790, to the extent of £48,000,000; the government receiving them back again in the taxes, and in payment of confiscated estates sold by auction. In 1795, the CONVENTION being at war with the whole of Europe, issued them to the amount of £787,980,000, by which the value of 100 francs in paper, fell to about that of 100 pence in copper. In 1796 the issue of Assignats under the DIRECTORY, reached the almost incredible amount of £1,823,160,000 (45,579,000,000*fr.*). An

There is obviously no physical or moral impossibility in giving to a currency of inconvertible paper an uniformity of value at least as great as that of gold, and we believe a much greater uniformity, for two reasons,—one, that paper when in excess of the demand can be contracted, while there are no means of withdrawing gold from circulation;—the other that it would not be, like gold, subject to the fluctuations arising from a foreign demand, or a home panic. The question is merely one of the mode by which the supply should be adapted to the demand; a question upon which the time will come when political economists will be agreed.

A plan, which might have been suggested to M. Garnier Pagès, would have been, instead of declaring the notes of the Bank of France inconvertible and a legal tender, to have issued a new paper currency founded upon the security of the funds. When, for example, M. Garnier Pagès paid his debts to the depositors of the savings' banks with transfer warrants of 5 per cent. stock at par, why did he not *make those transfer warrants a legal tender*, so that the savings' banks depositors could have paid *their* debts with them at the same price? The advantage of such a currency over that of inconvertible *bank* paper is that it would have upheld the funds, and therefore have maintained both public and private credit, while the solidity of the security would have been unquestionable. The dividends of the French fundholders amount to £8,000,000 per annum. Can any man doubt the ability of a population of 35,000,000 to pay this sum annually, or the willingness of the French people to accept the obligation. If not—in that equitable adjustment of national affairs, of which the object is to supersede or prevent universal bankruptcy, what ought the annual payment of £5 per annum (in silver if required) thus guaranteed, to be received as worth? In ordinary circumstances it would be worth 25 years' purchase. No injustice therefore could be done by making it a legal tender at 20 years' purchase, or £100 (divisible into fifths and tenths). Such a currency would also have the recommenda-

Assignat of 100 francs (£4) was then currently exchanged for six sous (3*d.*).—*Storch*, Vol. IV., p. 162

The amount of English Assignats, or Bank of England Inconvertible notes, in circulation during the war, never exceeded £30,000,000, and they were issued always upon securities, in the discount of bills,—not, as the French Assignats, in payment of the government expenditure.

tion of regulating itself, and being wholly independent of capricious issues. It could never be in excess, because, whenever, from the abundance of money, or capital, money ceased to be worth 5 per cent. in the public market, the holders of these 5 per cent. notes, instead of paying them away, would receive the dividends upon them, and keep the notes in their own drawers.

These remarks may appear as a digression, but they were necessary to separate in the minds of our readers two questions, both of importance, but perfectly distinct, although now accidentally connected—the question of republicanism and that of the currency.



From the People's Journal.

### THE VILLAGE HOME.

BY SYDNEY YENDYS.

A Village Home, a Village Home  
By a smiling village lea,  
With the calm rich life of its tranquil scene,  
And the joy that smiles thro' its ancient mien,  
And its daily flowers and its olden treen  
That sigh and lean o'er the graveyard green,—  
Oh a Village Home for me!

Oh a Village Home! where all,  
From the babbling village brook  
To the village sky that shines on high,  
Hath the same sweet village look!

And the sun hath a face for that happy place,  
Which never he knows elsewhere,  
As a villager gay, in his harvest array,  
He strides thro' the morning air:

Pane by pane, thro' hamlet and lane,  
He peepeth in every one;  
And right fair speech hath his love for each—  
That brave old neighborly sun!

A Village Home for me—  
And the village peace that plays  
Thro' the calm delights of its holy nights,  
And the thoughts of its quiet days.

And a Village Home for me  
When my village life is o'er,  
And the village hum at eve may come  
On my twilight ear no more,—

That sleep so calm and sound  
How the weary heart would love,  
With the village graves around,  
And the village bells above;

And the village blessing borne  
On the balm of Sabbath air;

And the tears in simple eyes that mourn  
At village hour of prayer,  
As they point to the stone with moss overgrown,  
And think of the sleeper there.

A Village Home, a Village Home  
By a smiling village lea,  
With the calm rich life of its tranquil scene,  
And the joy that smiles thro' its ancient mien,  
And its daily flowers and its olden treen  
That sigh and lean o'er the graveyard green,—  
Oh a Village Home for me!

### WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

What might be done if men were wise  
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,  
Would they unite,  
In love and right,  
And cease their scorn of one another!

Oppression's heart might be imbued  
With kindling drops of loving kindness,  
And knowledge pour  
From shore to shore,  
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs—  
All vice and crime may die together;  
And wine and corn,  
To each man born,  
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod—  
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow—  
Might stand erect  
In self-respect,  
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done—  
And more than this, my suffering brother—  
More than the tongue  
Ever said or sung  
If men were wise, and loved each other.

From *the Metropolitan*.

## LINES TO A YOUNG LADY.

I look'd for thee the landscape o'er,  
 I sought thee, but in vain;  
 And true, it seems, that nevermore  
 We two may meet again.  
 Thine eye so bright, may shed its light,  
 In halls untrod by me;  
 Where mirth and song the glad night long,  
 May fill the heart with glee;  
 Where melting bosoms own the might  
 And pride of minstrelsy.

And yet, I would have loved thee well,  
 Maid of the liquid eye;  
 And yet upon me is the spell  
 Of thy fair presence nigh.  
 And yet I feel 'tis vain to tell,  
 How I alone must sigh;  
 How the fond hope that bade me swell,  
 Is crushed, despondingly.

Oh, be thou still as pure, as fair;  
 As now thou seem'st to me;  
 Be still thy heart as void of care,  
 Thine eye from weeping free:  
 Still may thy tresses, rich and rare,  
 Hang down luxuriantly.

Enough for me in secrecy  
 To nurse the sacred flame:  
 To fill the cup in festive glee,  
 And give the honored name;  
 To drink to her who generously  
 Will not a poet blame.

## A FIRST OFFENCE UNPARDONED.

BY THOMAS HARRISON.

O there has many a tear been shed,  
 And many a heart been broken,  
 For want of a gentle hand stretch'd forth,  
 Or a word in kindness spoken!

Then O! with brotherly regard  
 Greet every son of sorrow;  
 So from each tone of love his heart  
 New hope—new strength shall borrow.

Nor turn—with cold and scornful eye  
 From him that hath offended;  
 But let the harshness of reproof,  
 With kindlier tones be blended.

The seeds of good are everywhere:  
 And, in the *guiltiest* bosom,  
 Sunn'd by the quickening rays of love,  
 Put forth their tender blossom.

While many a noble soul hath been  
 To deeds of evil harden'd—  
 Who felt that bitterest griefs—  
 A first offence unpardon'd!

For O! if one that slightly errs  
 Be pass'd by unforgiven  
 By kindred beings, weak and frail,  
 How can he look to Heaven?

From *Howitt's Journal*.

## THE RICH AND THE POOR.

BY ROBERT STORY.

THE high-born commander who fearlessly leads  
 His host or his fleet in the "cause of mankind,"  
 Is enriched if he lives, and is mourned if he bleeds,  
 While his name is in song and in story enshrined.  
 But the soldier, or sailor, whose arm won the day—  
 Who survives, it may be, with the loss of a limb—  
 What hand will enrich him, what guerdon repay,  
 What song will resound through the nations for him!

The favored by Fortune, the favored by Birth,  
 Who earned, or inherit the wealth they have got,  
 Enjoy all the good Heaven pours upon earth,  
 And have flatterers that call them the gods they are not.

But the poor man whose toil has produced all this wealth,

Whose sinews have shrunk, and whose eyes have grown dim—  
 What heart thinks of him, in his sickness or health?  
 What flatterer will waste a soft phrase upon him?

Enough of old parties and leaders; we want  
 A leader and party with *heart* and with *nerve*,  
 Who will work with a zeal which no obstacles daunt—

To win for the masses the rights they deserve.  
 O, never did party in England yet drain  
 A cup filled, like theirs, with delight to the brim!  
 And never did leader the blessings obtain  
 That will gratefully shower from all hearts upon him!

## WORK, NOT COMPLAINT.

MAN, grieve not though thine eye sees not  
 Beyond the far horizon's bound:  
 Complain not though thine intellect  
 So weak and limited is found?

From hill to hill, through vales make way  
 And form a new horizon's bound:  
 From truth to truth, in toil ascend,  
 And day by day take in fresh ground!

The sun, the ruler of the heavens,  
 Sees not at once the wide earth o'er;  
 Shall man, a tenant of the earth,  
 The heavens with a glance explore?

## OUR APPOINTED TIME.

Born down to earth, the weary soul complains,  
 And struggles to escape; panting to rise,  
 And wing its way back to its native skies,  
 But He whose breath it is, who ever reigns  
 Supreme, amid the light of lights sustains  
 Its fainting strength, and giveth life new ties,  
 To make endurance sweet, and thence supplies  
 A ray of heaven's bliss to earth's sad plains.  
 Peace, weary one! thou hast a work to do,  
 Which being fitly ended, thou shalt soar,  
 And having gained it, quit thy home no more.  
 Then with firm constancy thy course pursue,  
 Until all knowledge open on thy view,  
 When life is love, and love is to adore.





**PUNCH ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.**—Punch is down upon Louis Philippe, as a matter of course, like a thousand of brick. One of the large caricatures in Punch represents a *Sans Culotte* in a Roman helmet extinguishing Louis Philippe with the Phrygian Liberty Cap. The King sits on a candle stick like a pale candle half burned out. The following are cuts in letter-press of the last number : *Romance of History.*—Who would have thought that the "coming man" would have been Louis Philippe.

"*Le Commencement de la Fin.*"—All that is now left of the French "Nobilité," is the initial syllable "No." A bad beginning, but a worse end.

*A Cat may look at a King.*—This is a very ancient maxim ; but, if kings do not take care, it will become obsolete, for though it may be always true that a cat may look at a king, the time may come when a cat must look very sharp, indeed, to find one. We hope, nevertheless, that a cat may enjoy the privilege of looking at a Queen, and that the feline animal may, throughout the whole of its nine lives, have our own Victoria to look upon.

*The Bo-peep of the Bourbons.*—Louis Philippe has lost his sheep, and never again will find 'em. The people of France have made an advance and left their King behind 'em.

*Counterfeit Coin.*—It is evident that much counterfeit money must of late have been put in circulation, for during many days the people of Dover, Southampton, and other sea-side places, have been keeping a sharp look-out for a bad sovereign.

*The worst cut of all.*—Louis Philippe, the ex-King turned out of France, and scorned by all Europe, incurs the pity of Mr. D'Israeli. They say this cut up the King more than any other of his mishaps.

#### *The Lost Game.*

At cards a sly and an old man played  
With a nation across the sea  
And oaths were taken, and bets were made  
As to whose the game should be.

They played so long, and they played so well,  
It was difficult to scan  
If the sly old man should the people "sell,"  
Or the people the sly old man.

The people were "flush" of "clubs" and "spades,"  
And played as if in despair ;  
And "diamonds" he had, in all their grades,  
But never a "heart" was there.

The last "heat" came of the game I sing,  
And the people played pell-mell ;  
But the old man lost, tho' he played the "king,"  
For he played the "knave" as well.

#### *The Three Glorious Days of Prince Louis Napoleon.*

Feb. 26th. I left London for Paris.

" 27th. I reached Paris.

" 28th. I left Paris, and reached London.

**MORAL.**—I came ; I saw ; but somehow did not conquer.—**CESAR, (a little altered).**

*Ominous.*—This is the second time that titles have been abolished in France. The rule of Lindley Murray says, "two negatives make an affirmative ;" but as the French are not particularly fond of English rule, there is still hope left for the French nobility.

*Citizen Louis Philippe in Paris.*—Such is the confidence of the French Republicans in the durability of their form of Government that, it is said, in a very little time they will allow all the Orleans family to return to Paris to enjoy the comforts of private citizenship. Louis Philippe, we understand, proposes to set up in business as a money changer.

*The Patencees of Government.*—We are so profoundly convinced that no Ministry can survive for a week unless it is compounded of the Nobility, that we have the most serious alarms for the duration of the Provisional Government at Paris. Why, there is not a single Lord amongst them ! It is true that the members are all men of genius, every one of whom has distinguished himself, more or less, by his talents—but what has that to do with Government ? No ! Give us the *Red Book* before all other books, be they histories, or the best works on political economy, or the cleverest book you like. What is a man like Lamartine to a Marquis ? How can a person like Louis Blanc, much less the editor of a newspaper, know as much about statesmanship as an Earl, or a Viscount, or even a Right Honorable ? No ; the probability is absurd. The race of statesmen are all born with coronets. It is a breed of itself. The branches of Government, to flourish, must be covered with strawberry-leaves. For a country to be happy, to be free from debt, to be prosperous, the Ministers that guide it must be selected on the golden rule of "Nobility before Ability."

The preference reads rather absurd, but the thing has been proved so often in England, that the justice of it must be true ; and are we not particularly happy ?—Look to the Income-Tax. Are we not free from debt ?—Only refer to the National Debt.

And are we not prosperous?—But it is useless solving these questions when we have a Whig Ministry. The Genius of Statesmanship abides only in Herald's College.

*St. Helena the Second.*—The Napoleon of Peace has worked out his resemblance to his namesake. He now only wants a St. Helena, which we hope he will find at Claremont, where, upon his two millions in the British Funds, he will be enabled to rough it quietly for the remainder of his days.

*The Mouth-Stopper of France.*—The Minister of the Interior has declared Reform Banquets illegal. Louis Philippe evidently disapproves of the too great readiness to help themselves displayed by his subjects at those dinners. So anxious is he to stop the mouths of his people that he now forbids them from dining. But no doubt his paternal views of Government would be fully answered if his lieges would behave at table like well-regulated children, and eat—but not talk.

*Equivocal Insanity.*—Count Mortier is declared to be mad. One of the alleged signs of his insanity is his belief that M. Guizot is desirous of depriving him of his skin. For ourselves, we think there may be some truth in this. For in the present state of things, we believe it likely that M. Guizot should wish himself in any other man's skin than his own.

**THE SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF TEA.**—In a former paper it was shown that the bulk of mankind, according to the testimony of all travellers, require something in the nature of a stimulant. Wherever this stimulant is tea, there is to be found, as will presently be shown, the spirit of civilization in full activity. Where it is wanting, or used in small quantity, barbarous manners are still predominant. I therefore propound that tea and the discontinuance of barbarism are connected in the way of cause and effect. The original country of tea had arrived, at the date when history began to be written in Europe, at a stage of refinement which was unknown in the west for many centuries after. The Chinese were shut up with their tea between the desert and the ocean; and when visited at the end of many centuries by Europeans, who crossed the deep, or penetrated through a cordon of savage nations for the purpose, they were found to possess the political and social institutions, the manners, and even the frivolities peculiar to civilized life. Tea is suggestive of a thousand wants, from which spring the decencies and luxuries of society. The savage may drink water out of his calabash till doomsday; but give him tea, and he straightway exercises his faculties in the invention of a cup worthy of such a beverage. Tea was thus the inventor, I have little doubt, of that rich porcelain called china, from which arose numberless ideas of elegance in form, and beauty in coloring. The Japanese are perhaps still greater tea-drinkers than the Chinese; and they afford a more striking instance than the latter of the union of this custom with a high state of refinement and politeness. Tea was hardly known at all in this country till after the middle of the seventeenth century. It would not be easy to trace, in direct manner, the operation of this new agent in civilization, for tea does its spiriting gently. It is no vulgar conjuror, whose aim it is to make people stare. It insinuates itself into the mind, stimulates the imagination, disarms the thoughts of their coarseness, and brings up dancing to the surface a thousand beautiful and enlivening ideas. It is a bond of family love; it is the ally of a woman in the work of refinement; it throws down the conventional barrier between the two sexes, taming the

rude strength of the one, and ennobling the graceful weakness of the other. Tea, however, philosophically considered, is merely a rival of alcohol. The desire for an agreeable and exhilarating drink is natural to man, for it exists in all states of society; and the new beverage, gratifying the taste as it does without injuring the health or maddening the brain, must be considered a blessing to the human race. We are apt to look with disgust at such statistics as I have ventured to introduce, though sparingly, into this article; but if we consider the moral consequences attending the consumption of a few additional million pounds of tea, the arithmetical figures will be invested with more than romantic interest.—*Chambers's Journal.*

**MIRABEAU.**—Poets tell us clouds take the forms of the countries over which they pass, that moulding themselves upon the valleys, upon the plains, or the mountains, they preserve their impress, and thus bear them across the heavens. This is the image of certain men, whose collective genius, so to say, moulds itself upon their era, and in themselves embody all the individuality of a nation. Mirabeau was one of these men. He did not originate the revolution, he manifested it. Without him, perhaps, it would have remained a mere idea or tendency. He was born, and in him it found form, passion, language, that which causes a crowd to exclaim; "Behold here is the thing itself!"

He was born a gentleman, of an old family, originally from Italy, but refugees, and established in Provence. This family was one of those which Florence had repulsed from her bosom during the tempestuous times of her liberty, and for whose exile and persecution Dante so severely reproaches his country. The blood of Machiavelli and the restless genius of the Italian republics showed themselves in all the individuals of this race. The proportions of their souls are above their destiny. Vices, passions, virtues, all are beyond the common line. The women are angelic or wicked, the men sublime or depraved, their very language is emphatic and grand like their characters. Even in their most familiar correspondence there are the coloring and vibration of the heroic tongues of Italy. Mirabeau's ancestors speak of their domestic affairs as Plutarch of the quarrels of Marius and Sylla, of Cæsar and Pompey. You feel that they are great men lost amidst ignoble things. Mirabeau from his cradle was filled with this domestic majesty and this manhood. The source of genius is often in the race, and the family is sometimes the prophecy of destiny. Mirabeau's education was rude and cold, like the hand of his father, who was called the *Friend of Men*, but whose restless spirit and selfish vanity rendered him the persecutor of his wife and the tyrant of his children. Honor was the only virtue taught him. That was the name then given to that parade virtue which was often only the exterior of probity and the elegance of vice. Entering the military service early, he only contracted a taste for dissipation and play. His youth being passed in state prisons, his passions there exasperated themselves, his genius whetted itself on the chains of his dungeon, and his soul lost that modesty which rarely survives these precocious chastisements. Removed from prison to attempt, at the desire of his father, forming a connexion with Mademoiselle de Maignan, a rich heiress of one of the great families of Provence, he practised himself in cunning and audacious scheming on this little state of Aix. He displayed cunning, seduction, bravado, all the resources of his nature to gain success; and he did

succeed; but scarcely had he married before he is pursued by fresh persecutions, and the strong castle of Pontarlier opens to receive him. A love, which the "Letters to Sophie" have rendered immortal, once more open the gates for him. He carries off Madame de Munnier from her old husband. The happy lovers take refuge for some months in Holland. They are overtaken, are separated, are placed in confinement, one in the convent, the other in the dungeon of Vincennes. Love, which like fire in the veins of the earth, always shows itself in some recess of a great man's destiny, kindles into one ardent flame all the passions of Mirabeau. In his vengeance, it is outraged love which he satisfies; in liberty, it is love which he again wins and rescues; in study, it is also love which he makes illustrious. Entering obscure into his dungeon, he leaves it a writer, an orator, a statesman; but perverted, ready for anything, even to sell himself for fortune and celebrity.

The drama of his life has been conceived in his brain; a stage is alone wanting, and that time prepares for him. In the interval of the few years which passed between the time of his quitting the fortress of Vincennes, and his entering the National Assembly, he accomplished a mass of polemical work, which would have wearied any other man, but which only kept him in breath. The Bank of St. Charles, the Institutions of Holland, the work on Prussia, his encounter with Beaumarchais, his style and the part he had to sustain, those grand pleadings upon questions of war, of the balance of European powers, of finance; those biting invectives, those word-duels with the ministers and popular men of the time, already recalled the Roman Forum at the time of Clodius and Cicero. You feel the antique spirit in these modern controversies. You already believe you hear the first roaring of those popular tumults, which are soon to burst forth, and which his voice is destined to govern. At the first election of Aix, rejected with scorn by the nobility, he throws himself on the mercies of the people, sure to make the balance fall on that side on which he bestows the weight of his audacity and genius. Marseilles disputes with Aix the possession of the great plebeian. His two elections, the discourses which he delivers there, the addresses which he draws up, and the energy which he displays, occupy the attention of all France. His echoing words became proverbs of the revolution. From the moment of his entrance into the National Assembly, he alone occupied it; he in his own person is the entire people. His gestures are commands. He places himself on a level with the throne. His very vices cannot prevail over the clearness and sincerity of his intellect. At the foot of the rostrum he is a man without shame and virtue, at the rostrum he is an honest man. Yet the people are no religion to him, only an instrument. His God is glory; his faith posterity; his conscience only in his intellect, the fanaticism of his idea is entirely human; the cold materialism of the age deprives his soul of the motive and the strength given by imperishable things. He dies, exclaiming, "Cover me with perfumes and crown me with flowers, that I may enter into the eternal sleep." He is of time alone; he has imprinted nothing of the infinite on his work. He has not sanctified either his character, his acts, or his thoughts, with an immortal sign. Had he believed in God he might have died a martyr, but he would have left behind him the religion of reason, and the reign of democracy. In a word, Mirabeau was the intellect of a people—yet that is not after all being the faith of a people!—*Lamartine's Girondins.*

**PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XVI.**—Louis was at this time thirty-seven; his features were those of his race, rendered rather more heavy by the German blood of his mother, a princess of the house of Saxony. He had blue eyes much open, rather clear than dazzling, a round retreating forehead, a Roman nose, deprived somewhat of the usual energy of the aquiline form, by the nostrils being soft and heavy; a mouth smiling and gracious in its expression, thick lips, but well cut; a fine skin, a rich and bright complexion although somewhat flaccid. His stature was short, his figure stout, attitude timid, gait uncertain. In repose an uneasy balancing of himself, first on one hip, then on the other, it might be a movement contracted by him in the impatience which seizes princes forced to give long audiences, or a physical sign of the perpetual balancing of his undecided mind. In his whole person an expression of good-humor, more vulgar than royal, exciting at the first moment rather mockery than veneration, and which was seized upon by his enemies with a wicked perverseness and exhibited to the people as a symbol of those vices which they desired to immolate in royalty. In short, a certain resemblance to the imperial physiognomy of the last Cæsars at the time of the decay of their race and the empire; the gentleness of Antoninus, with the heavy corpulency of Vitellius; such was the man!

The young prince had been brought up at Meudon, in complete seclusion from the court of Louis XV. That evil atmosphere which had infected the age, had not penetrated to the heir of the throne. The soul of Fénelon seemed to have revisited this Palace of Meudon, where he had educated the Duke of Burgundy, to watch over the education of his descendant. That which was most nearly related to enthroned vice, was perhaps the purest thing in France. Had not the age been as dissolute as the king, it would have lavished all its affection upon him. But the age had reached that point of corruption when purity appears ridiculous, and when modesty is derided. Married at twenty to a daughter of Maria Theresa, he continued till he ascended the throne, his life of domestic seclusion and study. The horror inspired by his grandfather, formed his only popularity. For a few days he enjoyed the esteem of his people, but never their favor. Honest and well-informed he was, but spite of his feeling the necessity of reform, he had not the soul of a reformer; he had neither the genius nor the boldness necessary. He accumulated tempests without giving them impulse.—*Lamartine.*

**MARIE-ANTOINETTE.**—The Queen seemed to have been created by nature, as a contrast to the King, and to excite for ages, interest and compassion in one of those state dramas, which are incomplete without the sufferings of a woman. Daughter of Maria Theresa, her life had commenced amidst the storms of the Austrian monarchy. She was one of those children which the Empress held by the hand when presenting herself as a suppliant before her faithful Hungarian subjects, they exclaimed,—"Let us die for our King Maria Theresa!" Her daughter also had the heart of a king. At her arrival in France, her beauty had dazzled the whole kingdom; this beauty was still in all its splendor. She was of a tall, graceful figure; a true daughter of the Tyrol. The two children she had presented to the throne, lent to her person that character of maternal majesty which suits so well the mother of a nation. The presentiments of her misfortunes, and the anxieties of each day had only somewhat paled her first freshness. The natural majesty of her carriage de-

stroyed none of the grace of her movements; her neck rising freely from her shoulders, had those grand bendings which give such expression to attitudes. You felt the woman beneath the queen, the tenderness of her heart under the majesty of her destiny. Her light brown hair was long and silky; her forehead high and slightly swelling; her eyes of that clear blue which recalls northern skies, or the waters of the Danube; her nose aquiline, the nostrils open, and distended with emotion, a sign of courage; her mouth large, the teeth dazzling, Austrian lip, that is to say, prominent and full; the contour of her countenance oval, her physiognomy changing, expressive, full of emotion. Her whole countenance clothed with that indescribable splendor, which sparkles in the glance, glows in the shadows and reflexions of the flesh, and surrounds all with a halo similar to the warm and colored vapor in which objects bathed with sunshine seem to swim; the highest expression of beauty which gives to it the ideal, renders it living and changes it into attraction. Together with all these charms, a soul thirsting for affection, a heart easily moved and only asking for a resting place; and a smile pensive and intelligent.—Such was Marie-Antoinette as the woman.

This was enough to make the happiness of a man, and the ornament of a court. To inspire an undecided king, and be the salvation of a state more was needed. Genius for government was needed; and this the Queen had not. Received with a mad intoxication by a corrupt court, and ardent nation, she was likely to believe in the eternity of their sentiments. She had let herself be lulled to rest amidst the dissipations of Trianon. She had heard the first mutterings of the tempest without believing in the danger. The court was become importunate, the nation hostile. An instrument of the court intrigues upon the heart of the King, she had at first favored, then combated all those reforms which would have prevented or delayed the crisis. Her name became to the people the phantom of the counter-revolution. We are ready to calumniate what we fear. She was painted as a Messalina. The most infamous pamphlets were circulated; the most scandalous anecdotes believed. She might be accused of tenderness; of depravity, never. Beautiful, young, and adored; if her heart did not remain insensible, her secret sentiments, innocent perhaps, never justly gave room for scandal. History has her modesty; and this we will not violate. On these memorable days, the 5th and 6th of October, the Queen perceived only too late the enmity of the people. Emigration commenced, and she regarded it with favor. She was accused of plotting the destruction of the nation. Her name was sung aloud in the anger of the people. One woman became the enemy of an entire nation. Her pride disdained to deceive the people. She shut herself up in her resentment, and her terror. Imprisoned in the Tuilleries she could not show her face at the window without provoking outrage, and hearing insult. Every noise in the city made her fear an insurrection. Her days were desolate, her nights agitated. Her martyrdom was each hour throughout two long years, and multiplied in her heart by her love for her two children, and her uneasiness about the King. Her servants were spies. She caused much evil to the king; endowed with more mind, more soul, more character than he, her superiority only served to inspire him with confidence in her fatal counsel. She was at once the consolation of his woes, and the genius of his destruction; step by step she led him towards the scaffold; but she mounted it with him.—*Lemaitre.*

THE REVELATIONS OF SCIENCE.—Robert Hunt, Esq., writing in the *Pharmaceutical Times*, says:—"The all-vigorous mind of the most inspired of British bards, who tuned his lyre to the song of creation, never, in the rapture and the trance of poetic conception, dreamed of any system so singularly complete as that which science has revealed unto us. The dependence of all systems of worlds upon each other, the adjustment of the balance of powers by which they are retained in their places, the disposition of matter in the mass of the earth, the relation of every kingdom of nature to each other, the harmony of the action of those forces upon which all the great natural phenomena depend, and the probable flow of all these quickening principles from the sun, and, consequently, the enchainment of the earth by mysterious powers to that luminary, present to every reflecting mind a series of circumstances calculated to awaken the most soul-enobling thought, and to carry conviction that, however wonderful may be the marvellous creations of the poetic mind, they are far exceeded by the revelations of science,—that, indeed, *truth is strange, stranger than fiction.*"

"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."—This old adage (like many others) seems doomed to be crushed under the wheels of progress. Gutta Percha (pertsha) has fairly "stepped into the shoes" hitherto monopolised by tanned hides. Vegetarians, who believe that men may have all their wants supplied by the vegetable kingdom, and live without the shedding of blood, are rejoicing in the discovery, and seem to have realized much good for their "soles." Some little account of this new commodity may not be uninteresting:—

Gutta Percha is the gum of a tree which grows on the island of Borneo, and the entire Malayan Peninsula abounds in extensive forests of this most valuable production of the tropics. The tree is very large, and bears some resemblance to the India-rubber tree, but differs from it in its botanical characteristics. The sap of the tree exudes from its lacerated surface, but quickly becomes hard on being exposed to the air. It is purified by being boiled in hot water, when it becomes soft and plastic; below a temperature of fifty degrees it is nearly as hard as wood; it is extremely tough, but becomes plastic when it is cut into thin strips; at a temperature below boiling water it becomes as soft and yielding as melted wax or putty, and may be moulded into any form, or stretched out thinner than the finest paper. When it cools, it becomes hard and tough again, and retains its plastic shape without the slightest change by contraction or warping. Its tenacity is wonderful; a thin slip sustained a weight of fifty pounds; the process of melting and cooling seems to have no effect in injuring its qualities. It burns freely, and emits an odor when ignited similar to that of caoutchouc; it is easily dissolved in oil of turpentine, but with difficulty in ether and other solvents of India-rubber. The uses of this valuable material are almost infinite; it combines all the valuable properties of the best tanned leather, with the elasticity of caoutchouc, and a durability which neither of them possesses, and for strapping machinery supplies a want that has long been seriously experienced. It will answer all the purposes to which leather is applied, and is immensely superior to that of India-rubber for boots and shoes. A leaf of Gutta Percha, no thicker than bank-note paper, is as impervious to water as glass: for umbrellas, overcoats, roofs of houses, bottoms of ships, covering of boxes, and in all cases where protection from wet is

desired, its use will be invaluable. It can be formed into gas-pipes and water-pipes of any size and degree of strength that may be required; and used for such purposes will not decompose or wear out; and being ductile and elastic it may be applied in a thousand shapes and for thousands of purposes where iron or lead cannot be used. It will supply the place of tin, wood, copper, iron, stone, and even glass, for such purposes as buckets, tubs, vases, goblets, drinking cups, and all manner of utensils which are not used over the fire. But its uses for ornamental purposes are even more varied. In England it has already been used to a considerable extent in bookbinding, and for that purpose alone it must soon entirely supersede leather. For mouldings of all kinds, for the cornices of a house, the capitals of pillars in architecture, to the most delicate and intricate fancy work, such as snuff-boxes, picture-frames, knife-handles, and the ornamentation of rooms, carriages, fountains, ships' cabins, steamboats, and the innumerable articles which are made to gratify the eye, it must supersede many other materials. Air, acids, and the ordinary chemical agencies, have no effect upon it. It is harder than horn, softer than wax, more tenacious than caoutchouc, more durable than iron; nothing can injure it but a hot fire, and even that does not destroy it; and no ordinary rub can deface it. For floor-cloths it will supersede the use of all other materials, as it can be made of extreme thinness perfectly impervious to air or water, and of greater durability than any other flexible material known. In its hard state it can with difficulty be cut with a knife or saw, but when it is soft it can be moulded into the most delicate forms by the hand of a child."

**MR. BABBAGE ON TAXATION.**—Mr. Babbage regards taxation as payment for protection; and he thinks that it is just to tax income and not property, for a limited time, because income is annual, and therefore it is fit to pay an annual sum for its defence. If you tax property, he says, you tax one man for being richer than another. In this limitation of temporary taxation, our great calculator seems to be misled by the community of the term "annual" as applied to the tax and the duration of the thing which he consents to protect: but in fact that coincidence does not signify much: if a man needs protection for a year, he does not need it only for his perishable goods; the nurseryman, who is obliged to hire watchmen against the casualties of a particularly hard season, will not set them to watch his annuals only, but will be still more solicitous about his perennials: the income of 1848 needs protection only in 1848, but the fixed property which is enjoyed in 1849 also needed protection in 1848. It seems curious that it should be necessary to call to mind that there are other things which need protection through a storm besides those which are naturally deciduous.

Let us assume that the purposes of taxation are expressed with tolerable fairness by the term "protection": it will appear that there are three classes of protection exacted by the tax-payer from the state.

1. Protection for his own person. All men enjoy this equally; and, Wat Tyler notwithstanding, justice would be satisfied, on the score of this particular protection, by a perfectly equal polltax on every living soul.

2. Protection for his possessions. Income is, as we have shown, only one thing that a man possesses. He would think it very scanty defence which secured him only his dividend, and suffered his stock to be confiscated—only his rent, and suffered his land to be ploughed with salt. He wants protection, if at

all, for the whole of his possessions, and most of all for those which are most lasting.

3. Protection for his free action. This it is impossible to tax directly; the needful surveillance over a man's actions being incompatible with liberty. But you arrive at much the same result, *à converso*, by taxing all that he consumes and uses—by a system of taxes on consumption. In order to make those taxes fall equally, they ought to be rated on all things according to a uniform standard *ad valorem*, so as not to interfere with the operations of trade by deranging the proportions of price. A perfectly equal pressure of taxes would be quite accordant with perfect freedom of trade. Absolute perfection would be impossible; but it would be possible to readjust the tariff on this principle—that no taxes should be excessive, either in heaviness or lightness, as compared with others.—*Spectator*.

**LOUIS PHILIPPE.**—The remarkable man who now governs France is in his seventy-fifth year. He has travelled much, he has seen much, and he has learned much; and perhaps there is no man in Europe, whether sovereign or subject, who has had a greater commerce with, or experience of, men and things. Without possessing any brilliant or showy talents, he is a personage of great general information; of a calm and tranquil nature, of a naturally cold and reserved disposition, in affairs of moment distinguished alike in great things and in small by prudence and perseverance. He is a man of immense labor, taking a pleasure in affairs and in the transaction and dispatch of business. He examines himself all important papers connected with the affairs of State, reads the principal journals, and attends even to the details of his own private fortune, and to the management of the affairs of his family and children. He is an excellent linguist, speaking with fluency, English, Italian, and German, and very lately he astonished the Ambassador of Bolivia, by addressing him in the primitive language of Peru. Though in public the King is an incessant and rather egotistical talker on ordinary topics of no moment, yet he speaks but little at Cabinet Councils, generally listening very attentively. Sometimes he interrupts, for the purpose of asking a question, and sometimes he interposes objections. It very often happens that he knows practically more of a question than all his Ministers, especially if it have reference to foreign affairs or diplomacy; and should the Council not agree with him, delay is generally interposed, where practicable, and in the meanwhile the monarch sets about seriously to carry his point. In this purpose he is most frequently, by perseverance, successful, so that the *pensée immuable* is not a fiction. To say that he is a sincere, a fair-dealing, or an honest man, would be impossible; to say that he is a very superior man would be flattery; but he is a cold, calculating, reflective man; resolute, prudent, unscrupulous, crafty, and sagacious. He knows the Courts of Europe, and the characters of the principal statesmen and ambassadors better than any man in his dominions. He very well understands, also, the feelings of the richer middle classes, commercial and landed, of France; and on them he places his firmest reliance. But for the last three years he has, in endeavoring to aggrandize his family, made great mistakes, and descended to more than questionable subtleties, unworthy of a politic king, and disgraceful to a gentleman and man of honor. His Ministers have been for the most part his tools, and to their persons and principles he is utterly indifferent, otherwise than as they, to use a vulgar phrase, "carry out" his personal system.—*British Quarterly Review*.







THE  
E C L E C T I C M A G A Z I N E  
OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JUNE, 1848.

From the British Quarterly Review.

PUBLIC MEN OF FRANCE.

1. *Etudes sur les Orateurs Parlementaires.* Par TIMON. Paris: Paulin, 1836.
2. *Biographie des Députés, Session 1839.* Paris: Pagnerre, 1839.
3. *La Chambre des Députés Actuelle Daguerreotypée.* Par UN STENOGRAPHE. Paris: Paul Lesigne, 1847.
4. *Préceptes et Portraits Parlementaires.* Par CORMENIN. Bruxelles, 1839.
5. *Les Diplomates et Hommes d'Etat Européens.* Par CAPEFIGUE. Paris; Amyot, 1847.
6. *La Présidence du Conseil de M. Guizot et la Majorité de 1847.* Par UN HOMME D'ETAT. Paris: Amyot, 1847.
7. *Biographie Statistique, par ordre alphabétique de Departments de la Chambre des Députés.* Par DEUX HOMMES DE LETTRES. Paris; Dauvin et Fontaine, Passage des Panoramas, 1846.

(The following graphic sketches of some of the more prominent public characters of France appeared just before the Revolution of February, when not a suspicion of that event was entertained. It speaks of some of the personages it describes, in a different manner, of course, than it would have spoken, two weeks later. The events in France give the article an unexpected value and importance, which is all the greater for its having been written before, and irrespective of, the Revolution.—Ed.)

THOUGH the coast of France is within sight of our shores, and Boulogne-sur-Mer may nearly always be attained by steam in 120 minutes, and often, in fair weather and with favouring winds, in less time—though Paris itself, the metropolis of France, may now, thanks to rail and other appliances, be reached within the limit of a single day, yet it is wonderful how ignorant we are in this our sea-girt little island, not alone of the writers and publicists, but of the emi-

nent orators, statesmen, politicians, and public men of France.

There is scarcely a person moving in the classes of our nobility and gentry who has not frequently visited France, its capital and principal cities; few there are, even of the middle, or, to descend a step lower, the small shop-keeping classes of London who have not been to Paris, Calais, Boulogne, Lille, or Orleans; yet, among the hundreds of thousands who have paid flying visits to the capital, or made a longer sojourn there, how few are there, high or low, who, however tolerably acquainted with French literature, know anything of the public men and politicians of France, or of the secret springs by which they are moved.

That such a state of crass ignorance, as Lord Brougham would say, should prevail during the consulate or the empire, whe-



the senate and chamber were silenced amidst the clangor of arms,—and when Englishmen had not the privilege of travelling in France, is not so very wonderful; that we should have been dimly and obscurely informed on such subjects during the reign of Louis XVIII., when the chambers so infrequently met, when long and dull speeches were badly read instead of being brilliantly spoken, and when a journey to Paris took four or five days, and cost, in the most economical fashion, ten or twelve pounds, is not marvellous; that even in the later epoch of Charles X., when discussions were more vehement and stormy—when ministries were changed more frequently, and peers and barons were created, like bakers' buns, in batches—we should be somewhat ignorant and insensible to the noise, hubbub, and queer character of a French session, is conceivable, and may be somewhat rationally accounted for;—but that, since 1830, when the people of England freely fraternized with those of France, and intercourse has become so common, if not so cordial, with our nearest neighbours, such comparative ignorance should prevail, almost surpasses human belief, and certainly surpasses human comprehension.

It is true, a great majority of British birds of passage go to Paris for health and recreation in the John-Bull season—i.e., from the end of August to the end of October, when the Chambers are closed, and the Courts of Justice in vacation. These, therefore, themselves practising barristers, lawyers, physicians, merchants, and the like, may reasonably be excused, for they have not opportunity to travel at any other time. But of the vast mass who visit Paris, from the opening of the Chambers just before Christmas, to their closing in May or June, how few are there that even enter their walls. It has been our own fate, man and boy, for the last twenty years, to have often, as the French say, 'assisted' at the sittings of the Deputies; yet although hundreds and hundreds of Frenchmen were always present, we never in our lives met above half-a-dozen Englishmen apart from the members of the Diplomatic body. The sittings generally take place in the busiest and best part of the day—i.e., between the hours of one and half-past five,—and at this period of the work-a-day world, English residents are engaged either in business, taking exercise, or visiting the sights and lions with which the capital abounds. Independently of general unfamiliarity with

the language, another reason operates to deter Englishmen from presenting themselves. As the number of tickets reserved for the British or any other embassy are very few, there is always a great struggle to obtain them, and the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. In this trifling, as in greater matters, interest and aristocratic connexion are all-powerful, and the ticket is handed to the Hon. Bumpkin Frizzle, instead of to that poor pale student of law or medicine, or that hard-working man of letters, who has been looking for it every day this month. If an application be made to a Deputy, who, by the way, are much beset by strangers and constituents, and the ticket be luckily obtained, the person who receives it is obliged to be early in attendance, and to form part of the *queue*\* outside the door, otherwise he runs the risk of being excluded for want of room. Thus, perhaps, is the best part of one day lost in solicitation, and the whole of another in obtaining a good place at the *queue*, and in hearing the debate. These little harassing practical difficulties—and of such the great moralist tells us the sum of human life is made up—are even now, after eighteen years of *quasi* constitutional government, great impediments in the way of that general knowledge which Englishmen ever seek, if they be not thwarted by teasing and petty annoyances of the nature to which we have adverted.

But then, it may be said, Englishmen may go to the *Palais de Justice* and hear the great lawyers—the Berryers, the Dupins, the Chaix d'Est Angès, the Mauguins, the Odilon Barrots, the Paillets, the Maries, the Hennequins. So they undoubtedly may. But when it is further stated that the *Palais de Justice* is at least two miles and a half from the places in which the English live in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, and in a murky and muddy quarter of Paris, it may well be conceived that few are the visits paid there, unless by stray professional students.

That we should know French public men and publicists better than we do, all will admit. If, as we sincerely hope and fondly

\* A large class of idlers make a good thing of it, in Paris, by becoming regular members of and traders in *queue*. These fellows, who have nothing on earth to do, station themselves round the chamber during the days of a great debate so early as five or six in the morning, and at mid-day, or a quarter to one, sell their places for five, ten, or fifteen francs, as the case may be, to some gentleman more moneyed than matutinal.

trust, our nearest neighbors are to continue our friends and allies,—or, for the misfortune of the whole human race, and more especially, for their own bitter misfortune, to become our unreasoning foes and deadliest enemies—it is important, in either case, we should know them, their weaknesses and their strength, better than we know them at the present moment.

Be ours, then, the task, after more than twenty years' experience of France, and French society in all its phases, to pass before the reader's review, in a light and sketchy, yet in a sufficiently full and altogether fair and dispassionate manner, the principal orators, statesmen, and public men of France.

The man who has been foremost in the eye of the English public for the last seven years is Francis Peter William Guizot, now entering his sixty-first year. He was born at Nismes on the 4th October, 1787, at a period when the protestants of France were pretty much in the condition in which the penal laws then placed the Roman catholics of Ireland.

The Huguenots of France were at that time excluded from many civil privileges; they were born, they married, and they died among themselves in sectarian obscurity; for the national registries took no notice of their birth or their decease, and the civil magistrate gave not to their union the official sanction and legal authority which such an act conferred on their Roman Catholic brethren. The Huguenots were then without temples, or churches, or chapels. It was in the open air, in the champaign country, in the arid plains and olive-grounds of Nismes, Narbonne, and Montpellier, with heaven for a canopy, and earth for a kneeling-place, that, like the earlier Christians, they united for the worship of their God. Two months after the birth of Guizot, the edict of Louis XVI. afforded to the Huguenots the *status* of an *état civil*, and the revolution of 1789 ultimately freed them from the thousand nameless humiliations they had theretofore undergone, and produced for them equality before the law. It was but natural the French protestants should gratefully receive the blessings they were about to enjoy. It was therefore no marvel that FRANCIS ANDREW GUIZOT, the father of the present prime minister of France, and a distinguished advocate of the bar of Nismes, should promptly give in his open adhesion to the new system. But the most sincere and ardent patriot were

soon obliged to disavow the violence and fury of the revolutionary government. Too many paid with their lives the penalty of this act of duty; and on the 8th of April, 1794, the father of M. Guizot laid his head on the scaffold, a martyr to his courageous resistance. A circumstance much spoken of at the time, and well known in the province, enhanced the mournful interest of his tragical end. In order to escape pursuit, the advocate Guizot was obliged to conceal himself, and he was found in a remote part of Provence by a *gendarme*, who knowing and respecting his character, offered to allow him to escape, being undesirous to contribute in anywise to the death of so good a man. The worthy advocate instinctively apprehending that in thus saving his own life he would infallibly compromise the life of his generous and humble friend, did not an instant hesitate to relinquish the last hope left to him.

Madame Guizot, the mother of the minister, was left a widow, with two sons, of whom the eldest, the remarkable subject of this brief sketch, was entering, at the period of the death of his father, into his seventh year. From the death of her husband and their parent, commenced, for this admirable woman, the austere practice of those painful duties which her friends have seen her so strictly and religiously fulfil athwart all the temptations and difficulties with which Providence afflicted her path. Notwithstanding the interest with which the sad fate of her husband invested her in her native city, and that the inhabitants of Nismes were ready to succor and console her, she tore herself away from family, and friends, and relatives, and proceeded straightway to Geneva, where she felt she could give her children a more solid and serious education than they could find in any part of France. In the Gymnasium of Nismes the young Guizot had, in his adolescence, distinguished himself by remarkably steady application. In 1799, he commenced his studies at Geneva, and had entered his course of philosophy in 1803, four years having sufficed to give him a knowledge of the Greek, Latin, Italian, English, and German languages.

While the Directory still flourished in 1804, young Guizot proceeded to Paris to study the law. But the law was then at a very low ebb, the profession not having recovered the harsh regulations of the revolution, which admitted ex-butchers, ex-bakers, or ex-nightmen to assume the pro-

fession of barristers, under the name of *defenseurs officieux*. The individuals who performed the functions of counsel were called *hommes de loi*; but M. Berryer the elder tells us in his Memoirs, that happily for the clients, they had no right to demand a fee. Guizot, after having attended the lectures for some time, and probably not liking the profession as then constituted, appears to have abandoned the calling as a means of livelihood. Having become acquainted with the Swiss minister at Paris, he passed the greater portions of 1807 and 1808 with him at his country seat, where he read largely of Kant and German literature. Thus were his mind, memory, and taste improved—his stock of ideas enlarged—and his perceptive and reflective powers greatly augmented.

M. Stapfer—for such was the name of the minister—introduced Guizot to Suard, and the accidental acquaintance became the cause of the most serious business in the life of man—his marriage.

A Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, of whom Suard had often spoken at this time, edited a periodical called the *Publiciste*, with the greatest success. Being seized with a serious illness, she feared she should be obliged to suspend, if not to cease altogether, her labours, for lack of the necessary assistance. While these sad thoughts were revolving in her mind, she received, one morning, in an unknown hand, a letter, telling her to keep her mind at rest, for that if the zeal and industry of another could suffice, she might rely on the eager aid of a substitute. The offer of the unknown contributor, who was none other than Guizot, was accepted; and it was not till she was completely recovered that Mademoiselle de Meulan was aware of the name of her benefactor.

Nor was this good-natured act without its uses to M. Guizot. Independently of exercising and improving his pen, so humane and liberal a deed procured him friends and admirers; and when, in the following year, 1809, he published *Le Dictionnaire des Synonymes*, the literary world, propitiated by his kindness to a suffering sister of the craft, were civilly disposed towards him. Though the *Dictionnaire des Synonymes* is neither a finished nor a perfect work, yet it contains some ingenious observations on the peculiar character of the French language, which disclose habits of patient thought, and no ordinary power of expression. The work on the Synonymes

was speedily followed by the first volume of the *Lives of the French Poets*—a work which, though unequal and sometimes obscure, is the result of reading and research, as well as of original observation. Guizot had now embraced literature, rather than law, as a profession, and towards the end of 1808 was known, by a number of ephemeral publications, as a perfect *soldat de plume*. At length, towards the close of 1808, or the beginning of 1809, appeared his French translation of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, enriched with valuable and erudite notes, indicating depth of scholarship and historical research. Such severe and straining labors as these had not the effect of rendering this young man, who had just then attained his majority, an anchorite or a recluse. In the years 1810 and 1811, he mixed much in society, numbering among his friends the learned and speculative Morellet; the eloquent and poetic Chateaubriand; the great newspaper panegyrist and journalist, de Fontanes; the *homme de société et des salons*, the Chevalier de Boufflers; Mlle. d'Houdetot, and Madame de Remusat.

In 1812, being then in his 25th year, Guizot married Pauline de Meulan, of whom we have before spoken, and who was many years his senior. This lady was of a grave and reflective character, a superior woman, who struggled to make all who came into contact with her purer and more perfect. As was to be expected, she acquired a great ascendancy over the steady and sensible young man who had chosen her for a wife. The demure and hard-working student had many angularities to round off—many little defects of manner and gesture to correct or modify. Madame Guizot became his monitress; and thus early habituated to prudence and self-control, these virtues have become a part of his nature. Monsieur de Fontanes, appreciating the solid qualities of the young man, appointed him, in the very year of his marriage, a species of coadjutor to Lacretelle, and subsequently divided the chair of history into Ancient and Modern, the latter of which was allotted to Guizot. Though it was intimated to the young professor that an eulogium on the Emperor would not only be gratifying but acceptable, yet, in his opening discourse, albeit he owed no fidelity to the party opposed to the government, the name of Napoleon was not once mentioned, and indeed Guizot refused to introduce it.

Efforts were made, in the year 1812, by M. Pasquier, afterwards Grand Referendary of the Chamber of Peers, and now Chancellor of France, and Madame de Remusat, to procure for the young professor the place of auditor at the council of state. These kindly efforts were unavailing, and probably it is well that they were so. Had M. Guizot found an easy and competent pension supplied to him in his twenty-fifth year, what warrant have we that he would have struggled on into the full splendor of literary, philosophical, and political fame?

Subsequently to the request made by these good friends, Maret, then secretary of state, and afterwards Duke of Bassano, asked M. Guizot to write a memoir on the Exchange of the French Prisoners with England; but as M. Guizot wrote in a sense favorable to a project to which the Emperor was opposed, his state paper, though ably drawn up, failed of its effect. The young professor returned with new zest, and no regret, to his studies; for his literary success then filled the measure of his ambition. Well it was for French literature, and his own fame too, that he so returned. The good seed which he had sown had taken root, and sprang up in a luxuriant crop. Many eloquent men—some his predecessors, some his contemporaries, some his disciples—actuated by his example, had entered the field. History resumed her rank, and St. Aulaire, de Barante, Thierry, Mignet, Michelet, contributed to the reaping of that harvest, the seeds of which had been sown by M. Guizot.

Though the period of the Restoration was now approaching, there was no such thing as a Bourbon party; but Guizot witnessed the struggles of the Imperialists from afar. The month of March, 1814, found him at Nîmes, by the bedside of that sick and suffering mother who had formed and disciplined his mind. When he returned to the capital, the Empire was overthrown. His early friend, Royer Collard, now named him to the Abbé Montesquiou, to fill, gratuitously, the office of secretary of the ministry of the interior. M. Guizot at once accepted the berth, and this is the origin of his political history, and the commencement of his career in the constitutional cause. When, in 1815, the ungrateful task of drawing up categories of proscription fell upon the ministry of justice, M. Guizot was appointed secretary-general.

His career in this department seriously damaged his reputation as a Liberal, whilst, in justice to him, it should also be stated that he discontented the Ultras by refusing to go their lengths.

The events of the 20th of March, while they changed the fate and fortunes of many, had but little influence on his. He resumed his functions at the Faculty of Letters, laboriously and peacefully occupied in studies ever the solace and pride of his life. When it was evident, towards the end of the month of May, that Europe would not treat with Napoleon, Guizot consented to undertake a mission to Louis XVIII. He proceeded to Ghent, and laid before the monarch his views. The proclamation of Cambray, in which the king acknowledged the faults of 1814, and added to the charter new guarantees, was the result. But notwithstanding the efforts of Guizot in a subordinate sphere, the *Chambre Introuvable* triumphed; M. de Marbois was overthrown, and M. Guizot retired with him. He was now but a simple *Maitre des Requêtes* at the council of state, and in this position only had he the opportunity left of expressing his opinion in defence of those who had acquired the *biens nationaux*.

The first political pamphlet of M. Guizot was entitled, "Du Gouvernement Représentatif et de l'Etat actuel de la France." It was written in refutation of a clever work of M. de Vitrolles, deputy for the Lower Alps, and who, on the second Restoration, was a minister of state and member of the privy council.

The dissolution of the 5th September, 1816, was due, in the greatest measure, to a Memoir written by Guizot, and placed by Decazes before Louis XVIII. The Memoir was supported by the opinion of Pasquier, then Minister of Justice, and since created Duke and Chancellor of France; Royer Collard, Camille Jordan, and De Serre, who became, in 1819, Minister of Justice, and was afterwards ambassador at Naples.

This small but able body of men were thenceforward known as Doctrinaires, and hence the application of the term to Guizot. Honorable such application must be undoubtedly considered, for these were the men who prepared and elaborated all the really constitutional laws then passed. The law of elections, of July, 1817; of the press, of 1819, which abolished the censure and introduced juries; of recruitment, which maintained the principle of equality, were

owing to the efforts of this band of politicians and publicists. In the preparation of all, or nearly all of these measures, Guizot took a most active part.

Between 1820 and 1822, Guizot published three pamphlets, all of which had not merely great success as literary works, but owing to their grave genius and constitutional spirit, great influence on public opinion. In these products of a powerful and reflective mind, there was neither flattery of the people, nor abuse of authority. You read the opinions of a calm, conscientious man, taking his stand between anarchy and despotism.

Guizot had, by these political treatises, become a sort of power in politics, and he was consequently threatened in his professor's chair. His political enemies—and would that this magnanimous course of policy were confined to Frenchmen or politicians—sought to drive him from the university, and to deprive him of bread; but he was not to be beaten down by the Artois Camarilla, or the frequenters of the *Pavillon Marsan*, and he nobly replied by his Collection of Memoirs relating to the History and Revolution in England. There was no man in France so capable of undertaking this great work, which extended to twenty-seven volumes, as M. Guizot. The Biographical Notices, and the Introduction to the History of the Revolution, are full of sound views and curious facts; and it is plain that the annotator, translator, and compiler had carefully and laboriously read and comprehended his authorities. This great work was followed by M. Guizot's Collection of Memoirs relative to the History of France, in twenty-eight volumes. The immense and valuable mass of chronicles which the present prime minister of France, in a manner disinterred and completely annotated, would, in regarding the mere bulk alone, appal our own puny *littérateurs* not a little. In the former work, the manner in which Guizot retraced the History of our Revolution, with the calmness of a philosophic statesman, and a spirit of little less than prophecy, as regarded his own country, attracted public attention; and though his labors on the History of France had not so direct a political tendency, still they shed a brilliant light on the ancient chroniclers. The Essays on the History of France, which followed, were popularly devoured. One would think that such strenuous labors combined with his professorship, were enough to fill up

the measure of even a hard student's time. But no; this remarkable man found leisure which less well-regulated minds seek for in vain, and in such moments he completed his translation of the principal tragedies of Shakspeare, and his Historical Essays on Shakspeare and Calvin.

About this period, he became one of the founders of the *Revue Française*, a work that did much to enlarge the views of Frenchmen, and to elevate the tone of their periodical criticism. Thus the time passed from 1822 to 1827, when Guizot first entered into the Society of *Aide-toi*, with no other views than to defend the independence and freedom of elections menaced by the party in power.

In 1828, the eloquent and gifted Martignac succeeded Corbiere at the Ministry of the Interior, and Guizot, Villemain, and Cousin now resumed their long-interrupted lectures at the Sorbonne. Guizot continued his course till the revolution of 1830.

Little more than a year before the revolution, in January, 1829, Guizot being then in the forty-second year of his age, was elected for Lisieux, in Normandy, a spot in which he had neither interest nor family connexion. His first oratorical effort within the walls of the Chamber was to combat that deplorable ministry, the proximate, if not the promoting cause of the revolution of 1830. Before he had long been a member, the Chamber was dissolved. Guizot, while exercising his privilege of an elector at Nismes, was again returned for Lisieux. At four o'clock on the memorable morning of the 26th July, 1830, he arrived in Paris, and from that day till the 7th August, took an active part in all the meetings of the Deputies.

In the ministry of the 1st August, 1830, he held the portfolio of the Interior, and during his incumbency changed seventy-six *prefets*, one hundred and sixty-one *sous-prefets*, and thirty-eight *secrétaires-général*. Independently of these changes in the *personnel*, as the French call it, many important administrative changes were introduced. But the ministry of the 1st August was changed on the 2d November, to give place to the presidency of Laffitte, who in his turn was overthrown on the 3d March, 1831—principally by a speech of M. Guizot's, be it said in passing—to give power to the ministry of Casimir Perier of the 3d March, 1831.

In the cabinet of October, 1832, presided over by Marshal Soult, Guizot was

Minister of Public Instruction, and from that period, unless when filling the London embassy, he may be said to have formed a leading member of every administration. It is, however, as a member of the ministry of the 29th October, 1840—after he had filled the London embassy—that he has become best known to Englishmen, and that he has secured the longest lease of power. For seven years and a quarter he has now held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs—thus presenting a longer tenure of power than any minister since 1830. It is true that, for five years of this time, Marshal Soult was President of the Council, and therefore head of the ministry; but since the Marshal resigned the portfolio of War in 1845 into the hands of his former aide-camp, M. Moline de St. Yon, M. Guizot may have been looked upon as virtually, if not actually, as the President of the Council, and he has been actually President of the Council for some months, though at one time it was questionable whether the post of honor would not be disputed by M. Duchâtel, the Minister of the Interior.

It cannot be denied, that on entering on power in 1840, the task of M. Guizot was exceedingly difficult. England and France, and indeed the whole of Europe, were affrighted from their propriety by the insane projects and mad ambition of M. Thiers, and it was no easy matter to calm the effervescence of the French, and to dissipate the doubts, and still the alarms of the English. But the device of *la paix partout, la paix toujours*, in a great degree succeeded, till the affairs of Tahiti again embroiled the two countries, and till the question of the Spanish marriages, arranged and accomplished with equal ill-faith, and in defiance of solemn treaty, again roused the suspicions of the slumbering Lion. Nothing could be more false, tricky, and disingenuous than M. Guizot's conduct throughout the whole of this matter; and the words "*en même temps*," will ever form a conspicuous blot in his family, as well as in his parliamentary and diplomatic blazon. There is not a public minister in Europe who is not now aware of the jesuitical and uncandid character of M. Guizot's diplomacy in this affair. His unscrupulous agent and instrument—too readily cast off when he had performed the ignoble task imposed on him—has since succumbed under the pressure of conscientious scruples, felt, alas! too late; and the family and friends of Count Bresson may well

complain of those who, by too tempting offers, seduced him from the paths of rectitude.

The only merit which we can accord to M. Guizot, as a minister, is, that under his government the peace of Europe has been preserved. But this merit belongs not chiefly, nor yet in the greatest degree, to him, for the whole of Europe is now disposed to be peaceable; and with Great Britain the desire to be so is a predominant passion, not a mere capricious and fitful feeling. The desire for peace is ever a predominant feeling with the middle classes of France—those classes whose organ, and mouthpiece, and minister M. Guizot has ever been. He is *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, the minister of the French *bourgeoisie*; and if as such he has considered many material and some subaltern interests of France in an undue degree, he has too often forgotten the dignity and honor of his country in her foreign relations. It does not become a great, chivalrous, and gallant nation like France to be tricky or jesuitical; yet tricky, dishonest, and jesuitical that great and civilized country has appeared, and we fear has in reality been, since 1840. In becoming the minister of the middle classes in France, M. Guizot has forgotten their virtues and remembered only their errors and vices.

Economy, and the absence of fanaticism, are distinguishing traits in the middle classes of France. These are their domestic virtues. But there is also a want of elevation, of depth, and of high tone in many of their sentiments and opinions. They do not loathe intrigue, nor abhor trickiness, where a national object is to be gained, and, therefore, many among them who have no love for M. Guizot's person, approve of his policy both in Spain and Switzerland. By his conduct, both abroad and at home, M. Guizot has done too much—far too much—to promote that egotism, selfishness, and love of material enjoyment, which the French *bourgeoisie* of our day have felt as a passion, and worshipped as a virtue. To hear those men talk, and to see them act, one would think the height of human felicity consisted in having a *dinde truffée* or a *suprême de volaille* for dinner, and 100,000*fr.* *de rente*, no matter how obtained. *Rem, quocumque modo, rem*, is their mercenary motto; and provided the money be produced, they will, like the Roman emperor, never smell to the coin to discover the inodorous source from which it has been produced. On such a basis of

selfishness as this a superstructure of liberty was never yet erected. Liberty is not the product of such a soil. It is a wild flower, spontaneously springing up, and needs not either the muck or manure of selfishness or corruption to stimulate it into mushroom maturity.

It remains, therefore, but to consider M. Guizot as orator, statesman, and politician.

The cabinet of the 1st of March left him many thorny questions to resolve. The questions of Morocco, of Public Credit, of Railways, of Tahiti, of the Right of Search, and many others. From 1842 to 1846, the intrepid and inexhaustible Minister for Foreign Affairs pronounced 137 speeches, double the number, as one of his admirers states, spoken by Cicero, Demosthenes, and Æschines. In the session of 1843 and 1844, he spoke 39 times; in that of 1844 and 1845, 25; in that of 1845 and 1846, close upon 50 times: so that moral and mental resources, as well as courage of the highest order, were necessary for these most wasting wordy encounters. But though Guizot had to deal with the ablest and best men of both Chambers—with Molé, Thiers, Berryer, Lamartine, Billaut, Dufaure, Barrot, and a dozen others—yet who is there that can say that any one of them has ever had a victory over him? Let any impartial and unprejudiced man turn over his discourse on the Regency, on the Right of Search, his answer to Lamartine, his speeches on the Syrian question, his speech, in 1844, on the legitimate gathering in Belgrave-square, on the United States, on the treaty of Morocco, his speeches on the United States, his discourses on Education, and his replies to M. Thiers, and we ask any such candid inquirer whether he has not proved himself the master and superior, *as a debater*, of all living Frenchmen? One living Frenchman, indeed, is more eloquent and spirit-stirring. But put M. Berryer to the every-day task of a harassed and jaded minister, and what a sad hash he would make of it. We entertain not, to use the words of Hume, the ancient prejudice industriously propagated by the dunces in all countries, that a man of genius is unfit for business; but we hold, nevertheless, that a man of the impetuous feelings, of the exquisite sensibility, and of the impulsive ardor of Berryer could not have lowered his nature down, even by drinking porter—to use the apt and familiar illustration of that most learned of lawyers,

and exquisite of scholars, Mr. Justice Maule—to the level of the rank majority of the deputies in these varied and diverse questions.

Below the middle stature, somewhat square-built, and of an aspect always grave, if not severe, with a proud and piercing eye, M. Guizot strikes you at first sight as a man of thoughtful and reflective habits, and of an energy subdued rather than extinguished by severe study. Approach him nearer, and you will perceive that he is more spare in flesh, more sombre in appearance, more livid in look, than you had supposed at a distance. His features, when excited, assume a disagreeable aspect—his lips become contracted, his eyes appear deeper sunk in their cavernous orbits, and his whole appearance gives token of a person of a restless and melancholy, as well as of a meditative disposition. There is no gaiety in his look or manner. He does not laugh nor joke with his next neighbor on the bench of ministers, and appears altogether absorbed in public affairs or in his own reflections. He exhibits, on his entrance to the Chamber, the impassibility of a professor or college tutor. He crosses his arms, inclines his head on his breast, and attentively listens to the discussion. But if the orator at the tribune attacks the man or his system, Guizot becomes restless and excited, rises from his seat, interrupts the speaker, strikes his desk with his wooden-paper knife, and, in giving a loud contradiction to the member in possession of the house, asks to be heard in reply.

At the tribune, notwithstanding his diminutive stature, his appearance is imposing, for he has an expressive countenance—there is much latent fire in his deep-set eye, and notwithstanding his dictatorial and pedantical air, there is a certain dignity in his manner. His voice is full and sonorous, but it is neither very varied in tone nor very flexible. His style of speaking appears more of the Genevese than of the French school. It is dry, sententious, clear, dogmatical, luminous, lacking the suppleness and vivacity of Thiers, and the genial flow, pathos, richness, grace, and large manner of Berryer. But the tone of the deputy for Lisieux, it must be admitted, is generally philosophical and elevated, and he exhibits great power of expression, and often much adroitness in hitting the humor of the Chamber. No man seizes on a leading popular idea with greater address, or more artfully and elaborate-

ly produces it suited to the taste of a majority. Though he seldom breaks out into those happy bursts which enthrall and captivate in Berryer, which seize upon the auditor and hurry him along against his will, yet he is almost always copious and fertile, and shows his superiority to the mass as a scholar and a man of general information. He has, with all the fulness of Macaulay, much more tact and discretion—though he wants the fancy and rich wardrobe of words which the late M.P. for Edinburgh had always at command. Guizot is always self-reliant, and nearly always cool and self-possessed. The most frivolous and oft-repeated interruptions cannot turn him from the exposition and development of a favorite idea.

Of many of the details of business, and of much of the ordinary routine of office, Guizot is ignorant. To the praise of being a very learned man, a clever and copious writer, and a first-rate debater, M. Guizot has fully vindicated his claim. But though he has exhibited more dexterity, plausibility, and, we fear, insincerity, as a politician, than his warmest and sincerest friends would wish—he has failed to make out his claim to be a great statesman, or even a good man of business. Placed in the position in which he has been for the last seven years, he has had rarer opportunities of doing good, not merely to England and France, but to the world, than any man since the time of Canning; but of these opportunities he has not availed himself, and history must hold him accountable for allowing great and glorious occasions to pass away, often unimproved, oftener still altogether unused. To please party, and to please a monarch, he has dedicated abilities, powers of speech, expression, and action, which might have been used more highly—we may add, more honorably, in the service of his country—in the service of the whole human race.

In administrative knowledge, and in the art of conciliating men and majorities, M. Guizot is far surpassed by very ordinary common-place men in his own cabinet. Though, therefore, the present Prime Minister of France is fully entitled to the epithets of able, gifted, eloquent, and learned, still the historian must refuse to him the epithets of a great man or a great statesman.

A man even better known than M. Guizot, though not so much in the eyes of the public for the last seven years, is M.

Thiers. Of this personage we gave a rather hasty sketch in the 'British Quarterly Review,' No. VI., but it is indispensable now to state that more than a quarter of a century ago, he had rendered himself remarkable, not merely by the vivacity, but by the vigor of his intellect. The articles which he published in the *Constitutionnel* even so far back as 1820 were distinguished, not merely by vigorous thought, but by purity and pungency of style, and by a liveliness and dramatic power, second only to the pamphlet writing of Paul Louis Courier. If Thiers were an ordinary man, he would doubtless have been abundantly satisfied by his eminent success as a newspaper writer.

The position of an eminent newspaper writer in France is far different from that of a newspaper writer in England, and secures to the fortunate penman, social and political rank, as well as money, homage, and troops of friends.

But notwithstanding the brilliant success which thus dawned on him, Thiers looked for some more permanent fame than can be acquired even by the most successful diurnal disquisitions. He therefore determined to publish a work on the Revolution, the first volume of which appeared in 1823. But, hear it, young authors and aspiring statesmen—so unknown was Thiers at that time to the booksellers, that he was obliged to couple his name with a worn-out hack, a man of the name of Felix Bodin, who would be considered a safe character here by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Co., or any other solvent and established firm in the Row. The first volume of this work created a sensation, and it soon acquired a party value altogether independent of its literary merit.

It was a new revelation for the men of the movement. The clearness, vigor, and beauty of the young author's style—the art and wonderful tact with which he dramatized circumstances—added an inexpressible charm to his development of an old, though never in France a hackneyed story. Each volume appeared with increasing popularity, and shortly after the revolution of 1830, the work had already gone through a third edition.

Thiers had long before the revolution of 1830 been known to Manuel, Foy, Constant, Perier, Laffitte, and the Duke de Rochefoucauld Liancourt. Manuel introduced him to Etienne of the *Constitutionnel*, and that able editor soon appreciated



his articles at their proper value. At the period when Polignac was named by Charles X. Minister for Foreign Affairs, Thiers founded, with Carrel and others, the 'National Newspaper,' and on the 26th of July, 1830, was the first to exhibit a resistance in the shape of a protest, of which we have elsewhere spoken.\* His first service under the government was in the finances attached to the ministry of Baron Louis. In this subordinate station he afforded such unquestionable evidence of capacity, that Baron Louis did not hesitate to propose his name to the king as Minister of Finance, on the 2d or 3d November, 1830, when the cabinet of the 1st of August was quitting office.

Thiers, however, declined this promotion, and contented himself with the post of under-secretary of state in the cabinet of Laffitte. Contemporaneously almost with this appointment, he was elected deputy for Aix, and soon distinguished himself by such financial aptitude, that Royer Collard, addressing him after one of his earliest speeches, said, 'Young man, your fortune is made.' And made it unquestionably was; for, notwithstanding the prejudice of Casimir Perier against him, he conquered a position in the Chamber, and immediately after the death of that statesman, there was a question of introducing him into the cabinet. But there were susceptibilities and jealousies to assuage, and the day of his triumph was only deferred, and not destroyed. On the 11th October, 1832, he first became Minister of the Interior, and signalized his advent to power by the arrest of the Duchess of Berry. This measure accomplished, he surrendered the portfolio of the Interior for that of Commerce and Public Works.

In 1836, he became President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and continued in this position till he was replaced by Molé, in 1837. Again, in March, 1840, he was raised to the Presidency of the Council and Ministry of Foreign Affairs; but his indiscretion, his turbulence, his personal ambition, his desire of personal distinction and notoriety, even at the risk of a war with Great Britain, caused the king to call Marshal Soult to his councils in December, 1840. Since that period, now seven years and two months ago, M. Thiers has been an exile from power, and in the interval he

has occupied his leisure in travelling over a great portion of Italy and Spain, and in writing his brilliant and very readable novel, called the 'History of the Consulate and the Empire.' But notwithstanding all his faults and all his turpitudes, Thiers is the most considerable man in France after Guizot, and in so far as mere natural talent and resources go, he is a more considerable, a readier, and infinitely a more flexible—we will not say a more honest man—than the deputy for Lisieux.

As to physical appearance, it is impossible to conceive a more ignoble little being than Adolphe Thiers. He has neither figure, nor shape, nor grace, nor mien, and truly, to use the unsavory description of Cormenin (Timon), looks like one of those provincial barbers, who, with brush and razor in hand, go from door to door offering their '*savonnelle*.' His voice is thin, harsh, and reedy—his aspect sinister, deceitful, and tricky—a sardonical smile plays about his insincere and mocking mouth, and at first view you are disposed to distrust so ill-favored a looking little dwarf, and to disbelieve his story. But hear the persuasive little pigmy—hear him fairly out, and he greets you with such pleasant, lively, light, voluble talk, interspersed with historical remark, personal anecdote, ingenious reflections, all conveyed in such clear, concise, and incomparable language, that you forget his ugliness, his impudence, insincerity, and dishonesty. You listen, and, as Rousseau said in one of his most eloquent letters, 'in listening are undone.' '*C'est le roué le plus amusant de nos roués politiques, le plus aigu de nos sophistes, le plus subtil et le plus insaisissable de nos prestidigitateurs, c'est le Bosco de la Tribune,*' says the incisive and pungent Timon.

Though there is something of what the French call '*malice*' in this description, still it is in the main true. It is impossible for any human being, who knows human nature well, to think M. Thiers ever can be in earnest unless in a matter which intimately concerns his *own* interests, or—which is now pretty much the same thing, since he has become a leader—the interests of his party. It must be avowed that, unlike Guizot, there is neither bitterness nor acerbity in the man; but how can bitterness or acerbity find a place in the breast of an individual who is wholly without principle of any kind—without fixity to any banner or to any political faith?

\* See 'British Quarterly Review,' No. VI., p. 498.

The little man laughs at right or wrong, for he has a sliding scale of virtue peculiarly his own. When Thiers is at the top of the scale, all is right; when his rivals Molé or Guizot are uppermost, all is wrong. The truth is, that in his innermost heart he laughs at all theories, other than the one which can raise Adolphe Thiers to power, and maintain him there. Nevertheless, although vulgar in a certain sense, ignorant in a mitigated sense, and generally rash, impudent, and shameless, Thiers is a remarkable man, and more fitly represents France of 1848 than any living Frenchman. He possesses all the restlessness, boldness, ignorance, and audacious self-confidence of the age and nation which he represents, and all its wit, quickness, cleverness, self-reliance, and strong spirit of nationality. It is because he represents France of the middle class as it really is, neither better nor worse, that he has been a considerable personage in all his undertakings, and has left behind him a trace of individuality—a trace, in a word, of Thiers. As a journalist, he was successful—as a historian, he was popular—as a minister, he was notorious, and national to a certain extent. He has, no doubt, many talents and many defects, but his successes in life are more owing to his worst vices, than to his negative virtues. He is probably the most intelligent man in Europe—if a perception of the wants and wishes of the million indicate intelligence; but he is possibly also one of the most insincere, mocking, and corrupt of public men, and at bottom one of the shallowest in all sound knowledge. ‘Donnez-moi un petit quart d’heure,’ he wrote to Spring Rice in 1834, ‘pour m’expliquer le système financier de la Grande Bretagne.’ In no other country than France could such a clever charlatan be tolerated or endured; and it says little for the national morality or feeling, that he has been so long not suffered, but petted and propped up by applauding deputies and admiring millions.

Molé is much more of a statesman—much more of a politician—much more of a man of the world, than either Guizot or Thiers. He is now in his sixty-ninth year, and descended of an illustrious legal family. Early in life, more than forty-five years ago, he entered the service of France under the First Consul, as Auditor of the Council of State, and subsequently filled high administrative functions under the Emperor.

In 1817 he was named Minister of Marine; a post he continued to occupy till the end of 1828. This was his sole service under the Restoration, though he belonged to the school of Talleyrand, Malouet, Clermont Tonnerre, Portalis, and Fontanes. He was the first Minister of Foreign Affairs after the Revolution of 1830, and was President of the Council in September, 1837, and again in April, 1838, but for the last ten years he has been an exile from power.

Molé has been a French peer for many years, and therefore his discourses do not figure in the Chamber of Deputies. But although his name be not in the mouths of the public, like the names of Guizot, Thiers, and Berryer, every educated Frenchman knows that he is one of the foremost and most considerable men of France. He is rather a man of the world than a *littérateur*, or a man of science, yet he is infinitely more of a scholar and a man of science than M. Thiers, and understands all questions of diplomacy and administration infinitely better than either Thiers or Guizot. Though not so brilliant, showy, or lively a person, in public or in society, as the deputy for Aix,—though less quick and apprehensive and ready, he is more solid, steady, and reliable. Though he could not write a state paper so quickly and so glowingly as M. Guizot, yet when written by him, after being fully perpend- ed and slowly elaborated, it would be less open to criticism or objection—it would be more neatly and more succinctly drawn up, and present fewer assailable points to a rival or an enemy.

Experience in affairs and in administration, Molé has in a greater degree than any modern Frenchman; and it is the opinion of no bad judge,—himself nearly the most experienced statesman in Europe, and, since Metternich has fallen into premature caducity, by far the ablest statesman and politician—it is the opinion, we believe, of Lord Palmerston, that Molé is the first statesman in France, if not the only statesman. But though Molé is a full, he is not, in debate, a ready man, and therefore lacks that confidence which, in such an opsismathist as Thiers, borders on presumption, if it does not even go beyond it. But Molé, though not so ready, is sounder and safer, and his style, in speaking and writing, though not so facile and glowing, is more classic and pure than the style either of Thiers or Guizot.

The countenance of Molé is serious and

grave, yet pleasant and agreeable. His complexion is of a deep brown, and his hair of a dark gray. His language is rather choice and correct than flowing, rather distinguished by propriety and elegance than by copiousness or strength. He is calm, clear, neat, often ingenious; always equal to his subject; sometimes he rises far above it. Now that Talleyrand, Hauteville, and Roederer are dead, he is possessed of more anecdotal history than any living *homme d'état* in Paris, and is, perhaps, the best and most classic *raconteur* in France. His countenance is open and gentlemanlike, and there is breadth and elevation in the forehead. He is rather tall, thin, and delicately shaped, and possesses in an eminent degree what our neighbors call the "*air distingué*."

Berryer is a widely different manner of man from either Guizot, Thiers, or Molé. He is not merely an orator, but a man of genius; and, without any manner of doubt, the only orator in France, and one of the few—and every-day decreasing number—in Europe. Nature has been in the highest degree bountiful to him; and it were, perhaps, no exaggeration to say, that in his own country he has not been equalled since the days of Mirabeau. His face is handsome and expressive—his manners are cordial, frank, and agreeable. He is a gay, laughing, *debonnaire*, good fellow, who tells a good story, relishes a good dinner, and enjoys a good glass of wine. He is, in truth, a simple, natural, and enjoyable man, though "*tant soit peu sensualiste*." But it is as a speaker and as an advocate that he is beyond comparison. To his incomparable, deep, and sweet-toned voice, he owes many of his parliamentary, and most of his forensic triumphs. In him you find combined the silvery tones of Murray, the exquisite grace of Wedderburne, and the polished rhetoric and playful fancy of Canning or of Bushe. Long before he entered the Chamber in 1829, he had attained the foremost rank in his profession, and in that very year he was offered an under-secretaryship by Polignac. "*C'est de trop, ou c'est trop peu*," was his reply, and to continue in his profession was the only course left to him.

Whether as tribune or as advocate, never was a man more calculated to captivate and enthral an audience. His action is simple and imposing, his imagination gorgeous and fertile, his perception quick and rapid, and his tact exquisite. But with the tongue of

a poet and orator, the eye of a painter, the grace of a rhetorician and, the polished art of a perfect actor, you feel there is something wanting. There is a want of heart, of sincerity and conviction, of moral honesty and respectability of character, which is felt as a serious drawback. We have nearly the eloquence of Mirabeau, and all his want of principle—the sensuality and profligacy of Rochester and Lausun, with their wit, their powers of repartee, their facility and utter indifference and obduracy to any principle or opinion which interfered with their own selfish enjoyments.

A statesman or a great leader Berryer never can become. But when moved by a party question, or a topic in which he takes a personal interest, he will abandon the *coulisses* and *foyer* of the Opera Italien, and, eschewing Grisi and Lablache, dedicate himself for days to the Chamber. When he rises to give a *résumé* of the discussion, however intricate, you may hear a pin drop, and ere he concludes, you are convinced that he can run, like Sheridan—"Through each mode of the lyre, and be perfect in all."

It is melancholy to think that a man of powers of such extent and versatility, has sadly wasted, and not unfrequently misused them.

Dupin is a very different man from Berryer. He is now in his sixty-fifth year, and had already acquired the reputation of a profound lawyer and able advocate, when elected in May, 1815, as a member of the Representative Chamber, by the Electoral College of Nièvre. It is not our business, and indeed we lack the space, to go over his history since that time. But starting from the 27th July, 1830, when he contended, at the house of Casimir Perier, that Charles the Tenth had the right to issue the ordinances, and when he was so triumphantly and indignantly answered by Mauguin, we may merely remark that Dupin did not attend the private meeting of the deputies held on the following day at the house of Audry de Puyraveau, nor was he present at M. Berard's, at four o'clock on the 28th.

In the beginning of August, however, when all the fighting was over, he again appeared upon the scene, and made that famous pedestrian journey to Neuilly which deprived France of the private fortune of Louis Philippe. By the law of France, the private property of the king merges in that

of the state. But Louis Philippe, swayed by sentiments of self-interest, settled his enormous wealth upon his younger children, and his consulting and family counsel on the occasion was M. Dupin, Aimé, as he was then called.

He soon after looked for and obtained his reward in being made President of the Chamber. In this capacity he ruled the house rather sternly and strictly. But it must, on the other hand, be allowed that shortly after the Revolution, a vivacity, a boisterousness, and an irregularity prevailed in the Chamber—a proneness to personality, and an ignorance of constitutional power, which it required a strong hand to restrain.

The chief defect of M. Dupin as a president was a want of blandness and dignity. His reproofs wounded, rather than soothed the vanity of the speaker. If, therefore, he was, in the president's chair, the impersonation of the French *bourgeoisie*—having as little love for grand *seigneurs* as *prolétaires*, and an equal hatred of soldiers, aristocrats, and high priests—if he was brusque, impetuous, and unequal, acting by fits and sallies, and occasionally ill-bred, on the other hand, when a question became entangled by the diffuse and irregular speaking of a mob of ignorant declaimers, no man unravelled it with greater skill, or resumed more admirably its principal and salient features, than the late President of the Chamber.

As a parliamentary speaker, though the eloquence of Dupin is not so spirit-stirring and genial as that of Berryer—though it is neither so high in thought nor so pure and polished in form, nor so rich in imagery and illustration, yet it is more strong and sinewy, more logical and compressed, more impetuous, rapid, and vigorous, and more instinct with the strong, full good sense of the *bourgeoisie*.

Dupin has more logical power of reasoning, more clearness and compression in his arguments, than tact, grace, or judgment in the mode of handling them. He is often unequal, sometimes trivial, occasionally low, vulgar, and rude. Learned as a lawyer, and strong as a dialectician, he brings to the consideration of all questions great perspicacity and unquestionable knowledge; but then, on the other hand, he is self-willed and unbending, and rarely exhibits suavity or conciliation. To statesmanship M. Dupin has no pretensions; and as a politician, he has no other idea than Louis

Philippe and the monarchy of the middle classes. As a writer, he has no pretensions whatever. He is the author of some professional works of utility, the style of which is no better than might be written by Lord Campbell or any practising barrister, however undistinguished as a literary man. In person, Dupin is of middle size, of mean exterior and appearance, and the large pair of spectacles which he is in the habit of wearing, greatly impedes his effect as a speaker.

Odilon Barrot is a stout, stalwart, strong-built man, with a comely, inexpressive, and meditative face. His voice is full and sonorous, and he has a pompous and measured style in speaking, and he generally gives you rather the idea of a professor of moral philosophy, or a lecturer, than a political debater. But occasionally he warms to his subjects, and at such times an auditor may ever and anon hear some finely conceived sentences, well delivered, with earnest and appropriate action. Lukewarmness, however, and temporizing are the characteristics of the man. He is almost always tame, and generally timid; and though he has come out with more fire and force recently during the reform banquets, yet if the people resist, Barrot will not be the man to lead them on. The great defect of this cold, calm, colourless man is, that he is too full of theories and abstractions. Though he occasionally generalizes luminously, yet being totally devoid of fine fancy and imagination, his didactic disquisitions fall on heedless and unlistening ears.

A man of infinitely more talent, readiness and aptitude for leadership than Barrot, is Mangin, latterly fallen into pecuniary embarrassments of the most painful nature, and therefore neither trusted nor listened to as a man or politician. But after the revolution of 1830, no man played a more brilliant or leading part than unfortunate Mangin. Though not like Berryer in person, there are certain resemblances in character.

Both have agreeable and attaching manners, both are fond of society, and of that conversational triumph and success which is in France a *puissance*. Both are clever, captivating, seductive—both, we fear, are alike indifferent, if not unprincipled. Berryer is a man of much more learning, of greater eloquence, and of vaster memory than Mangin, but he does not exceed him in neatness, address, and talent, or in that wonderful gift which the French call *esprit*.

Mauguin's action is graceful and noble, his voice clear and piercing, though not of much volume, and his presence frank and manly. His diction is more declamatory in the tone and manner, than in style; and he errs rather by the excess of art and of labor, than of carelessness. Nothing can be neater or more dexterous than his exordiums. He perfectly adjusts and disposes each part of his subject, putting the weak points in the background, and throwing forward the strong arguments with great cleverness. His mind is equally subtle and flexible, but though he is as keen at hair splitting as Sugden or Kelly, he is strong as well as subtle, and has occasionally risen to the very highest flights of eloquence. In 1830, in speaking on the Polish question, he exhibited oratorical power of the very highest order, and completely rendered captive his auditory. But these efforts are rare, for he is generally too much master of his own emotions to render tributary to his will those of others. It is in bitter sarcasm, and finely pointed irony that he shines, and it was with these weapons he so often crucified Casimir Perier. But now Mauguin has fallen into the sere of years and the slough of pecuniary embarrassment, and unless the Buonaparte faction raise their heads on the death of Louis Philippe, his 'wine' of political life is 'on the lees.'

One of the most important men in France, not from his talents, but from his position, administrative talents, and power of managing men, is Duchâtel, Minister of the Interior, now in the 45th year of his age. He is the son of a humble *employé* of the Enregistrement of Domains at Bordeaux. During the Revolution and the Empire, the father advanced step by step in the administrative career, till he arrived at the Director-Generalship of Domains, and received the titles of Count and Councillor of State. The present minister was bred to the bar, to which he was admitted during the Restoration. Being, as an advocate, without causes, he sought to make himself a position as a man of letters, and became one of the editors and proprietors of the *Globe*, about the year 1827 or 1828. In this paper he published some financial and economical articles which excited attention. After the Revolution of 1830, he was named Councillor of State, and in 1832, elected deputy. In 1833, he made his first speech in the discussion of the Budget, in which he displayed a more than ordinary acquaintance with the sub-

ject. In the same session he was appointed Secretary-General to the Minister of Finance. In 1834, he became Minister of Commerce, and had, in this capacity, to bring forward several laws of general interest and importance—such, for instance as a law relative to savings' banks, to the customs, &c. In 1836, he brought forward the question of the Spanish funds, and introduced some reforms into the French administrative system. Into the Thiers ministry Duchâtel did not enter, and for the last seven years he has filled the important place of Minister of the Interior. Until 1843, he was considered as a sort of political and administrative aid-de-camp to M. Guizot, but since that year, finding that the favor of the king, the confidence of the Chamber, and the management of the *Fonds Secrets*, and his very considerable fortune, increased by a rich marriage, have given him a weight and influence, to which, be it said, intrinsically he has no pretensions, M. Duchâtel has had serious thoughts of setting up for himself. In the Chamber he is very popular with the members of the centre, and having a good house, a good cook, and being a safe and discreet man, and *tant soit peu gourmand*, he is influential, and, in a sense, popular.

Duchâtel possesses some of the qualities and some of the defects of Guizot. He is not so erudite or learned, and possesses not his powers of speech and exposition. But, on the other hand, he has more practical and administrative knowledge. On commercial economy and financial questions he is generally well-informed without being profound, and he is what is called in France a good man of business. He is tall and good-looking in person, but has latterly become inconveniently corpulent. He is a generally well-informed and well-mannered man, though somewhat too pompous and pretentious.

We have thus gone through some of the leading men of France, but there are others who might well claim a place and a consideration, which we cannot give them in the present number, but which we shall accord to them at no distant day. The names of Lamartine, Dufaure, Passy, Salvandy, Dumon, Sauzet, Arago, Duvergier d'Hauranne, Sebastiani, Berenger, Bugeaud, Hébert, Pagés, Remusat, and many others, at once occur to us. But we must hold our pen.

Any sketch of the public men of France would, however, be imperfect, which did not allude to—now that Talleyrand is dead—

the most remarkable man in that country—need we say, to Louis Philippe himself—to the king who, notwithstanding all the efforts of M. Thiers, reigns and governs.

The remarkable man who now governs France is in his 75th year. He has traveled much, he has seen much, and he has learned much; and perhaps there is no man in Europe, whether sovereign or subject, who has had a greater commerce with, or experience of, men and things. Without possessing any brilliant or showy talents, he is a personage of great general information; of a calm and tranquil nature, of a naturally cold and reserved disposition, in affairs of moment; distinguished alike in great things and in small, by prudence and perseverance. He is a man of immense labor, taking a pleasure in affairs and in the transaction and despatch of business. He examines, himself, all important papers connected with the affairs of state, reads the principal journals, and attends even to the details of his own private fortune, and to the management of the affairs of his family and children. He is an excellent linguist, speaking, with fluency, English, Italian, and German, and very lately he astonished the ambassador of Bolivia, by addressing him in the primitive language of Peru. Though in public the king is an incessant and rather egotistical talker on ordinary topics of no moment, yet he speaks but little at cabinet councils, generally listening very attentively. Sometimes he interrupts, for the purpose of asking a question, and sometimes he interposes objections. It very often happens that he knows practically more of a question than all his ministers, especially if it have reference to foreign affairs or diplomacy; and should the council not agree with him, delay is generally interposed, where practicable, and in the meanwhile the monarch sets about seriously to carry his point. In this purpose he is most frequently, by perseverance, successful, so that the *pensée immuable* is not a fiction. To say that he is a sincere, a fair-dealing, or an honest man, would be impossible; to say that he is a very superior man, would be flattery; but he is a cold, calculating, reflecting man; resolute, prudent, unscrupulous, crafty, and sagacious. He knows the courts of Europe, and the characters of the principal statesmen and ambassadors, better than any man in his dominions. He very well understands, also, the feelings of the richer middle classes, commercial and landed, of

France; and on them he places his firmest reliance. But for the last three years he has, in endeavoring to aggrandize his family, made great mistakes, and descended to more than questionable subterfuges, unworthy of a politic king, and disgraceful to a gentleman and man of honor. His ministers have been, for the most part, his tools, and to their persons and principles he is utterly indifferent, otherwise than as they, to use a vulgar phrase, 'carry out' his personal system.

**ZOOPLYTES.**—The waters of the world teem with organic life; the depths of the ocean harbor the most beautiful, rare, and remarkable productions; marshes, rivers, lakes, and fountains swarm with a host of animated beings, whose varied forms and isolated habits unfold another universe, pregnant with inexhaustible sources of enjoyment to the contemplative mind. On surveying the legions thus dispersed, we are absorbed in admiration of the profound, the grand, and uniform design which obviously regulates their existence. Each has its appointed time and place. No deficiencies restrain the action of those, but so many simple atoms to our imperfect senses, void of external or subordinate parts. No embarrassments confuse the exercise of what to us seem useless, unmanageable, or redundant organs: nothing precludes the operation of such functions as are essential for self-preservation and the continuance of their race. Each has that perfection which is necessary for it individually, while forming a portion of that harmonious whole wherein all are comprehended. Entire tribes, as yet untamed—and many yet unseen—incessantly originate, and flourish, and decay, where most remote from notice or most inaccessible to mankind. When casually withdrawn from their recesses, it is as if in derision of our vaunted knowledge, and to prove our ignorance of the wonderful works of God. Now the entire aspect of animated nature changes before us. \* \* \* An animal product, which the superficial observer might conclude a flourishing vegetable, dwells at the depth of thirty or forty feet from the surface of the sea. This, a yellow fistulous stem full of mucilaginous pith, is rooted on a solid substance below, and crowned by a living head, resembling a fine scarlet blossom, with a double row of tentacula, and often with pendant clusters like grapes, embellished by various hues, wherein yellow predominates. Though perfect as a single stem, this production seldom appears in a solitary state: two, three, fifty, or even an hundred and fifty stalks crowded together—their heads of diverse figures, shades, and dimensions—constitute a brilliant animated group, too rich in nature to be effectively portrayed by art.—*Sir J. G. Dalzell.*

**M. ODILON BARROT.**—In person M. O. Barrot is of fair complexion, middle size, strongly knit, and symmetrically built. He is now fifty-two years of age. He dresses neatly and carefully, and in this country would have been considered a dandy. He is usually calm and sedate in his manner, and he rarely allows his gravity to be disturbed.

From Tait's Magazine.

## LOUIS BLANC.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

*Biographie de Louis Blanc.* 1848. *Organization du Travail*, par Louis Blanc. 5th Edition. 1848. Discours de Louis Blanc, au Luxembourg, sur l'Organization du Travail. 1848.

[Mr. Barmby, it should be remembered, is among the most prominent of the advocates of association in England.—Ed.]

My first sight of Louis Blanc was at the palace of the Luxembourg. "*Voilà le petite !*" said a Frenchman near me, as he entered. He is, indeed, a little man, with a great *distingué*—a pigmy of price—a dwarf in body, but a giant in mind. He stands hardly four feet in height. His air, too, is extremely youthful, with his smooth, fair, hairless face, and his neat, slim, little figure. Although he approaches the manhood of forty, he might easily be mistaken for a boy of eighteen. Although he has a stern strength about him, it might be supposed from his first appearance that he was weak and effeminate. He entered, however, as one of the Provisional Government of the Republic of France, to deliver addresses to assemblies of working-men and masters, collected together by him, in his function of President of the Commission for the Government of the Workmen, to consult and decide on a plan for the organization of industry. He spoke, and the working-men were melted to tears, and even the masters were moved. His tones were soft and showery, or earnest and energetic. With his little figure buttoned up tight in a blue coat with gilt buttons, there he stood mounted up, evidently awakening, convincing, deciding, with modulated voice and expressive action. There he stood, though so small, not the least of the great men who now rule over the destinies of the France of the Third Revolution.

Louis Blanc was born at Madrid, October 28, 1813. His father was at that time inspector-general of finances in Spain. His mother was of Corsican origin, and he himself was brought up in Corsica, until he was seven years old. In 1820, he was sent with his brother to the college of Rhodes, where, when he was fifteen, he was more learned than his masters. At least, so says one of his biographers. In 1830, he left college, and rejoined his father in Paris.

It was at the time of the barricades ; and he threw over the barriers the buttons of his coat, because they bore on them the *fleur-de-lys*. Little did he think then, however, that, eighteen years afterwards, the Paris which he entered would salute him with acclamations in the midst of new barricades which he himself had contributed to raise. His father, a pensioner, was ruined by the fall of the Bourbons, and was consequently unable to further assist his son, whose first endeavor was to seek some situation. If now his figure is juvenile, his aspect then was almost infantine ! Although seventeen, his biographers assert that he would have been supposed not more than twelve or thirteen years of age. With this childish appearance, his manners were also timid. In vain he wandered over Paris seeking for an employment which should afford him but simple subsistence. His appearance prejudiced people against him. In the midst of France, in Paris—that monstrous city, which some have said should be the capital of the civilized world, he was likely to die of hunger. He reasoned upon this, and concluded that his situation was but the logical consequence of that vicious system, if system it can be called, which now obtains in society. In his sleepless nights, he meditated on plans of reform, and vowed, during the day, to engage in a determined war with those inhuman institutions which condemned the most numerous class to misery or to death. From his own experience, Louis Blanc was thus first struck with the terrible position of thousands who, notwithstanding every endeavor, are unable to find spheres in which to labor, either in body or mind.

Assisted by a small pension which had been given him by his uncle, he continued to seek employment with an indefatigable perseverance. He gave lessons in mathematics ; and, in 1831, he found a situation as an under-clerk. During this time, also, he had addressed himself to a friend of his family, M. de Flaugergues, an old presi-

dent of the Chamber of Deputies. This gentleman had remarked the high intelligence of young Blanc, and wished to inspire him with a taste for politics as a science. By him he was initiated into the first principles of political economy. At the house of the Gerald family, likewise, he made the acquaintance of M. Lorne de Brillemont, brother of the old deputy of that name, who was then seeking a tutor for the sons of M. Hallette, of Arras. This gentleman, after spending an hour with Louis Blanc, judged him fully worthy, and proposed him for the situation. It was a good chance for the young clerk, and he was accepted. He stayed two years at Arras. It was there that he burnished his first weapons as a publicist and a poet. Besides some remarkable articles which he published in the "Propagateur du Pas-de-Calais," he there composed three works—a poem entitled "Mirabeau," a poem on the *Hotel des Invalides*, and an "Eloge de Manuel"—which were crowned by the Academy of Arras. The activity he possessed now longed, however, for a wider field. The education of M. Hallette's children was finished, and he desired to enter into the lists of the Parisian press.

He returned to Paris in 1834, with letters of introduction to Conseil, the collaborator of Armand Carrel in the "National." But Conseil was like most Parisian journalists, he was everywhere and nowhere. Louis Blanc sought him for many days without success. At that time the "National" was published in the Rue Croissant. One day, as the young author went for the tenth time to the offices of that journal, nearly despairing of ever finding the uncomestable Conseil, he raised his eyes towards heaven, as if to call for it to witness the intility of his efforts, and perceived an inscription, bearing, in large letters, the words, "Le Bon Sens." That journal was as advanced in the advocacy of reform as the "National," and Louis Blanc, having two articles in his pocket, decided on leaving one for the "Bons Sens." It was, however, no small matter for one so modest to meet the editor in chief. Just as he was about penetrating into his sanctuary, a species of involuntary terror pervaded his limbs. "What shall I say?" thought he—"my young look will go against me again. They will suppose my articles are not my own." The perspiration stood upon his forehead. The door was there before him, and he had not the strength

to open it. He stood still in the passage, without advancing or receding. At length a door opened, and he found himself face to face with a porter. "Who do you want?" said the porter. Louis Blanc was caught. "Sir," he replied, "I seek the office of the chief editor of the 'Bons Sens.'" "Come with me, and I will lead you to it," was the answer. Thus providence, in the shape of a porter, played a great part in the destiny of Louis Blanc. It was in despite of himself that he was conducted before MM. Rodde and Cauchois-Lemaire, then principal editors of the "Bons Sens." M. Rodde received the young author with great affability, but M. Cauchois-Lemaire looked more grave. He has avowed since, that he hesitated to take as serious such precocious maturity. He could not for the moment believe in the young Hercules. A first article was, however, accepted, and a second, and a third; and, in fine, M. Cauchois-Lemaire made a provisional offer of 1,200 francs to his young assistant. After fifteen days, however, they placed the salary of Louis Blanc at 2,000 francs, then at 3,000; and lastly, the chief editorship was confided to him. The sensation which his articles produced was immense, and they exercised great influence upon the democratic party, and helped considerably to associate them for a common purpose, by the union of the theories of the political school and the social school—the one as the means, the other as the end.

In his new position Louis Blanc entered into relations with the "National," for which he wrote a number of political articles. "There," says M. Sarrans, "was Carrel, that man of a thousand, that choice spirit, powerful in character and in genius, and who, from the heights of his probity, crushed all the intriguants without principle, whom the revolutionary whirlwind had blown upon the top of the ladder." Carrel was a Voltairian. But it happened one day that Louis Blanc submitted to his examination an article, in which he attacked the insufficiency of the political and social reforms preached by the patriarch of Fernelay. Voltaire, according to Louis Blanc, had caused the political revolution of '89, Rousseau the social revolution of '93; and he preferred Rousseau to Voltaire. This proposition was so contrary to the ideas of Carrel, that for a moment it perplexed his excellent judgment. Struck, however, with the vivid reflections and strong thoughts of his opponent, the great publicist demanded



time to reflect, and afterwards did not hesitate to defend the severe principles of Louis Blanc against the attacks of those who had adopted nothing but the vices of a revolution. This debate was, moreover, the epoch of a considerable change in the political and social tendencies of the "National."

In 1834, Louis Blanc published also, in the "Republican Review," various works of high importance; among others, a magnificent article on Virtue considered as the Means of Government, the title of which is sufficient to recommend it; and a beautiful estimate and appreciation of Mirabeau. He contributed also to other reviews. In 1838, however, a new proprietary wished to change the political tendencies of the "Bons Sens," and Louis Blanc, with all the other editors, retired. This retirement caused the death of the journal. Another tribune was wanted for the eloquent defender of the popular cause, and Louis Blanc immediately founded the "Revue du Progrès," in which he has profoundly treated almost all the great questions of the time, whether political, social, financial, commercial, literary, or industrial. During the time that he gave his name and talent to this publication, he was also occupied with his most famous work on the "Organization of Industry." Never had a book such a re-echo as this. That problem, which had used up generations of thinkers, was there popularized. If the problem, in many respects, yet remains unsolved by Louis Blanc, he has still the credit of having rendered its superficialities more intelligible to the mass, more simple to the student. And now, moreover, as member of the Provisional Government, and as president of the commission named to regulate and guarantee to each the right of living by labor, he has an opportunity, better than has been offered since the days of Lycurgus, of testing by practice the theory of a true society-organism. The suppression of non-employment, the misery of which he, like so many thousand others, has felt, is the great political object of Louis Blanc. Others, like him, have wrote, and thought, and worked, through neglect, poverty, and persecution. He has now the opportunity to act. The hour is, if he is the man. May his action be clear, calm, and decisive; and may the good God grant it success!

In his "Organization of Industry," Louis Blanc thus defines his political system:—"That which is wanting," says he, "for the enfranchisement of the working classes,

is the tools of labor: the function of government is to furnish them. If you would have us define the State, according to our conception, we should reply: the State is the banker of the poor." In other words, he accepts the idea that the employment of all its members is the obligation of a nation, or that national employment is the duty and function of government.

The first ten years of the reign of Louis Philippe were fruitful with great events. While editing the "Revue du Progrès," it occurred to Louis Blanc that he would also be the historian of these. He paid a visit to each of the actors in that eventful drama. He told each that he intended to write the history of the last ten years, and requested that they would relate to him the events in which they had any share, direct or indirect; indicating, at the same time, that he should apply his judgment in the use of the materials furnished. Thus originated the "Histoire de Dix Ans;" a work which, in the historical library, is worthy to rank after "Zenophon's Anabasis," and "Cæsar's Commentaries." This was followed up by Louis Blanc with his "History of the French Revolution," which he develops with all the grandeur of the epic spirit which it possessed. It has been well said to unite the vigor of Tacitus with the profundity of Pascal. In this work, also, he gives us the formula of his philosophy: "Three great principles," says he, "obtain in the world, and in history: authority, individualism, fraternity. \* \* \* The principle of authority is that which stupifies the life of nations with worn-out creeds, with a superstitious respect for tradition, with inequality; and which employs constraint as the means of government. The principle of individualism is that which, taking man apart from society, renders him the sole judge of that which is around and within him—gives him an exalted sentiment of his rights, without indicating his duties—abandons him to his own powers, and lets all other government go on as it will. The principle of fraternity is that which, regarding as solidary, or indissolubly connected together, all the members of the great human family, tends to organize society, the work of man, on the model of the human body, the work of God, and founds the power of government on persuasion, on voluntary assent. Authority has been manifested by Catholicism with an *eclat* which astonishes. It prevailed till Luther. Individualism, inaugurated by Luther, is developed with

an irresistible power; and separated from the religious element, it rules the present—it is the soul of things. Fraternity, announced by the thinkers of 'the Mountain,' disappeared then in a tempest; and at present appears to us but in the far-off land of the ideal; but all grand hearts call for it, and it already occupies and illumines the highest spheres of intelligence. Of these three principles, the first engenders oppression, by the suppression of personality; the second causes oppression by anarchy; and the third alone by harmony gives birth to liberty." Such is a succinct statement of Louis Blanc's political positions. They are more true than they are original, and they are all the more to be accepted for this.

Thus was Louis Blanc engaged till the Revolution of February. Previously he took part in the patriotic banquets at Paris, and at Dijon. The thirty hours of February have elevated him to one of the first positions in France. He is by no means the least important of the members of the Provisional Government. The ascendancy which he exercises over the masses is immense, but it is rational. He has instinctively and completely seized the idea of the present revolution. He fully comprehends that it is not only a political revolt, but also an industrial insurrec-

tion, a new general societary movement. He well knows that it is more than a question of monarchy and republic; that it is the working-classes claiming not only universal suffrage, but universal employment, and the means of subsistence; in fine, that it is the problem of industrial organization insisting on solution. Aware of this, his action in the Government is firm and decisive. He knows that the wants of the people are reasonable, and that, unless they are granted, there will be anarchy and counter-revolution. This he would prevent by employing the people; thus giving them at once rights and duties, and at the same time raising them above the temptation of demagogues. Among the founders of the new French Republic, by the side of such brilliant names as Lamartine and Arago, posterity will worthily place the name of Louis Blanc.

[NOTE, (by the Editor of Tait's Magazine).—We very greatly fear that the schemes of Louis Blanc and his associates may not ultimately be so profitable to France as they and their admirers believe. The idea of making the Government a universal employer will not, we think, turn out advantageously; and, in the end, the loss must be borne by the producing classes of that country. The solution of the problem is rapidly advancing, and will leave the world more convinced, we suspect, than it found it, that, in the division of labor, Government cannot efficiently and directly become great trading, manufacturing, and agricultural companies.]

---

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

## ADVENTURES IN MEXICO.

*Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains.* By George F. Ruxton, Esq. London: Murray. 1848.

AMONGST the race of our English potentates, the most avaricious and short-sighted was the mean and small-souled Henry VII., whose puddle blood seems to have passed to his descendant Elizabeth, the ready grasper at profits made at other people's cost, and not over nice as to the honesty of the acquisition; witness her dealings with Drake, on his return with the plunder of the Spanish colonies, after refusing to sanction or embark capital on the first prospectus of his expedition. Christoval Colon, or Colonna, or Columbus, laid his propositions for the discovery of the New World before Henry VII. of England, who, considering him "wild and

visionary," refused to speculate with the contents of his money-bags in fitting him out. The result was, that the "man-minded" Isabella of Arragon, influencing her weaker vessel of a husband, gave to Colon a Spanish commission, and the most magnificent portions of the New World came to be possessed by a people without genius for other government than the absolute. Had Colon sailed with an English commission, there would not have been the need of a stronger nation now invading Mexico, to plant therein the seeds of law and order by the process of conquest; nor would the 'Westminster Review' have needed an arti-

cle to show that the war waged by the United States against Mexico is a war of regeneration for Mexico, waged at the cost of blood and treasure, to which latter even the drab-colored men of Pennsylvania have to contribute.

The original conquest of Mexico by Cortes resolves itself into his skilful usance of the incessant internal wars and struggles of the Mexican tribes. Had those tribes been united, his entrance would not have been permitted. It is the universal history of all conquests by minorities over majorities. A civilized minority is a stronger power than an uncivilized majority; and inasmuch as the majority are permanently bettered in position by such conquests, the yoke is submitted to. But when unlimited power begets oppression, reaction commences, and the invaders are usually ousted. For it is the law of humanity that civilization, meaning thereby the increasing happiness of mankind, should be ever on the move, faster or slower, and all retrograde powers must be cast out, just as the healthy physical body sloughs off disorders and heals wounds, or dies. A Mexican potentate ruled by force over turbulent tribes who welcomed the stranger to help them to remove the yoke. By Mexican arms and Spanish *prestige* Montezuma fell, and Guatimozin followed him. We hear much of Spanish cruelties to the Indian races, but we doubt if they were so cruel as the Indian races to each other. The King of Spain retained the dominant power by virtue of the annual migration of a very few Spaniards to Mexico. Some amalgamated with the Indian races, and a new Mestizo race grew up. After the lapse of centuries the new race discovered that Spanish government was a disadvantage to them, and that Spanish power was little more than a *prestige*. They mustered up courage, expelled the King of Spain's commanders, together with his name, and elected then their *criollo*, native born, Yturvide, as an emperor over them. But Yturvide had no *prestige*, and many of his equals thought they ought to have been emperor instead of him. The result was, that after a short time his imperial crown was taken from him, and he was banished from Mexico with a promise of an annual pension while he stayed away, and sudden death if he returned. The salary was however not punctually paid, and he did return. Scarcely had he landed, when the death promise was kept. He was captured and shot by a military commission,

and a good deal of anarchy reigned in his stead. The Mexicans relapsed into the condition they were in before the landing of Cortes—province against province—tribe against tribe. The King of Spain grew hopeful thereat, and despatched a general and a small army to reconquer the country. But, as if to show that every rule has an exception, the Mexicans actually united and vanquished the invaders, under the command of Santa Anna, who may be esteemed as a fine sample of a Mexican patriot, i. e., a despotic ruler, governing by means of an army of half savages. The Spaniards driven off, Santa Anna, minus one leg, reigned *de facto*, so far as his arms extended, till another dispute arose with a stronger people—not Spaniards—but of the Anglo-Saxon race—whom the vain military coxcomb expected to extinguish by the mere act of marching his numerous savage troops against them.

So many imputations have been cast upon the Americans with regard to the Mexican war, that it is important to show the processes by which it began—processes perfectly analogous to those which have extended the English Empire in India and Africa, and will extend it also in China; i. e., the mere force of impact between the civilized and the uncivilized, in which the latter always succumb when not sufficiently numerous and powerful to destroy the civilized.

Texas and its annexation are commonly spoken of as an iniquity analogous to the partition of Poland, as though Mexico had been a well-peopled country forcibly torn asunder; but the facts are widely different. Texas is no integral part of Mexico, but an outlying province which, under the King of Spain, served as a huge cattle-breeding farm, subject to the incursions of the Red Indians—the Apache and the Comanche tribes. They were kept under by the patrolling of several regiments of dragoons called *Campeadores del Campo*; and thus did Texas continue an appanage of Mexico. When the revolution broke out, the dragoons were withdrawn, and the Indian hunted over a cattle-stocked desert. In this condition a certain Colonel Austin, a hunter of the Western States of the American Union, visited Mexico, and proposed to the government that in consideration of a grant of land he would plant five hundred rifles, and men to wield them, together with wives and families, in Texas, and would thus take order to drive out and keep out the Indians. The bargain was made and the work was

done by the fighting contractor. Volunteers in great numbers flocked to the successful colonel and colonist, and a prosperous trade grew up with the Northern and Western States across the border. The semi-barbarous government of Mexico grew jealous, and prohibited the trade, declaring that all Texan commerce must come by sea, and be duly taxed by the custom-house. The hunting, rifle-bearing colonists demurred to this, and disregarded the government edict, so that their trade became a process of smuggling. Indignant at the nonchalance of these American citizens, the government summoned Col. Austin to Mexico to answer for his conduct. On his compliance he was taken into custody, and cast into prison. Long he remained there, but at length made his escape and returned to his stronghold on his ceded territory. The rifle-armed colonists, strong in the belief of their own might, declared Texas independent of Mexico, and prepared to do battle in behalf of free trade.

The barbarian power accepted their challenge, and Santa Anna, at the head of as many thousand Mexicans as the Tejanos were hundreds in number, marched to attack them. One small body, hemmed in a fort and nearly starved, surrendered on the usual terms of safety to person. They were massacred to a man, by the orders of the faithless savage in gilt pantaloons and epaulettes, with a Spanish name and a cork leg. Roused by the treachery, the ardour of their remaining comrades was redoubled. The hundreds defeated the thousands, and captured Santa Anna. They did not murder him, but as the price of his freedom stipulated for the recognition of the independence of Texas; he agreed to it, and was set ashore in the United States. He returned to Mexico, and as a matter of course repudiated his agreement. At a subsequent period another expedition was sent against Texas; it failed, and the result was that the independence of Texas was acknowledged by foreign powers, England amongst the number. Being independent, the citizens of Texas prayed to be admitted into the northern union. The Americans accepted them, and thus Texas was annexed. Nor was there in all this anything contrary to international law. The colonists bought land from Mexico—fulfilled the terms of payment—became Mexican citizens—disputed an oppressive fiscal regulation—rose in rebellion—established their independence—obtained its recognition by neutrals—and joined themselves to another

state. All this was as legally right as it was morally just. We cannot see what right any nation in the world has to prevent wild lands from being colonized; still less can we conceive that barbarians gold-embroidered should be permitted to form an obstacle to civilization. It is after all moral force that must hold the rule; and when supported by physical power, to make order grow out of disorder, it would be a lamentable thing indeed for the world were it to be thwarted.

Many years have passed since we advocated these principles in the 'Foreign Quarterly,' in a review of a work on the United States, by Achille Murat, son of him of the White Plume and the Red Hand, who finally fell a victim to his belief that the mass of mankind was made to be the tools of individual men. When we wrote, Texas was only preparing for independence; the result was anticipated, and has since become a fact.

The Mexican barbarians could not or would not take warning by the fall of Texas, but tempted fate by quarreling with a powerful nation, whose out-posts are ever sure to be peopled with the least scrupulous of their citizens, men too happy to find a legitimate cause for quarrel. Too cowardly to defend their country, too covetous to unite amongst themselves, and too bombastic to acknowledge themselves overmatched, the Mexicans skirmished and ran away, bit by bit, before the American hunters, designated as an army; till one fine morning, the conquerors found themselves in the capital, and obliged to ransack their brains to improvise a government, partly military, to reduce the country to order—take possession of the revenues—encourage the mines, and exterminate the few guerillas. They meant only to conquer a respectful deportment on the part of the Mexicans, and they found to their surprise that they had conquered a country entire. At any time the invaders would have been glad to have made peace, but absolutely there never was union enough among the Mexicans to constitute a government with whom to treat. Could a doubt be entertained as to the question of the Mexicans being a mere rabble and not a nation, the volumes of Mr. Ruxton would at once decide it.

When we perused the first volume, which has no name to it, we were tempted to exclaim *Aut Ford aut diabolus*, so like is the style to that writer's 'Hand Book of Spain,' *Cosas de España*—Spanish matters—being

merely changed into Casas de Mejico—masters of Mexico. Ere we finish our quotations, we doubt not to convince our readers that all we have written previously is true as gospel in national criticism.

Mr. Ruxton, provided apparently with a British government passport, judging by his mysterious influence on officials, landed at Vera Cruz at the commencement of the American war with Mexico, visited the capital, and travelled northward through Queretaro (where the Mexicans have vainly attempted to get up a Congress), Zacatecas, Durango, Chihuahua (pronounced Chee Wah Wah), Santa Fe, Red River, Arkansas, so on home to England by way of New York. A more "respectable man," in the Spanish sense of the word, i. e., "a taller fellow of his hands," never crossed a horse. Captain Marryatt's shrewdness and writing power, with tact of observation united to all the qualities and endurance of a western hunter, could scarcely be combined with refined gentleness, but he would be an admirable travelling companion notwithstanding. We could sleep surely in the red man's wilderness, with his true rifle, clear brain, and iron constitution to help us. Nothing escapes him, and nothing seems to daunt him, and he is proof against humbug of all kinds. Yet should we have been better pleased with him had he avoided kicking the unfortunate *lepero*.

The following description of Santa Anna we would swear to in any court in Christendom. He has just returned to Mexico after one of his banishments. The description of the democratic tinman—one of the best samples of Spanish America—is also excellent.

"Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna is a hale-looking man between fifty and sixty, with an Old Bailey countenance and a very well built wooden leg. The Senora, a pretty girl of seventeen, pouted at the cool reception, for not one "viva" was heard; and her mother, a fat, vulgar, old dame, was rather unceremoniously congeed from the procession, which she took in high dudgeon. The General was dressed in full uniform, and looked anything but pleased at the absence of everything like applause, which he doubtless expected would have greeted him. His countenance completely betrays his character: indeed, I never saw a physiognomy in which the evil passions, which he notoriously possesses, were more strongly marked. Oily duplicity, treachery, avarice, and sensuality, are depicted on every feature, and his well-known character bears out the truth of the impress his vices have stamped upon his face. In person he is portly, and not devoid of a certain well-bred bearing which wins for him golden opinions from

the surface-seeing fair sex, to whom he ever pays the most courtly attention.

"If half the anecdotes are true which I have heard narrated by his most intimate friends, any office or appointment in his gift can always be obtained on application of a female interceder; and on such an occasion he first saw his present wife, then a girl of fifteen, whom her mother brought to the amorous President, to win the bestowal upon her of a pension for former services, and Santa Anna became so enamoured of the artless beauty, that he soon after signified his gracious intention of honouring her with his august hand, after a vain attempt to secure the young lady in a less legitimate manner, which the politic mamma, however, took care to frustrate.

"Aug. 17.—We had an *emeute* amongst the Vera-Cruzanos. As I was passing through the great plaza, a large crowd was assembled before the Casa de Ayuntamiento, or town-hall. Accosting a negro, who, leaning against a pillar, was calmly smoking his paper cigar, a quiet spectator of the affair, I inquired the cause of the riotous proceeding. 'No es mucho, caballero: un pronunciamiento, no mas,' he answered—nothing, sir, nothing, only a revolution. On further inquiry, however, I learned that the cause of the mob assembling before the ayuntamiento was, that the people of Vera Cruz willed that one of that body should, as their representative, proceed to the palace to lay before Santa Anna a statement of certain grievances which they required should be removed. Not one of that body relished the idea of bearding the lion in his den, although supposed at this moment to be on his good behaviour, but one Sousa, a native of Vera Cruz, and by trade a tinman, stepped forth from the crowd and declared himself ready to speak on the part of the people.

"They had previously clamoured for Santa Anna to show himself in the balcony of the palace, but he had excused himself on the plea of being unable to stand on account of his bad leg, and said that he was ready at any time to receive and confer with one of their body. Sousa, the volunteer, at once proceeded to the palace, and without ceremony entered the General's room, where Santa Anna was sitting, surrounded by a large staff of general officers, priests, &c. Advancing boldly to his chair, he exclaimed, 'Mi General, for more than twenty years you have endeavored to ruin our country. Twice have you been exiled for your misdeeds; beware that this time you think of us, and not of yourself only!'

"At this bold language Santa Anna's friends expressed their displeasure by hissing and stamping on the floor; but Sousa, turning to them with a look of contempt, continued: 'These, General, are your enemies and ours; y mas, son traidores—and more than this, they are traitors. They seek alone to attain their ends, and care not whether they sacrifice you and their country. They will be the first to turn against you. Para nosotros, Vera-Cruzanos qui somos—for us, who are of Vera Cruz—what we require is this; remove the soldiers; we do not want to be ruled by armed savages. Give us arms, and we will defend our town and our houses, but we want no soldiers.'

"Santa Anna, taken aback, remained silent.

"'Answer me, General,' cried out the sturdy tinman; 'I represent the people of Vera Cruz, who brought you back, and will be answered.'

"'To-morrow,' meekly replied the dreaded tyrant, 'I will give orders that the troops be removed, and you shall be supplied with one thousand stand of arms.' 'Está bueno, mi General'—it is well, General—answered Sousa, and returned to the mob, who, on learning the result of the conference, filled the air with vivas.

"'Valgame en Dios!' exclaimed my friend, the negro; 'que hombre tan osado es este!'—what pluck this man must have to open his lips to the Presidente!"

Here follows a description of the heroic patriots who were to destroy the Yankee invaders.

"Just before sunset we overtook the rear guard of the valiant Eleventh, which that day had marched from Vera Cruz en route to the seat of war, for the purpose, as one of the officers informed me, 'dar un golpe à los Norte Americanos'—to strike a blow at the North Americans.

"The marching costume of those heroes, I thought was peculiarly well adapted to the climate and season—a shako on the head, whilst coat, shirt, and pantaloons hung suspended in a bundle from the end of the firelock carried over the shoulder, and their cueros required no other covering than the coatings of mud with which they were caked from head to foot, singing, however, merrily as they marched."

Mexican innkeeping is unique, not merely to Mexico, but to Spanish America generally.

"Mine host and his family had separate accommodations for themselves, of course; and into this part of the mansion Castillo managed to introduce himself and me, and to procure some supper. The chambermaid—who, unlocking the door of the room apportioned to us, told us to beware of the *mala gente* (the bad people) who were about—was a dried-up old man, with a long grizzled beard and matted hair, which fell, guiltless of comb or brush, on his shoulders. He was perfectly horrified at our uncomplimentary remarks concerning the cleanliness of the apartment, about the floor of which troops of fleas were caracolling, while flat odoriferous bugs were sticking in patches to the walls. My request for some water, for the purpose of washing, almost knocked him down with the heinousness of the demand; but when he had brought a little earthenware saucer, holding about a tablespoonful, and I asked for a towel, he stared at me, open-mouthed, without answering, and then burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. 'Ay, que hombre, Ave Maria Purissima, que loco es este!'—Oh, what a man, what a madman is this! 'Servilleta, panuela, toalla, que demonio quiere?'—towel, napkin, handkerchief!—what the devil does he want?—repeating the dif-

ferent terms I used to explain that I wanted a towel.

"'Ha, ha, ha! es medio-tonto, es medio tonto.'—a half-witted fellow, I see. 'Que demonio! quiere agua, quiere toalla!'—what the devil! he wants water, towels, everything. 'Adios!'"

Can any collection of men be called a nation or a people, who permit the following things on the highroad leading from their principal seaport to their capital?

"On inquiry as to the modes of travelling from Jalapa to the city of Mexico, I found that the journey in the diligencia to the capital was to be preferred to any other at this season, on account of the rains; although by the former there was almost a certainty of being robbed or attacked. So much a matter of course is this disagreeable proceeding, that the Mexicans invariably calculate a certain sum for the expenses of the road, including the usual fee for *los caballeros del camino*. All baggage is sent by the arrieros or muleteers, by which means it is insured from all danger, although a long time on the road. The usual charge is twelve dollars a *carga*, or mule-load of 200 lbs., from Vera Cruz to the capital, being from ten to twenty days on the road. The Mexicans never dream of resisting the robbers, and a coach-load of nine is often stopped and plundered by one man. The ladrones, however, often catch a Tartar if a party of foreigners should happen to be in the coach; and but the other day, two Englishmen, one an officer of the Guards, the other a resident in Zacatecas, being in a coach which was stopped by nine robbers, near Puebla, on being ordered to alight, and *boca-bazo*—throw themselves on their noses,—replied to the request by shooting a couple of them, and, quietly resuming their seats, proceeded on their journey.

"During my stay two English naval officers arrived in the diligencia from Mexico. As they stepped out, bristling with arms, the Mexican bystanders ejaculated, 'Valgame Dios! What men these English are!' 'Esos son hombres!'—These are men! The last week the coach was robbed three times, and a poor Gachupin, mistaken for an Englishman, was nearly killed, the robbers having vowed vengeance against the pale faces for the slaughter of their two comrades at Puebla; and a few months before, two robbers crawled upon the coach during the night, and, putting a pistol through the leathern panels, shot an unfortunate passenger in the head, who, they had been informed, carried arms, and was determined to resist. There is not a travelling Mexican who cannot narrate to you his experiences on 'the road;' and scarcely a foreigner in the country, more particularly English and Americans, who has not come to blows with the ladrones at some period or other of his life.

"Such being the satisfactory state of affairs, before starting on this dangerous expedition, and particularly as I carried all my baggage with me (being too old a soldier ever to part with that), assisted by mine host Don Juan, I had a minute inspection of arms and ammunition, all of which

were put in perfect order. One fine morning, therefore, I took my seat in the diligencia, with a formidable battery of a double-barrel rifle, a ditto carbine, two brace of pistols, and a blunderbuss. Blank were the faces of my four fellow-passengers when I entered thus equipped. They protested, they besought—every one's life would be sacrificed were one of the party to resist. 'Senores,' I said, 'here are arms for you all: better for you to fight than to be killed like a rat.' No, they washed their hands of it—would have nothing to do with gun or pistol. 'Vaya: no es el costumbre'—it is not the custom, they said.

"However, we reached Puebla safe and sound, and drove into the yard of the Fonda de las Diligencias, where the coach and its contents were minutely inspected by a robber-spy, who, after he had counted the passengers and their arms, immediately mounted his horse and galloped away. This is done every day, and in the teeth of the authorities, who wink at the cool proceeding.

"In a country where justice is not to be had—where injustice is to be bought—where the law exists but in name, and is despicable and powerless, it is not to be wondered at that such outrages are quietly submitted to by a demoralized people, who prefer any other means of procuring a living than by honest work; and who are ready to resort to the most violent means to gratify their insatiable passion for gambling, which is at the bottom of this national evil. It is a positive fact that men of all ranks and stations scruple not to resort to the road to relieve their temporary embarrassments, the result of gambling; and numerous instances might be brought forward where such parties have been detected, and in some cases executed, for thus offending against the laws. One I may mention—that of Colonel Yanes, aide-de-camp to Santa Anna, who was garrotted for the robbery and murder of the Swiss Consul in Mexico, a few years since."

The following might be a pure bit of Lazarrillo de Tormes or Quevedo.

"Those philosophical strangers who wish to see 'life in Mexico' must be careful what they are about, and keep their eyes skinned, as they say in Missouri. Here there are no detective police from which to select a guide for the back slums—no Sergeant Shackel to initiate one into the mysteries of St. Giles's and the Seven Dials. One must depend upon his own nerve and bowie-knife, his presence of mind and Colt's revolver; but armed even with all these precautions, it is a dangerous experiment, and much better to be left alone. Provided, however, that one speaks the language tolerably well, is judicious in the distribution of his dollars, and steers clear of committing any act of gallantry, by which he may provoke the jealousy and *cuchillo* of the susceptible Mejicano, the expedition may be undertaken without much danger, and a satisfactory moral drawn therefrom.

"One night, equipped from head to foot 'al paisano,' and accompanied by one José Maria Canales, a worthy rascal, who in every capacity,

from a colonel of dragoons to a horse-boy, had perambulated the republic from Yucatan to the valley of Taos, and had inhabited apartments in the palace of the viceroys as well as in the Acordada, and nearly every intermediate grade of habitation, I sallied out for the very purpose of perpetrating such an expedition as I have attempted to dissuade others from undertaking.

"Our first visit was to the classic neighborhood of the Acordada, a prison which contains as unique a collection of malefactors as the most civilized cities of Europe could produce. On the same principle as that professed by the philosopher, who, during a naval battle, put his head into a hole through which a cannon shot had just passed, as the most secure place in the ship, so do the rogues and rascals, the pickpockets, murderers, burglars, highwaymen, coiners, *et hoc genus omne*, choose to reside under the very nose of the gallows.

"My companion, who was perfectly at home in this locality, recommended that we should first visit a celebrated pulqueria, where he would introduce me to a caballero—a gentleman—who knew everything that was going on, and would inform us what amusements were on foot on that particular night. Arrived at the pulque-shop, we found it a small filthy den, crowded with men and women of the lowest class, swilling the popular liquor, and talking unintelligible slang. My cicerone led me through the crowd, directly up to a man who, with his head through a species of sack without sleeves, and *sans chemise*, was serving out the pulque to his numerous customers. I was introduced as 'un forastero, un caballero Yngles'—a stranger—an English gentleman, his particular friend. Mine host politely offered his hand, assured me that his house and all in it was mine from that hour, poured us out two large green tumblers of pulque, and requested us to be seated.

"It was soon known that a foreigner was in the room. In spite of my dress and common *sarape*, I was soon singled out. Cries of 'Estranero, Tejano, Yanqué, burro,' saluted me; I was a Texan, a Yankee, and consequently burro—a jackass. The crowd surrounded me, women pushed through the throng, *à ver el burro*—to look at the jackass; and threats of summary chastisement and ejection were muttered. Seeing that affairs began to look cloudy, I rose, and, placing my hand on my heart, assured the caballeros y las senioritas that they labored under a slight error: that, although my face was white, I was no Texan, neither was I Yankee nor a jackass, but 'Yngles, muy amigo a la republica'—an Englishman, having the welfare of the republic much at heart; and that my affection for them, and hatred of their enemies, was something too excessive to express: that to prove this, my only hope was, that they would do me the kindness to discuss at their leisure half an arroba of pulque, which I begged then and there to pay for, and present to them in token of my sincere friendship.

"The tables were instantly turned: I was saluted with cries of 'Viva el Yngles! Que mueren los Yanqués! Vivan nosotros y pulque!'—Hurrah for the Englishman! Death to the Yan-

kees! Long live ourselves and pulque! The dirty wretches thronged round to shake my hand, and semi-drunken poblanas lavished their embraces on 'el guero.' I must here explain that, in Mexico, people with fair hair and complexions are called *guero*, *guera*; and, from the caprice of human nature, the *guero* is always a favourite of the fair sex: the same as, in our country, the olive-coloured foreigners with black hair and beards are thought 'such loves' by our fair countrywomen. The *guero*, however, shares this favoritism with the genuine unadulterated negro, who is also greatly admired by the *Mejicanos*.

"After leaving the *pulqueria*, we visited, without suspicion, the dens where these people congregate for the night—filthy cellars, where men, women, and children were sleeping, rolled in *sarapes*, or in groups, playing at cards, furiously smoking, quarreling, and fighting. In one we were attracted to the corner of a room, whence issued the low sobs of a woman, and, drawing near the spot as well as the almost total darkness would admit, I saw a man, pale and ghastly, stretched on a *sarape*, with the blood streaming from a wound in the right breast, which a half-naked woman was trying in vain to quench.

"He had just been stabbed by a *lepero* with whom he had been playing at cards and quarreled, and who was coolly sitting within a yard of the wounded man, continuing his game with another, the knife lying before him covered with blood.

"The wound was evidently mortal; but no one present paid the slightest attention to the dying man, excepting the woman, who, true to her nature, was endeavoring to relieve him.

"After seeing every thing horrible in this region of crime, we took an opposite direction, and, crossing the city, entered the suburb called the *Barrio de Santa Anna*.

"This quarter is inhabited by a more respectable class of villains. The *ladrones a caballo*—knights of the road—make this their rendezvous, and bring here the mules and horses they have stolen. It is also much frequented by the *arrieros*, a class of men who may be trusted with untold gold in the way of trade, but who are, when not 'en *atajo*' (unemployed), as unscrupulous as their neighbors. They are a merry set, and the best of companions on the road; make a great deal of money, but, from their devotion to pulque and the fair sex, are always poor, 'Gastar dinero como *arriero*'—to spend money like an *arriero*—is a common saying.

"In a meson much frequented by these men, we found a  *fandango* of the first order in progress. An *atajo* having arrived from Durango, the *arrieros* belonging to it were celebrating their safe arrival, by entertaining their friends with a *bayle*; and into this my friend, who was 'one of them,' introduced me as an *amigo particular*—a particular friend.

"The entertainment was *al-fresco*, no room in the meson being large enough to hold the company; consequently the dancing took place in the corral, and under the *portales*, where sat the musicians, three guitars and a tamborine, and where also was good store of pulque and *mezcal*.

"The women, in their dress and appearance, reminded me of the *manolas* of Madrid. Some wore very picturesque dresses, and all had massive ornaments of gold and silver. The majority, however, had on the usual *poblana enagua*, a red or yellow kind of petticoat, fringed or embroidered, over the simple *chemisette*, which, loose and unconfined, except at their waists, displayed most prodigally their charms. Stockings are never worn by this class, but they are invariably very particular in their *chaussure*, a well-fitting shoe showing off their small well-formed feet and ankles.

"The men were all dressed in elaborate Mexican finery, and in the costumes of the different provinces of which they were natives.

"The dances resembled, in a slight degree, the *fandango* and *arabe* of Spain, but were more clumsy, and the pantomimic action less energetic and striking. Some of the dances were descriptive of the different trades and professions. *El Zapatero*, the shoemaker; *el Sastroncito*, the little tailor; *el Espadero*, the swordsman, &c., were amongst those in the greatest demand; the guitar-players keeping time, and accompanying themselves with their voices in descriptive songs.

"The *fandango* had progressed very peacefully, and good humour had prevailed until the last hour, when, just as the dancers were winding up the evening, by renewed exertions in the concluding dance, the musicians, inspired by pulque, were twanging with vigour their relaxed *caigut*, and a general chorus was being roared out by the romping votaries of *Terpsichore*, above the din and clamor a piercing shriek was heard from the corner of the corral, where was congregated a knot of men and women, who chose to devote themselves to the rosy god for the remainder of the evening, rather than the exertions of the dance. The ball was abruptly brought to a conclusion, every one hastening to the quarter whence the shriek proceeded.

"Two men with drawn knives in their hands were struggling in the arms of several women, who strove to prevent their encounter—one of the women having received an ugly wound in the attempt, which had caused the shriek of pain which had alarmed the dancers.

"'Que es eso?'—What is this?—asked a tall powerful *Durangueno*, elbowing his way through the crowd. 'Que quieren esos gallos?'—What do those game cocks want? 'A *pelcar*?'—To fight, eh? 'Vamos, a ver los toros?'—Come, let us see the fun!—he shouted. In an instant a ring was formed; men and women standing at a respectable distance, out of reach of the knives. Two men held the combatants, who, with *sarapes* rolled round their arms, passion darting out of their fiery eyes, looked like two bulldogs ready for the fray.

"At a signal they were loosed at each other, and, with a shout, rushed on with uplifted knives. It was short work with them, for at the first blow the tendons of the right arm of one of them were severed, and his weapon fell to the ground; and as his antagonist was about to plunge his knife into the body of his disarmed foe, the bystanders



rushed in and prevented it, at the same moment that the *patrulla* (the patrol) entered the corral with bayonets drawn, and *sauve qui peut* was the word; a visit to the *Acordada* being the certain penalty of being concerned in a brawl where knives have been used, if taken by the guard. For myself, with a couple of soldiers at my heels, I flew out of the gate, and never stopped until I found myself safe under the sheets, just as day-break was tinging the top of the cathedral."

The opinion of Mr. Ruxton as to the Mexican character is thoroughly corroborated by all their historical acts. But we do not see the *sequitur* the author insists on of the remedy being found in a monarchy. We rather incline to the amalgamation with the American Union.

"The Mexicans, as a people, rank decidedly low in the scale of humanity. They are deficient in moral as well as physical organization: by the latter I do not mean to assert that they are wanting in corporeal qualities, although certainly inferior to most races in bodily strength; but there is a deficiency in that respect, which is invariably found attendant upon a low state of moral or intellectual organization. They are treacherous, cunning, indolent, and without energy, and cowardly by nature. Inherent, instinctive cowardice is rarely met with in any race of men, yet I affirm that in this instance it certainly exists, and is most conspicuous; they possess at the same time that amount of brutish indifference to death which can be turned to good account in soldiers, and I believe, if properly led, that the Mexicans would on this account behave tolerably well in the field, but no more than tolerably.

"It is a matter of little astonishment to me that the country is in the state it is. It can never progress or become civilized until its present population is supplanted by a more energetic one. The present would-be republican form of government is not adapted to such a population as exists in Mexico, as is plainly evident in the effects of the constantly recurring revolutions. Until a people can appreciate the great principles of civil and religious liberty, the advantages of free institutions are thrown away upon them. A long minority has to be passed through before this can be effected; and in this instance, before the requisite fitness can be attained, the country will probably have passed from the hands of its present owners to a more able and energetic race. On the subject of government I will not touch: I maintain that the Mexicans are incapable of *self-government*, and will always be so until regenerated. The separation from Spain has been the ruin of the country, which, by-the-bye, is quite ready to revert to its former owners; and the prevailing feeling over the whole country inclines to the re-establishment of a monarchical system. The miserable anarchy which has existed since its separation, has sufficiently and bitterly proved to the people the inadequacy of the present one; and the wonder is, that, with the large aristocratic party which so greatly preponderates in Mexico (the

army and the church), this much-to-be-desired event has not been brought about.

"The cause of the *two hundred and thirty-seven* revolutions which, since the declaration of its independence, have that number of times turned the country upside down, has been individual ambition and lust of power. The intellectual power is in the hands of a few, and by this minority all the revolutions are effected. The army once gained over (which, by the aid of bribes and the priesthood, is an easy matter), the wished-for consummation is at once brought about. It thus happens that, instead of a free republican form of government, the country is ruled by a most perfect military despotism.

"The population is divided into but two classes—the high and the low: there is no intermediate rank to connect the two extremes, and consequently the hiatus between them is deep and strongly marked. The relation subsisting between the peasantry and the wealthy *hacendados*, or land-owners, is a species of serfdom, little better than slavery itself. Money, in advance of wages, is generally lent to the peon or labourer, who is by law bound to serve the lender, if required, until such time as the debt is repaid; and as care is taken that this shall never happen, the debtor remains a bondsman to the day of his death.

"Law or justice hardly exists in name even, and the ignorant peasantry, under the priestly thralldom which holds them in physical as well as moral bondage, have neither the energy nor courage to stand up for the amelioration of their condition, or the enjoyment of that liberty, which it is the theoretical boast of republican governments their system so largely deals in, but which, in reality, is a practical falsehood and delusion."

The propensity of horses and mules, especially the latter, to mistake each other's tails for hay, when hungry, has more than once caused us mortification in the endangerment of our fourfooted beauties; and we sympathize heartily with the traveller.

"One event occurred in Mapimi which annoyed me excessively. The night of my arrival, my animals, I fear, were rather scantily supplied with corn; and, to revenge the slight, the mules ate the tail of my beautiful Panchito to the very dock—a tail which I had tied, and combed, and tended with the greatest care and affection. In the morning I hardly recognised the animal; his once ornamental appendage looked as if it had been gnawed by rats, and his whole appearance was disfigured. I got a pair of shears, and clipped and cut, but only made matters worse, and was fain to desist after an hour's attempt. The tails of the mules were at the end of my journey picked like a bone, for, whenever their supper was poor, they immediately fell to work on each other's tails."

We commend to the attention of those who sympathize with Mexicans against their invaders, the following passage, re-

questing them to expound to us which are the civilized men and which the savages.

"For the purpose of carrying on a war against the daring savages, a species of company was formed by the Chihuahueros, with a capital raised by subscription. This company, under the auspices of the government, offered a bounty of 50 dollars a scalp, as an inducement to people to undertake a war of extermination against the Apaches. One Don Santiago Kirker, an Irishman, long resident in Mexico, and for many years a trapper and Indian trader in the far west, whose exploits in Indian killing would fill a volume, was placed at the head of a band of some hundred and fifty men, including several Shawnee and Delaware Indians, and sent 'en campana' against the Apaches. The fruits of the campaign were the trophies I saw dangling in front of the cathedral.

"In the month of August, the Apaches being then 'en paz' with the state, entered, unarmed, the village of Galeana, for the purpose of trading. This band, which consisted of a hundred and seventy, including women and children, was under the command of a celebrated chief, and had no doubt committed many atrocities on the Mexicans; but at this time they had signified their desire for peace to the government of Chihuahua, and were now trading in good faith, and under protection of the faith of treaty. News of their arrival having been sent to Kirker, he immediately forwarded several kegs of spirits, with which they were to be regaled, and detained in the village until he could arrive with his band. On a certain day, about ten in the morning, the Indians being at the time drinking, dancing, and amusing themselves, and *unarmed*, Kirker sent forward a messenger to say that at such an hour he would be there.

"The Mexicans, when they saw him approach with his party, suddenly seized their arms and set upon the unfortunate Indians, who, without even their knives, attempted no resistance, but, throwing themselves on the ground when they saw Kirker's men surrounding them, submitted to their fate. The infuriated Mexicans spared neither age nor sex; with fiendish shouts they massacred their unresisting victims, glutting their long pent-up revenge of many years of persecution. One woman, big with child, rushed into the church, clasping the altar and crying for mercy for herself and unborn babe. She was followed, and fell pierced with a dozen lances; and then (it is almost impossible to conceive such an atrocity, but I had it from an eye-witness on the spot not two months after the tragedy) the child was torn alive from the yet palpitating body of his mother, first plunged into the holy water to be baptized, and immediately its brains were dashed out against a wall.

"A hundred and sixty men, women, and children, were slaughtered, and with the scalps carried on poles, Kirker's party entered Chihuahua—in procession, headed by the governor and priests, with bands of music escorting them in triumph to the town."

Then follows another picture of Mexican troops.

"This escort—save the mark!—consisted of two or three dragoons of the regiment of Vera Cruz, which had been several years in Santa Fé but had run away with the Governor on the approach of the Americans, and were now stationed at Chihuahua. Their horses—wretched, half-starved animals—were borrowed for the occasion; and the men, refusing to march without some provision for the road, were advanced their 'sueldo' by a patriotic merchant of the town who gave each a handful of copper coins, which they carefully tied up in the corners of their sarapes. Their dress was original and uniform (in rags). One had on a dirty broad-brimmed straw hat, another a handkerchief tied round his head. One had a portion of a jacket, another was in his shirt-sleeves, with overalls, open to the winds, reaching a little below the knees. All were bootless and unspurred. One had a rusty sword and lance, another a gun without a hammer, the third a bow and arrows. Although the nights were piercingly cold, they had but one wretched, tattered sarape of the commonest kind between them, and no rations of any description.

"These were regulars of the regiment of Vera Cruz. I may as well here mention that, two or three months after, Colonel Doniphan, with 900 volunteers, marched through the state of Chihuahua, defeating on the one occasion 3,000 Mexicans with great slaughter, and taking the city itself, without losing *one man* in the campaign.

"At Sacramento the Mexicans entrenched themselves behind formidable breastworks, having ten or twelve pieces of artillery in battery, and numbering at least 3,000. Will it be believed that these miserable creatures were driven from their position, and slaughtered like sheep by 900 raw backwoodsmen, who did not lose *one single man* in the encounter?"

A specimen of the peddling Yankee in New Mexico:

"We encamped on a bleak bluff, without timber or grass, which overlooked the stream. Late in the evening we heard the creaking of a wagon's wheels, and the wo-ha of the driver, as he urged his oxen up the sandy bluff. A wagon drawn by six yoke of oxen soon made its appearance, under the charge of a tall raw-boned Yankee. As soon as he had unyoked his cattle, he approached our fire, and, seating himself almost in the blaze, stretching his long legs at the same time into the ashes, he broke out with, 'Cuss such a darned country, I say! Wall, strangers, an ugly camp this, I swear; and what my cattle ull do I don't know, for they have not eat since we put out of Santa Fé, and are darned near giv out, that's a fact; and thar's nothin' here for 'em to eat, surely. Wall, they must just hold on till to-morrow, for I have only got a pint of corn apiece for 'em to-night anyhow, so there's no two ways about that. Strangers, I guess now you'll have a skillet among

ye; if yer a mind to trade, I'll just have it right off; anyhow, I'll just borrow it to-night to bake my bread, and, if yer wish to trade, name yer price. Cuss sich a darned country, say I! Jist look at them oxen, wull ye!—they've nigh upon two hundred miles to go? for I'm bound to catch up the sogers afore they reach the Pass, and there's not a go in 'em.'

"'Well,' I ventured to put in, feeling for the poor beasts, which were still yoked and standing in the river completely done up, 'would it not be as well for you to feed them at once and let them rest?'

"'Wall, I guess if you'll some of you lend me a hand, I'll fix 'em right off; tho', darn em! they've giv me a pretty darned lot of trouble, they have, darn em! but the critturs will have to eat I b'lieve.'

"I willingly lent him the aid he required, and also added to their rations some corn which my animals, already full, were turning up their noses at, and which the oxen greedily devoured. This done, he returned to the fire and baked his cake, fried his bacon, and made his coffee, his tongue all the while keeping up an incessant clack. This man was by himself having a journey of two hundred miles before him and twelve oxen and his wagon to look after; but dollars, dollars, dollars, was all he thought of. Everything he saw lying about he instantly seized, wondered what it cost, what it was worth, offered to trade for it or anything else by which he might turn a penny, never waiting for an answer, and rattling on, eating, drinking, and talking without intermission; and at last, gathering himself up, said, Wall, I guess I'll turn into my wagon now, and some of you will, may be, give a look round at the cattle every now and then, and I'll thank you: and saying this, with a hop, step, and a jump, was inside his wagon and snoring in a couple of minutes."

Another specimen of the qualities of the New Mexicans:

"No state of society can be more wretched or degrading than the social and moral condition of the inhabitants of New Mexico: but in this remote settlement, anything I had formerly imagined to be the *ne plus ultra* of misery, fell far short of the reality:—such is the degradation of the people of the Rio Colorado. Growing a bare sufficiency for their own support, they hold the little land they cultivate, and their wretched hovels, on sufferance from the barbarous Yutas, who actually tolerate their presence in their country for the sole purpose of having at their command a stock of grain and a herd of mules and horses, which they make no scruple of helping themselves to, whenever they require a remount or a supply of farinaceous food. Moreover, when a war expedition against a hostile tribe has failed, and no scalps have been secured to ensure the returning warriors a welcome to their village, the Rio Colorado is a kind of game preserve, where the Yutas have a certainty of filling their bag if their other covers draw blank. Here they can always depend upon procuring a few brace of Mexican scalps, when such trophies are required

for a war-dance or other festivity, without danger to themselves, and merely for the trouble of fetching them.

"Thus, half the year, the settlers fear to leave their houses, and their corn and grain often remain uncut, the Indians being near; thus the valiant Mexicans refuse to leave the shelter of their burrows even to secure their only food. At these times their sufferings are extreme, being reduced to the verge of starvation: and the old Canadian hunter told me that he and his son entirely supported the people on several occasions by the produce of their rifles, while the maize was lying rotting in the fields. There are sufficient men in the settlement to exterminate the Yutas, were they not entirely devoid of courage; but, as it is, they allow themselves to be bullied and ill-treated with the most perfect impunity.

"Against these same Indians a party of a dozen Shawnee and Delaware trappers waged a long and most destructive war, until at last the Yutas were fain to beg for peace, after losing many of their most famous warriors and chiefs. The cowardly Mexicans, however, have seldom summoned courage to strike a blow in their own defence, and are so thoroughly despised by their savage enemies, that they never scruple to attack them, however large the party, or in spite of the greatest disparity in numbers between them."

Our readers will scarcely rise from the perusal of Mr. Ruxton's book without the conviction that the most fortunate "Conquest of Mexico" will be that of the United States' army; that the greatest misfortune that can happen to her would be the withdrawal of the power which holds in check the incessant quarrels of hostile tribes. Whether it can be made to *pay* the United States for their trouble and outlay, is another affair; but certainly the Mexicans and the world at large will benefit by a process which will destroy anarchy, and establish settled government. We think it likely that the shrewd Yankees, though they have outlayed much capital in the war, will contrive to make the country pay future expenses of occupation. Sure we are that all British merchants and miners will rejoice at the change of rulers. One only possible evil do we discern—the revival of slavery; but even that we should not regret, if it were the means of removing the slave population from the States of the Union.

Mr. Ruxton is a citizen of the world; and the Geographical Society possesses in him a capital traveller. We are puzzled at times to make out whether he is English or American or Spanish; indeed, he seems to have "been born all over the world." Nothing comes amiss to him, and he has a most happy aptitude for assimilating to the people he visits. It is not often that one meets with a

hand equally practised with the long rifle, "bowie knife and Colt's revolver," and at the same time so apt at the pen; and with all this, an iron constitution to withstand heat, cold, hunger, and thirst. He seems perfectly free from prejudice, and the sole fault we find with him is a hardness of nature which talks lightly of human cruelties, and not always taking pains to put the slang of bloodshedding in Indian war into inverted commas. "Some hair," "top-knots," "love-locks," and other epithets of the brutal scalping race, are set down by Mr. Ruxton as though they were in accordance with his own habitual practice. We can scarcely imagine the anecdote to be true, that Sir William Drummond Stewart offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the scalp of an Indian who had stolen his horse, and that a mountain trapper took the scalp and received the reward accordingly. If it be true, it shows by what processes a civilized man may be converted into a murderous savage.

Since the foregoing was written, the news has arrived that peace has been made between the United States and Mexico, in consideration of the cession of a large slice of the latter to the former, and fifteen millions of dollars to be paid in exchange. This is

another 'Cosa de Mejico,' and something new under the sun—a people of Spanish blood acknowledging themselves conquered. How the dollars, the *pesos fuertes*, are to be divided, how many will go to the actual negotiators, how many to Santa Anna, and how many to the public chest, is a 'Cosa de Mejico' of little importance. Nor is the whole matter yet certain. The treaty, although ratified by the United States, leaves yet three months after the ratification for the American army to remain in Mexico, and still longer if the season be sickly. It will be odd to us if in the meantime the Mexicans do not furnish sufficient reason for breaking off the treaty and leaving Jonathan in possession of the whole instead of this slice, and with a repudiation of the dollar payment, save a small instalment to Santa Anna of the cork leg, *eum suis*. Heaven help the Mexicans if the Americans do retire! They will fall to upon each other's throats with fresh zest, all the decent people will retire to the American territory, and after a year or two of spectacle to the world, the Americans will again march in by common consent, and the boundary of the Union will ultimately be the Isthmus of Panama, with a railway for all nations between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

---

From the Quarterly Review.

## LORD HERVEY'S MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF GEORGE II.

*Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline.* By John Lord Hervey. Edited from the Original Manuscript at Ickworth, by the Right Hon. J. W. Croker. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1848.

It has been known ever since Walpole published his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors in 1757, that John Lord Hervey, the *Sporus* of Pope, had left Memoirs of the Court of George II.; and it was stated by Bowles, in his edition of Pope, 1806, that Lord Hervey's dying injunction must prevent their appearance during the lifetime of George III. That injunction, however, was not Lord Hervey's, but contained in the will of his son Augustus, third Earl of Bristol, whose nephew, the first Marquis, now at last, twenty-eight years after the death of George III., authorizes the publication. Mr. Croker's fitness for the editorial task had no doubt been suggested by his edition of *Lady Hervey's Letters*, 1821. That lady

(the famous Mary Lepell) survived her lord for many years, and several of her friends, among others probably Lord Hailes and Horace Walpole, had been allowed by her to peruse parts of the Memoirs; but Lord Hailes, who in 1778 justly described them as 'written with great freedom,' hinted that whenever they appeared the origin of the antipathy between George II. and his eldest son would be 'revealed to posterity,'—and that promise is not redeemed in the text now given to the world.

The explanation of this seems to be, that the Marquis, upon the expiring of the testamentary injunction, examined the MS. with a view to publication, and not only conceived that a still longer suppression would be

expedient, but that some of its contents ought never to be revealed at all. His Lordship accordingly cut out and burnt various passages; and as he was careful to mark the place and extent of each laceration, the editor concludes from the context that they all bore reference to the feuds in the royal family. It is probable that we have thus lost a clue to what certainly is a very perplexing mystery; for it is evident that the alienation between Prince Frederick and not only his father, but his mother, was strong and decided while he was yet in his early youth—years before he ever saw England; and historical enquirers will now be more than ever puzzled, since Hervey's Memoirs show that the parental animosity did not go so far as to contemplate, if possible, his actual disinheritance:—an extravagance alleged by Frederick himself, or at his suggestion, in the scandalous mock fairy-tale of *Prince Titi*, but not heretofore confirmed by any better authority.

It is to be wished that the noble owner of the MS. had consulted some experienced literary adviser before he made irremediable mutilations, some of them possibly of no ordinary importance. Mr. Croker tells us he has altered nothing of the text confided to him, except words or phrases not compatible with modern notions of decorum—a liberty which every recent editor of old letters or journals has (or ought to have) exemplified. No man can be justified in publishing for the first time gross indecencies; and expressions that have this character to every modern eye abounded in the familiar intercourse, oral or epistolary, of the purest men and even women a hundred years ago—as well as in the most classical literature of their age. But Mr. Croker felt that this is a very nice and difficult part of an editor's task. To omit such things wholly and leave no indication of them—is really to destroy historical evidence, both as to individual character and national manners. His rule has been 'to suppress, but not to conceal.' We are to take it for granted, *then*, that whenever we see *Editorial* asterisks or brackets there was heinous offensiveness—for the text, as we have it, is still 'written with great freedom' in every sense of that word. We doubt not Mr. Croker's discretion; but there is no small risk, especially in these days of blue-stocking activity, that the scruples of delicacy may be indulged to the serious damage of historical testimony—and we venture to suggest that among all our book-clubs there might well be one to

perpetuate un mutilated copies of private memoirs and correspondence. The plan of limited impressions, kept exclusively for a small circle, might in this case be serviceable to purposes of real value.

These Memoirs extend over the first ten years of George the Second's reign (1727—1737), during seven of which the author was domesticated in the palace. Of his personal history before they commence, and after their conclusion, we have even now rather slender information; but Mr. Croker has probably given us all that the world will ever have. He has certainly added a good deal to what we formerly possessed, and, we think, enough to prepare us very tolerably for the appreciation of Hervey's posthumous narrative, as well as to render intelligible not a few hitherto dark allusions in the prose and the verse of his friend Lady Mary Wortley, and their common enemy, Pope.

John Hervey, the second son of the first Lord Bristol, was born in 1696. His father, the representative of an ancient and wealthy family, was one of the leading Whig commoners at the revolution, created a peer by Queen Anne in 1703 through the influence of Marlborough, and rewarded for his Hanoverian zeal by the earldom on the accession of George I.: a man of powerful talents, elegant accomplishments, and unspotted worth in every relation of life, but not without a harmless share in that hereditary eccentricity of character which suggested Lady Mary Wortley's division of the human race into men, women, and Herveys. After his elevation in 1714 he appears to have lived constantly at his noble seat of Ickworth, in Suffolk, where he divided his active hours between his books, his farm, and country sports, and solaced his leisure with eternal grumblings. The peerage—the earldom—sufficed not; he would fain have had political office, and since this was not tendered to him, he would take no further share in the business of Parliament. His wife was a Lady of the Bedchamber to Caroline both as Princess of Wales and as Queen of England, and four of his sons, as they grew up, were provided for by royal favor, two of them with places in the household; but still he grumbled; and though the most distinguished of his progeny inherited few or none of his virtues, he imitated and exaggerated all the good man's foibles.

Lord Bristol's eldest son, Carr Lord Hervey, was early attached to the household of the Prince of Wales (George II.), and is said by Walpole to have been endowed with

abilities even superior to those of his brother John. He died young and unmarried; but his short life had been very profligate. According to Lady Louisa Stewart (in the Anecdotes prefixed to the late Lord Wharncliffe's edition of Lady Mary Wortley's works), it was generally believed that Carr was the real father of Horace Walpole, and besides various circumstances stated by Lady Louisa in corroboration of that story, it derives new support from the sketches of Sir Robert Walpole's interior life in the Memoirs now before us, but still more, perhaps from the literary execution of the Memoirs themselves, and the peculiar kind of talent, taste, and temper which they evince. If the virtuoso of Strawberry Hill was not entitled to a place in Lady Mary's third class, he at least bore a most striking resemblance to those of that class with whom she was best acquainted; and certainly no man or woman—or Hervey—ever bore less likeness than he did, physically, morally, or intellectually, to the *pater quem nuptiæ demonstrabant*.

John Hervey, on leaving Cambridge in 1715, travelled for some little time on the Continent, and then, not immediately succeeding in his application for a commission in the Guards, attached himself to the "young court" at Richmond, where the Prince and Princess had his mother and brother already in their household. Caroline was then a little turned of thirty, comely, high in health and spirits, and, besides the Chesterfields, Scarboroughs, Bathursts, the Howards, Bellendens, and Lepells of her proper circle, had also in her neighborhood and confidence Pope and the minor literati of his little brotherhood. Lady Mary Wortley, too, occupied a villa at Twickenham. To all this brilliant society John Hervey found ready access, and he soon became one of its acknowledged lights; his person was eminently handsome, though in too effeminate a style—his wit piquant—his literature, considering his station and opportunities, very remarkable—his rhymes above par—his ambition eager—his presumption and volubility boundless—his address and manners, however, most polished and captivating. He by and by stood very high in the favor of the Princess and, perhaps, for a season, in the fancy of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Pope received and cultivated him with the most flattering attention, but in what bitter hostility that connexion ended is known to every body—although it is not to this hour clear in how

far the change in Pope's feelings towards Hervey was caused or quickened by a change in the relations between Lady Mary and

"Tuneful Alexis, by the Thames' fair side,  
The ladies' plaything and the Muses' pride."

In 1720 John Hervey married the flower of the maids of honor, Miss Lepell, and, Carr dying in 1723, they became Lord and Lady Hervey. In 1725 he was returned for Bury, and, following the lead of "the young court," joined Pulteney in the Opposition to Walpole. No early speeches are recorded, but it appears from a letter included in these Memoirs, that Sir Robert soon conceived a respect for his ability and a desire to convert him. In 1727 George I. died, and, the new king speedily adopting the minister whom he had as Prince abhorred, Lord Hervey naturally took a similar course. He received a pension of £1000 a-year, deserted Pulteney, and supported Sir Robert in the House of Commons, but still more efficiently by a series of pamphlets against Pulteney, Bolingbroke, and the other wits of the "Craftsman;" but his father not having been converted, the change in the son's politics cost him fresh grumblings, and by-and-bye the son himself grumbled audibly. No difference in politics, nor in still more weighty matters, ever disturbed the affectionate confidence between them. Lord Hervey talked of giving up his pension unless Walpole would give him place. "Quite right," said the Earl of Bristol; and added generously, "whenever you choose to drop it I will give you an equivalent myself." However, the grumbling never took the shape of resignation, and at last, shortly after a foolish duel with Pulteney, Hervey received the key of Vice-Chamberlain, at which point (1730) the peculiar interest of these Memoirs begins.

That office in those days implied constant residence in the Palace, and, of course, as his wife had ceased on her marriage to have any post in the household, something very like a virtual separation *à mensa et thoro*. Such conditions would have seemed hard enough in 1720:

"For Venus had never seen bedded  
So handsome a beau and a belle,  
As when Hervey the handsome was wedded  
To the beautiful Molly Lepell,"—

and they were then as fond as graceful; but by 1730 there seems to have been no

particular difficulty. Hervey indeed had spent the year 1729 in Italy *en garçon*—an excursion which left such traces in his tastes that several years later Lady Mary Wortley calls him, for shortness, “*Italy*.” Lady Louisa Stuart (*Anecdotes*, p. 66) says, “that *dessous des cartes*, which Madame de Sevigné advises us to peep at, would have betrayed that Lord and Lady Hervey lived together on very amicable terms—as well-bred as if not married at all, according to the demands of Mrs. Millamant in the play; but without any strong sympathies, and more like a French couple than an English one.” On this Mr. Croker says:—

“As Lady Hervey was going out of the world as Lady Louisa came into it, she could not have spoken from any personal knowledge; and one or two slight touches of her grandmother’s satirical gossiping pen are too slight to affect a character so generally respected as Lady Hervey’s.”—Vol. I., p. xvii.

But in this instance, as in several others, our editor is perhaps too ingenious. It is true that Lady Mary died in 1762, when Lady Louisa was in the nursery; but Lady Mary’s daughter, the Countess of Bute, survived till 1794—and who can doubt that it was to her mother and her mother’s co-eval friends that Lady Louisa Stuart owed her peeps at the *dessous des cartes* of the Court of George II.? Mr. Croker proceeds to say:—

“On the other hand, it is only too clear from some passages in the following Memoirs, that the gentleman’s conjugal principles and practice were very loose, and that his lady, if she had not had an innate sense of propriety, might have pleaded the example and the provocation of her husband’s infidelity. And here it may be as well to state that this laxity of morals was accompanied, if not originally produced, by his worse than *scepticism*. How a son so dutiful and affectionate, and resembling a singularly pious father in so many other points, was led into such opposite courses both in morals and religion, we have no distinct trace; but about the time that he exchanged the paternal converse of Ickworth for the society of London and the free-thinking Court of the Prince, Tindal, Toland, and Woolston were in high vogue, and it is too certain that Lord Hervey adopted all their anti-Christian opinions, and, by a natural consequence, a peculiar antipathy to the Church and Churchmen.”—p. xviii.

All this is very true; but we are sorry to say we think it is quite as plain, from Lady Hervey’s Letters to the Rev. Mr. Morris, that, if she never had any occasion to plead “the example and provocation of her hus-

band’s infidelity,” her “innate sense of propriety” could have derived little support from religious principle. (See Letters, pp. 98 and 251.)

Lady Louisa says:—

“By the attractions she retained in age she must have been singularly captivating when young, gay, and handsome, and never was there so perfect a model of the finely polished, highly bred, genuine woman of fashion. Her manners had a foreign tinge which some called affected, but they were gentle, easy, dignified, and altogether exquisitely pleasing.—*Anecdotes*, p. 66.

The Lepells were proprietors of the Island of Sark, where the people are more than half French, and her partiality for French society and manners was such that she seems never in her later days to have been so happy as in Paris; nay, her correspondents, whenever any battle has occurred between the nations, drop hints that she cannot be expected to sympathize heartily with the English side. We may add from Lady Louisa a singular circumstance, which Mr. Croker has overlooked or rejected. This maid of honor to Caroline, Princess of Wales—this wife of George II.’s Vice-Chamberlain, and mother of three servants of that government—was nevertheless through life in her private sentiments a warm partisan of the exiled Stuarts. We may also observe, though we are far from insinuating that Lady Hervey received Voltaire’s personal flattery as we are afraid she did his sceptical philosophy, that this French-English lady had the rare distinction of being the subject of English verses by the author of *Zaire*:—

“Hervey, would you know the passion  
You have kindled in my breast,  
Trifling is the inclination  
That by words can be express’d;”

“In my silence see the lover—  
True love is by silence known;  
In my eyes you’ll best discover  
All the powers of your own.”

Lady Hervey was a woman of both solid and brilliant talents (we think the editor of her letters speaks less highly of them than they deserve), and no one doubts that she had many most amiable qualities. She was an excellent mother to a large and troublesome family, and the correspondence of her widowhood expresses both respect and tenderness for her husband’s memory. To all these circumstances Mr. Croker will natu-

rally point in support of himself against Lady Louisa's *dessous des cartes*. We have no wish to prolong the controversy—but she and her lord certainly lived together on a footing of confidence “more French than English.” To her he left the care of these Memoirs. In them he expatiates on some infidelities of his own, earlier and later, interrupted and renewed, with a perfect tranquillity of self-satisfaction; and he quite as coolly recites that both Pulteney and Walpole had made love to his wife, explaining in a tone of the most serene indifference that, though she admired their talents, she did not like either of their persons, and that they were both unsuccessful; and clearly implying, which indeed the course of his history rendered superfluous, that such liberties never at all disturbed his cordiality of intercourse with either the first or the second of his political captains.

Pope, who had often addressed the maid of honor in a style only less impudent than that of Voltaire's stanzas to the married woman, either retained a kindness for her, or fancied that her praise would annoy her husband—for in most of his attacks on Hervey he was careful to introduce her as a contrast. We need not add, that the whole strain of his invective was expressly designed to represent Lord Hervey as one who must be to every woman an object of contempt and disgust.

Whatever the original offence had been, it was Pope who threw the first stone in the eye of the world. The acquaintance appears to have dropped about 1725. In the *Miscellanies* of 1727, and again in the first *Dunciad* of 1728, Hervey was sneered at as a poetaster. In 1732 came out the satire with the contemptuous lines on *Lord Fanny*, and the unquotable couplet on *Sappho*. Upon this, Hervey and Lady Mary laid their heads together in the “*Lines to the Imitator of Horace*” (Lady M. Wortley's Works, vol. iii.), and Hervey penned the prose philippic against Pope, entitled “*Letter from a Nobleman at Hampton Court to a Doctor of Divinity*”; both these appeared in 1733. To the Letter Pope replied in prose—and that production, which Johnson treats very slightly, was estimated far differently by Warburton and by Warton, in whose opinion Mr. Croker concurs as to the brilliant execution of the piece, though he adds that its substance was borrowed from a preceding libel by Pulteney, and repeats Dalway's just animadversion on the baseness of Pope's denying that by Lord Fanny and

Sappho he had meant Hervey and Lady Mary. Whether Warburton was right in saying that this, certainly the best specimen of Pope's prose, was printed as well as written in 1733—or Mr. Croker in deciding that it was never printed till after Pope's death—is a question that will not greatly interest our readers; though probably most of them will incline to think that Pope's own friend, executor, and first editor could hardly have been deceived as to such a matter, and that when Johnson says “the letter was never sent,” the Doctor means merely that it never reached Hervey except in the shape of a pamphlet—that it was a letter, not for the post, but for the press. However, in the following year Pope administered a finishing flagellation. We doubt if in the whole literature of modern Europe there is anything to match that awful infliction—on which all the malignity and all the wit of a dozen demons might seem to have been concentrated—the character of Sporus in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* (1734).

Every syllable, no doubt, did its work at the time; but the reader of the Memoirs now before us, and of Mr. Croker's very piquant preface, will understand it far better than has been possible for those who had no clue to its minuter allusions, except what they might find in the notes of Pope's successive commentators. Pope remains the worst-edited of our first-rate authors. Lord Hervey, in 1734, was still only Vice-Chamberlain; but he was, in fact, of more importance to the government than any member of the cabinet, except the Premier, and an attack like this upon him was calculated to give more deadly offence to the real moving power of the State than any possible castigation of any other British subject whomsoever. Sir Robert Walpole only governed George II. by governing Queen Caroline, and he mainly governed her through the influence of our Vice-Chamberlain—the only gentleman of the household whose duties fixed him from January to December under the same roof with the Queen. A favourite before she was queen, he had not occupied this post long before he had no rival in her confidence. There was not the least scandal; but, as her Majesty pleasantly remarked, she owed that escape only to her years. When he received his key in 1730 she was forty-seven—he but thirty-four; and so youthful was his appearance years later, that she still used to call him “this boy.” He, to be sure, was made for a carpet-knight: he abhorred all rough out-



of-doors work—seldom even mounted a horse—but, the Queen always following the King when he hunted at Richmond, in her open chaise, the Vice-Chamberlain attended her Majesty in that vehicle—to which opportunities of confidential talk we owe much. In 1734 he says:—

“Lord Hervey was this summer in greater favor with the Queen, and consequently with the King, than ever; they told him everything, and talked of everything before him. The Queen sent for him every morning as soon as the King went from her, and kept him, while she breakfasted, till the King returned, which was generally an hour and a half at least. She called him always her ‘child, her pupil, and her charge;’ used to tell him perpetually that his being so impertinent, and daring to contradict her so continually, was owing to his knowing she could not live without him; and often said, ‘It is well I am so old, or I should be talked of for this creature.’ Lord Hervey made prodigious court to her, and really loved and admired her.”—Vol. I., p. 382.

However flattering her favor, and sincerely and affectionately attached to her as Hervey really seems to have been from the beginning, full of admiration as he certainly was for her talents, partaking most of her opinions, and very heartily sympathizing in all her dislikes—it is easy to understand, nevertheless, that he should have by and by considered his fixture in the Vice-Chamberlainship as a legitimate grievance. His generous father, it is evident, continually made such suggestions to him, and we must infer, from conversations reported and letters inserted in his Memoirs, that he himself laid his complaints before Sir Robert Walpole, who evaded them as well as he could, by strong expressions of his own personal anxiety for his friend's advancement, coupled with significant hints that the difficulty lay with the King;—a stroke of art on which Walpole must have hugged himself, for the bellicose and uxorious monarch had, in the earlier period, a considerable distaste for the slim chaise-hunter and his Italian cosmetics—and his Majesty was not addicted to conceal his prejudices—and no one knew so well as Hervey that a prejudice of his could never be assailed with the least chance of success except through the Queen—and Walpole felt quite sure that Hervey would never attempt to bring that engine to bear upon that particular prejudice, because to tell the Queen that it was hard the King stood between him and promotion would have been telling her that there were things in the world which seemed

to “her child and charge” more desirable than the hourly enjoyment of her society. The *tone* of the Memoirs leaves little doubt that Hervey was never quite satisfied with Walpole's apologies—but it must have puzzled him to answer them. We have no repetition of the complaints after an early chapter—and thenceforth, though Walpole is occasionally criticized pretty smartly, the King is kept before the reader, page after page, present or absent, as the one great object of spleen and abuse. The narrative stops with the Queen's death in 1737; but Lord Hervey must have understood the *dessous des cartes* of his own case in the sequel. Queen Caroline once gone, Walpole soon proposed him for a Cabinet office—and the King made no sort of objection. It must have been evident then, that Walpole had kept him in the Household for so many years, merely because he was the most convenient instrument he could have had for the most delicate task of his administration—the best sentinel for the *ruelle*—the adroitest of lay-confessors for the true sovereign.

But there is a subject of still greater delicacy connected with Hervey's continued toleration of the Vice-Chamberlainship. Horace Walpole, both in his *Reminiscences* and in his *Memoirs*, mentions as a fact of perfect notoriety, that George II.'s youngest daughter, the Princess Caroline,\* her mother's favorite child, who was, at the date of the appointment, a pretty girl of seventeen, “conceived an *unconquerable passion* for Lord Hervey”—that his death was the cause and the signal for her retirement from the world—that after that, to her, fatal event she never appeared at Court or in society, devoting her time to pious meditation, and most of her income to offices of charity, which were never traced until her own death suspended them. Hervey's Memoirs have many passages which imply not

\* Under the Stuart, as all preceding reigns, the daughters of Royalty were styled the *Lady Mary*, the *Lady Anne*, and so on; nor was the German innovation of Princess quite fixed in the usage of the time of George II. That King and Queen Caroline were themselves strenuous for the German fashion; their son, the Prince of Wales, on the contrary, among other attempts at popularity, declared himself for the old English *Lady*, and, if he had lived to be King, it would no doubt have been re-established. Horace Walpole, perhaps in part from his antiquarian feelings—though he hated all Germanisms except Albert Durer and Dresden china—adheres usually to the *Lady Emily*, the *Lady Caroline*, &c. Lord Hervey, of course, takes his cue from Queen Caroline—with him it is always *Princess*.

only his perfect cognizance of the Princess's partiality, but, strange to say, a clear cognizance of it on the part of the Queen. But Horace Walpole, no friend to Hervey, and not over squeamish on the subject of unmarried Princesses (for he very distinctly intimates that another of the sisters gave ample indulgence to her passion for the Duke of Grafton—which story is also told by Hervey in this book)—Walpole always guards the reputation of the Lady Caroline—he carefully distinguishes her case from that of her elder sister (who, by the way, was a friend of his own in after days), styling her, carefully, “the *virtuous* Princess Caroline;” and *perhaps* there is nothing in Hervey's Memoirs, as given to the world, that may not be reconciled with Walpole's epithet as he meant it. The question, at best a painful one, is treated very briefly by Mr. Croker, who is no great admirer of romance. He observes that the Princess's retirement from the world was to be accounted for sufficiently by her grief at the death of her mother, and her notorious dislike of her father; that she outlived Hervey by fourteen years; and that Hervey's widow, in her Letters to the Reverend Mr. Morris, alludes in terms of special kindness to the Princess Caroline, who is known to have, during her retirement, interfered on various occasions for the advancement of her Ladyship's sons. It is not those that have had the best opportunities for observation of the world, and used them with the best skill, who are the readiest to come to a decision on problems of this order. Mr. Croker, when he published the Suffolk Papers in 1824, used charitable or at least ambiguous language respecting the nature of the connexion between Lady Suffolk and George II. This, we own, appeared to us at the time rather odd; but we felt rebuked when, in the Character of Lady Suffolk written by Lord Chesterfield, and first published by Lord Mahon in 1845, we found the same subject treated much in the same manner. Although Hervey's Memoirs extinguish all doubts about Lady Suffolk, the caution of Chesterfield is a lesson of value; and we may add that in his Character of the mother of George III., included in the same publication, there occurs a parallel but fuller passage concerning that Princess and Lord Bute, which, for its thorough good sense, deserves to be well weighed by every reader of Court gossip:—

“I will not nor cannot decide (says Lord Chesterfield). It is certain that there were many strong indications of the tenderest connexion between them; but when one considers how deceitful appearances often are in those affairs—the capriciousness and inconsistency of women, which makes them often be unjustly suspected—and the impossibility of knowing exactly what passes in *l'âme-d-l'êtes*—one is reduced to mere conjecture. Those who have been conversant in that sort of business will be sensible of the truth of this reflection.”—*Ma'on's Chesterfield*, vol. II., p. 471.

We suspect that, if Lady Mary Wortley's *poems* were properly elucidated, several odd passages would turn out to have reference to Hervey and Princess Caroline. Whether Pope had the Princess in his eye as well as the Queen when he elaborated his Epistle to Arbuthnot, we cannot tell; but if he had, the venom was the more demoniacally brewed.

Herbert was subject to fits of epilepsy; and the ascetic regimen which the shrub-sipper of Twickenham holds up to such contempt, had been adopted and steadily persevered in by one fond of most pleasant things in this world, for the mitigation of that afflicting malady. The “ass's milk” was his strongest beverage: and Lady Louisa Stuart reports a story, that when some stranger one day at dinner asked Lord Hervey, with a look of surprise, if he never ate beef, the answer was—“No, Sir—neither beef, nor horse, nor anything of that kind:” a story probably as authentic as that of Beau Brummell and “a pea.” Even in the works of Lady Mary there occur some Eclogues on Hervey which indicate a sort of dandy not likely, one should have thought, ever to obtain much tolerance with such a critic as her ladyship. Old Sarah of Marlborough describes him as “certainly having parts and wit, but the most wretched profligate man that ever lived—besides ridiculous—a *painted face*;” and Lord Hailes, in his note on the Duchess's page, remarks, that Pope's allusion to these cosmetics in the “painted child of dirt” was ungenerous, because Pope must have known that art was resorted to only to soften “the ghastly appearance produced by either the disease or the abstemious diet.” We do not see that Lord Hailes's explanation removes the ridicule—the far worse than ridiculousness of what Mr. Croker mildly calls “one of Lord Hervey's fopperies.” But let us now look at Pope's portrait with our editor's framing:—

"P. Let *Sporus* tremble—

A. What! that thing of silk?

*Sporus*! that mere white curd of ass's milk?

Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,

This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings;

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,

Yet wit ne'er tastes and beauty ne'er enjoys;

As well-bred spaniels civilly delight

In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,

As shallow streams run dimpling all the way:

Whether in florid impotence he speaks,

And as the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks;

Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar toad!

Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,

In pun or politics, or tales or lies,

Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies

His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,

Now high now low, now *master* up, now *miss*,

And he himself one vile antithesis.

Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,

The trifling head or the corrupted heart—

Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,

Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord!

*Eve's* tempter thus the rabbins have express'd,

A cherub's face—a reptile all the rest:

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none can trust,

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust."

"Though the substance and many of the sharpest points of this bitter invective, as well as of the prose 'Letter,' were originally taken from Pulteney's libel, the brilliancy is all the poet's own; and it is impossible not to admire, however we may condemn, the art by which *acknowledged* wit, beauty, and gentle manners—the Queen's favor—and even a valetudinary diet, are travestied into the most odious defects and offences. The only trait, perhaps, that is not either false or overcharged is Hervey's hereditary turn for *antithesis*, which, as the reader of the Memoirs will see, was habitual in both his writing and speaking. His speeches were, as Warton says, very far above 'florid impotence'; but they were in favor of the Ministry, and that was sufficiently offensive to Pope.' Smollett too, led away, no doubt, by the satirist, calls his speeches '*pert and frivolous*.' Those that have been preserved are surely of a very different character; but *pert* speeches, if such they were, and even the foppery and affectation of a young man of fashion, are very subordinate offences, while that more serious defect which might have been really charged upon him, and which was strongly hinted at in the 'Letter'—laxity of moral and religious principle—has here altogether—or nearly so—escaped the censure of the satirist. Was it too fashionable and too general—or, in the eyes of the friend of Bolingbroke, too venial—to be made an object of reproach?"—*Preface*.

On this commentary we shall not comment at much length. Mr. Croker, we should suppose, hardly expected Pope to dwell on the point of infidelity: and as to the "laxity of moral principle all but escaping," we may content ourselves with

hoping that the very name *Sporus* (in the first draft *Paris*) constituted the foulest of calumnies as well as the most atrocious of insults.

With respect to Pope's copying of sharp points from Pulteney's "Craftsman," Mr. Croker seems not to have observed a refinement of the executioner's art in borrowing some hints also from Hervey's own "Lines to the Imitator of Horace." (*Wortley*, vol. iii., p. 284.) Thus the butterfly-bug is developed from—

"Is this the *thing* to keep mankind in awe?

To make those tremble who escape the law?

Is this the *ridicule* to live so long,

The deathless satire and immortal song?

No: like the self-blown praise, thy scandal flies,

And as we're told of wasps, it stings and dies."

Again—nothing can surpass Pope's exquisite felicity in picturing Queen Caroline as *Eve* and Hervey as the fiend at her ear; but here, too, he had seized the suggestion from his victim:—

"When God created thee, one would believe,

He said the same as to the snake of *Eve*,

To human race antipathy declare," &c., &c.

And since we quote this piece, let us give also its closing couplets, which if not travestied by Pope, were more resented than all the rest:

"Thou, as thou hatest, be hated by mankind—

And with the emblem of thy crooked mind

Mark'd on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,

Wander, like him, accursed through the land."

These verses, it must be confessed, afforded fair provocation for all but the main and pervading idea in the character of *Sporus*. Let us conclude with reminding our readers of the hereditary "eccentricity" in the Hervey family: what that gentle term occasionally indicates is often found in connexion with the terrible disease by which this remarkable person was afflicted—and there was no lack of eccentricity in some of his progeny, for one son was the Augustus Hervey who married Miss Chudleigh (the Duchess of Kingston), and another was the fourth Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry—the celebrated "Comte-Evêque" of the Continent, and of Cumberland's entertaining Autobiography.

We have kept our readers too long from the Memoirs themselves—but their revelations are such that in fairness to the author it seemed necessary to give a clear idea of his position when he wrote them,

and justice to the people he deals with no less demanded some scrutiny into the character of the witness.

The editor says :—

“ Lord Hervey himself fairly admits that impartiality in such cases as his is not to be expected, and he justifies that confession to its fullest extent; but while he thus warns us of what we should have soon discovered without any warning—that his coloring may be capricious and exaggerated—no one can feel the least hesitation as to the substantial and, as to mere facts, the minute accuracy of his narrative. He may, and I have no doubt too often does, impute a wrong motive to an act, or a wrong meaning to a speech; but we can have no doubt that the act or the speech themselves are related as he saw and heard them.

“ I know of no such near and intimate picture of the interior of a court; no other memoirs that I have ever read bring us so immediately, so actually into not merely the presence, but the company of the personages of the royal circle.”—*Preface*.

We are not quite sure that the revelation is more close and intimate than that of the manners of two smaller courts, of nearly the same date, by the Margravine of Bareuth; or that of a far more splendid court, which we owe to St. Simon; but certainly we have no picture of the interior of English royalty at all to be compared with this; and the author having been not only a resident in the Palace, but also an active statesman, holding the most confidential intercourse with the minister, and taking a zealous part in parliamentary conflicts and intrigues, his work is enriched with a mixture of interests such as never could be at the command of any one penman under a continental despotism, whether great or small. Since our constitution assumed anything like its present form, it has been a very rare thing for a man of political eminence to be also a domesticated attendant on the person of a British sovereign; we doubt if any other man of public talents nearly equal to Lord Hervey's has ever within that period spent seven years in the daily observation of a royal circle; nor have we as yet had—not even in the Malmesbury papers—a series of political revelations, properly so called, extending over a similar space of time, and executed by a hand so near the springs of action. The combination of court and politics here is, we believe, entirely unique.

The editor proceeds thus :—

“ Lord Hervey is, may I venture to say, almost the *Boswell* of George II. and Queen Caroline—but a *Boswell* without good nature. He seems to

have taken—perhaps under the influence of that wretched health of which he so frequently complained—a morbid view of mankind, and to have had little of the milk of human kindness in his temper. In fact, whether in his *jeux d'esprit*, his graver verses, his pamphlets, or his memoirs, satire—perhaps I might say *detraction*—seems to have been, as with Horace Walpole, the natural bias of his mind. There is, as far as I recollect, in all his writings, no human being of whom he speaks well, or to whom he allows a good motive for anything they say or do, but his father and the *Princess Caroline*. It must be owned few others of his personages deserved it so well: but the result is that all his portraits, not excepting even his own, are of the *Spagnoletto* school.”—*Ibid*.

This is, we venture to say, a little too stern. If we had been to select a pictorial parallel, we own Hogarth would have occurred to us rather than Spagnolet. We cannot allow that good motives are wholly denied to Hervey's *Queen Caroline*; he could hardly be expected to be in love with both the mother and the daughter—but we believe that the touches which seem to Mr. Croker the severest were not introduced with any unkindly purpose; nay, that he meant them to be received as ornamental. For example, that overtolerance of the King's irregularities, which, Mr. Croker says, “if truth is ever to be veiled, might have been spared on this occasion,” was probably considered by Lord Hervey as a fine trait in his patroness; and if “an impression injurious to the Queen's character” results, not from capricious exaggeration of shadow, but merely from faithful transcript of feature, have we a right to blame the pencil?

On that particular trait Mr. Croker afterwards gives us some clever remarks, which we cannot altogether reconcile with his sweeping allegation now quoted. He says :—

“ The general fact is from many other sources too notorious, but the details are odious. The motive which Lord Hervey, Horace Walpole, and Lord Chancellor King suggest for the Queen's complaisance—that she did it to preserve her power over her husband—would be, in truth, the reverse of an excuse. But may not a less selfish motive be suggested? What could she have done? The immoralities of kings have been always too leniently treated in public opinion; and in the precarious possession which the Hanoverian family were thought to have of the throne until the failure of the rebellion of 1745—could the Queen have prudently or safely taken measures of resistance, which must have at last ended in separation or divorce, or at least a scandal great enough, perhaps, to have overthrown her dynasty; and in such a course her *prudery*, as it might have been called, would probably have met

little sympathy in those dissolute times. But even in this case we must regret that she had not devoured her own humiliation and sorrow in absolute silence, and submitted discreetly, and without confidants, to what she could not effectually resist. But neither the selfish motives imputed by former writers, nor the extenuating circumstance of *expediency* which I thus venture to suggest, can in any degree excuse the indulgence and even encouragement given, as we shall see, on her death-bed to the King's vices; and we are forced, on the whole, to conclude that moral delicacy as well as Christian duty must have had very little hold on either her mind or her heart. I have ventured to say (vol. ii., p. 528, *note*) that 'she had read and argued herself into a very low and cold species of Christianity;' but Lord Chesterfield (who, however, personally disliked her) goes farther and says, 'After puzzling herself with all the whimsies and fantastical speculations of different sects, she fixed herself ultimately in *deism*—believing in a future state. Upon the whole the agreeable woman was liked by most people, while the Queen was neither esteemed, beloved, nor heeded by any one but the King.'—*Preface*, p. lxx.

As both Hervey and Chesterfield were infidels themselves, we might not have trusted implicitly to their representations of the Queen's religion; but there is most abundant evidence to support Mr. Croker's own measured language, and no one can object to the manner in which he connects this question with the one immediately before him. As to his regret that the Queen did not "submit without confidants"—if she had done so, what could we have ever known of the "humiliation and sorrow" that she had to devour? Must it not have been the natural conclusion that she either disbelieved the facts, or was indifferent to them? And then, no doubt, if we could have known that she did suffer intensely, but had pride enough to suppress all within her own bosom, the result would have been a more heroic impression—but would Mr. Croker have preferred a tragedy queen to the true, authentic, flesh and blood Queen Caroline? Would he have preferred that merely in an artistical point of view? Far more, in the reality of the matter? When tragedy queens are involved in sufferings of this sort, the results are apt to be serious. It will not be apprehensions of separation or divorce, or even the downfall of a dynasty, new or old, that will chain up one of them in "absolute silence." A tragedy will have its fifth act. We for our part are well contented to have the character as it was, rather than any grandiose embellishment of it—any fantastical ideal; and though we think Mr. Croker's conjectural

apologies very ingenious, we also think it more probable that the motives he suggests operated in conjunction with the one which he is disposed to reject, than that the "main motive for the Queen's complaisance" escaped such observers as Hervey and Sir Robert Walpole—for it is Sir Robert's opinion most undoubtedly that we have reflected both in Horace Walpole's *Reminiscences* and in Lord King's *Diary*. But though Mr. Croker, like an illustrious countryman, of his, "goes on refining," and is perhaps as fond of historical doubts and theories as Queen Caroline was of Socinian metaphysics, we are far from supposing that he has in this curious Preface given us an exhaustive summary of his conclusions on the point before us. The text of Hervey proceeds from the first page to the last in the unhesitating belief that love of power was Queen Caroline's ruling passion, and, if everybody has some ruling passion, what else could have been hers? She was never even suspected of what the poet makes the only other ruling passion in her sex. And if this was not the pleasure of her life, every one who lays down this book will ask what it was that could have made life endurable to this "very clever woman?"\*

When Hervey became Vice-Chamberlain, the King was forty-seven years of age—the Queen was her husband's senior by six months—Walpole was fifty-four. Between pens and pencils we are all familiar enough with the outward aspect and bearing of the higher figures in his group:—Walpole the most dexterous and the most successful of English ministers, with a broad, florid, square-like face, a clumsy, gross figure set off with a blue ribbon, a strong Norfolk accent—"certainly," says Hervey, "a very ill-bred man"—addicted to and glorying in the lowest low-comedy strain of wit and merriment:—George II., with something of the countenance that still lives among his descendants—the open blue eye, the well-formed nose, and the fresh sanguine complexion—but wanting advantages that have been supplied from subsequent alliances of the race; his figure short, but wiry, well knit, and vigorous—his manner abrupt, brusque, even when he chose to be gallant in ladies' bower—more

\* We have been speaking of tragedies. The book that was found dabbled with blood by Madame de Praslin's bedside was that delicate specimen of Mrs. Gore's skill, entitled "Mrs. Armytage; or, *Female Domination*."

of the martinet than the monarch; choleric, opinionative, sensitive, and jealous of temper—but with a fund of good sense at bottom, and perfect courage and honesty; from vanity and long indulgence the slave of that vice which had degraded the far superior talents of Henry II., Edward I., Edward IV., and Charles II.—but, unlike the ablest of these, seldom allowing any influence connected with such errors to affect his exercise of patronage, and never at all to affect his policy and administration as King; with a strong natural predilection for his native electorate, its people, its manners, and its peculiar interests—and occasionally in word and in writing betraying such feelings to a very unwise extent: but as to them, as on all other subjects but one, quickly reducible to reason and discretion through the patient tact of his Queen, who never had any rival in his confidence any more than in his esteem—nay, never even as a woman had any real rival in his affection—not even now, when years had done their usual work on that once very lovable person, and neither form nor complexion were much caricatured in Lady Mary Wortley's picture of her, (*Works*, vol. iii., p. 424)—

“Superior to her waiting nymphs,  
As lobster to attendant shrimps.”

The following passages occur early:—

“She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief priestess ever received a favorable answer from our god: storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection; calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The King himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses: King James by his priests; King William by his men—and Queen Anne by her women—favorites. His father, he added, had been by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, and asked—‘And who do they say governs now?’—The following verses will serve for a specimen of the strain in which the libels and lampoons of these days were composed:—

You may strut, dapper George, but 't will all be in vain;

You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.

Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,

Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you.

“Her predominant passion was pride, and the darling pleasure of her soul was power; but she was forced to gratify the one and gain the other, as some people do health, by a strict and painful *regime*. She was at least seven or eight hours *tête-à-tête* with the King every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, and assenting to what she did not believe, praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it—*consilii quamvis egregii quod ipse non offeret inimicus*: she used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these *tête-à-têtes* seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to (unless it was to sleep): she was forced, like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken. . . . To contradict his will directly, was always the way to strengthen it; and to labour to convince, was to confirm him. Besides all this, he was excessively passionate, and his temper upon those occasions was a sort of iron reversed, for the hotter it was the harder it was to bend, and if ever it was susceptible of any impression, it was only when it was quite cool. . . . For all the tedious hours she spent her single consolation was in reflecting that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed this country.

“His design at first was as Boileau says of Louis XIV.,—

Seul, sans ministre, à l'exemple des Dieux,  
Faire tout par sa main et voir tout de ses yeux.

He intended to have all his ministers in the nature of clerks, not to give advice, but to receive orders; but it was very plain that the Queen had subverted all his notions. . . . Instead of betraying (as formerly) a jealousy of being thought to be governed by Sir Robert—instead of avoiding every opportunity of distinguishing and speaking to him in public—he very apparently now, if he loved any body in the world besides the Queen, had not only an opinion of the statesman, but an affection for the man. When Lord Hervey (often to try him) gave him accounts of attacks that had been made on Sir Robert in the House, and the things Sir Robert had said in defence and retaliation, the King would cry out, with colour flushing into his cheeks, tears sometimes in his eyes, and with a vehement oath, ‘*He is a brave fellow; he has more spirit than any man I ever knew.*’ The Queen always joined in chorus; and Lord Hervey, in these partial moments, never failed to make the most he could of his friend and patron's cause.”

The following little sketch of the important evening (9th April, 1733) on which Walpole found himself compelled to give up his Excise Bill is among the first in which all the three principal figures appear :

"As soon as the whole was over, Lord Hervey went to the Queen to acquaint her with what had passed. When Lord Hervey at his first coming into the room shook his head and told her the numbers, the tears ran down her cheeks and for some time she could not utter a word; at last she said '*It is over, we must give way; but, pray, tell me a little how it passed.*' Lord Hervey said it was not to be wondered at that opponents to this Bill should increase when everybody now believed that my Lord Bolingbroke's party at St. James's was more numerous than at Dawley. . . . Whilst he was saying this the King came in, and the Queen made Lord Hervey repeat all he had been saying. The King heard willingly, but that night said very little; he asked many questions, but was much more costly than usual in his comments upon the answers; however, when he asked if he could remember some of those who had swelled the defection that day, as Lord Hervey repeated the names, his Majesty tacked remarks to them:—Lord James Cavendish, '*a fool*;' Lord Charles Cavendish, '*he is half mad*;' Sir William Lowther, '*a whimsical fellow*;' Sir Thomas Prendergast, '*an Irish blockhead*;' Lord Tyrconnel, '*a puppy that never votes twice together on the same side.*' There were more in the same style. As soon as Lord Hervey was dismissed, he went to Sir Robert Walpole's, who had assembled about a dozen friends to communicate the resolution taken. After supper, when the servants were gone, Sir Robert opened his intentions with a sort of unpleased smile, and saying, '*This dance it will no farther go; the turn my friends will take will be to declare that they have not altered their opinion, but that the clamor that has been raised makes it necessary to give way.*' . . . On this text he preached for some time to this select band of his firmest friends, and then sent them to bed to sleep if they could."—Vol. I., p. 198.

Hervey adds :—

"Many thought that the Queen imagined her power with the King depended at this time on her being able to maintain Sir Robert Walpole, consequently that she looked on his cause as her own; but these conjectures were mistaken: the Queen knew her own strength with the King too well to be of this opinion. The future Ministry would certainly have been of her nomination, in case of a change, as much as the present, and if they had subsisted, as much at her devotion, for had she found them less so, their reign would not have been long. But it is very probable her pride might be somewhat concerned to support a minister looked upon in the world as her creature, and that she might have a mind to defeat the hope Lady Suffolk might have conceived of being able to make any advantage of the King's seeing himself reduc-

ed by the voice of the people to dismiss a man whom her private voice had so long condemned."—Vol. I., p. 213.

It was in the same year, 1733, that the first marriage among the royal progeny was negotiated, and the details of the whole affair are given in the most pungent style of the favorite "*at the ear of Eve.*" The candidate for the hand of the Princess Royal (Anne) was the young Prince of Orange, whose position in his own country was then uneasy and unsatisfactory, for he had not obtained the stadtholderate of Holland, and, his property being overburdened, he had but a free income of 12,000*l.* a-year. The tone of the English Court and of Walpole's adherents in Parliament was, that the King listened to the proposal purely out of his anxiety to strengthen the Protestant succession, and to renew the alliance with the race of "*the great deliverer*;" but, says our author :—

"The true reason for this match was, that there was no other for the Princess in all Europe, so that her Royal Highness's option was not between this Prince and any other, but between a husband and no husband—between an indifferent settlement and no settlement at all.

"The Princess Royal's beauties were a lively clean look and a very fine complexion, though she was marked a good deal with the smallpox. The Prince of Orange's figure, besides his being almost a dwarf, was as much deformed as it was possible for a human creature to be; his countenance sensible, but his breath more offensive than it is possible to imagine. These defects, unrecompensed by the *éclat* of rank or the more essential comforts of great riches, made the situation of the poor Princess so much more commiserable; for as her youth and an excellent warm animated constitution made her, I believe, now and then remember she was a woman, so I can answer for her that natural and acquired pride seldom or never let her forget she was a Princess; and as this match gave her little hope of gratifying the one, so it afforded as little prospect of supporting the other. There is one of two inconveniences that generally attends most marriages: the one is sacrificing all consideration of interest and grandeur for the sake of beauty and an agreeable person; and the other, that of sacrificing all consideration of beauty and person to interest and grandeur. This match most unfortunately conciliated the inconveniences of both these methods of marrying; however, as she apprehended the consequences of not being married at all must one time or other be worse than even the being so married, she very prudently submitted to the present evil to avoid a greater in futurity. "*For my part (said the Queen), I never said the least word to encourage or to dissuade; as she thought the King looked upon it as a proper match, she said, if it was a monkey, she would marry him.*"—Vol. I., p. 274.

We reach presently the ceremonial of the nuptials, from the procession to the Chapel Royal at St. James's to the solemn inspection of the bedding by the whole royal family and the lords and ladies of the household—which last custom was first “honored in the breach” at the marriage of George III. :—

“The Prince of Orange was a less shocking and less ridiculous figure in this pompous procession and at supper than one could naturally have expected such an *Æsop*, in such trappings and such eminence, to have appeared. He had a long peruke that flowed all over his back, and hid the roundness of it; and as his countenance was not bad; there was nothing very strikingly disagreeable. But when he was undressed, and came in his nightgown and nightcap into the room to go to bed, the appearance he made was as indescribable as the astonished countenances of every body who beheld him. From the shape of his brocaded gown, and the make of his back, he looked behind as if he had no head, and before as if he had no neck and no legs. The Queen, in speaking of the whole ceremony next morning alone with Lord Hervey, when she came to mention this part of it, said, ‘*Ah! mon Dieu! quand je voyois entrer ce monstre pour coucher avec ma fille, j’ai pensé m’évanouir; je chancelois auparavant, mais ce coup là m’a assommée. Dites moi, my Lord Hervey, avez vous bien remarqué et considéré ce monstre dans ce moment? et n’aviez vous pas bien pitié de la pauvre Anne? Bon Dieu! c’est trop sot en moi, mais j’en pleure encore.*’ Lord Hervey turned the discourse as fast as he was able. He only said ‘Oh! Madam, in half a year all persons are alike; the figure of the body one’s married to, like the prospect of the place one lives at, grows so familiar to one’s eyes that one looks at it mechanically without regarding either the beauties or deformities that strike a stranger.’ ‘One may, and I believe one does (replied the Queen) grow blind at last; but you must allow, my dear Lord Hervey, there is a great difference, as long as one sees, in the manner of one’s going blind.’ The sisters spoke much in the same style as the mother, with horror of his figure, and great commiseration of the fate of his wife.”—Vol. I., pp. 310, 311

The honeymoon party being windbound for a short time at Gravesend, Hervey repairs thither, and is not a little surprised to find how completely in the course of a few days the blooming bride had let her “monkey” into all the *dessous des cartes* of St. James’s. We have here the first allusion to what was, it seems, the main cause of the hatred between Frederick Prince of Wales and Lord Hervey, namely, their rivalry, or rather their community of success, in the loves of one of the Queen’s maids of honor, Miss Vane, sister of the first Lord Darlington. This nymph had

shortly before (1732) “lain in with little mystery in St. James’s palace and the child was publicly christened *Fitz-Frederick Vane*.”—

“Here it was, by being closeted two or three hours with the Prince of Orange, Lord Hervey found his bride had already made him so well acquainted with this Court, that there was nobody belonging to it whose character, even to the most minute particulars, was not as well known to him as their face. The Prince of Orange had a good deal of drollery, and whilst Lord Hervey was delivering the compliments of St. James’s to him, he asked him smiling, what message he had brought from the Prince of Wales? Lord Hervey said his departure was so sudden that he had not seen the Prince. ‘If you had’ (replied the Prince of Orange), ‘it would have been all one, since he was not more likely to send his sister a message than he was to make your Lordship his ambassador.’ Lord Hervey was a good deal surprised to hear the Prince of Orange speak so freely on this subject, and did not think it very discreet in him. The Prince, however, went on, and talked of Miss Vane, and bade Lord Hervey not to be too proud of that boy, since he had heard from very good authority it was the child of a triumvirate, and that the Prince of Wales and Lord Harrington had full as good a title to it as himself.”—Vol. I., pp. 328, 329.

In the second volume there occurs a chasm which, the editor says, marks probably the detail of Hervey’s intrigue, quarrel, and subsequent reconciliation with this Miss Vane. These sentences have been spared :—

“The manner of the reconciliation was from their seeing one another in public places, and their mutually discovering that both had a mind to forget their past enmity—till from ogling they came to messages; from messages to letters; from letters to appointments; and from appointments to all the familiarity in which they had formerly lived: for when two people have a mutual inclination to meet, I never knew any objection that might arise in their own minds prevent their aiming at it, or any foreign obstacle hinder their accomplishing it.”—Vol. II., p. 20.

Hervey was her great adviser in her negotiations about money with the Prince of Wales, when his Royal Highness was about to be married (in 1736), and he takes the opportunity of recording the letters, dictated by himself, with which she pestered the Prince!—a crowning aggravation when the truth came out—for, as kind Lady Mary sings of tying “a cracked bottle to a puppy’s tail”—

“For that is what no soul will bear,  
From Italy to Wales!”



Miss Vane's child died a year after, and she very soon. All this story Lord Hervey tells in his Memoirs, which he bequeathed to his "amicable" wife—and which she transmitted *in statu quo* to his and her children.

Hervey's sketches of his royal rival would, of course, be taken *cum grano salis*, but, if he reports accurately the conversation of the Prince's own parents and sisters, his view was entirely the same as theirs. He says.—

"The Prince's best qualities always gave one a degree of contempt for him; his carriage, whilst it seemed engaging to those who did not examine it, appearing mean to those who did. He was indeed as false as his capacity would allow him to be, and was more capable in that walk than in any other—never having the least hesitation, from principle or fear of future detection, in telling any lie that served his present purpose. He had a much weaker understanding, and, if possible, a more obstinate temper, than his father. Had he had one grain of merit at the bottom of his heart, one should have had compassion for him in the situation to which his miserable poor head soon reduced him; for his case, in short, was this:—he had a father that abhorred him, a mother that despised him, sisters that betrayed him, a brother set up against him, and a set of servants that were neither of use to him nor desirous of being so."—Vol. I., p. 298.

The amiable state of relations between the Prince and the rest of the family is hit off in the miniature below. The Princess Royal has been paying a visit to her parents in the year after her marriage, 1734, and is now about to return to Holland—very unwillingly, for it had been her and her mother's earnest wish that she should remain here for her accouchement, but that was overruled on representations from the Hague:—

"After a consultation of physicians, midwives, and admirals, it was determined she should embark at Harwich. The Queen was concerned to part with her daughter, and her daughter as unaffectedly concerned to exchange the crowds and splendor of this Court for the solitude and obscurity of her own. Lord Hervey led her to her coach. She had Handel and his opera so much at heart, that even in these distressful moments she spoke as much upon his chapter as any other. In an hour after Lord H. was sent for as usual to the Queen. Lord H. found her and the Princess Caroline together, drinking chocolate, drowned in tears, and choked with sighs. Whilst they were endeavoring to divert their attention by beginning a conversation with Lord Hervey on indifferent subjects, the gallery door opened, upon which the Queen said, 'Is the King here already?' and, Lord H.

telling her it was *the Prince*, the Queen, not mistress of herself, and detesting the exchange of the son for the daughter, burst out anew into tears, and cried out, 'Oh! my God, *this is too much*.' However, she was soon relieved from this irksome company by the arrival of the King, who, finding this unusual guest in the gallery, broke up the breakfast, and took the Queen out to walk. Whenever the Prince was in a room with the King, it put one in mind of stories one has heard of ghosts that appear to part of the company and are invisible to the rest: wherever the Prince stood, though the King passed him ever so often or ever so near, it always seemed as if the King thought the place the Prince filled a void space."—Vol. I., p. 412.

In a preceding page we had a small allusion to the Queen's jealousy of her famous Mistress of the Robes. The first of these volumes affords a much clearer history of that lady than could be extracted from the "Suffolk Correspondence," and all the works of Horace Walpole, Chesterfield, &c., &c., to boot. We shall extract only a few passages, in which Hervey describes the feelings and conduct of Queen Caroline in reference to this first avowed favorite of her husband. At his accession (1727) George II. was a man of forty-four—and Mrs. Howard (in 1733 Countess of Suffolk) had reached the serious era of forty:—

"an age not proper to make conquests, though perhaps the most likely to maintain them, as the levity of desiring new ones is by that time generally pretty well over, and the maturity of those qualities requisite to rivet old ones in their fullest perfection; for when beauty begins to decay, women commonly look out for some preservative charms to substitute in its place; they begin to change their notion of their right to being adored, into that of thinking a little complaisance and some good qualities as necessary to attach men as a little beauty and some agreeable qualities are to allure them. Mrs. Howard's conduct tallied exactly with these sentiments; but notwithstanding her making use of the proper tools, the stuff she had to work with was so stubborn and so indutile that her labor was in vain, and her situation would have been insupportable to any one whose pride was less supple, whose passions less governable, and whose sufferance less inexhaustible; for she was forced to live in the subjection of a wife with all the reproach of a mistress; to flatter and manage a man who she must see and feel had as little inclination to her person as regard to her advice; and added to this she had the mortification of knowing the Queen's influence so much superior to hers, that the little show of interest she maintained was only a permitted tenure dependent on a rival who could have overturned it any hour she pleased. But the Queen, knowing the vanity of her husband's temper, and that he must have

some woman for the world to believe his mistress, wisely suffered one to remain in that situation whom she despised and had got the better of, for fear of making room for a successor whom he might really love, and that might get the better of her."—Vol. I., p. 58.

Such was the state of things when Hervey penned his first pages. The Mistress of the Robes lived, like himself, all the year round in the palace: yet throughout several of these chapters—(for we evidently have them as written from time to time—no care having been taken to remove the traces of altered sentiment or opinion)—he seems to remain in some little doubt whether the attachment had ever gone so far as to give the Queen cause for serious displeasure. By degrees, as his intimacy with the scene and *dramatis personæ* is ripened, all doubts are removed—but we must hasten to the final disruption of 1734; in which summer, as already mentioned, the King and Queen were visited by the Princess Royal—for she stuck to that title, and, though she could marry a monkey, would never sink to "Princess of Orange."

"The interest of Lady Suffolk with the King had been long declining. At Richmond, where the house is small, and what is said in one room may be often overheard in the next, I was told by Lady Bristol, mother to Lord Hervey, the lady of the bedchamber then in waiting (whose apartment was separated from Lady Suffolk's only by a thin wainscot), that she often heard the King talking there in a morning in an angry and impatient tone. . . . Towards the latter end of the summer Lady Suffolk at last resolved to withdraw herself from the severe trials. The Queen was both glad and sorry; her pride was glad to have even this ghost of a rival removed; and she was sorry to have so much more of her husband's time thrown upon her hands. I am sensible, when I say she was pleased with the removal of Lady Suffolk as a rival, that I seem to contradict what I have formerly said of her being rather desirous (for fear of a successor) to keep Lady Suffolk about the King; but human creatures are so inconsistent with themselves, that the inconsistency of descriptions often arises from the instability of the person described. The Prince, I believe, wished Lady Suffolk removed, as, Lady Suffolk having many friends, it was a step that he hoped would make his father many enemies; neither was he sorry, perhaps, to have so eminent a precedent for a prince's discarding a mistress he was tired of. Princess Emily wished Lady Suffolk's disgrace because she wished misfortune to most people; Princess Caroline, because she thought it would please her mother: the Princess Royal was violently for having her crushed; and when Lord Hervey intimated the danger there might be, from the King's coquetry, of some more troublesome

successor, she said (not very judiciously with regard to her mother, nor very respectfully with regard to her father), '*I wish, with all my heart, he would take somebody else, that Mama might be a little relieved from the ennui of seeing him for ever in her room.*' At the same time the King was always bragging how dearly his daughter Anna loved him."—Vol. I., p. 426.

The married daughter's affection and respect for her father are further illustrated in the following sketches:—

"The night the news came to England that Philippsburg was taken, the Princess Royal, as Lord Hervey was leading her to her own apartment after the drawing-room, shrugged up her shoulders and said, '*Was there ever anything so unaccountable as the temper of papa? He has been snapping and snubbing every mortal for this week, because he began to think Philippsburg would be taken; and this very day that he hears it actually is taken he is in as good humor as ever I saw him in my life.*' '*Perhaps,*' answered Lord Hervey, '*he may be about Philippsburg as David was about the child, who, whilst it was sick, fasted, lay upon the earth, and covered himself with ashes; but, the moment it was dead, got up, shaved his beard, and drank wine.*' '*It may be like David*' (replied the Princess Royal), '*but I am sure it was not like Solomon.*'

"His giving himself airs of gallantry; the impossibility of being easy with him; his affectation of heroism; his unreasonable, simple, uncertain, disagreeable, and often shocking behavior to the Queen; the difficulty of entertaining him; his insisting upon people's conversation who were to entertain him being always new, and his own being always the same thing over and over again; in short, all his weaknesses, all his errors, and all his faults were the topics upon which (when she was with Lord Hervey) she was for ever expatiating."—*Ib.*, p. 422.

The laudable anxiety of the Princesses, in October, that their father might not allow Lady Suffolk's place to be unsupplied was not much protracted. In the spring of 1735 the king resolved on visiting Hanover. Walpole opposed the plan, but failed—"the Queen not being heartily desirous he should succeed;" that is, as Hervey explains, because her vanity was pleased with the *éclat* of the regency—and she had, besides, the delightful anticipation of at least six months' freedom from the "irksome office" of "being set up to receive the quotidian sallics of the King's temper."

"But there was one trouble arose which her Majesty did not at all foresee, which was his becoming, soon after his arrival, so much attached to one Madame Walmoden, a young married woman of the first fashion at Hanover, that nobody in

England talked of anything but the growing interest of this new favorite. By what I could perceive of the Queen, I think her pride was much more hurt on this occasion than her affections, and that she was much more uneasy from thinking people imagined her interest declining than from apprehending it was so. It is certain, too, that from the very beginning of this new engagement, the King acquainted the Queen by letter of every step he took in it—of the growth of his passion, the progress of his applications, and their success—of every word as well as every action that passed—so minute a description of her person, that had the Queen been a painter she might have drawn her rival's picture at six hundred miles distance. He added, too, the account of his buying her, which, considering the rank of the purchaser, and the merits of the purchase as he set them forth, I think he had no reason to brag of, when the first price, according to his report, was only one thousand ducats.

"Notwithstanding all the Queen's philosophy, when she found the time for the King's return put off late in the year she grew extremely uneasy; and, by the joy she showed when the orders for his yachts arrived, plainly manifested that she had felt more anxiety than she had suffered to appear whilst they were deferred. Yet all this while the King, besides his ordinary letters by the post, never failed sending a courier once a-week with a letter of sometimes sixty pages, and never less than forty, filled with an hourly account of everything he saw heard, thought, or did, and crammed with minute trifling circumstances, not only unworthy of a man to write but even of a woman to read, most of which I saw and almost all of them heard reported by Sir Robert, for few were not transmitted to him by the King's own order, who used to tag paragraphs with '*Montrez ceci—et consultez là-dessus le gros homme.*'"

It was in the same correspondence that Queen Caroline, on her part, had the satisfaction of informing the King that Lady Suffolk had entered into the bonds of matrimony with the Honorable George Berkeley—a keen member of the opposition to Walpole:—

"Mr. Berkeley was neither young, handsome, healthy, nor rich which made people wonder what induced Lady Suffolk's prudence to deviate into this unaccountable piece of folly: some imagined it was to persuade the world that nothing criminal had ever passed between her and the King; others that it was to pique the King. If this was her reason, she succeeded very ill in her design, for the King, in answer to that letter from the Queen that gave him the first account of this marriage, told her, '*J'étois extrêmement surpris de la disposition que vous m'avez mandé que ma vieille maîtresse a fait de son corps en mariage à ce vieux gouteux George Berkeley, et je m'en rejouis fort. Je ne voudrais pas faire de tels présents à mes amis; et quand mes ennemis me volent, plut à Dieu que ce soit toujours de cette façon.*'"

Then follows the Queen's full detail of all Lady Suffolk's previous adventures—not omitting the grand negotiation about a quieting allowance of 1200*l.* a-year to her first husband, and which that spirited gentlemen had actually expected to be paid by the Queen herself: but no—said the Queen,—“I thought I had done full enough, and that it was a little too much not only to keep the King's *guenipes* under my roof, but to pay them too.” Vol. II., p. 15.)—The King paid the 1200*l.*, and the blood of Howard was satisfied.

We are not to suppose that Walpole never, during this period, had any alarm as to the state of his favor at head-quarters—the occasions were few—but we must give a slight specimen:—

“Sir Robert Walpole was now in Norfolk (May, 1734), pushing the county election there, which the [Ministerial] Whigs lost by six or seven voices, to the great triumph of the opposition. After the election was over he stayed some time at Houghton, solacing himself with his mistress, Miss Skerrett, while his enemies were working against him at Richmond, and persuading the King and Queen that the majority of the new Parliament would infallibly be chosen against the Court. Lord Hervey who was every day and all day at Richmond saw this working, and found their Majesties staggering; upon which he wrote an anonymous letter to Sir Robert with only these few words in it, quoted out of a play:—

*Whilst in her arms at Capua he lay,  
The world fell mouldering from his hand each hour.*

Sir Robert knew the hand, understood the meaning, and, upon the receipt of this letter came immediately to Richmond. He told Lord Hervey that this was ever his fate, and that he never could turn his back for three days that somebody or other did not give it a slap of this kind. And how, indeed could it ever be otherwise, for, as he was unwilling to employ anybody under him, or let anybody approach the King and Queen who had any understanding, lest they should employ it against him, so, from fear of having dangerous friends, he never had any useful ones, every one of his subalterns being as incapable of defending him as they were of attacking him, and no better able to support than to undermine him?”—Vol. I., p. 334.

It is amusing to have this trace of Hervey's suspicion that the retention of himself in the household office might be connected with a private misappreciation of his talents on the part of Walpole; but he often does more justice to the great Minister's natural warmth of feeling. Thus, turn back only ten pages, and we read—

“Sir Robert was really humane, did friendly

things, and one might say of him, as Pliny said of Trajan, and as nobody could say of his master, '*amicos habuit, quia amicus fuit*.'—He had friends, because he was a friend."—Vol. I., p. 324.

On another occasion (February, 1735), the Queen having signified a little surprise at Walpole's dejection of manner, Hervey informs her that there is nothing wrong in politics—it is only that Miss Skerrett is ill of a pleuritic fever:—

"The Queen, who was much less concerned about his private afflictions than his ministerial difficulties, was glad to hear his embarrassment thus accounted for, and began to talk on Sir Robert's attachment to this woman, asking Lord Hervey many questions about Miss Skerrett's beauty and understanding, and his fondness and weakness towards her. She said she was very glad he had any amusement for his leisure hours, but could neither comprehend how a man could be very fond of a woman who was only attached to him for his money, nor ever imagine how any woman would suffer him as a lover from any consideration or inducement but his money. 'She must be a clever gentlewoman,' continued the Queen, 'to have made him believe she cares for him on any other score; and to show you what fools we all are in some point or other, she has certainly told him some fine story or other of her love and her passion, and that poor man—*avec ce gros corps, ces jambes enflées et ce vilain ventre*—believes her. Ah! what is human nature!' While she was saying this, she little reflected in what degree she herself possessed all the impediments and antidotes to love she had been enumerating, and that '*Ah! what is human nature*.' was as applicable to her own blindness as to his. However, her manner of speaking of Sir Robert on this occasion showed at least that he was not just at this time in the same rank of favor with her that he used to be."—*Ib.*, p. 476.

It will not surprise any one to read that Sir Robert's rough and jocose bluntness now and then discomposed his royal patroness. Swift has not caricatured the mere manners:—

"By favor and fortune fastidiously bless'd,  
He was loud in his laugh, and was coarse in his jest;  
Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders,  
By dint of experience improving in blunders;  
A jobber of stocks by reporting false news;  
A prater at Court in the style of the streets."

Thus—when on the King's return from Hanover, in October, 1735, everybody remarked the excessive irritability of his never placid temper, and those in the interior were quite aware that the cause was his separation from Madame Walmoden—Sir Robert, talking over matters with Lord Hervey, said—

"He had told the Queen she must not expect, after thirty years' acquaintance, to have the same influence that she had formerly; that three-and-fifty and three-and-twenty could no more resemble one another in their effects than in their looks; and that, if he might advise, she should no longer depend upon her person, but her head, for her influence. He added another piece of advice which I believe was as little tasted. It was to send for Lady Tankerville, a handsome, good-natured, simple woman (to whom the King had formerly been *coquet*), out of the country, and place her every evening at commerce or quadrille in the King's way. He told the Queen it was impossible the King should long bear to pass his evenings with his own daughters after having tasted the sweets of passing them with other people's, and that, if the King would have somebody else, it would better to have that somebody chosen by her than by him; that Lady Tankerville was a very safe fool, and would give the King some amusement without giving her Majesty any trouble. Lady Deloraine, who was very handsome, and the only woman that ever played with him in his daughter's apartment, Sir Robert said was a very dangerous one; a weak head, a pretty face, a lying tongue, and a false heart, making always sad work with the smallest degree of power or interest to help them forward; and that some degree of power or interest must always follow frequent opportunities given to a very *coquette* pretty woman with a very *coquet* idle man, especially without a rival to disturb or share with her. Lord Hervey asked Sir Robert how the Queen behaved upon his giving her this counsel, and was answered, that she laughed, and seemed mightily pleased with all he said. That the Queen laughed, I can easily believe; but imagine the laugh was rather a sign of her having a mind to disguise her not being pleased, than any mark that she was so; and I have the more reason to believe so, as I have been an eyewitness to the manner in which she has received ill-understood jokes of that kind from the same hand, particularly one this year at the King's birthday, when, pointing to some jewels in her hair, she said, '*I think I am extremely fine too, though*—alluding to the manner of putting them on—*un peu à la mode; I think they have given me horns.*' Upon which Sir Robert Walpole burst out into a laugh, and said he believed Mrs. Purcel (the woman who usually dressed the Queen's head) was a wag. The Queen laughed on this occasion too; but, if I know any thing of her countenance, without being pleased, and not without blushing.

"This style of joking was every way so ill understood in Sir Robert Walpole, that it was astonishing one of his extreme penetration could be guilty of it once, but much more that he could be guilty of it twice. For in the first place, when he told the Queen that the hold she used to have of the King by the charms of her person was quite lost, it was not true; it was weakened but not broken;—the charms of a younger person pulled him strongly perhaps another way, but they had not dissolved her influence, though they balanced it. In the next place, had it been true that the Queen's person could no longer charm

any man, I have a notion that would be a piece of intelligence which no woman would like any man the better for giving her. It is a sort of thing which every woman is so reluctant to believe, that she may feel the effects of it long without being convinced that those effects can proceed from no other cause; and even after she is convinced of it herself, she still hopes other people have not found it out."—Vol. II., p. 38.

The fair Countess Dowager of Deloraine here mentioned made visible advances in his Majesty's good graces. She was at this time in her thirty-fifth year; but, Hervey says, looked ten years younger. She was by birth a Howard—had had many adventures—some very strange ones—and is supposed to have been the "dangerous one" meant in Pope's line—

"Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage."

She had lately remarried to a Mr. Windham, but kept her place as "*governess to the younger Princesses*." Enter again the courtly premier—

"Sir Robert Walpole one day, whilst she was standing in the hall at Richmond, with her little son, of about a year old, in her arms, said to her 'That's a very pretty boy, Lady Deloraine; whose is it?' To which her Ladyship, before half-a-dozen people, without taking the question at all ill, replied, 'Mr. Windham's, upon honor;' and then added, laughing, 'but I will not promise whose the next shall be.' . . . To many people, from whom it used to come round in a whisper to half the inhabitants of the palace, she used to brag of this royal conquest, and say she thought England in general had great obligations to her, and particularly the Administration; for that it was owing to her, and her only, that the King had not gone abroad."—Vol. II., p. 350.

This was early in 1736. Madame Walmoden, however, was still the great favorite;—for her sake, to the extreme disgust of his daughters' governess, the King revisited Hanover in the following autumn, and—

"The ordinary and the godly people took the turn of pitying the poor Queen, and railing at his Majesty for using so good a wife, who had brought him so many fine children, so abominably ill. Some of them (and those would have fretted him most) used to talk of his age, and say, for a man at his time of day to be playing these youthful pranks, and fancying himself in love, was quite ridiculous, as well as inexcusable. Others, in very coarse terms, would ask if he must have a mistress whether England could furnish never a one good enough to serve his turn; and if he thought Parliament had given him a greater civil-

list than any of his predecessors only to defray the extraordinary expenses of his travelling charges, and enrich his German favorites."—Vol. II., p. 190.

Walpole finding these recurring absences very inconvenient for business, and being still afraid of Lady Deloraine's gaining a fixed ascendant here, he and Hervey combined their efforts to persuade the Queen to press the King to bring Madame Walmoden home to England with him. It may be supposed that the Premier set about this delicate job in no very delicate manner; but he laid the blame elsewhere:—

"Sir Robert told Lord Hervey that it was those bitches Lady Pomfret and Lady Sundon, who were always bemoaning the Queen on this occasion, and making their court by saying they hoped never to see this woman brought under her Majesty's nose here, who made it so difficult to bring the Queen to do what was right and sensible for her to do. Lord Hervey replied, 'You and I, Sir, are well enough acquainted with the Queen to know that when she lets a sentiment escape her which she is ashamed of, she had rather one should think it was planted in her, than that it grew there. But, believe me, the greatest obstacle in this kingdom to Madame Walmoden's coming here is the Queen's own heart, that recoils whenever her head proposes it.'"

However, the Queen at last complies. She writes to the King that she has had the apartments formerly tenanted by Lady Suffolk put into proper order—nay, that thinking Lady Suffolk had found the accommodation rather scanty, she has had her own library removed, which will give the new comer an additional room adjoining. The King answers—and, as Mr. Croker says, "it is impossible not to wonder at the modesty, and even elegance of the expressions, and the indecency and profligacy of the sentiments they convey:"—

"This letter wanted no marks of kindness but those that men express to women they love; had it been written to a man, nothing could have been added to strengthen its tenderness, friendship, and affection. He extolled the Queen's merit towards him in the strongest expression of his sense of all her goodness to him and the gratitude he felt towards her. He commended her understanding, her temper, and in short left nothing unsaid that could demonstrate the opinion he had of her head and the value he set upon her heart. He told her too she knew him to be just in his nature, and how much he wished he could be everything she would have him. '*Mais vous voyez mes passions, ma chère Caroline! Vous connaissez mes faiblesses—il n'y a rien de caché dans mon cœur*'"

*pour vous—et plutôt à Dieu que vous pourriez me corriger avec la même facilité que vous m'approfondissez ! Plut à Dieu que je pourrais vous imiter autant que je sais vous admirer, et que je pourrais apprendre de vous toutes les vertus que vous me faites voir, sentir, et aimer.*" His Majesty then came to the point of Madame Walmoden's coming to England, and said that she had told him she relied on the Queen's goodness, and would give herself up to whatever their Majesties thought fit. . . . Sir Robert Walpole assured Lord Hervey that if the King was only to write to women, and never to strut and talk to them, he believed his Majesty would get the better of all the men in the world with them."

Madame Walmoden, however, did not appear in England until Queen Caroline was no more. Her Majesty had for several years suffered from an organic lesion, which the King was aware of, but which was never told except to Lady Sundon. The symptoms became very serious on Wednesday, the 9th of November, 1737; but the Queen persisted in concealing the nature and seat of her danger.

"At seven o'clock, when Lord Hervey returned to St. James's from M. de Cambi's, the French ambassador's, where he dined that day, he went up to the Queen's apartment and found her in bed, with the Princess Caroline only in the room, the King being gone, as usual at that hour, to play in the Princess Emily's apartment. The Queen asked Lord Hervey what he used to take in his violent fits of the cholera; and Lord Hervey, imagining the Queen's pain to proceed from a goutish humour in her stomach that should be driven from that dangerous seat into her limbs, told her nothing ever gave him immediate ease but strong things. To which the Queen replied, 'Pshaw! you think now, like all the other fools, that this is the pain of an old nasty gout.' But her pain continuing in a degree that she could not lie one moment quiet, she said about an hour after to Lord Hervey, '*Give me what you will, I will take it*;' and the Princess Caroline bidding him not lose this opportunity, he fetched some snake-root and brandy.

"Next evening (10th)—whilst the Princess Caroline and he were alone with the Queen, she complaining and they comforting she often said, '*I have an ill which nobody knows of*;' which they both understood to mean nothing more than that she felt what she could not describe, and more than anybody imagined.

"On the 11th—Lord Hervey went once or twice in the night, as he had promised, to Princess Caroline; the King sat up in the Queen's room, and Princess Emily lay on a couch in Mrs. Herbert's."

On the night of the 12th, Princess Caroline, though herself in very weak health, was in such alarm that she lay in the Queen's ante-chamber.

"Princess Emily sat up with the Queen, the

King went to bed, and Lord Hervey lay on a mattress on the floor, at the foot of Princess Caroline's couch. About four o'clock on Sunday morning, the 13th, the wound had begun to mortify. Hulst (a surgeon) came to the Princess Caroline, and told her the terrible news, upon which she waked Lord Hervey, and told him if he ever saw the Queen again it must be immediately. . . . Lord Hervey went in with them just to see the Queen once more, looked at her through his tears for a moment, and then returned to his mattress."

These passages complete our notion of the extraordinary intimacy in which Hervey lived with the royal ladies. According to Sarah of Marlborough, the King had always hitherto disliked him, but was entirely changed in this respect by his constant watchfulness and evident distress during the Queen's illness. He says himself that he was never out of the sick room for more than four or five hours at a time, and that he never left the King without being entreated to come back as soon as he could. It is plain that the most delicate (or indelicate) communications between the Queen and her family took place in his presence or were forthwith reported to him. Thus, as to the fatal concealment, after stating his "firm belief" that the Queen, now aged fifty-four, and after all the affairs of Lady Suffolk, Lady Deloraine, Madame Walmoden, &c., had still been mainly swayed by the fear of losing something in the King's fancy, and consequently in her power over him—he adds,

"Several things she said to the king in her illness, which both the king and the Princess Caroline told me again, plainly demonstrated how strongly these apprehensions of making her person distasteful to the King had worked upon her."—Vol. II., p. 507.

On that Sunday, the 13th,

"the King talked perpetually to Lord Hervey, the physicians and surgeons, and his children, who were the only people he ever saw out of the Queen's room, of the Queen's good qualities, his fondness for her, his anxiety for her welfare, and the irreparable loss her death would be to him; and repeated every day, and many times in the day, all her merits in every capacity with regard to him and every other body she had to do with; that he never had been tired in her company one minute; that he was sure he could have been happy with no other woman upon earth for a wife, and that if she had not been his wife, he had rather have had her for his mistress than any woman he had ever been acquainted with; that she had not only softened all his leisure hours, but been of more use to him as a minister than any other body had ever been to him or to any other prince; that with a pa-

tience which he knew he was not master of, she had listened to the nonsense of all the impertinent fools that wanted to talk to him, and had taken all that trouble off his hands; and that, as to all the brilliant and enjoyment of the Court, there would be an end of it when she was gone; there would be no bearing a drawing-room when the only body that ever enlivened it, and one that always enlivened it was no longer there. 'Poor woman, how she always found something obliging, agreeable, and pleasing to say to everybody! *Comme elle soutenait sa dignité avec grace, avec politesse, avec douceur.*'"

That afternoon the Queen took a solemn leave of the King, her daughters, and the young Duke of Cumberland. Hervey's minute narrative leaves no doubt that she never saw the Prince of Wales during her illness at all—hence the sting of Pope's last tribute to her memory—(the *italics* are his own):—

"Hang the sad Verse on Carolina's urn,  
And hail her Passage to the Realms of Rest—  
: All Parts perform'd, and all her children blest."

Hervey's account of her farewell to the King is certainly one of the most startling things in this book:—

"It is not necessary to examine whether the Queen's reasoning was good or bad in wishing the King, in case she died, should marry again:—it is certain she did wish it; had often said so when he was present, and when he was not present, and when she was in health, and gave it now as her advice to him when she was dying—upon which his sobs began to rise and his tears to fall with double vehemence. Whilst in the midst of this passion, wiping his eyes and sobbing between every word, with much ado he got out this answer: '*Non, j'aurai des maitresses.*' To which the Queen made no other reply than '*Ah! mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas.*' I know this episode will hardly be credited, but it is literally true.

"The Queen after this said she believed she should not die till Wednesday, for that she had been born on a Wednesday, married on a Wednesday, and brought to bed of her first child on a Wednesday; she had heard the first news of the late King's death on a Wednesday, and been crowned on a Wednesday. This I own showed a weakness in her, but one which might be excused, as most people's minds are a little weakened on these occasions, and few people, even of the strongest minds, are altogether exempt from some little taint of that weakness called superstition. Many people have more of it than they care to let others know they have, and some more of it than they know themselves."

Walpole all this while was in Norfolk—his colleague the Duke of Newcastle is said to have wished to conceal the Queen's dan-

ger from him; but Hervey does not tell why he himself did not convey proper information. No doubt he was busy enough. At last, however, the truth reached Houghton; and on Wednesday the 16th, Sir Robert arrived at St. James's. He was alone with the Queen for a few minutes, during which she "committed the King, the family, and the country to his care." As he came out he found the Princesses in the ante-chamber surrounded by "some wise, some pious, and some very busy people," who, to the pity or scorn of Hervey, were urging "the essential duty of having in some prelate to perform sacred offices:"—

"And when the Princess Emily made some difficulty about taking upon her to make this proposal to the King or Queen, Sir Robert (in the presence of a dozen people who really wished this divine physician for the Queen's soul might be sent for, upon the foot of her salvation) very prudently added, by way of stimulating the Princess Emily, 'Pray, madam, let this farce be played: the Archbishop will act it very well. You may bid him be as short as you will. It will do the Queen no hurt, no more than any good; and it will satisfy all the wise and good fools, who will call us all atheists if we don't pretend to be as great fools as they are.' After this eloquent and discreet persuasion—the whole company staring with the utmost astonishment at Sir Robert Walpole, some in admiration of his piety, and others of his prudence—the Princess Emily spoke to the King, the King to the Queen, and the Archbishop (Potter) was sent for; but the King went out of the room before his episcopal Grace was admitted. . . . The Queen desired the Archbishop to take care of Dr. Butler, her Clerk of the Closet; and he was the only body I ever heard of her recommending particularly and by name all the while she was ill. Her servants in general she recommended to the King, saying he knew whom she liked and disliked, but did not, that I know of, name any body to him in particular."—Vol. II., p. 529.

This special concern as to the great author of the analogy is one of the few circumstances in Hervey's detail that it is at all agreeable to dwell upon. Indeed it is one of very few satisfactory details that occur in this book respecting her Majesty's interference with the ecclesiastical patronage of the Crown. Lord Mahon (*History*, ii. p. 172) exalts her "discerning and praiseworthy" selection of Bishops; but nothing can be more offensive than Hervey's whole account of her exertions on behalf of Hoadley, whom she forced up step by step in spite—(not to mention the repugnance of the clergy and the nation)—of the King's own unusual stiffness on the avowed ground that

"the man did not believe one word of the Bible;" and we suspect there is no uncharitableness in the surmise that in Butler himself she patronized not the divine, but the philosopher. Yet the Queen's last word was *pray*—

The Queen died at ten on the night of Sunday the 20th:—

"Princess Caroline was sent for, and Lord Hervey, but before the last arrived the Queen was just dead. All she said before she died was 'I have now got an asthma. Open the window.' Then she said '*Pray*.' Upon which the Princess Emily began to read some prayers, of which she scarce repeated ten words before the Queen expired. The Princess Caroline held a looking glass to her lips, and finding there was not the least damp upon it cried, '*Tis over*;' and said not one word more, nor shed as yet one tear, on the arrival of a misfortune, the dread of which had cost her so many. The king kissed the face and hands of the lifeless body several times, but in a few minutes left the Queen's apartment, and went to that of his daughters, accompanied only by them. Then advising them to go to bed and take care of themselves, he went to his own side; and as soon as he was in bed sent for Lord Hervey to sit by him, where, after talking some time, and more calmly than one could have expected, he dismissed Lord H. and sent for one of his pages; and as he ordered one of them, for some time after the death of the Queen, to lie in his room, and that I am very sure he believed many stories of ghosts and witches and apparitions; I take this (with great deference to his magnanimity on other occasions) to have been the result of the same way of thinking that makes many weak minds fancy themselves more secure from any supernatural danger in the light than in the dark, and in company than alone. Lord Hervey went back to the Princess Caroline's bedchamber, where he stayed till five o'clock in the morning, endeavoring to lighten her grief by indulging it, and not by that silly way of trying to divert what cannot be removed, or to bring comfort to such affliction as time only can alleviate."—Vol. II., p. 540.

During the interval before the interment the King remained invisible, except to his daughters, to Hervey, and for a moment occasionally to Walpole. Meantime, in the antechamber, the great subject of discussion is, in what female hand the power is now to be vested. Newcastle and Grafton, both admirers of the Princess Emily, are in great hopes that at the King's age he may allow that favored daughter to replace the mother in his confidence; but—

"Sir Robert, in his short, coarse way, said he should look to the King's mistress as the most sure means of influence. '*I'll bring Madam Walmoden over, and I'll have nothing to do with*'"  
VOL. XIV. No. II. 13

*your girls: I was for the wife against the mistress, but I will be for the mistress against the daughters.*' And accordingly he advised the King, and pressed him, to send for Madame Walmoden immediately from Hanover; said he must look forward for his own sake, for the sake of his family, and for the sake of all his friends, and not ruin his health by indulging vain regret and grief for what was past recall. The King listened to this way of reasoning more kindly every time it was repeated; but Sir Robert Walpole tried this manner of talking to the Princesses, not quite so judiciously, respectfully, or successfully; for the pride of Emily and the tenderness of Caroline were so shocked, that he laid the foundation of an aversion to him in both, which I believe nobody will live to see him ever get over."—Vol. II., pp. 544, 545.

Lord Hervey wrote the Queen's epitaph in Latin and in English, and therein extolled her "firm faith in the doctrines of Christianity and rigid practice of its precepts." She was buried in Westminster Abbey; and George II., on his death-bed, twenty-three years afterwards, directed that his remains should be placed close by hers—a side of each of the coffins to be removed, in order that the ceremonies might be in actual contact. This story has been doubted; but within these few years it became the duty of one of the Chapter (the Rev. H. H. Milman) to superintend some operation within that long-sealed vault, and the royal coffins were found on the same raised slab of granite, exactly in the condition described—the sides that were abstracted still leaning against the wall behind.

Soon after the Queen's death Madame Walmoden arrived in England, and was created Countess of Yarmouth—the last peerage of exactly that class.

In 1740 Hervey became Lord Privy Seal. He died in 1743, aged forty-seven; and was survived until 1757 by the Princess Caroline, who then died, aged forty-five.

Hitherto modern readers have in general, it is probable, connected at best frivolous ideas with Lord Hervey's name; henceforth, whatever may be thought of his moral character, justice will at least be done to the graphic and caustic pen of Pope's victim.

From 1733 he was a constant correspondent of the Rev. Dr. Conyers Middleton, whose *Life of Cicero* is inscribed to him in a long and pompous dedication, enumerating not only every intellectual power and accomplishment, but every grace and virtue that could contrast with Pope's portraiture.



It will not least amuse the reader to turn to that specimen of pedantic adulation: but Lord Hervey fully deserved all that Middleton says of his scholarship. The scraps from Livy and Tacitus, with which his memoirs are garnished, were according to the taste and habit of that day; and we are by no means to set them down for proofs either of shallowness or affectation, as we should do if we met them in a modern page. He was qualified to hold his own in corresponding with Middleton on any question of classical research—for example, that still mysterious one of the gradual changes in the composition of the Senate during the Republic. It is not true, however, that Hervey made the translations inserted in Middleton's "Cicero." Lady Hervey, in justice to the Doctor, contradicted that story in one of her letters to Mr. Morris. She says, all her husband did was to purify the MS. by striking out "a number of low, vulgar, college expressions." Infidelity, no doubt, was a strong bond between his Lordship and the incumbent of Hanscombe, who, in writing to his friend about signing the Thirty-nine Articles as a step to that benefice, says—"While I am content to acquiesce in the *ill*, I should be glad to taste a little of the *good*, and to have some amends for the *ugly ascent and consent* which no man of sense can approve."—(*Lady Hervey's Letters*, p. 61.) It is probable that, if Queen Caroline and Lord Hervey had lived, Dr. Middleton would in due time have signed again as a Bishop-elect.

We feel that we have already given sufficient space to this book—though it seems to us one of very rare distinction in its class—otherwise we would fain have extracted some of the author's minor portraits. Those of the Speaker Onslow, Sir Joseph Jekyll, the Duke of Argyle and his brother Islay, and many more, are remarkable specimens, and, we believe, done without the least exaggeration. Not so that of Lord Chesterfield. Indeed the slighting style in which Hervey (like Horace Walpole) uniformly speaks of his talents seems quite astonishing. It is true that Hervey had never seen the writings on which chiefly we form our high notion of the man; but Hervey heard the speeches of which we have but poor reports, and Horace Walpole's "hero of ruelles" is admitted even by Horace Walpole to have made the best speech he ever heard—adding that he had heard his

own father, and Pulteney, and Chatham. Walpole had besides access to almost all our own materials. We believe the fact to have been that both of those clever spirits were rebuked in the presence of Lord Chesterfield. You have but to turn from the most brilliant page either of them ever wrote to any one of his, and the impression of his immense superiority—of the comprehensive, solid, and balanced understanding, which with him had wit merely for an adjunct and instrument—is immediate and irresistible.

A more puzzling point is the frequent repetition of most contemptuous allusions, both in Walpole and in Hervey, to the personal appearance of Chesterfield. All the portraits represent a singularly refined and handsome countenance. We have them of his youth, his middle life, and his age, even his extreme old age—and by painters of the most opposite schools, from Rosalba to Gainsborough—but in all the identity of feature is preserved: and making every allowance for pictorial flattery and *Herveyian* spleen, it is hardly possible to understand the violent contrast of such a description as this by our present author:—

"With a person as disagreeable as it was possible for a human figure to be without being deformed, he affected following many women of the first beauty and the most in fashion. . . . He was very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. Ben Ashurst told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant."—Vol. I., p. 96.

But Hervey makes George II. himself—and his majesty was of short stature—speak with the same sort of disparagement. The subject of conversation in vol. II., p. 360, is Lord Carteret's having told the Queen (it was shortly before her last illness) that "he had been giving her fame that very morning:—"

"The King said, 'Yes, I dare say he will paint you in fine colors, *that dirty liar*?' 'Why not?' said the Queen; 'good things come out of dirt sometimes: I have ate very good asparagus raised out of dung.' Lord Hervey said he knew three people that were now writing the History of his Majesty's Reign, who could possibly know nothing of the secrets of the palace and his Majesty's closet, and yet would, he doubted not, pretend to make their whole history one continued dissection of both. 'You mean,' said the King, 'Lords Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Carteret.—They will all three have about as much truth in them as the *Mille et Une Nuits*. Not but I shall like to read

Bolingbroke's, who, of all those rascals and knaves that have been lying against me these ten years, has certainly the best parts and the most knowledge. He is a scoundrel, but he is a scoundrel of a higher class than Chesterfield. Chesterfield is a little tea-table scoundrel, that tells little womanish lies to make quarrels in families; and tries to make women lose their reputations, and make their husbands beat them, without any object but to give himself airs; as if anybody could believe a woman could like a dwarf-baboon."

Mr. Croker remarks, that Bolingbroke never wrote Memoirs—that Carteret's, if they ever were written, have perished—that Chesterfield has left us nothing of this sort but a few Characters, including those of George II. and his Queen, which are in fact drawn with admirable candor—done, no doubt, in his old age—and that it is curious enough to have all this criticism on three books of Memoirs that do not exist from

the man who really was at that moment giving their Majesties such "fame" as neither would perhaps have much coveted.

Who could have dreamed, a hundred years since, that posterity would owe its impressions of the society and policy of George II. mainly to the spurious Walpole and the Sporus Hervey? Which of us can guess now who may, in 1948, be the leading authorities for the characters and manners of our own day—the *dessous des cartes* of the courts and cabinets of William IV. and Queen Victoria? Some haunter of Christie's rooms and the French play, who occasionally shows his enamelled studs below the gangway? Some "Patch" or "Sillian-der," whom our Lady Mary (if we had one) would bid—as she bade Hervey—

"Put on white gloves, and lead folks out,  
For that is your affair"——?

---

From the Edinburgh Review.

### COLERIDGE AND SOUTHEY.

1. *Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey.* By JOSEPH COTTLE. London, 1847.
2. *Biographia Literaria; or Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions.* By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Second Edition, prepared for publication in part by the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, completed and published by his Widow. London, 1847.
3. *A Memoir of the Life and Writings of William Taylor of Norwich, containing his correspondence of many years with Robert Southey, Esq.* Compiled and edited by J. W. ROBBERTS, F.G.S. of Norwich. London, 1843.

THE lives of Coleridge and Southey are yet to be written. For that of Coleridge a large quantity of materials has from time to time been thrown before the public; much of which relatives must have wished withheld. Perhaps the best thing now remaining for the family, would be to find a kind and discerning friend, to whom might be entrusted the relating truly, but without exaggeration, the unhappy passages of his life. It is impossible to read five pages of Mr. Cottle's reminiscences, without seeing that he has one of the kindest hearts joined to one of the worst judgments of any man that ever lived. His revelations, to which there is a very large addition in this new edition, appear to leave no longer any choice to those, who, from affection to his person or admiration of his genius, must desire that the life and character of Cole-

ridge should be known and remembered for good as well as for evil,—for something better than a long train of humiliating weaknesses and neglected duties.

Among the additions to Mr. Cottle's new edition are a number of letters from Southey. Indeed, almost the whole of what relates to him is new; and of all Mr. Cottle's disclosures concerning Coleridge, the opinion of him, as expressed in these letters, is the most painful. The disapprobation, severely as it is delivered, does Southey no discredit; no impartial person can deny its justice. At the same time, he never can have wished that his harsh judgment should go forth alone and be supposed to represent his estimate of the whole of Coleridge's character, or all his feelings towards him. Above all, most assuredly he never could have imagined, that a confi-

dential correspondence with their common friend and benefactor would have been published to the world, while any children of Coleridge were alive to be pained by their uncle's testimony against their father. He cannot have anticipated, that Mr. Cottle would 'think this proper.'

Except for the unseasonable publication of these passages, we should thank Mr. Cottle, without any abatement, for giving us so many of Southey's letters. His life might be almost written from his correspondence with William Taylor for the period comprised in it. And his extensive correspondence with other friends will supply his biographer with materials for the rest. This is a fortunate thing for Southey, for his letters are the perfection of letter writing, or nearly so; clear, lively, unaffected, largely dashed with humor, and entering into whatever he is writing or reading. But, what is still more in his favor, he is not seen here as the fierce controversialist or uncharitable politician. On the contrary, the kind and friendly heart beams out continually from them; so that, while fresh from the perusal of them, our sympathy with his attachments disposes us to leave him a little more latitude for the capriciousness of his antipathies than of old, and we are willing to put a lenient construction upon those unpleasant faults of temper, and provoking prejudices and errors into which people are pretty sure of falling, when they shut themselves up with their women, their admirers, and their books. 'Am I the better or the worse,' he asks in one of his letters to Mr. Taylor, 'for growing alone like a single oak?' In many respects worse, there can be no doubt. We meet in his letters with many a harsh criticism on contemporaries, of whom, if he had known them, he would have judged differently; and many broodings on political events, which he would have discarded, had he but come a little oftener to London, and let himself be hustled in its streets and contradicted at its dinner tables. Such passages might have provoked us to anger, if we had still to deal with Southey living; but he is gone:—the grave has closed over a writer and a man of whom England has reason to be proud, and our angry controversies are buried with him.

The new edition of Coleridge's '*Biographia Literaria*' was begun and carried some way by his nephew, the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, and has been since completed by a lady who is the poet's daughter, and

nephew's widow. Of such a work we would speak with the respect due alike to her position, her talents, and her feelings. She describes, in a few touching words, the task, which had thus descended on her, as one "full of affecting remembrances, and brought upon me by the deepest sorrow of my life." A biographical sketch, begun by her husband, but which does not proceed farther than Coleridge's twenty-fourth year, and which even so far has the appearance of only a skeleton sketch, is appended to the work. To this Mrs. Nelson Coleridge has only added a brief chronological account of her father's publications. But she has prefixed a long 'Introduction,' in answer to various attacks. We abstain from particular criticism. The publication of Mr. Cottle's second edition of his '*Reminiscences*,' a few days after the appearance of the new edition of the '*Biographia Literaria*,' must have painfully convinced her, how disqualified even the gifted daughter of a gifted parent may be for the strict responsibilities of a judge, in a case like the present,—no less, how vain her affectionate endeavors to clear the memory of her father from all, and even heavy blame.

It appears that when Mr. Cottle was engaged in preparing the first edition of his book, he consulted Southey about it. Southey's letters on this occasion are now published. He wrote as follows, 14th of April, 1836, and again, on the 30th of September, to the same effect:—

"If you are drawing up your '*Recollections of Coleridge*' for separate publication, you are most welcome to insert anything of mine which you might think proper: but it is my wish that nothing of mine may go into the hands of any person concerned in bringing forward Coleridge's MSS.

"I know that Coleridge, at different times of his life, never let pass an opportunity of speaking ill of me. Both Wordsworth and myself have often lamented the exposure of duplicity which must result from the publication of his letters, and of what he has delivered by word of mouth to the worshippers by whom he was always surrounded. To Wordsworth and me it matters little. Coleridge received from us such substantial services as few men have received from those whose friendship they had forfeited. This, indeed, was not the case with Wordsworth, as it was with me, for he knew not in what manner Coleridge had latterly spoken of him. But I continued all possible offices of kindness to his children, long after I regarded his own conduct with that utter disapprobation which alone it can call forth from all who had any sense of duty and moral obligation."

After this it is vain for relatives any

longer to let their affections dictate to them more than a qualified version of the life of Coleridge. It is a brother-in-law who writes; and that brother-in-law, Southey. The facts cannot be got rid of. But we must bear in mind that incidents arising out of their family connexion probably aggravated his asperity of feeling: and that a hasty letter to a friend would not be likely to contain the calm and comprehensive review of the character of his departed brother-in-law, for which he would wish to be held responsible to the world. They had become brothers-in-law forty years before. There arose, even then, a misunderstanding between them, and for several months an estrangement. In 1796, they were living in Bristol, on opposite sides of the same street, holding no intercourse. Southey made the first overture for reconciliation, by sending across the street a slip of paper with these words from Schiller's *Conspiracy of Fiesco* written upon it; "*Fiesco! Fiesco! thou leavest a void in my bosom, which the human race thrice told will never fill up.*" Forty years, whatever may have happened to excite wrath, would not have utterly effaced such feelings. His admiration of the intellectual powers of his friend was even greater. Some years after, when he thought Coleridge was dying, he could not help expressing it to William Taylor—a less partial judge:—

"Coleridge and I have often talked of making a great work upon English literature: but Coleridge only talks; and, poor fellow! he will not do that long, I fear; and then I shall begin, in my turn, to feel an old man—to talk of the age of little men, and complain like *Ossian*. It provokes me when I hear a set of puppies yelping at him, upon whom he, a great, good-natured mastiff, if he came up to them, would just lift up his leg and pass on. It vexes and grieves me to the heart, that when he is gone, as go he will, nobody will believe what a mind goes with him—how infinitely and ten thousand-fold, the mightiest of his generation."

This was written in June, 1803: in December he was still desponding about Coleridge's health.

"I know not when any of his works will appear, and tremble lest an untimely death should leave me the task of putting together the fragments of his materials: which, in sober truth, I do believe would be a more serious loss to the world of literature, than it ever suffered from the wreck of ancient science."

Southey's admiration was reciprocated by Coleridge; and what it might fall short of in homage to his genius, it more than made up for in its testimony to his moral nature. We are tempted to extract from the "*Biographia Literaria*," (of which we are glad to have a new edition, though we should have preferred it less burdened with commentary), a portion of an eloquent eulogium on Southey, to which his nephew informs us that Coleridge referred in his will, as expressing his latest feelings. It is a pity that Southey should have ever heard of anything to the contrary.

"To those who remember the state of our public schools and universities some twenty years past, it will appear no ordinary praise in any man to have passed from innocence into virtue, not only free from all vicious habit, but unstained by one act of intemperance, or the degradations akin to intemperance. That scheme of head, heart, and habitual demeanor, which in his early manhood and first controversial writings, Milton, claiming the privilege of self-defence, asserts of himself, and challenges his calumniators to disprove; this will his schoolmates, his fellow-collegians, and his maturer friends, with a confidence proportioned to the intimacy of their knowledge, bear witness to as again realized in the life of Robert Southey. But still more striking to those, who by biography or by their own experience are familiar with the general habits of genius, will appear the poet's matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits; the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; his generous submission to tasks of transitory interest, or such as his genius alone could make otherwise; and that having thus more than satisfied the claims of affection or prudence, he should yet have made for himself time and power to achieve more, and in more various departments, than almost any other writer has done, though employed wholly on subjects of his own choice and ambition. But as Southey possesses, and is not possessed by, his genius, even so is he master even of his virtues. The regular and methodical tenor of his daily labors, which would be deemed rare in the most mechanical pursuits, and might be envied in the mere man of business, loses all semblance of formality in the dignified simplicity of his manners, in the spring and healthful cheerfulness of his spirits. Always employed, his friends find him always at leisure. No less punctual in trifles than steadfast in the performance of highest duties, he inflicts none of those small pains and discomforts which irregular men scatter about them, and which, in the aggregate, so often become formidable obstacles both to happiness and utility: while, on the contrary, he bestows all the pleasures, and inspires all that ease of mind in those around him, or connected with him, which perfect consistency, and (if such a word might be framed) absolute *reliability*, equally in small as in great concerns, cannot but

inspire and bestow; when this, too, is softened, without being weakened, by kindness and gentleness. I know few men who so well deserve the character which an ancient attributes to Marcus Cato, namely, that he was likest virtue, inasmuch as he seemed to act aright, not in obedience to any law or outward motive, but by the necessity of a happy nature, which could not act otherwise. As son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm yet light steps, alike unostentatious and alike exemplary. As a writer, he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety: his cause has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty, of national independence, and of national illumination."—(Vol. i., p. 62.)

Coleridge and Southey first met in the summer of 1794 at Oxford. Southey was at that time an undergraduate at Baliol, and in his twentieth year. Coleridge was two years older, and an undergraduate of Jesus College, Cambridge. Coleridge was then at Cambridge for the second time, after having been discharged by his friends from the regiment in which he had enlisted; and at the beginning of the long vacation he happened to take Oxford on his way to Wales, where he was going on a pedestrian tour with some Cambridge friends. He was introduced to Southey. Their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. They had many points of common interest; besides both being poets and philosophers, while all around them were tasking their faculties by academic rule. The young enthusiasm of both had been kindled by the French Revolution. "Wat Tyler" was written about this time; "Joan of Arc" had been composed the year before. Both had abjured university orthodoxy, and declared themselves Unitarians. Southey, who had gone to Oxford with a view to the Church, was now on the point of quitting it without a degree, because he had become an Unitarian. Coleridge had imbibed Unitarianism at Cambridge from Friend, who was a Fellow of his college, and he had narrowly escaped rustication the year before for shouting at Friend's trial. The two new friends soon parted. Southey went home to his mother at Bath, bidding good bye to Oxford; Coleridge made his Welsh tour, at the end of which he too was to have gone home to Ottery St. Mary; but instead of this he diverged to Bristol, and remained there and at Bath, planning with Southey a colony of choice spirits on the banks of the Susquehannah, where all property was to be held in common, and vice and misery to be unknown.

This is the scheme known by the imposing name of Pantisocracy. The original idea was Coleridge's; he had mentioned it to Southey at Oxford, and the scheme was reproduced at Bristol, when the two friends determined on emigration. Southey had found two other companions; George Burnet, an Oxford friend, the son of a Somersetshire gentleman-farmer, and Robert Lovell, a young Quaker residing at Bath. Eight more recruits at least were wanted. Coleridge was to write a quarto volume explanatory of the project; which, besides filling up their numbers, was expected by its sale to augment the colonial exchequer. Ways and means were much needed. "With regard to pecuniary matters," Coleridge wrote to a friend whom he was anxious to enlist in the service, "it is found necessary, if twelve men with their families emigrate on this system, that £2000 should be the aggregate of their contributions; but infer not from hence that each man's quota is to be settled with the littleness of arithmetical accuracy." ("Biographia Literaria," new edition, vol. ii., p. 344.) Southey and Coleridge, who had no money, were to strain every nerve to raise funds by writing. At the end of the long vacation Coleridge returned to Cambridge, to complete a series of "Translations of Modern Latin Poems," for which he had issued proposals, and had already obtained a large number of Cambridge subscribers: while Southey staid at Bristol, to see what he could do with "Joan of Arc," and to write more poetry.

Both, in the meantime, had taken steps to provide themselves with one requisite for the founders of a new colony—a wife. They were engaged to be married to two sisters living at Bath—Edith and Sarah Fricker. A third Miss Fricker was already married to their fellow-Pantisocratist, Lovell.

Coleridge went to Cambridge, and published there the "Fall of Robespierre," a joint production by himself and Southey; but nothing was done with the projected "Translations:" they shared the fate of innumerable other projects, and were never finished. At the end of the term he went up to London; and there, in the pleasant society of Charles Lamb, and other old Christ's Hospital school-fellows, Miss Fricker and Pantisocracy seemed for awhile forgotten.

"Coleridge did not come back again to Bristol," Southey writes, "till January, 1795; nor would



to Cottle with characteristic energy. But, to combine poetry with law baffled even Southey:—

"I am now entering on a new way of life, which will lead me to independence. You know that I neither lightly undertake any scheme, nor lightly abandon what I have undertaken. I am happy because I have no want, and because the independence I labor to attain, and of attaining which my expectations can hardly be disappointed, will leave me nothing to wish. I am indebted to you, Cottle, for the comforts of my later time. In my present situation I feel a pleasure in saying thus much.

"Thank God! Edith comes on Monday next. I say thank God, for I have never, since my return from Portugal, been absent from her so long before, and sincerely hope and intend never to be again. On Tuesday we shall be settled, and on Wednesday my legal studies begin in the morning, and I shall begin with 'Madoc' in the evening. Of this it is needless to caution you to say nothing, as I must have the character of a lawyer; and though I can and will unite the two pursuits, no one would credit the possibility of the union. In two years the poem shall be finished, and the many years it must lie by will afford ample time for correction.

"I have declined being a member of a literary club, which meet at the Chapter Coffee House, and of which I have been elected a member. Surely a man does not do his duty who leaves his wife to evenings of solitude; and I feel duty and happiness to be inseparable. I am happier at home than any other society can possibly make me. With Edith I am alike secure from the wearisomeness of solitude, and the disgust which I cannot help feeling at the contemplation of mankind, and which I do not wish to suppress."

Disgust at mankind, is strange language, except in the mouth of Swift. It represents a feeling which no sensible man will ever countenance, and which no good man could harbor and be happy: so leaving Southey till he is in better humor with his fellow-creatures, we are the less sorry to return to Coleridge in his cot at Clevedon. His nature was not such as to justify us in expecting to find him happy, however favorable his outward circumstances: but, unfortunately, his first year of married life was clouded by continual uneasiness about the means of living, and by continually changing schemes of subsistence. He had not Southey's determination, perseverance, and self-reliance. The volume of poems, which Cottle had been unwary enough to pay for beforehand, had made little progress when he married; he engaged to furnish copy every day, but every day brought some new excuse for postponing writing till tomorrow, when, of course, nothing should

prevent him. After a long series of most amusing notes of this description, and after many delays and disappointments, the long expected volume was, at last, published in the spring of 1796. Before his marriage, Cottle had promised him a guinea and a half for every hundred lines of poetry he might bring him after the volume was finished; and on the strength of this promise Coleridge married. Alas! little did he know himself. He could sketch out books in his head, and compose rapidly in thought, but it was with the utmost difficulty that he could force himself to write. Some of the visions which were floating through his head at the time of his marriage, found their way into a letter to his friend Mr. Poole three days afterwards:—

"I shall assuredly write rhymes, let the nine Muses prevent it if they can. I have given up all thoughts of the Magazine for various reasons. It is a thing of monthly anxiety and quotidian bustle. To publish a magazine for one year would be nonsense; and if I pursue, what I mean to pursue, my school-plan, I could not publish it for more than one year. In the course of half-a-year I mean to return to Cambridge, having previously taken my name off from the University's control; and, hiring lodgings there for myself and wife, finish my great work of *Imitations* in two volumes. My former works, I hope, prove somewhat of genius and of erudition: this will be better, it will show great industry and manly consistency. At the end of it I shall publish proposals for a school"—(*Biogr. Lit.*, vol. ii., p. 348.)

None of all this came to pass. In a short time Coleridge found Clevedon too far from men and books, and moved to Bristol. In the beginning of 1796 he projected a weekly newspaper called the 'Watchman,' travelled to most of the chief towns in the manufacturing districts for subscribers, preaching wherever he stayed a Sunday in the Unitarian chapels, and returned to Bristol with a subscription list full of promise. The first number of the 'Watchman' was published on the 1st of March; it was dropped at the tenth number with a loss. The management of a periodical publication was the last thing for Coleridge to succeed in. Soon afterwards, an accidental visit of Mr. Perry to Bristol opened a prospect of profitable connexion with the 'Morning Chronicle,' and Coleridge made up his mind to establish himself in London. This went off. He sustained another disappointment in the loss of a situation, which had been offered him, of private tutor to the sons of Mrs. Evans, a widow lady living in Derbyshire.

He had actually gone with Mrs. Coleridge to stay in Mrs. Evans's house. It was then suggested to him, with offers of patronage, to take a house at Derby, and receive pupils; he engaged for a house: but this plan was also given up, why does not appear. At the end of a year of restless and feverish uncertainty, Coleridge settled himself, towards the close of 1796, in a small cottage at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, adjoining the ground of Mr. Poole. He had now a child, whom, in the height of his admiration of Hartley's *Metaphysics*, he christened Hartley. At this time, too, his means were increased by receiving as an inmate a Cambridge friend and brother poet, Charles Lloyd, the son of a wealthy Birmingham banker, who had been led by the mere force of love and admiration to propose living with him. Here Coleridge remained till he went to Germany in the autumn of 1798. This is the residence referred to in the beautiful lines to his brother:

"Beside one friend  
Beneath the impervious covert of one oak  
I've raised a lowly shed, and know the names  
Of husband and of father; nor unhearing  
Of that divine and nightly whispering voice,  
Which from my childhood to maturer years  
Spake to me of predestinated wreaths,  
Bright with no fading colors."

Mr. Poole was a Somersetshire country gentleman and magistrate, a man of great benevolence, and combining considerable practical talent with a highly cultivated taste: Southey and Coleridge had become acquainted with him accidentally, while they were meditating 'Pantisocracy' at Bristol; and he took a great interest in their fortunes ever afterwards. He had lately circulated among some friends a proposal for a subscription for an annuity for Coleridge; which, by relieving him from actual want, might set his mind more at ease for the prosecution of works worthy of his talents; not succeeding in this, he invited Coleridge to take up his residence in a cottage by his house. To Mr. Poole Coleridge owed three friendships, which had a great effect on his after life; those of William Wordsworth and the two brothers Thomas and Josiah Wedgwood. Wordsworth, at the time of Coleridge's settling at Stowey, was about twenty miles off, at Racedown, in Dorsetshire; and in the summer of 1797 he moved to a place called Allfoxden, close to Stowey. The two poets rambled together over the Somerset-

shire hills, discussed the principles of poetry, and planned and produced the famous 'Lyrical Ballads.' Each wrote a tragedy: Coleridge undertook his at the suggestion of Sheridan, who, when it was sent to him, took no notice of it; it was 'Remorse,' and was not published till 1813. Mr. Wordsworth's is still unpublished. Making every allowance for the enthusiasm of youthful friendship, Coleridge's testimony, in a letter to Cottle, of the impression which it made upon him at the time is certainly remarkable; more especially as the warmest admirers of Mr. Wordsworth have never considered his genius dramatic:

"I speak with heartfelt sincerity and I think, with unblinded judgment, when I tell you that I feel myself a little man by his side, and yet I do not think myself a less man than I formerly thought myself. His drama is absolutely wonderful. You know I do not commonly speak in such abrupt and unmingled phrases, and therefore will the more readily believe me, there are in the piece those profound touches of the human heart, which I find three or four times in the "Robbers" of Schiller, and often in Shakespeare, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities."

Through the Wedgewoods Coleridge became acquainted with Mackintosh, and by him was introduced to Stuart, Mackintosh's brother-in-law, then editor of the "Morning Post;" in consequence of which he afterwards wrote occasional poetry for it. In the beginning of 1798 he received an invitation to settle as an Unitarian minister at Shrewsbury; Thomas Wedgwood hearing of it wrote to dissuade him, and sent him a present of a hundred pounds; but, as the Shrewsbury invitation opened to him for the first time the prospect of a certain income he determined to entertain it,—and returning Wedgwood his cheque, he went off to Shrewsbury to preach the probation sermon. Among his auditors on that occasion was William Hazlitt, whose father was Unitarian minister at Wem, and who has published a vivid account of the delight and admiration, which the sermon kindled in him. The impression was universal. But the Shrewsbury Unitarians were to be disappointed of their preacher; for the Wedgewoods, bent on securing Coleridge for literature, wrote to him at Shrewsbury, and offered him, if he would come back, an annuity of a hundred and fifty pounds for life. The offer was immediately and gratefully accepted. The first volume of the "Lyrical Ballads," containing the "Ancient Mariner" and a few other small poems



by Coleridge, but the greater part of them Wordsworth's, was published by Cottle in the summer of 1798; and in the autumn Coleridge and Wordsworth set out together for Germany.

"Have you seen," (writes Southey to Wm. Taylor, Sept. 1798), "a volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, &c.? They are by Coleridge and Wordsworth, though their names are not affixed. Coleridge's ballad of the 'Ancient Mariner' is the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity I ever saw. Many of the others are very fine; and some I shall read upon the same principle that led me through Trissino, whenever I am afraid of writing like a child or an old woman."

Such a criticism on the "*Lyrical Ballads*" by one of the "*Lake Poets*" will probably take many of our readers by surprise. But a variance in their tastes, so deeply grounded, ought to prepare us for the converse of this proposition, and for at least an equal indifference on the part of Wordsworth to the poetry of Southey. They do not appear to have yet fallen in one another's way. Their friendship did not begin till some years later, after Southey had settled at Keswick.

From the time Southey had gone over to the law, he seems to have seen or heard little of Coleridge. But they are together again for a few weeks in Devonshire in the autumn of 1799, immediately after Coleridge's return from Germany. The latter had worked hard there; and was now full of a projected "*Life of Lessing*," for which he had made a large collection of materials, but which (we might almost say, of course), was never written. In the mean time Southey, who had previously spent two legal years in London, had been living for the last twelve months at Westbury near Bristol. We make no doubt but that he went up regularly enough to London to eat his Gray's Inn dinners; the evidence that he was prosecuting his poetical studies with a keener sense of his true calling, is more substantial. He had already finished "*Madoc*" and commenced "*Thalaba*!" During his residence at Westbury he acquired an intimate friend in Davy, who had lately come to Bristol as assistant to Dr. Beddoes at the Pneumatic Institution, and was laying there the foundation of future eminence. Southey has commemorated this happy year in one of those pleasant autobiographical prefaces, which give such interest to the collected edition of his poems.

"This was one of the happiest portions of my

life. I never before or since produced so much poetry in the same space of time. The smaller pieces were communicated by letter to Charles Lamb, and had the advantage of his animadversions. I was then also in habits of the most frequent and intimate intercourse with Davy, then in the flower and freshness of his youth. We were within an easy walk of each other, over some of the most beautiful ground in that beautiful part of England. When I went to the Pneumatic Institution, he had to tell me of some new experiment or discovery, and of the views which it opened for him; and when he came to Westbury, there was a fresh portion of '*Madoc*' for his hearing."

Coleridge, on rejoining Southey, after so long a separation, would have much to report of his fellow-traveller, Wordsworth; in return, Southey would have much to relate of his friend Davy. 'He is a miraculous young man,' Southey wrote to William Taylor, 'whose talents I can only wonder at.' Southey was at this time editing an '*Annual Anthology*;' and Davy was supplying him with poetry for it. Coleridge and Southey projected, while they were together, a joint poem in hexameters, on *Mahomet*: the memory of which survives, we suppose, in that striking fragment, beginning,

"Uter the song, O my soul, the flight and return  
of Mohammed," &c.,

one of the few readable attempts of the kind (being only fourteen lines) in the English language. When they next parted, Coleridge went from Devonshire to London to write leading articles for the '*Morning Post*;' and Southey to a house that he had taken in the village of Burton, near Christchurch, in Hampshire.

Coleridge spent the next six months in London, engaged in writing for the '*Morning Post*,' and in translating '*Wallenstein*.' He seems never to have worked so hard as during his residence in Germany, and for several months afterwards. In consideration of his tendency to describe as done that which was only intended, some deduction, perhaps, is to be made from the report he rendered to Mr. Thomas Wedgwood of his present labors:—

"I shall remain in London till April. The expenses of my last year made it necessary for me to exert my industry, and many other good ends are answered at the same time. Likewise, by being obliged to write without much elaboration, I shall greatly improve myself in naturalness and facility of style, and the particular subjects on which I write for money are nearly connected with my future schemes. My mornings I give to

compilations, which I am sure cannot be wholly useless; and for which, by the beginning of April, I shall have earned nearly 150*l*. My evenings to the theatres, as I am to conduct a sort of dramaturgy, or series of essays on the drama, both its general principles and likewise in reference to the present state of the English theatres. This I shall publish in the 'Morning Post.' My attendance on the theatres costs me nothing; and Stuart, the editor, covers my expenses in London. Two mornings and one whole day, I dedicate to these essays on the possible progressiveness of man, and on the principles of population. In April I retire to my greater work,—"The Life of Lessing."—(*Cottle*, p. 430.)

In another letter from London he gives us the impression made upon him by a visit to the gallery of the House of Commons:—

"Pitt and Fox completely answered my preformed ideas of them. The elegance and high finish of Pitt's periods, even in the most sudden replies, is *curious*; but that is all. He argues but so so, and does not reason at all. Nothing is memorable of what he says. Fox possesses all the full and overflowing eloquence of a man of clear head, clear heart, and impetuous feelings. He is to my mind a great orator; all the rest that spoke were mere creatures. I could make a better speech myself than any that I heard, except Pitt and Fox. I reported that part of Pitt's speech which I have enclosed in brackets; not that I report *ex officio*, but my curiosity having led me there, I did Stuart a service by taking a few notes. I work from morning to night, but in a few weeks I shall have completed my purpose, and then adieu to London for ever. We newspaper scribes are true galley slaves. When the high winds of events blow loud and frequent, then the sails are hoisted, or the ship drives on of itself. When all is calm and sunshine, then to our oars."

In the spring Coleridge went to Stowey, and after a short time removed to Keswick, within reach of Wordsworth, who by this time had made out his way to Grasmere. Coleridge was now settled at the Lakes for some years. He continued to write from Keswick for the 'Morning Post,' but Mr. Stuart will be believed when he says, very irregularly. We will extract from a letter to Mr. Josiah Wedgewood (Nov. 1, 1800), his own view of his new residence at Keswick, the house which afterwards became Southey's home for life:—

"The room in which I write commands six distinct landscapes; the two lakes, the vale, the river and mountains, and mists, and clouds, and sunshine, make endless combinations, as if heaven and earth were for ever talking to each other. Often when in a deep study, I have walked to the window and remained there looking without seeing; all at once the lake of Keswick and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale at the head of it

have entered into my mind, with a suddenness as if I had been snatched out of Cheapside and placed for the first time in the spot where I stood, and that is a delightful feeling,—these fits and trances of novelty received from a long known object. The river of Greta flows behind our house, roaring like an untamed son of the hills, then winds round and glides away in the front, so that we live in a peninsula. But besides this ethereal eye feeding, we have very substantial conveniences. Our garden is part of a large nursery garden, which is the same to us and as private as if the whole had been our own, and then too we have delightful walks without passing our garden gates. My landlord, who lives in the sister house, for the two houses are built so as to look like one great one, is a modest and kind man, of a singular character. By the severest economy he has raised himself from a carrier into the possession of a comfortable independence. He was always very fond of reading, and has collected nearly 500 volumes, of our most esteemed modern writers, such as Gibbon, Hume, Johnson, &c. His habits of economy and simplicity remain with him, and yet so very disinterested a man I scarcely ever knew. Lately, when I wished to settle with him about the rent of our house, he appeared much affected, told me that my living near him, and the having so much of Hartley's company were great comforts to him and his housekeeper; that he had no children to provide for, and did not mean to marry, and, in short, that he did not want any rent from me. This of course I laughed him out of; but he absolutely refused to receive any rent for the first half year, under the pretext that the house was not completely furnished. Hartley quite lives at the house; and it is, as you may suppose, no small joy to my wife to have a good, affectionate, motherly woman divided from her only by a wall."

Southey's health had, in the mean time, given way under his various and incessant labors; and in the spring of 1800, he sailed, with his wife, for Lisbon, with the intention of spending a year in Portugal. Medical advisers had recommended change to a warmer climate. If an Englishman at that time had had greater choice, Southey nevertheless would probably have chosen Lisbon, for his uncle was still chaplain there; and the thought of writing a History of Portugal had already crossed his mind. A southern climate speedily revived him, and he was soon at work as hard as ever, collecting materials for a Portuguese history, and finishing 'Thalaba,' which he sent home, to be published before his return. Davy, and an old school-friend, Danvers, corrected the press for him. Of his historical researches, he sent an interesting account to W. Taylor:—

"I am up to the ears in chronicles, a pleasant

day's amusement; but battles and folios, and heroes and monarchs tease me terribly in my dream. I have just obtained access to the public manuscripts, and the records of the Inquisition tempt me—five folios—the whole black catalogue; yet I am somewhat shy of laying heretical hands upon these bloody annals. The holy office is not dead, but sleepeth. There, however, it is that I must find materials for the history of the Reformation here and its ineffectual efforts. I obtain access through one of the censors of books here, an ex-German divine, who enlisted in the Catholic service, professing the one faith with the same sincerity that he preached the other; a strong-headed, learned, and laborious man, curious enough to preserve his authoritative revisions of all that is permitted to be printed or sold in Portugal. These revisions I have seen, and by this means become acquainted with what is not brought to light. The public library here is magnificently established; the books well-arranged, with ample catalogues, a librarian to every department, and free access to all—without a cloak. The Museum is also shut to all in this the common dress, a good trait of national honesty. The ruin of the priests gave rise to this foundation. Their libraries were all brought to Lisbon, and the books remained as shovelled out of the carts for many years. They are not yet wholly arranged. English writers are very few, scarcely any. But for what regards the Peninsula, for church and monastic history, and the laborious and valuable compilations of the two last centuries, a more complete collection does not probably exist. I regret my approaching return to England, and earnestly wish I could remain six or seven years in a country whose climate so well suits me, and where I could find ample and important occupation. Once more I must return, when my history shall be so far completed as is possible at home, to give it its last corrections here."

Southey returned to England in July, 1801, with restored health, and a large collection of historical materials. He had had thoughts while in Lisbon, from his experience of the benefits of a warm climate, of going out to the Indian bar, but these were soon dismissed; it would have prevented him from writing the History of Portugal, and this was to be his great work, and passport to posterity. On his return to England, prospects of official preferment, compatible with his literary plans, dawned upon him. "I have the hope and prospect," he announces to W. Taylor, "of visiting Italy in a provident way—as secretary to some legation there—an office of little trouble; with the prospect of advancement. My destination will probably be Palermo; if peace comes, as likely to any of the other states, and as willingly. Ultimately, I look to Lisbon, and certainly to a long absence from England." In the

mean time he was to be with his brother-in-law. "I am going to Keswick, to pass the autumn with Coleridge—to work like a negro, and to arrange his future plans with my own. He is miserably ill, and must quit England for a warmer climate, or perish. I found letters announcing his determination to ship himself and family for the Azores: this I have stopped; and the probability is that he will accompany me abroad." But Dublin, and not Palermo, became Southey's destination. As early as November, he was appointed private secretary to Mr. Corry, the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, for one year. He was a stranger to Mr. Corry, but had been recommended to him by Mr. Rickman, afterwards Clerk of the House of Commons,—at that time private secretary to Abbott, secretary for Ireland. Southey had made Rickman's friendship at Burton, while relaxing from his law studies, in the long vacation of 1796. The appointment was limited to a year, that the master and secretary might see how they suited each other before they were further bound. At the end of the year, Southey ceased to be secretary: "losing," he writes, "a foolish office and a good salary. The salary I might have kept, if I would have accepted a more troublesome situation, that of tutor to his son. All this was transacted with ministerial secrecy and hints; but with respectful civility,—so much for that." He had valued the appointment only as giving him a salary, which would place him above the necessity of writing for daily bread, and would leave him time for the careful composition of the works which were to bring him fame. His heart had been all the while in his literary pursuits. Within ten days of his installation as private secretary, he wrote to W. Taylor, projecting a new Review. During his year of office, half of which was spent in London, and the other half in Dublin, he made some progress with the 'Curse of Kehama,' and worked steadily at his History. When he lost his private secretaryship, he found consolation for the loss of income in the sense of freedom. He was now at liberty to bury himself in the country, and pursue his studies in quiet. His first thought was to settle in Wales, and a treaty for a house in the Vale of Neath was all but concluded. Disappointed of this, he took up his quarters for some months at Bristol, where he was always, as it were, at home, and house-hunted in all directions, but without success. The loss

of his first and then only child drove him away in August, 1803; he joined Coleridge at Keswick, and did not again move. Greta Hall, Keswick, continued their joint residence till the spring of 1807, when Southey took the house for himself.

The letter, in which he conveyed to his friend W. Taylor the intelligence of his planting himself for a permanency at the Lakes, contained other important news. On the break-up of the administration of "All the Talents," Lord Grenville had

procured him a pension of £200 a year. In the following passage, as it is printed in W. Taylor's *Life*, a blank is left for the name of Wynn; but the blank has been filled up by Mr. De Quincey, in his sketch of Southey, in "Tait's Magazine." And it was right to do so; for the fact is equally to the honor of both parties. Mr. Charles Wynn and Southey had been schoolfellows and college companions; and it was the happy privilege of the wealthier friend to help our aspiring student in his early struggles, and place him above want, before he had attained an independence by his own indefatigable labors.

"When the late ministry saw that out they must go, Wynn thought of saving something for me out of the fire; he could only get an offer of a place in the island of St. Lucia, worth about 600*l.* a year. There was no time to receive my answer, but he divined it rightly, and refused. Instead, one of Lord G.'s last acts was to give me a pension of 200*l.*, to which the King 'graciously assented.' You cannot be more amused at finding me a pensioner, than I am at finding myself so. I am not, however, a richer man than before. Hitherto Wynn has given me an annuity of 160*l.*, which I felt no pain in accepting from the oldest friend I have in the world, with whom my intimacy was formed before we were either of us old enough to think of difference of rank and fortune. But Wynn is not a rich man for his rank; and of course I shall receive this no longer from him, now that it is no longer necessary. Of 200*l.* the taxes have the modesty to deduct 36*l.*, and the Exchequer pays irregularly; he is in luck who has only one quarter in arrear, so Bedford tells me, who has an office there. I therefore lose 16*l.* per year, during the war, and gain 20*l.* whenever the income tax is repealed, having the discomfort always of uncertain remittances. It is but wearing a few more grey goose-quills to the stump in the course of the year, and in the course of one year I have better hopes than I ever yet had of getting a head, as you will presently see. The last copy of MS. for 'Espriella's Letters' sets off this night on its way to Richard Taylor."

The letter goes on to describe the work he had on hand—an edition of "Palmerin

of England," "Kirke White's Remains," the "History of Brazil," (a part, and, in proper order, the last part, of his "History of Portugal," but to be brought out first on account of the interest then felt in South America), and a translation of the "Cid." He had just brought "Espriella's Letters," and three volumes of "Specimens of English Poets," through the press, to the eve of publication. Besides all this, there was magazine writing. We quote again from the same letter:—

"About a fourth part of the first volume of the History (of Brazil) is done, and I shall, perhaps, print it volume by volume. Two quartos are the probable extent. I might, doubtless, obtain five hundred guineas for the copyright; but I will not sell the chance of greater eventual profit. This work will supply a chasm in history. This is not all: I cannot do one thing at a time; so sure as I attempt it my health suffers. The business of the day haunts me in the night; and though a sound sleeper otherwise, my dreams partake so much of it as to harass and disturb me. I must always, therefore, have one train of thoughts for the morning, another for the evening, and a book, not relating to either, for half an hour after supper; and thus neutralizing one set of associations by another, and having (God be thanked) a heart at ease, I contrive to keep in order a set of nerves as much disposed to be out of order as any man's can be. The 'Cid' is therefore my other work in hand; I want only an importation of books from Lisbon to send this to the press, and shall have full time to complete the introduction and notes, while the body of the work is printing. It will supply the place of preliminaries to the 'History of Portugal,' and exhibit a complete view of the heroic age of Spain. I had almost forgotten to say that the reason why you have not received a copy of my Specimens is that it is delayed for some cancels. Lastly, I have to tell you that before the change of ministry took away all my expectations, I was weary of them; and as some arrangements of Coleridge's made it necessary that I should either decide upon removing hence at a fixed time, or remaining with the house, I have chosen the latter alternative. Here, then, I am settled—am planting currant trees, purchasing a little furniture, making the place decent, as far as scanty means will go, and sending for my books by sea, perfectly well contented with my lot, and thankful that it has fallen in so goodly a land."

Meanwhile Coleridge had gone to Malta in the spring of 1804, in search of health, leaving his wife and family at Keswick. The office of chief secretary becoming vacant while he was there, Sir Alexander Ball, the governor, appointed him to act until a new secretary came from England. He acted for about eighteen months: the office of treasurer, then associated with the secretary—

ship, he declined to undertake, losing thereby the half of 1000*l.* a year, the salary of the two offices. He returned to England in 1806, by way of Sicily and Italy. His health had not improved; nor, though he might have deluded himself as to the cause of his sufferings, could any one else, who knew the fatal habit he had contracted, expect improvement from change of climate. He had become an opium-eater before he went to Malta, and he returned an opium-eater still.

None of the various accounts of Coleridge which have yet been published enter into any detail concerning the next seven or eight years of his life. Mr. Cottle saw nothing of him between his lecturing at Bristol in 1807, and his coming back to lecture there in 1814; and he tells us only what he knows himself. Mr. Gilman's unfinished biography, a very meagre performance, gives us no information for this period. Keswick remained Coleridge's nominal residence till 1810; but his absences became frequent, and his returns, as Southey says, more difficult to be calculated than those of a comet. He was often with Wordsworth, at Grasmere. He was occasionally in London, lecturing. The "Friend" occupied him at Keswick and Grasmere during the year 1809, and part of 1810. He had not in the interval become better adapted for the conduct of a periodical than when he failed with the "Watchman," in 1796; it was brought out very irregularly, managed expensively, and not written so as to please generally. It lingered on through twenty-seven numbers, though Southey had predicted a much earlier demise. Southey writes (September 1809), "Coleridge has sent out a fourth number to-day. I have always expected every number to be the last; he may, however, possibly go on in this intermitting way till subscribers enough withdraw their names (partly in anger at its irregularity, more because they find it in heathen Greek) to give him an ostensible reason for stopping short." In 1810 Coleridge went to London, and lived for a short time with Mr. Basil Montagu; from him he passed on to an old Bristol friend, Mr. Morgan, then residing at Hammersmith. Mr. Morgan removed afterwards to Calne, and Coleridge removed with him; where for some three or four years Mr. Morgan's house continued to be his home. In 1813, his play of "Remorse" was brought out at Drury Lane, with very great success; so

much so, that Lord Byron, who was a great admirer of his genius—placing him and Crabbe at the head of their contemporary poets—was most urgent with him to set about another tragedy, instead of which, he kept writing a great deal for the newspapers, chiefly for the "Courier." It was in 1814 that he returned to Bristol, to lecture; here Mr. Cottle becomes again communicative; and this is the sad part of Mr. Cottle's book. Coleridge was now the slave of opium; whatever money he made, went at once in the purchase of that destructive poison, to the ruin of his health, his principles, and character. Domestic disagreement is a weak word for the inevitable consequences of such habits: he became, in poetic language, a voluntary exile from his family, a wanderer on the face of the earth. We are not of opinion that the private life of every eminent person becomes public property immediately on his death, even though higher objects than amusement only, may be attained by publication—for instance, what is familiarly called a moral lesson. But, after the course Mr. Cottle has taken, there is an end to any question of the kind in the case of Coleridge. There is no longer a possibility of concealment; and under the circumstances, we are satisfied that his memory will derive far more honor from such a letter as the following, than from any attempts to deny or to distort the published truth. The letter was written in 1814, by Coleridge, to one of his oldest and most attached friends, Mr. Wade of Bristol.

"Dear Sir,—for I am unworthy to call any good man friend—much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused: accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness, and for your prayers.

"Conceive a poor, miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state, as it is possible for a good man to have.

"I used to think the text in St. James, that 'he who offended in one point offends in all,' very harsh: but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. For the one crime of opium, what crime have I not made myself guilty of! Ingratitude to my Maker! and to my benefactors! injustice and unnatural cruelty to my poor children! self-contempt for my repeated promise-breach, nay, too often actual falsehood!

"After my death I earnestly entreat that a full

and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the direful example.

"May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate, and in his heart grateful, S. T. COLERIDGE."—(*Cottle*, p. 394.)

Such was Coleridge's terrible confession! Southey had addressed two remarkable letters to Cottle on this painful subject, a few months before; recommending earnestly self-restraint, and labor, and returning home.

"The restraint, which alone could effectually cure, is that which no person can impose upon him. Could he be compelled to a certain quantity of labor every day for his family, the pleasure of having done it would make his heart glad, and the sane mind would make the body whole. I see nothing so advisable for him, as that he should come here to Greta Hall. . . . here it is that he ought to be. He knows in what manner he would be received,—by his children with joy; by his wife, not with tears if she can control them, certainly not with reproaches; by myself only with encouragement."

To Keswick Coleridge would not and did not go; nor to Mr. Poole. He returned to the Morgans. In April, 1816, he placed himself under the care of Mr. Gillman, a surgeon at Highgate, in the hope that he might be broken of his fatal propensity. In Mr. Gillman, he found the kindest of friends, and he lived in his house till his death, on the 25th of July, 1834. Mr. Cottle's reminiscences of Coleridge close with the year 1814. Mr. Gillman's first volume does not go beyond the time of Coleridge's coming to reside with him,—so that the particulars of his eighteen years at Highgate are yet to come.

What a different picture will Southey's biographer have to draw! His life at Keswick was, like all his previous life, one of uninterrupted industry. Year by year his reputation grew, and his humble means, the honest produce of a most conscientious industry. In 1809 he undertook to write the historical part of the "Edinburgh Annual Register," at a salary of 400*l.* a year; and took a twelfth share of the property, which he expected would return him 40 per cent. So that at last he thought himself well paid for his labors; with "a fair prospect (life and health permitting) of beginning in a very few years to get above the world, in the worldly meaning of the phrase." In 1813 he was appointed Poet Laureate, Scott having previously declined

the honor. From this period his correspondence with Wm. Taylor begins to flag.

Southey survived Coleridge nearly nine years. He died on the 21st of March, 1843; having been for nearly a year before his death in a state of complete unconsciousness. His overworked mind had broken down. Two singular incidents happened to him in his later life. In 1826 he was returned to parliament for the borough of Downton, while abroad, without his consent. On the meeting of parliament he wrote to the Speaker to inform him that he was not qualified as required by law, and could not take the prescribed oaths. Sir Robert Peel, during his short tenure of office in 1835, offered him a baronetcy; which, however, he at once declined, as incompatible with his worldly circumstances. Upon this, Sir Robert conferred on him a pension of 300*l.* a-year. He received it joyfully: it released him from all further necessity of writing for bread. As soon as his current engagements were discharged, by the completion of his edition of Cowper, and of his "Lives of the British Admirals," in "Lardner's Cyclopædia," he looked forward to devoting himself to his favorite work, the "History of Portugal." But time was not granted him for this. Large materials have doubtless been left, which the public cannot afford to lose; for the history of Portugal, is still a desideratum in our literature. Three volumes from his "Common Place Book" are now passing through the press; good news for all who relish the "Omniana" and the "Doctor." While in his "Life and Correspondence," which will soon appear under the editorship of his son, the Rev. Cuthbert Southey, the lovers of pleasant English prose may make sure of having as agreeable a specimen of unconscious autobiography, in the form of letters, as any in the language.

Other works, also, Southey is known to have meditated through life, and to have been compelled to defer, under the necessity of writing for subsistence; until at last, when he had obtained a competence, too little of life remained to turn to account the materials which he had been long collecting. Among these works were a "History of the Monastic Orders," a "History of English Literature from the beginning of the Reign of Elizabeth," and a "History of English Domestic Life." If, at the age of thirty, or even forty, a wise distribution of bounty had given him the pension, with which it was reserved for Sir

Robert Peel to secure the comforts of his old age, how great would have been the gain to our literature! Let the rest be said by his friend Henry Taylor, in the last of those striking essays, his 'Notes from Life':—By a small pension, and the office of Laureate (yielding together about 200*l.* per annum), he was enabled to insure his life, so as to make a moderate posthumous provision for his family; and it remained for him to support himself and them, so long as he should live, by his writing. With unrivalled industry, infinite stores of knowledge, extraordinary talents, a delightful style, and the devotion of about one-half of his time to writing what should be marketable, rather than what he would have desired to write, he defrayed the cost of that frugal and homely way of life which he deemed to be the happiest and the best. So far it may be said that all was well; and certainly man was never more contented with a humble lot than he. But at sixty years of age he had never yet had one year's income in advance; and when between sixty and seventy his powers of writing failed, had it not been for the timely grant of an additional pension, his means of subsistence would have failed too. It was owing to this grant alone that the last years of a life of such literary industry as was the wonder of his time, were not harassed by pecuniary difficulties; and at his death the melancholy spectacle was presented of enormous preparations thrown away, one great labor of his life half finished, and other lofty designs which had been cherished in his heart of hearts from youth to age, either merely inchoate or altogether unattempted. We mourn over the lost books of Tacitus and Pliny, and rake in the ruins of Herculaneum to recover them; but 300*l.* a-year,—had it been given in time,—might have realized for us works over the loss of which our posterity may perhaps mourn as much, or more!

" Things incomplete, and purposes betrayed,  
Make sadder transits o'er Truth's mystic glass  
Than noblest objects utterly decayed."

The nature of the subject has carried us further into Southey's letters, as part of our narrative, than we were quite aware: but we cannot close this paper without extracting one letter more from Mr. Cottle's Reminiscences; a very beautiful one, being an answer to Cottle's expression of his regret that, on retiring from the bookselling

business, he had not returned to Southey the copyrights of his early works.

" My dear Cottle,—What you say of my copyrights affects me very much. Dear Cottle, set your heart at rest on that subject. It ought to be at rest. They were yours; fairly bought and fairly sold. You bought them on the chance of their success, which no London bookseller would have done; and had they not been bought, they could not have been published at all. Nay, if you had not published 'Joan of Arc,' the poem would never have existed, nor should I, in all probability, ever have obtained that reputation which is the capital on which I subsist, nor that power which enables me to support it.

" But this is not all. Do you suppose, Cottle, that I have forgotten those true and most essential acts of friendship which you showed me when I stood most in need of them? Your house was my home when I had no other. The very money with which I bought my wedding-ring, and paid my marriage fees, was supplied by you. It was with your sisters that I left my Edith during my six months' absence; and for the six months after my return, it was from you that I received, week by week, the little on which we lived, till I was enabled to live by other means. It is not the settling of our cash account that can cancel obligations like these. You are in the habit of preserving your letters, and if you are not, I would entreat you to preserve this, that it might be seen hereafter. Sure I am that there never was a more generous nor a kinder heart than yours; and you will believe me when I add that there does not live that man upon earth, whom I remember with more gratitude and more affection. My heart throbs, and my eyes burn with these recollections. Good night, my dear old friend and benefactor.—ROBERT SOUTHEY."

SCALE OF PUNISHMENT.—The Florentine *Patria* publishes a sentence said to have been written by the Duke of Modena himself on some prisoners in the late disturbances. "As it appears that,—1st, Dr. Menozzi is a man of talent and acquirements, we condemn him to imprisonment for eight months; 2nd, that Surgeon Giro Berselli has less talents and fewer acquirements, we condemn him to be imprisoned for four months; 3rd, that Campana has still less talent and fewer acquirements, we condemn him to be imprisoned for two months."

ASYLUM FOR MEN OF LEARNING.—M. Verdee, a wealthy landed proprietor, who has lately died at Paris at the age of eighty-nine, has left, by will, the sum of 1,500,000*frs.* for founding an asylum for aged persons in reduced circumstances, especially for professional men, such as physicians, lawyers, professors, literary persons, and *savans*.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—Government has granted £2400 for the purchase of a collection of English portraits, and a selection of etchings by Rembrandt.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE RISE AND FALL OF MASANIELLO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIRESS OF BUDOWA."

THE page of history has been marked with few more extraordinary events than the rise and fall of Masaniello. There is no story upon record of despotic power so suddenly acquired—so well employed—so quickly lost. It was within the short space of six days that the bare-footed fisherman of Amalfi raised and organized an army of 50,000 men, subjugated to his absolute sway a powerful and flourishing city, triumphed over the deputed authority of Spain, and trampled under foot the honors and privileges of the proudest and most ancient among the Italian nobility. The wonders wrought by his rude arm and uncultivated genius were never equalled by the practised skill and experienced heroism of the greatest men in ancient or modern times. Perhaps in the very ignorance of difficulty lay a part of his strength, as those who wander recklessly during sleep or intoxication pass unscathed through dangers that must needs be fatal to a fully conscious agent. But the use made of his strangely-acquired power cannot in any degree be thus accounted for. The justice, the wisdom, the sound policy, and the noble disinterestedness unvaryingly displayed throughout his brief but brilliant career, will bear evidence to the latest posterity that its disastrous close was owing to the treachery of the Spaniard, not to the weakness of the Neapolitan. The admirable harmony existing amongst Masaniello's mental and moral qualifications for government, fairly lead to the conclusion that his character was far too powerfully constituted to be moved to giddiness by the most unaccustomed heights. The mystery of his sad fate must, however, always remain shrouded in darkness: any decision that can now be formed respecting it must depend more upon the metaphysical analysis of the inquirer than on the certain testimony of facts. To many it is more difficult to believe in the strange, slow-working efficacy of a now-forgotten drug than that the powerful mind of Masaniello was upset by its own inner workings alone. To such the popular belief is entirely satisfactory; they easily find in the excitement of a vain, self-satisfied, quickly-intoxicated brain the

real solution of the hero's mysterious madness. Respecting the other facts of his extraordinary career, there exists no manner of doubt: these are well attested by historians worthy of credit, and these alone are here presented to the reader.

In a corner of the great market-place of Naples rose the humble dwelling of Thomas Anello, of Amalfi; he was by trade one of those whom the Neapolitans call Pescivendoli. He got his living by angling for small fish with a cane, hook, and line. Sometimes he bought fish and retailed them to his neighbors; his was a life of industry and hard labor, and so it continued until he attained the age of twenty-four. Some prophetic instincts of future greatness, however, had gleamed through the darkness of a lot of drudgery and privation, or more probably the prophecy of the future was involved in the workings of his own mind, its peculiar form alone being received from the external circumstances most calculated to impress it. By a strange coincidence the arms and the name of Charles V. were placed in very ancient carving under one of the windows of the fisherman's humble home. This great monarch's memory was dear to the people of Naples, as they were indebted to him for the grant of a very important charter of privileges; and Thomas Anello was heard at times to boast, half in jest half in earnest, that he was the person destined to restore the city to the liberty and exemptions accorded them by the Emperor of Austria. Many years had now elapsed since the kingdom of Naples, having undergone sundry changes and revolutions, submitted itself voluntarily to the power of Austria. Its attachment to that imperial house had been proved by liberal contributions to its treasury. Large donations were freely offered to the kings Philip II., III., and IV. of Spain;\* and the sovereigns of the house of Austria professed themselves fully sensible of a loyalty and affection so satisfactorily proved. The people, however, suf-

\* Charles V. was Emperor of Austria in right of his father Philip; King of Spain, in right of his mother Joanna, the heiress of Ferdinand and Isabella.



ferred severely from their governors' acts of generosity. They were oppressed with heavy exactions; the provisions necessary for the support of life grew dear, and were placed almost beyond the reach of the poor. Even the indolent patience of a sunny clime and cloudless skies began to fail; popular discontents arose, gathered strength, and were at length openly expressed. The populace were already ripe for an outbreak, when, in an evil hour for Spain, a new donative was offered to the acceptance of its king, Philip IV. It was eagerly accepted; but all commodities being already taxed, it was difficult to contrive a method to raise the money. The expedient hit upon was eminently unfortunate. It was decided to lay a gabel (or tax) on every sort of fruit, dry as well as green; grapes, figs, mulberries, apples, pears, and plums were all included, thus depriving the lowest class of people of their usual nourishment and support, and reducing them to the extreme of misery and distress. This gabel was collected with severity for seven months; many poor wretches were obliged to sell all their household stuff, even the beds they lay upon; and at last, driven to despair, they resolved to resist exactions impossible to satisfy.

The Duke of Arcos, a grandee of the first order, was the viceroy of Naples under the king of Spain. He was a man of mild and yielding temper, personally brave, but utterly incapable of acting with energy or promptitude either for good or evil. The thin "blue blood" of a Spanish grandee, filtered in its long descent through hundreds of noble ancestors, could ill support the test of collision with the fresh and healthy current that flowed in the veins of the low-born and free-hearted Masaniello. The fisherman of Amalfi is described as "a man of middle stature, with sharp and piercing black eyes, his body rather lean than fat, his hair cropped short; he wore a mariner's cap upon his head, long linen slops or drawers, a blue waistcoat, his feet were always bare. Daring and enterprise were expressed in his strongly marked countenance, his address was bold and confident, his disposition pleasant and humorous." It is, however, probable that this description was drawn from memory, after Masaniello had become world-famous. Other accounts represent him as looked down upon by his associates for inferiority of intellect. To few is the insight granted

to see the hero until the outward semblance is put on.

Masaniello's affections were as warm as his temper was impetuous. An insult offered to his wife first roused the sleeping lion in his breast, and gave consistency and determination to his projects of resistance to the government. She had been met in the streets by the officers of the customs, with a small quantity of contraband flour concealed in her apron, and though the fiery Masaniello stooped to the most humble entreaties and even to tears, she was dragged to prison before his eyes, and confined there until he had sold everything he possessed to pay the fine set on her offence. But not again was he to experience the agony of helplessness; it was for the last time he had implored in vain. He had no sooner replaced his wife in their now desolate home, than he set about the execution of projects of vengeance to be speedily realized; the insult offered to the fisherman's wife was washed out in the noblest blood of Naples.

His first undertaking was only partially successful; the riot he had excited was soon quelled, and the disappointed fisherman returned home, less hopeful but not less determined. As he approached his stall in the market-place, it so happened that a number of boys were at that moment collected about it;—such was the scene and such the instruments that served as foundations to his future power;—an empty fish stall and a few of the boy-rabble of an enslaved and impoverished city.

Worked upon by the rude eloquence of Masaniello, the boys, who listened to his impassioned appeals, consented readily to obey his directions. Traversing hourly every street of the city, they repeated loudly and incessantly the lesson he had taught them, "look ye here, how we are ridden, gabel upon gabel! thirty-six ounces the loaf of bread, twenty-two the pound of cheese, two granas the pint of wine! Are these things to be endured? Let God live! let the Lady of Carmine live! let the pope live! long live the king of Spain, but let our cursed government die!" The tumult caused by the incessant repetitions of Masaniello's lesson set the whole city in an uproar; the noise the boys made produced different impressions; "some fell a laughing at the oddness of the thing, others began to be in pain for the consequences." They little knew the powerful hand that

was on the watch to direct them aright, and out of the tumult to bring forth peace. On that very day Masaniello enlisted the boys who offered to follow him to the number of five hundred; their ages were about sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen, "all choice, sturdy lads."

Sunday, the next day, the country fruit-ers assembled just as usual to sell, and the officers to collect the tax, but all these preparations were in vain; the shopkeepers positively refused to buy unless the promise that had quieted them the day before were fulfilled, and the gabel removed. The countrymen, finding they were to have no market for their goods, were full of rage and disappointment; Masaniello was at hand to seize the opportunity, and heading his troop of boys, he ran into the midst of the tumult, exclaiming loudly, "Without gabel! without gabel!" The people soon collected in great numbers; they marched in triumph through the streets, crying loudly, "Long live the king of Spain, but let the cursed government die." It was then that, standing upon the highest table among the fruit-stalls, Masaniello addressed to them the following speech, given at full length, that the reader may judge of the nature of that eloquence which for a few short days swayed every heart, and ruled every hand, within the reach of its influence:—

"Again, my dear companions and countrymen, give God thanks, and the most gracious Virgin of Carmine, that the hour of our redemption and the time of our deliverance draweth near: this poor fisherman, barefooted as he is, shall, as another Moses, who delivered the Israelites from the cruel rod of Pharaoh the Egyptian king, free you from all gabels and impositions that ever were laid upon you. It was a fisherman, I mean St. Peter, who reduced the city of Rome from the slavery of the devil to the liberty of Christ, and the whole world followed that deliverance and obtained their freedom from the same bondage. Now another fisherman, one Masaniello (I am the man), shall release the city of Naples, and with it a whole kingdom from the cruel yoke of tolls and gabels. To bring this glorious end about, for myself, I don't value if I am torn to pieces and dragged up and down the city of Naples, through all the kennels and gutters that belong to it. Let all the blood in my body flow cheerfully out of these veins; let this head fall from these shoulders by the fatal steel, and be perched up over this market-place on a pole to be gazed at, yet I shall die contented and glorious. It will be triumph and honor sufficient for me to think that my blood and my life were sacrificed in so worthy a cause, and that I became the savior of my country."

The breathless silence maintained

through this long harangue—an excited mob of fiery southern temperament being the listeners, is alone a sufficient test of its eloquence. Universal applause succeeded, and the people declared themselves ready to follow wherever Masaniello chose to lead.

The toll-houses, where the account-books of the gabel were laid up, were the first objects of their fury. They were ransacked of their contents, and most of them burnt to the ground. The spreading flames alarmed the whole city, and many of the peaceably inclined joined the rioters, as the best means of preserving their property uninjured. Towards the afternoon the following of Masaniello had increased to the number of 10,000, and they now demanded with loud cries to be led to the Viceroy's palace. Personally fearless, the Duke of Arcos made no attempt to escape, but appeared at a balcony and endeavored to soothe the rioters into submission. The offers he made of partially repealing the taxes were, however, scornfully rejected; the mob forced their way into the palace, and irritated by the opposition of the guards would certainly have torn the duke to pieces, had he not been conveyed away by a stratagem of the Duke di Castel de Sangro.

Darkness brought no calm to Naples, nor cessation to the exertions of the people: all the night through they were engaged in collecting arms and ammunition, and making hostile preparations for the following day. Three times the loud peal of the great bell belonging to the church of the Lady of the Carmine was heard in the remotest quarters of the city, summoning their inhabitants to arm for the cause of freedom.

Before it was clear day Masaniello appeared in the great market-place, and dividing the people, who were there met together, into regiments and companies, he distributed among them whatever arms they had been able to collect. With singular dexterity he had already acquired complete authority, and his rude oratory kindled the passions, and swayed the wills of his followers so effectually that "they needed but a motion of his hand," says the historian, "to cut the throats of all the nobility, and set every house in the city on fire." Nothing now was to be heard in the streets but the noise of drums and trumpets, and the clashing of armor. Banners waved aloft, each man ranging himself under his appointed colors; that which was yesterday

but a rabble-roust, is to day a formidable and well-ordered army. The soldiers marched along, bearing lances and targets, with swords drawn, musquets and arquebuses cocked. The country-people had by this time thronged into the city in great multitudes; armed with plough-shares, pitch-forks, spades, and spikes, they joined themselves to the more regular troops, their wild cries and furious gestures inspiring universal terror. The insurgents were accompanied by numbers of women, who carried fire shovels, iron-tongs, and any other household instrument they could convert to purposes of destruction. They exclaimed loudly as they marched along, that "they would burn the city, and themselves and children along with it, rather than bring up their children to be slaves and pack-horses to a proud and haughty nobility." And truly it was now the turn of this proud and haughty nobility to obey and to tremble. Those who had not made their escape in time knew that they were entirely at the mercy of the infuriated populace. No man was safe either in life or property. All business and public offices were at a stand. Studies were neglected, books abandoned; the bar was solitary, the law ceased; advocates were dumb. The judges were fled, and the courts of justice were shut up.

In the meantime the viceroy had taken refuge in the stronghold of Castelnovo. He summoned a council of the nobility who hastily gathered round him, and consulted with them as to the best measures to be pursued. The nobles of Naples, as well as the merchants had advanced large sums to the government on the gabel, and they strongly dissuaded the viceroy from concessions necessarily prejudicial to their interests. Their opinion was in favor of a sally from Castelnovo. The Duke of Arcos, however, gentle in disposition and unwarlike in habits, was averse to any violent measure; he decided against the proposal of the nobles and sent a conciliatory embassy to Masaniello.

Many of the nobles were joined with the Duke of Mataloni, a nobleman in high favor with the people, in this embassy, and forcing their way in amongst the insurgents, they loudly announced to them in the name of the viceroy that all gabels should be abolished by public authority; they intreated them, therefore, to lay down their arms. But Masaniello quickly arrested their progress. He who was yesterday

the barefooted fisherman of Amalfi now exercised despotic authority over the hearts and hands of thousands, and he confronted the haughty nobility with a pride equal to their own. Mounted on a noble and richly caparisoned charger, he headed his followers, sword in hand, and refused to allow any answer to be given to the embassy until credentials from the viceroy were produced. Astonished at his daring, the Duke de Mataloni and his companions had great difficulty in dissembling their indignation; nevertheless, they replied courteously that "if he would condescend to hear their proposal, he might then judge of them as he in his great wisdom should think fit; and if they should be so fortunate as to come to any terms of agreement, they agreed to see the conditions executed at the hazard of their own lives."

The general and his followers proceeded to detail at full length the redress they claimed for their grievances. Their statement is so just in matter, and so moderate in tone, that it well deserves a quotation at full length. The sound reasoning and strong sense of justice manifested throughout the proceedings of a Neapolitan mob of the seventeenth century, affords a striking precedent for a later period.

"They desired no more," they said "than that the privileges granted to the city of Naples by King Ferdinand should be made good. They were afterwards confirmed by Charles V., of glorious memory, who by oath had promised to this faithful city that no new taxes should be laid on the people of Naples by himself or his successors without the consent of the Apostolic See. If they were imposed with that authority they were to be obeyed; otherwise the city and the people had the liberty to refuse the payment. They might, if they pleased, rise one and all with sword in hand, in defence of their charter, without the imputation of rebellion or irreverence to the prince who governed them. Now, since all taxes, very few, and they of small consequence, excepted, have been imposed without the consent of his Reverence, it was but just that they should be immediately taken off, being in themselves void and of no effect; they further claimed to have the original of said charter, preserved in the archives of St. Lawrence's Church, delivered into their hands." The noblemen listened with patience, and took their leave with courtesy, promising as they departed to use their best endeavors with the Viceroy.

When they returned to Castelnovo, the Duke of Arcos called another council to advise with them as to the possibility of acceding to the demands of Masaniello. This delay added fuel to the violence of the insurgents; fire and sword raged unopposedly everywhere, and the most splendid palaces of Naples were burnt to the ground.

The people, when they appointed Masaniello their general, gave him for privy councillor a priest of the name of Julio Genovino. He was beloved and much depended upon by the people for his singular ability, prudence, and experience. These qualities were, however, stained by cruelty and craft, and it is to him and to the bandit Perrone that the murders and burnings that now devastated the city are justly to be attributed. These two councillors were given to attend upon Masaniello under the pretence of being a curb to his fury, instead of which it was all in vain he attempted to exercise a restraint upon theirs. Blazing faggots were seen in every quarter preparing for the execution of their sentences, and it was happy for the inmates when they escaped with life.

In the midst of all these disorders, however, the most exact rules of justice and moral honesty was strictly observed. "All was done for the public good, and no private interest was to be considered." One man was instantly struck down dead for pilfering a small towel, and many who had fallen victims to the temptations of seeing so much splendid property and coin pass through their hands into the fire, were hung up in the market-place by the order of Masaniello. In the flames that glowed and spread beneath his eyes, the viceroy read the absolute necessity of acquiescence. He consented to all and every demand, and it was arranged the articles of capitulation should be read aloud next morning in the great market-place.

Hope dawned on the city with the morning's sun. The better disposed among the people sighed for peace, and desired earnestly the termination of the disturbances, only to be tolerated, they thought, as a necessary means to the attainment of their rights. Even the rabble themselves, dazzled by the prospect of the immunities and privileges they were on the point of enjoying, laid aside their fury, and wished and hoped for a return of tranquillity. But the fair prospects of the eager crowds gathered in the market-place were all blasted by a fatal and unexpected incident. While the

dense multitude, wedged close together, awaited in triumphant confidence the arrival of the archbishop, the life of their leader, Masaniello, was attempted. Five musket shots were fired at him by a party of banditti who had forced their way among the crowd. A bullet or two came so near as to singe his clothing, but the precious life remained untouched. The people shouted loudly that this was a manifest sign of the favor of Providence; that a miraculous interposition had preserved their deliverer. Gratitude to heaven was rapidly succeeded by revenge upon men; thirty of the bandits were killed on the spot, and though the rest took refuge in the church of Carmine, the sanctity of the place could not preserve them from the rage of the populace. The whole pavement was soon covered with slaughtered bodies, and the anguished cries of the wounded for confessors were drowned in the triumphant shouts of the avengers. One of the dying men acknowledged that the five hundred bandits had been sent by the Duke of Mataloni and Don Pepe Caraffa, his brother, to revenge, by the death of Masaniello, the insults he had received from the rabble. Domenico Perrone, the coadjutor of Masaniello, had been, he added, another prime mover in the plot; the rage of the people revenged this treachery by instant death.

Masaniello now despatched troops in every direction in search of the Duke of Mataloni and Don Pepe Caraffa. By speed and cunning the duke escaped, but Caraffa was dragged from under a bed in the convent where he had taken refuge, and his head cut off with a chopping-knife by Michael de Sanctis, who owed his expertness to his parentage. The powerful noble, at whose name the whole kingdom of Naples had been used to tremble, met with his ignominious end by the hand of a butcher's son. Masaniello now directed his rage against the viceroy.

But his positive denial of any share in the attempts on Masaniello's life, and his zeal for the punishment of the surviving assassins, soothed the angry passions of the people, and inclined them to listen to proposals of peace. He had taken underhand precautions which were still more effectual. He had won over the priest Julio Genovino by bribes and promises, and the ambitious colleague of Masaniello found little difficulty in beguiling the honest and open hearted fisherman to a compliance with the measures best suited to forward Genovino's views.

The treaty of accommodation was at last perfected and drawn up by Genovino, read and approved by Masaniello, then finally signed by the viceroy. The substance of the articles was this:—"That the people should from that time forward enjoy all the benefits, privileges, and immunities granted them by the charter of Charles V.; that all excesses committed from the 7th of July, the day on which the insurrection began, until the signature of the treaty, should be pardoned by a general amnesty; that the elect and all the other officers of the people should be chosen every six months by the commons, without need of any further confirmation; and in case they should not obtain such confirmation, they might with impunity rise in arms, and strive to redress themselves, without being deemed guilty of rebellion."

The next step towards a general pacification was the visit of Masaniello to the viceroy, a visit he most reluctantly consented to pay, and was only at last prevailed upon by the solicitations of the archbishop of Naples, Cardinal Filomarino. He also succeeded in persuading him to lay aside for the first time, the "tattered fisherman's dress," in which he had conquered and ruled with authority as despotic as ever belonged to the purple and ermine of hereditary sovereignty.

Masaniello, however, now appeared in magnificent vestments, corresponding to the high station he held. A lofty plume of feathers waved over his burnished helmet, his well-tried sword was drawn; in splendid and martial array he rode before the archbishop's coach, his whole route appearing one long triumphal procession. The citizens strewed the way before him with palm and olive branches; whilst from balconies hung with the richest silks and tapestries, the brightest eyes of Naples cast eager glances of curiosity and admiration upon the hero as he passed. Garlands of flowers were showered upon him from every side; the air was filled with sounds of exquisite music, and with this mingled in rapturous acclamation the praises and the blessings of the thronging crowd, who greeted him with the glorious title of "Savior of his country."

When Masaniello arrived at Castelnovo, he addressed the people in words that long lived in their memories. He commenced with calling upon them all to thank God "and the most gracious Lady of Carmine for the recovery of their liberty." He then,

in glowing terms, described the advantages procured to them by the articles just ratified, holding out the charter of Charles V. as a substantial proof of the reality of the occurrences of the last few days, "which otherwise," he said, "might well appear to them nothing more than a splendid dream." He continued by reminding them of the disinterestedness of his services to his country, calling the archbishop to witness that he had refused large bribes which had been offered him in the very first day of the Revolution, if he would only calm the people, and induce them to give up their just claims. "Nor even at this time," he continued, "should I have thrown off my tattered weeds, to assume the gaudy magnificence had not his Eminence, for decency's sake, and under pain of excommunication, obliged me to it. No, no, I am still Masaniello the fisherman, such was I born, such have I lived, and such I intend to live and die. And after having fished for and caught the public liberty, in that tempestuous sea wherein it had been immersed so long, I'll return to my former condition, reserving nothing for myself, but my hook and line, with which to provide daily for the necessary support of the remainder of my life. The only favor I desire of you, in token of the acknowledgment for all my labors is, that when I am dead, you will each of you say an Ave Maria for me. Do you promise me this?" The people's shout rose high into the air, "Yes," was exclaimed by thousands, "but let it be a hundred years hence." Again the rich clear voice of Masaniello fell on the ears of the assembled multitude, and again their silence became still as the grave: "My friends, I thank you," he said, "and as a further testimony of my love to you, and my adherence to your interests, I will give you two words of advice, the first is not to lay down your arms till the confirmation of your privileges arrives from Spain, the second, that you should ever mistrust the nobility, who are our sworn and professed enemies. Take care of them and be upon your guard." There was much in the foregoing address that partook of the nature of a farewell; Masaniello's exceeding reluctance to consent to this visit to Castelnovo may have arisen from a presentiment of the fate awaiting him there, but the frank and honest son of the people could never have conceived the depth of treachery meditated against him by aristocratic cowardice. If any dark

shadow of coming events passed over his mind, it never assumed the form or likeness of the truth, he thought he provided for the "wild justice of revenge," by commanding that if he did not return before the next morning the palace should be set on fire. Loud cries of "We will do it," assured him of vengeance at least, it not of safety.

The viceroy stood at the head of the great staircase to receive Masaniello, who threw himself at the duke's feet, and having kissed them he thanked his excellency in the name of the people for his gracious acceptance of the treaty. He then added that he had come to present himself to receive any punishment he thought fit to inflict. But the viceroy raising and embracing him, assured him that he was so far from looking upon him as a criminal that he would daily give him substantial proofs of his favor and esteem. He then led him into a private apartment, where, in company with the archbishop they consulted together on the best measures to be adopted for carrying the articles into effect. In the meantime the concourse of people in the palace-yard were seized with apprehension on account of Masaniello's long absence, and became so clamorous for his appearance, that the viceroy was obliged to break up the council, and to lead him to a balcony where they stood together, while Masaniello assured the people that he was safe and under no restraint. The crowd below replied by loud shouts of "Long live the King of Spain, long live the Duke of Arcos."

Masaniello's eye flashed with the pride of power: "Your excellency shall now see how obedient the Neapolitan can be," said he, as he put his finger to his mouth, and at the signal, a profound silence instantly fell on the shouting crowd below; even the breathing of that dense mass seemed suspended, so hushed, so deep, so solemn was the stillness impressed on that vast multitude by the silent signal of one strong-willed man. In a few moments more, Masaniello raised his powerful voice, and commanded that every soul should retire; the court yard cleared so suddenly, that contemporary writers say the viceroy looked upon it as a kind of miracle. But if the viceroy had before hesitated, this rash display of Masaniello's power sealed his fate. Amongst the hospitalities lavishly proffered, the finest wines of Naples held of course a place, and while Masaniello quaffed the

deep red juices, a fatal drug of fiery efficacy, but slow operation, insinuated itself through his veins, and laid the foundation of his ruin.

When the fisherman departed, the viceroy loaded him with compliments and commendations, assuring him he so highly approved of his conduct hitherto, "that he would for the future leave the administration of affairs entirely to his care and wisdom;" and Masaniello accepted these words so literally, that from that moment to the last of his life, he acted, and in all respects governed, as if he had been king of Naples. As a final farewell, the viceroy hung round his neck a splendid gold chain; this he several times refused, and only at last accepted at the earnest solicitation of the archbishop. He also created him Duke of St. George, a title the high-spirited son of the people never deigned to assume. The numerous orders he afterwards issued for the promotion of the peace and welfare of the city were signed by the name under which he had triumphed, Thomas Anello d'Amalfi. The day following was appointed for the solemn ceremony of finally ratifying the articles in the cathedral church of Naples. Masaniello spent all the morning in hearing causes, redressing grievances, and making regulations relating both to civil and military affairs. He displayed throughout the same clear head and sound judgment as usual. It was only in the harangue closing the final ceremony at the cathedral, that his fine mind began to give evidence of deranged powers. Even in the hour that set the seal to his glorious triumph, the treacherous vengeance of his enemies began to take effect.

The vice-roy, the council of state and war, the royal chamber of Santa Chiara, the tribunals of the chancery, and all the civil and criminal judges of the great court of the Vicaria, were assembled in the cathedral when Masaniello arrived; they swore upon the Holy Evangelists "to observe inviolably for ever" the articles before agreed to, and to procure without delay their ratification from the King of Spain. A *Te Deum* followed, and then Masaniello rose to address a respectful and admiring audience.

His natural eloquence had not yet forsaken him; his speech to the noble and dignified assembly within the cathedral, and the thronging multitude without, contained many passages deserving of high admiration, but so mixed up with extrava-

gant boasts and wildly improbable assertions, that the listeners stared at each other in mute amazement. Some amongst them imagined that his sudden elevation had intoxicated his brain; others, that with overweening pride and haughtiness he desired to show his contempt for the august assemblage of lay and ecclesiastical dignity to whom his incoherent speech was addressed. Those few only who were in the fatal secret prudently avoided noticing a result they knew to be the triumph of their own treachery.

Masaniello having finished his harangue, began to tear in pieces the splendid dress he wore, calling with an air of command upon the archbishop and the viceroy to help him off with it. He had only put it on, he said, "for the honor of the ceremony; it was become useless since that was ended; and having done all that he had to do, he would now return to his hook and line." The soothing persuasions of the good archbishop at length succeeded in prevailing on him not to lay aside his robes of state until the procession homeward was concluded, and the viceroy and the rest of the nobles having taken leave of him with all due respect and courtesy, he returned to his humble dwelling in the market-place.

The next day that lowly abode was besieged by a crowd of the most distinguished nobles and ecclesiastics, also the ministers of state, all eager to pay their compliments to Masaniello, and congratulate him on his wonderful successes. But alas! the dignity and elevation, the calm of conscious superiority, before ensuring his self-possession under every variety of circumstance, had now completely abandoned him. The strangest, wildest expressions escaped him; the most extravagant acts tested his no longer revered, but still strictly obeyed authority; none dared to oppose his will or contradict his assertions, but suspicions gradually strengthened into certainty, that his once powerful intellect was by some means or other completely overthrown. Various suppositions were put forward to account for the sudden madness of Masaniello. Some asserted that the height of absolute power attained to almost in an instant, had made his head giddy and turned his brain; others accounted for it by the great and continual fatigues he had undergone, scarcely allowing himself the necessary refreshments of food and sleep; but the opinion, since more openly expressed, was universally whispered then, that the viceroy's

draught had heated his blood to madness, and would gradually produce hopeless insanity.

The day after the ceremony in the cathedral Masaniello's derangement was still more openly manifested. He rode full speed through the streets of Naples, abusing, menacing, and even killing several of the people who had not time to get out of his way; he also caused several officers to be instantly put to death for the most trivial offences. About three in the afternoon he went to the palace, with ragged clothing, only one stocking, and without either hat or sword; and in this condition, forcing his way into the viceroy's presence, he told him he was "almost starved to death, and he would fain eat something." The viceroy instantly commanded food to be set before him; but Masaniello exclaimed that he had not come there to eat, but to request his excellency would accompany him to Posilippo, to partake of a collation with him there; then giving a call, several sailors entered loaded with all sorts of fruits and delicacies. The viceroy hurriedly excused himself on account of a pain in his head, which he said had that moment seized him; but he ordered his own gondola to be prepared for the voyage, saw Masaniello on board, and took leave of him with seeming friendliness, but real hate and dread. He had, however, no cause for alarm. Until they confront each other before the judgment-seat, the betrayer and the betrayed were never to meet again.

The gondola that conveyed Masaniello in viceregal state to Posilippo, was accompanied by forty feluccas, filled with attendants on his pleasures; some danced, others played and sang, others dived repeatedly to pick up the pieces of gold he threw into the sea. During this voyage he is said to have drunk twelve bottles of lachrymæ Christi, and this so heightened the efficacy of the viceroy's fatal drug, that from that moment he never knew another interval of reason.

No sooner had the next day dawned than he recommenced his frantic rides through the city. He now held a drawn sword in his hand, and with it he struck and maimed every one who ventured within his reach. At times he loudly threatened that he would take off the viceroy's head; and issued the most extravagant orders to his followers. Don Ferrant and Don Carlos Caracciolo, two illustrious brothers, were passing in their carriages through the street where

Masaniello was on horseback, because they did not get out to salute him, he issued an order "under pain of death and firing," that they should come to kiss his feet publicly in the market-place. Instead of obeying this insolent summons, the fiery nobles hastened to the viceroy's palace and inveighed against the intolerable indignity of "A wretch sprung from the very dregs of the rabble, thus trampling under his feet the dignity of the proudest Neapolitan nobles." Even while they yet spoke Genovino and Arpaja entered with heavy complaints against Masaniello, who had, that very morning caned one of them, and given a slap on the face to the other. They asserted that many of the chief citizens were so terrified at the extravagances of Masaniello, that if the viceroy would only confirm the privileges he had obtained for them, they desired nothing better than to return to their allegiance to his excellency, and to take away the office of captain-general of the people from Masaniello. The Duke of Arcos was overjoyed to find his treachery so far successful that the people were brought into the very disposition he could wish, as it appeared, too, by Masaniello's own act; he immediately published a new ban re-confirming the capitulation; and Masaniello was, in a public meeting of the citizens, deposed from all his offices and condemned to be confined in a stronghold for the rest of his days. Notwithstanding the many outrages he had committed, no one could find it in their hearts to consent to the death of one who had restored liberty to his country. But the viceroy could not feel himself in safety while breath remained in the wretched body which he had deprived of mind. He therefore eagerly accepted the proposal of Michael Angelo Ardiczone, who offered to make away with him at the hazard of his own life. He promised him lavish rewards and unbounded favor, and urged him to immediate action.

The last scene of the fisherman's strange career now approaches. It was the festival of our Lady of Carmine, and the church of that name was filled with an infinite number of persons waiting for the arrival of the archbishop to begin the singing of the mass. The moment he appeared Masaniello rushed forward and made a passionate address to him of mingled complaint and resignation, concluding with a request that he would send a letter for him to the viceroy. Soothing the poor lunatic with his accustomed gentleness, the archbishop instantly sent

one of his attendants to the palace with the letter, then going up to the grand altar he attempted to begin the service, but Masaniello interrupted him again, and going himself into the pulpit, he held out a crucifix in his hand, and addressing himself to the people earnestly besought them not to forsake him. For sometime he spoke with all his former eloquence; with pathos and earnestness he reminded them of the toils and dangers he had undergone for their sakes, the great deliverance and the invaluable benefits he had procured for them, which they had just seen confirmed in the very church where he, their deliverer, now appealed to them for succor.

As his discourse became more vehement, the lucid interval quickly terminated; the excitement he labored under brought on one of his raving fits, and he began to condemn himself for the badness of his past life, and exhorted every one present to "make the like confession to their ghostly father, that so God's anger might be appeased." He then ran on into many ridiculous and extravagant expressions, some of which even savored of heresy! Upon this the archbishop thought it time to interfere, and commanded his assistants to force him out of the pulpit, and to consign him to the care of the monks in the adjoining convent. He had not been long in this asylum when the assassins employed by the viceroy found an entrance, inquiring loudly for Masaniello. As soon as the victim heard his name pronounced, he hastened to meet his murderers, exclaiming, "Is it me you look for, my people? Behold, I am here." The only answer he received was four musket shots, fired upon him at the same time. He instantly fell dead, only uttering the words "Ungrateful traitors!" as he breathed his last. Salvator Cataneo, one of the four assassins, cut off his head and fixed it on a spear. Thus it was carried through the streets of Naples, the murderers crying out loudly as they went along, "Masaniello is dead! Masaniello is dead! Let the King of Spain live, and let nobody presume hereafter to name Masaniello." The cowardly rabble, who were at that very moment collected in the church and market-place to the number of eight or ten thousand, made no attempt to avenge the death of their benefactor; nor was any opposition offered or murmur uttered when his head, after being carried in procession through the city, was thrown into a ditch called the Corn Ditch. His



body also, after being dragged through all the kennels of Naples, was thrown into another town ditch, lying without Porta Nolana.

In the meantime, the nobility were hurrying in crowds to congratulate the viceroy on the death of their mutual enemy. Their extravagant demonstrations of joy at being rid of Masaniello evidenced how much they dreaded his power. The Duke of Arcos manifested his pious sense of the great deliverance by going in procession with the chief officers and magistrates of the kingdom to the church of Carmine, to return God thanks for the cowardly act of hired murderers. The head and blood of San Gennaro were both exposed to view, to grace the joyful solemnity. At the same time, the confirmation of the articles sworn to the Saturday before, was proclaimed by sound of trumpet in the market-place, amid the loud acclamations of the credulous populace. They soon, however, learned, by the publication of the printed treaty, how futile was their confidence in the justice to be rendered them when their protector was withdrawn. By the aid of Julio Genovino's treachery, a salvo had been inserted into the 14th article, of a tenor to make all the rest null and void, and the Neapolitans, reduced to the same state of oppression as before, were compelled to begin over again the desperate struggle against Spanish tyranny.

In the meantime, one of those quick transitions common in all popular demonstrations, had taken place among the volatile Neapolitans. The day following his death, the head and body of Masaniello were looked out and joined together by a few amongst his more adventurous and devoted followers, and an exhibition of them in the church of Carmine excited violent feelings of sorrow and repentance. The corpse was carried through the most public streets of the city, with all the solemnities commonly used at the funeral of a martial commander. It was preceded by five hundred monks, and followed by forty thousand men-in-arms, and almost as many women, with beads in their hands. As the procession passed the palace of the viceroy, he readily conformed to the times, and sent eight pages with torches in their hands to accompany the corpse; the Spaniards on guard were also ordered to lower their ensigns, and to salute it as it was carried by. At last it was brought back to the cathedral church, and there buried, while all the

bells of Naples rung a mournful peal, and passionate lamentations were uttered by the surrounding multitude. An old writer quaintly observes, that, "by an unequalled popular inconstancy, Masaniello, in less than three days was obeyed like a monarch, murdered like a villain, and revered like a saint."

Thus ended the unexampled career of Masaniello of Amalfi. Neither ancient nor modern history can furnish any parallel to the brief brilliance of his sudden success. "Trampling barefoot on a throne, and wearing a mariner's cap instead of a diadem, in the space of four days he raised an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, and made himself master of one of the most populous cities in the world; of Naples, the metropolis of so many fair provinces, the mother and the nurse of so many illustrious princes and renowned heroes. His orders were without reply, his decrees without appeal, and the destiny of all Naples might be said to depend upon a single motion of his hand." The qualifications that raised Masaniello to such a height of power, are variously stated by various authors, according to their nation and their prejudices, but the actions he performed are incontrovertible proofs of eminent abilities. Cardinal Filomarino was probably the person amongst his contemporaries best qualified to judge of Masaniello's mental capacity; he professed himself often astonished at the solidity of the fisherman's judgment, and the subtlety of his contrivances. One fact alone, his dictating to seven secretaries at the same time, gives evidence of rare command of intellect in a statesman of six days' experience.

In summing up a character, ever destined to remain in some degree a mystery to posterity, a high place should be allotted to the moral qualities displayed by Masaniello under circumstances of strong excitement and extraordinary temptation. So strict was his justice, that amongst the numerous deaths inflicted by his orders, not one suffered who did not deserve it; so noble his disinterestedness, that in the midst of glittering piles of wealth, he remained as poor as in his original condition.

From the harmony existing between his mental and moral qualities, it may be fairly inferred that a character of otherwise apparent completeness, could not have been deficient in the strength requisite to support the elevation attained by its own un-

aided efforts. The metaphysical student of human nature will find it far easier to believe in a physical cause for Masaniello's sudden derangement. There are some discrepancies, some inconsistencies, not possible even to our fallen humanity.

---

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

## EDUCATION OF IDIOTS—THE BICETRE ASYLUM.

1. *The Construction and Government of Lunatic Asylums and Hospitals for the Insane.* By John Conolly, M.D., F.R.C.P.L., and Physician to the Middlesex Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell. With Plans. London: John Churchill, Princes Street, Soho. 1847.
2. *A Letter to Robert Greene Bradley, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Visiting Justices to the Lancaster Lunatic Asylum, on the Condition of the Insane Poor in the County of Lancaster, not resident in Asylums.* By Samuel Gaskell, F.R.C.S., Lancaster: printed by W. Newton, Cheapside. 1847.

Our object is to call attention to the recent movement in favor of that large and unfortunate class of human beings, known as imbeciles and idiots; and to diffuse a knowledge of the measures successfully practised on the Continent, for the improvement of their condition. We need not stop to inquire whether this movement originated in England or in France: it is sufficient for our purpose to know that it has been practically and most satisfactorily demonstrated, that no member of the great human family, however low in the scale of intelligence he may be placed by reason of deficient mental organization, is any longer to be considered incapable of improvement, either mentally or morally.

It is a melancholy fact, that in most civilized lands idiots have been too long looked upon as "beings devoid of understanding and heart," and as such "shunned with loathing and aversion—shut out from all social relations—regarded as mere animals denied the holy fire of intelligence, and exposed to physical treatment worse than the lowest of the brute creation;" but in other regions, in those for example, where the precepts of Mahomet are received as the rule of faith, "those on whom nature has forgot to smile," are treated with a much greater degree of kindness than in many whose inhabitants "profess and call themselves Christians." It must however be observed, that popular sympathy is enlisted in their favor in districts where the number of idiots is largest in proportion to that of the general population; and, as in Scotland and Ireland, so among the peasantry of some parts of the Continent, the fact of

a person being an *innocent* almost certainly insures for him the kind treatment of his neighbors.

In England, upon nearly every other mental or bodily ill has due attention been bestowed. The deaf, the dumb, the blind, have their appropriate institutions and asylums, where they are successfully treated according to their several necessities, and are thus enabled to assume a certain position in society. But with the more unfortunate members of the human family, whose cause we are now advocating, the case is very different. With the single exception, we believe, of an establishment at Bath, opened during the past year, by a few charitable ladies, the idiotic and imbecile portion of the community have hitherto had no asylum devoted to their reception and education; and the utmost that appears to have been done by way of ameliorating their circumstances, to adopt the words of Dr. Conolly in reference to incurable insane patients, is, that since "they are reduced to the condition of children, they are now treated as children, fed as children, kept clean like children, put into bed like children; they are only not punished like children; but are guarded by night and by day from danger, violence, or neglect, until their poor remains of life can be husbanded no longer."

This neglect may perhaps be traced to three principal causes. 1. The comparatively unobtrusive character of this form of mental disease, so different from many of the modes in which decided insanity manifests itself, and which, from their violence, imperatively demand the prompt interposi-

tion of the most active and energetic measures. 2. Ignorance of the number of these helpless creatures, existing uncared for and unknown, except by parties more immediately connected with them by ties of relationship or otherwise. And, 3. An idea that by no system of tuition could these hapless beings be rescued from their apparently irremediable condition. And this latter idea may probably have led to the little notice bestowed upon the idiotic and imbecile, even by those who have been the most active in their endeavors to secure the proper treatment of those cases of mental alienation for which our lunatic asylums are provided.

The praiseworthy efforts of Mr. Gaskell to obtain something like an approximation to the comparative numbers of the insane and the mentally deficient, in the county of Lancaster, have elicited some most unexpected results. This gentleman, desirous of gaining information as to "the proportion which the idiotic and imbecile bear to the whole number who are returned as lunatics needing hospital accommodation," addressed a letter to the medical officer of each poor-law union in the county of Lancaster, amounting in number to 139, requesting to be informed, "how many of the pauper insane under his charge are persons who have been attacked with insanity, and how many are congenital idiots?" The following is the gross result of replies from 133 unions.

Attacked with insanity . . . . .	185
Mentally deficient from birth . . . .	503
	688
	—
Of these 503, congenitally affected,	
there are, idiots . . . . .	198
Imbeciles . . . . .	305
	503
	—

"As respects this result," says Mr. Gaskell, "I think it right to state, that although from the first I imagined a large majority of the idiotic and imbecile class would be discovered, yet the amount here stated far exceeds any anticipations I had formed. It is worthy of remark, also, that this number, large as it is, does not in all probability represent this body of persons in its full magnitude. For when we take into consideration the circumstance that the whole of the idiotic are less likely to come under the observation of medical officers, than those attacked with insanity, it is probable that some of the former class may be omitted in these returns."—p. 5.

Mr. Gaskell subsequently takes the number of idiotic and imbecile persons in the county of Lancaster at 550, which is probably near the truth, and asks, "What ought now to be done with them?" This question is one of the highest importance, especially when entertained in reference to the whole number of imbeciles in this country; for, although we have at present no means of ascertaining with precision the total number of persons thus afflicted in the United Kingdom, the number must necessarily be large, if we may take the county of Lancaster as our guide in the calculation. The question is, we think, well answered in the interesting details of the mode of treatment adopted in Salpêtrière and Bicêtre Asylums in Paris, originally published by Dr. Conolly in the pages of the "British and Foreign Medical Review," and reprinted in the appendix to the volume whose title stands at the head of this paper; and more fully in a letter from Paris to Mr. S. G. Howe, of Boston, Massachusetts, dated February 1, 1847, hereafter to be referred to.

Dr. Conolly thus describes his visit to the Bicêtre:—

"The first part of the Bicêtre to which I was conducted was a school exclusively established for the improvement of the idiotic and of the epileptic, and nothing more extraordinary can well be imagined. No fewer than forty of these patients were assembled in a moderate sized school-room, receiving various lessons and performing various evolutions under the direction of a very able schoolmaster, M. Seguin, himself a pupil of the celebrated Itard, and endowed with that enthusiasm respecting his occupation before which difficulties vanish. His pupils had been all taught to sing to music, and the little band of violins and other instruments by which they were accompanied, was formed of the old almsmen of the hospital. But all the *idiotic* part of this remarkable class also sang without any musical accompaniment, and kept excellent time and tune. They sang several compositions, and among others a very pretty song, written for them by M. Battelle, and sung by them on entering the classroom. Both the epileptic and idiotic were taught to write, and their copy-books would have done credit to any writing school for young persons. Numerous exercises were gone through, of a kind of military character, with perfect correctness and precision. The youngest of the class was a little idiot boy of five years old, and it was interesting to see him following the rest, and imitating their actions, holding out his right arm, left arm, both arms, marching to the right and left at the word of command, and to the sound of a drum beaten with all the lively skill of a French drummer by another idiot, who was gratified by

wearing a demi-military uniform. All these exercises were gone through by a collection of beings offering the smallest degree of intellectual promise, and usually left, in all asylums, in total indolence and apathy."—p. 158.

Dr. Conolly's testimony as to the greatly improved condition of these poor creatures, induced by this wisely framed and kindly administered system of moral and educational training, is fully confirmed by Mr. George Sumner, a gentleman residing in Paris, who, in a letter to Dr. Howe, of Boston, Massachusetts, gives some exceedingly interesting details as to the method of education pursued at the Bicêtre. Dr. Howe was a member of the Commission appointed in 1846, "To inquire into the condition of the idiots of the commonwealth (of Massachusetts), to ascertain their number, and whether anything can be done for their relief;" and the letter was elicited from Mr. Sumner by inquiries made in pursuance of a request that the Commission would procure evidence of what steps were being taken in Europe to improve the moral and mental condition of idiots. Mr. Sumner says:—

"During the past six months I have watched, with eager interest, the progress which many young idiots have made, in Paris, under the direction of M. Seguin, and at Bicêtre under that of Messrs. Voisin and Vallée, and have seen, with no less gratification than astonishment, nearly one hundred fellow-beings who, but a short time since, were shut out from all communion with mankind, who were objects of loathing and disgust,—many of whom rejected every article of clothing,—others of whom, unable to stand erect, crouched themselves in corners, and gave signs of life only by piteous howls,—others, in whom the faculty of speech had never been developed,—and many, whose voracious and indiscriminate gluttony satisfied itself with whatever they could lay hands upon, with the garbage thrown to swine, or with their own excrements;—these unfortunate beings—the rejected of humanity, I have seen properly clad, standing erect, walking, speaking, eating in an orderly manner at a common table, working quietly as carpenters and farmers; gaining, by their own labor, the means of existence; storing their awakened intelligence by reading one to another; exercising towards their teachers and among themselves the generous feelings of man's nature, and singing in unison songs of thanksgiving."

We naturally ask, How have these results been effected? To Dr. Conolly we are indebted for the following details of the rise and progress of the mode of instruction so successfully practised in France, in the case of persons with imperfect intellectual

organization. These details we give in *extenso*, believing that they cannot be too widely known, in connexion with a more minute account of the peculiar mode of instruction pursued at the Bicêtre, which will form a valuable pendant to Dr. Conolly's description of the happy effects resulting from the adoption of the system.

"To M. Voisin, one of the physicians of the Bicêtre, the honor seems chiefly, if not wholly due, of having attracted attention to the various characters of idiots, and their various capacities, with a view to cultivating, with precise views, even the fragmentary faculties existing in them. His work, entitled '*De l'Idiotie chez les Enfants*,' abounds with remarks calculated to rescue the most infirm minds from neglect, and to encourage culture in cases before given up to despair. Fourteen years' experience has confirmed the soundness of his opinions; and they have had the sanction of MM. Ferrus, Falret, and Leuret, physicians of the highest distinction in the department of mental disorders. M. Ferrus, who is the President of the Academy of Medicine, and Inspector-General of the Lunatic Asylums of France, was, indeed, the first to occupy himself, so long ago as in 1823, with the condition of idiots at the Bicêtre, of which hospital he was the chief physician. He organized a school for them, caused them to be taught habits of order and industry, and to be instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, and gymnastic exercises. M. Voisin's first publication on the subject appeared in 1830. The efforts of M. Falret, at the Salpêtrière, for the instruction of the insane, already spoken of, began in 1831, by the establishment of a school in that establishment for idiotic females. Nine years later, MM. Voisin and Leuret, as physicians to the Bicêtre, organized a system of instruction and education on a greater scale. These benevolent and successful efforts deserve to be remembered, as they no doubt prepared the way for the systematic attempt since made at the Bicêtre, where M. Seguin is enabled to apply to practice principles of tuition long recognized as regards the deaf and dumb, but only beginning to be acknowledged as respects those unfortunate beings whose mental faculties are congenitally imperfect in all the various degrees classed under the term idiocy. In this application the master has to educate the muscular system and the sensorial apparatus, as well as the intellectual faculties, or rather the intellectual faculties through them, as a preliminary: doing, in fact, for them by art, by instruction, by rousing imitation, what nature does for healthier infant organizations. The healthy infant is placed in a world calculated to exercise its senses, and to evoke and perfect all its muscular powers, and, to a certain extent, its intellectual faculties. The imperfect or idiotic infant is in the same world, but its senses are, to a great extent, closed to these natural influences, and its powers of muscular motion are incomplete; its intellectual faculties are not evoked by any means whatever. The attention is vague, the memory feeble, the imagination futile, comparison is most limited, judgment most imperfect, and all the af-

fections, sentiments, and moral qualities, are disordered or perverted. The interesting question is, to what extent can careful and skillful instruction make up for these natural deficiencies; and, as already done for the deaf, the dumb, and the blind, reclaim for these unfinished creatures the powers and privileges of life. The exertions of future philanthropists will answer this question. Improvement must not be looked for beyond what is strictly relative to the imperfect individual in each case; but it would seem to be true of idiots, as of the insane in general, that there is no case incapable of some amendment; that every case may be improved, or cured, up to a certain point,—a principle of great general importance in reference to treatment.”—p. 159.

The method adopted at the Bicêtre which has produced such pleasing results, is fully detailed in Mr. Sumner's letter to Mr. Howe, before referred to; this also we gladly give in full, in the hope that it may awaken attention and eventually lead to the adoption of similar educational measures in our own country.

“Let us take a young idiot, in whom scarce any of the senses appear developed; who is abandoned to the lowest passions, and who is unable to walk or to execute voluntary movements. He is brought to Bicêtre, and placed at once in the class of those boys who are executing the moving power. Here, with about 20 others, who have already learned to act somewhat in unison, he is made, at first by holding and guiding his arms and feet, and afterwards by the excitement of imitation, to follow the movements of his companions. These, at the order of the teacher, go through with various steps and movements of the head, arms, and feet, which at the same time that they give wholesome exercise to the animal part of the system, develop the first personal sentiment, that of rest and immobility. After this, the class is made, at the word of command, to designate various parts of the body. On the 20th of January, the number of this class was 18; some of whom had been several months under treatment; others of whom had been but just attached to it. The teacher, 1st, indicated with his hand, a part of the body,—as head, arm, hand, face, hair, eyes, and named it aloud; the children repeated the movement and touched the part. 2nd. The teacher designated, with the voice a part which the idiot touched. 3rd. He designated a part by gesture, and the pupils named it aloud. There are many, of course, who are slow to do this, but the love of imitation, and the care of teachers, produce, in time, the necessary regularity of movement; the organ of speech has yet, however, to be developed in others.

“A complete series of gymnastic exercises, adapted to the various necessities which the physiological examination has established for each case, is now followed up; the result of which is, to create an equilibrium between the muscular and the over-excited nervous system, to fatigue the idiot

sufficiently to procure him a sound and refreshing sleep, and to develop his general intelligence. At the same time, the hygienic treatment, adapted to his peculiar case, is applied. He is exposed to the light of the sun, to fresh air—is made to go through frequent ablutions, and is warmly clad. In most cases a tonic diet is adopted, and he is placed at table, where the monitors, by dint of industry and example, teach him to eat as do those around him.

“The next step is to educate the senses, beginning with that of feeling; and beginning with this, inasmuch as it is the sense by which the idiot acquires most readily a knowledge of external objects, long before his eye is accustomed to fix their image, or his ear to listen to sounds. Smell, and taste are next cultivated; the former by presenting to the pupil various odors, which at first make no impression whatever, rose and assa-fœtida being received with equal favor. By degrees, and as the harmony of the functions is restored, and the intellectual activity developed, this sense is awakened, and lends again its aid to awaken others. The sense of taste is roused in the same manner, by placing in the mouth various substances, alternately, sapid and acid, bitter and sweet.

“The power of speech, so imperfect in all, is the most difficult to develop; but a method, improving upon that which Pereira practised, in 1760, and which has since been successfully followed up in Germany, has been adopted at Bicêtre, and also in the private practice of Seguin, with great success. This is, however, the part of idiot education that proceeds the slowest, and which, more than any other, except, perhaps, the moral treatment, requires the greatest attention, patience, and intelligence on the part of the teacher.

“The sight is next cultivated; and here, as indeed in every part of this miracle of instruction, great difficulties were at first encountered. The eyes of the idiot are often perfectly formed, but he sees nothing—they fix no object. The organ he possesses—but it is passive and dormant. The senses of smell and taste have been developed by direct action upon them; that of touch, by putting the hand in contact with different bodies; the stagnant eye of the idiot cannot, however, be moved by the hand of another. The method employed is due to the ingenuity of Seguin. He placed the child in a chamber, which was suddenly darkened, so as to excite his attention,—after which, a small opening in a shutter let in a single ray of light, before which various objects agreeable to the pupil, arranged upon slides, like those of a magic lantern, were successively passed. The light, and its direction, having once attracted his attention, was then, by a change of the opening in the shutter, moved up and down, to the right and left, followed in most cases, by his heretofore motionless eyeballs. This is succeeded by exercises of gymnastics, which require the attention of the eye to avoid, not a dangerous bruise, but a disagreeable thump; games of balls and battledores are also used to excite this sense. Another means employed, is to place yourself before the idiot, fix his eye by a firm look, varying

this look according to various sentiments; pursuing for hours even, his moving but unimpressed orbit; chasing it constantly, until finally it stops, fixes itself, and begins to see. After efforts of this kind, which require a patience and a superiority of will that few men possess, the first reward comes to the teacher himself, for his identity is recognised by other means than the touch, and he catches the first beam of intelligence that radiates from the heretofore benighted countenance.

"As a consequence of this development of sight, certain notions—not ideas—are taught the child; these are those of form, color, dimension, configuration, &c., &c. Form is taught by means of various objects,—by solid blocks, such as cubes, hexaedrons, &c., and by sheets of pasteboard, cut in squares and other geometrical figures. The pupils soon distinguish and name the different varieties of triangles—isoceles, scalene, equilateral, and right-angled, and distinguish the square from the parallelogram, lozenge, and trapezium. There are now, at Bicêtre, some in whom the sense of feeling is more acute than that of seeing, and who can distinguish and name these different forms by the touch, without being able to do so by the eye. For giving the notion of color, one, among various means, which is the most simple, appears to me at the same time the most useful, inasmuch as it excites the reflective faculty. Two large sheets of pasteboard have drawn upon each of them a star,—on one, in simple lines, on the other, with its rays painted with prismatic colors. Small pieces of pasteboard, corresponding in color and form to these rays, are given to the pupil, who is taught to observe the similarity between the rays which he holds and those of the colored star, and then to cover the original rays of this star by the similar rays which are in his hands. After this, by the example of his teacher, and by the exercise of his reflective power, he compares, with his moveable rays, upon the uncolored pasteboard, the colored star.

"To teach these distinctions of color and form, the same patience and will are necessary as in all other parts of this most interesting system of instruction. During the autumn of 1845, I watched with interest, at Nantes, the first essays made by the distinguished oculist, Dr. Guépin, to educate the sight of a young man from whose eyes he had, a short time before, removed cataracts, but who enjoyed all his faculties but that of sight. The labor in this case, to develop one faculty, was indeed great, although aided by all the other faculties. Imagine what that labor must be, in the case of the idiot, where this mutual assistance is wanting."

"The number of pupils in the school has varied, for some time past, from 80 to 100. At 5 o'clock they rise, and pass half an hour in washing, combing, and dressing; the monitors, pupils more advanced, aiding those whose instruction is but recently commenced. They then pass into the hall of classes, and range themselves in a double line—no easy task for the beginners—when they sing a simple morning prayer, repeated to them by the teacher. After this, they make

their first breakfast of a simple slice of bread. The class for the education of the senses now begins, and fills up the time till 8½ A.M. In the 1st or highest division, several occupy themselves with face and landscape drawing; and others, less advanced, with geometrical drawing upon the black board. The 3rd division, divided into sections, is of those who are exercising the senses of smell, taste, sight, and observing color and form by the method I have before described. The sense of hearing is exercised, among other means, by the pupils learning to distinguish and name, while blindfolded, the natural sounds as produced by the cords of a bass-viol. Meanwhile, the youngest class of 18 or 20 is going through its elementary gymnastics of the moving power.

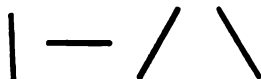
"From 8½ to 9 A.M., is taken up by the study of *numeration* and *arithmetic*. Here the whole school is divided into frequently changing groups, according to the various capacities developed. The lowest of all is ranged in line, and taught to count aloud up to 30; a series of sticks, balls, or other material objects, being given them at the time. This helps to ameliorate their speech, and to stimulate to imitation those who have not that faculty. Another group is set to climb upon ladders, counting the number of rounds as they go up,—and thus the muscular system and knowledge of numeration are simultaneously developed. A higher group is of those who count up to 50 with counters, and who, by means of them, get an idea of unity, plurality, subtraction, addition, and equality. A higher group still has learned to count to 100, and another group is learning, by means of moveable figures taken from a case, the combinations of numbers. Higher still are boys working upon their slates, or going through calculations upon the black board, with a facility and precision that any pupil of Warren Colburn might envy.

"From 9 to 9½. Breakfast, of soup and plate of meat. The pupils are here seated at table, and eat with fork and spoon—the more adroit aiding those less so.

"9½ to 10½. Recreation in open air,—running, playing ball, driving hoop, or cultivating a small plot of ground, the hire of which, for three months, each one may gain by a certain number of tickets of good conduct.

"10½ to 11½. Reading class, in which all take part, divided, however, into various groups, as before.

"11½ to 12. Writing class. Here the lowest group is taught only to trace on the black board, with a ruler, these lines:—



"The next group is taught to make upon the board the rudimental curvilinear characters, making three in each line. After this, they write on slates, and, when farther advanced, the monitor being ready to guide their hands, they write in ruled books. The highest class rules its own books, and writes alternately a page of large and fine hand.

"12 to 12½. Gymnastics.

"12½ to 1. Music.

"1 to 4½. Manual labor. In this all take part; some as shoemakers, some as carpenters, or rather cabinet makers, and some as tillers of the ground. One of the best exercises of the body, *inasmuch as it compels the idiot to walk and balance himself unaided*, is that of wheeling a barrow, charged with a weight proportionate to his strength. The most stupid may be soon taught this. Others, more intelligent, wield spade and pickaxe most energetically and profitably; but no where does their awakened intelligence appear more satisfactorily than in the workshop of a cabinet-maker. When one of them has sawed through a plank, or nailed together two pieces of wood, or made a box, his smile of satisfaction,—the consequence of 'something attempted, something done,'—the real result of which he can estimate,—is beautiful to see. Nor is their work, by any means, to be despised. With one cabinet maker as teacher and monitor, they performed, last year, all the work necessary for their school-room and dormitories, as well as for a good part of the great establishment of Bicêtre. At shoe-making they show intelligence, but this is too secondary an occupation for them. Some, however, who have quitted the school, work at it; but the greater number of them become farmers and gardeners.

"After this manual labor they dine, and after dinner play till 6½, P. M.

"From 6½ to 7. Grammar class; the lowest group is taught to articulate syllables,—the highest, as much as in any grammar school.

"From 7 to 8½ is passed in reading to one another, or in conversations and explanations with the teacher, upon things which may excite the reflective power; two evenings in the week this hour is devoted to a concert and a dance.

"After this comes the evening prayer, sung by all; and then, fatigued, but happy, they retire to rest.

"Such is a day at the school of Bicêtre. Every Thursday morning the teacher takes them to walk in the country, and then inculcates elementary notions of botany, designating by their names, and impressing by smell, taste, and sight, the qualities of different flowers and useful vegetables which they see. At the same time he explains, by locality, the first elements of geography. On Saturday evening there is a distribution of tickets of good conduct, three of which, I have before observed, pay the rent of a garden, and one of which may buy off, for another, with the consent of a teacher, the punishment adjudged for certain slight acts of negligence. You will see at once the effect which this must have upon the generous sentiments of the pupils. The sentiment of possession is developed—the rights of property taught; but its duties and its true pleasures are, at the same time, impressed.

"These tickets of good conduct are given also to those who are designated, *by the pupils themselves*, as having done some kind and generous action,—as having been seen to run to the aid of one who had stumbled at play,—who had

divided among his companions the *bon-bons* he may have received from a visitor, or who had helped in any way, one weaker than himself. Thus they are constantly on the look-out for good actions in one another; but they are most positively forbidden to repeat the negligences or unkind conduct which they may observe. The *surveillance* of the monitors is sufficient to detect these; and even were it not, M. Vallée prefers that they should go unpunished, rather than that they should serve to cherish the grovelling sentiments of envy and malice, which lurk in the breast of the informer and the scandal-monger."—Letter, p. 11.

Since the above remarks were written, the first number of a new quarterly "Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology," has been published,\* under the able editorship of Dr. Forbes Winslow. Among the excellent and very interesting articles in this number, are two more particularly connected with the subject before us; namely, "Notes on the Parisian Lunatic Asylums," by Henry Hunt Stubbs, M.D. of St. John's, Newfoundland; and "The Idiots of the Bicêtre," by Dr. Sigmond. The author of the former paper corroborates all that has been stated by Dr. Conolly and others, as to the wonderful effects of educational training upon even the worst cases of idiocy. He was present at a reunion of eighty-four boys, idiots and epileptics, in the Bicêtre, and describes them as going through "their various exercises with considerable skill and great propriety;" and gives the following affecting and appropriate song sung by the children.

"Transformons le monde où nous sommes,  
Reveillons nos sens endormis,  
C'est le travail qui fait les hommes,  
Travaillons, travaillons, amis.

La fleur a sa beauté première,  
L'oiseau rend des sons différents,  
Et le bon Dieu dans sa lumière  
Sourit aux petits comme aux grands.

Chacun a son lot d'héritage,  
Chacun a des dons définis,  
Sommes nous exclus du partage?  
Enfants que Dieu n'a pas benis!

Non ! puisqu'ici l'on récompense,  
Tous nos organes imparfaits,  
Et qu'on féconde la sémence,  
Des biens que le ciel nous a fait." }

Dr. Stubb particularly alludes to two idiots, whom at first sight he judged incapable of improvement, from their peculiarly repulsive appearance.

"Nothing," he says, "could exceed the vacu-

\* By Churchill, Princes Street, Soho.

ity of their countenances, with large protruding lustreless eyes, and tongues lolling out of their mouths, nor the wretched appearance of their bodies, with paralytic arms and legs. I was therefore not a little surprised to see these two scarcely human objects brought in their chairs to a small table upon which dominoes were placed, with which they played a game; and it became evident that all was not lost to the mind even for them—they became interested and excited, and a hideous joy was expressed by the winner."

He also mentions Charles Emile, an idiot of the worst class, whose name is met with in every report on the educational proceedings at the Biçêtre, and whose case, judging from the description recorded of him on his admission, might well have been deemed hopeless. This poor fellow he found in the workshops,

"Using a jack plane with tolerable steadiness, grinning and smiling, quite pleased to be doing something; it may be, to be thought capable of doing anything. . . . He had learned something correctly, he knew it to be correct, and took pleasure in having learned it—no mean advancement from the former idiotic state, horrible to contemplate, of this individual, who is described as a voracious, cruel, filthy animal, with the worst of brutal propensities."

Dr. Sigmond, in the second paper to which we have alluded, gives a *resumé* of M. Brierre de Beaumont's description of the scenes witnessed by him when he paid a visit to the school of idiots. This gentleman's description of what he observed there fully confirms previous accounts, and need not detain us longer than to mention, that the doubts previously entertained by him as to the *bona fide* nature of the exhibitions, were completely dispelled by the results of his minute inquiries into the mode of teaching, and the progress made by the idiot pupils under the superintendence of MM. Vallée and Mallon.

After citing the above conclusive testimony it will be quite unnecessary to adduce further evidence as to the capabilities of the idiotic and imbecile portion of the human family, but we will conclude this part of the subject with another quotation from Mr. Sumner's letter to Mr. Howe, in which the evidence on this head is concisely summed up.

"The fact, I have said, is now clearly established, that idiots may be educated; that the reflective power exists within them, and may be awakened by a proper system of instruction; that they may be raised from the filth in which they grovel to the attitude of men; that they may be taught

different arts which will enable them to gain an honest livelihood; and that, although their intelligence may never, perhaps, be developed to such a point as to render them the authors of those generous ideas and great deeds which leave a stamp upon an age, yet, still, they may attain a respectable mediocrity, and surpass, in mental power, the common peasant of many European states."

There is, however, one defect in the French system, which must be briefly alluded to. The schools for the education of idiots are conducted in the same buildings as contain patients suffering under various degrees and stages of insanity. This should not be; each of these classes of mental malady should have an asylum especially devoted to the reception of patients laboring under it; and if anything can reconcile us to the long-continued neglect of the hapless imbecile, it is the knowledge that the case of patients characterized by mental deficiencies not admissible into institutions devoted to the care and treatment of the insane, having at length attracted attention, active measures have been taken to secure for them the benefits of an asylum expressly devoted to their peculiar case, instead of placing them under the same roof as the insane, which would probably have been the case had any active measures been taken for the improvement of the condition of the idiot, before the necessity of separating the two classes of mental infirmity was fully recognised.

And this brings us to the most agreeable part of our task—that of announcing that in England too the claims of the poor *innocent* are at length admitted, and that public sympathy for the mentally deficient is no longer to be exhausted in barren and fruitless pity for his unprotected condition. After years of neglect, ridicule, and ill-treatment, with no attempt to ameliorate his condition, a society has at length sprung up in the metropolis, the proper object of whose care is declared to be "the idiot, without regard to sex or place;" and its design, "not merely to take the idiot under its care, but especially, by the skillful and earnest application of the best means in his education to prepare him, as far as possible, for the duties and enjoyments of life." The Association originated in July last with a few benevolent individuals, who formed themselves into a provisional committee with the view of carrying out the object they had at heart. After various preliminary steps, including a visit



to the continent for the purpose of ascertaining more precisely what had there been accomplished in the way of education; a meeting was held at the London Tavern, on the 27th of October last, with the Lord Mayor, Sir George Carroll, in the chair; when the first resolution passed was to the effect that "it is most desirable that an asylum be provided for the care and education of the idiot; and that it be forthwith begun." At this meeting men of influence and wealth, of different shades of political opinion, and belonging to various religious denominations, were assembled together in harmony; it was one of those rare occasions on which so many discordant elements could mingle without a conflict, and which when they do occur, ever raise a wish that they were more frequent. The claims of the poor idiot were warmly and eloquently advocated by the various speakers; all the resolutions were unanimously adopted; a regular staff of officers was formed, a board of directors established, and all the usual machinery put in motion in order to carry out the objects of the Association: besides which, the sinews of war, in the shape of subscriptions and donations, seem to have been supplied with a liberality equal to the need; and everything apparently promises a successful career to this labor of love. Indeed, so promising are the prospects of the Association, even at this early stage of their proceedings, that they have already elected eleven or twelve children with deficient mental organization, as the first recipients of those educational measures which are, we trust, destined to result in a rich harvest of the purest pleasure to the promoters of the institution, and of benefit to the objects of their bounty.

Having now, as we hope, demonstrated the fact that the idiot is capable of profiting by education, a fact which would seem to have been previously doubted; as well as shown the necessity for the adoption of some measures, if only as a matter of humanity, for the amelioration of the condition of thousands of our fellows laboring under mental deficiencies; we gladly adopt the language of a powerful appeal promulgated on behalf of the infant "Asylum for Idiots," the object of which institution is to "educate the idiot, especially in the earlier periods of life."

"It proposes to do this by the strenuous application of the most skillful means, appropriate to

the object before us, and worthy of the country in which we dwell. It proposes that the benefit of the first efforts shall supply relief chiefly to the *middle* and *poorer classes*; and, at the same time, become a model and a motive for improvement in our pauper institutions. It will be, in the fullest sense, an effort of charity. It will help those who cannot help themselves, and it will proffer assistance to those who would otherwise be called to bear a burden that is intolerable.

"Those who make this appeal do it with confidence—the confidence of those who have before challenged public benevolence, and not in vain. Can it be in vain now? It is for the poor, poor idiot they plead—for the idiot, the lowest of all the objects of Christian sympathy—for the idiot, most needing charity, and for whom charity has done nothing. We ask that he may be elevated from existence into life—from animal being to manhood—from vacancy and unconsciousness to reason and reflection. We ask that his soul may be disimprisoned; that he may look forth from the body with meaning and intelligence on a world full of expression; that he may, as a fellow, discourse with his fellows; that he may cease to be a burden on society, and become a blessing; that he may be qualified to know his maker, and look beyond our present imperfect modes of being to perfected life in a glorious and everlasting future."

We take leave of the subject, bidding this nobly conceived institution "God speed!" and with the expression of a hope that, ere long, similar establishments will spring up in other parts of the kingdom, so as to meet the necessities of the numerous cases qualified by their peculiar deficiencies for admission into them.

---

OFFICIAL REWARDS OF SCIENCE AND OF DOOR-KEEPERS.—A correspondent of the *Athenæum* points out from last year's estimates the various amounts received by certain officers connected with the different departments, contrasting the salaries received by persons whose duties require no education with the pay of men of high attainments. Thus the doorkeeper of the House of Commons receives £874 per annum, while the Astronomer-Royal is paid £74 a year less; the Hydrographer of the Navy, and the Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, having only £500 per annum each. The messengers and deliverers of the votes of Parliament get £300 a-year a-piece, which is more by £50 per annum than is paid to the professor of fortifications at the Royal Military Academy; more by £60 per annum than is allowed to the senior assistant of the MS. department, British Museum; and more by £90 a-year than the second assistant royal astronomer gets. The hall porter at the Admiralty has £160 per annum, while the dole of the third assistant astronomer royal is £150 a-year.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE SIX DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREAMY.

Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes.—HALLAM.

## No. IV.—ARMINIUS'S VICTORY OVER THE ROMAN LEGIONS UNDER VARUS.

To a truly illustrious Frenchman, whose reverses as a minister can never obscure his achievements in the world of letters, we are indebted for the most profound, and most eloquent estimate that we possess of the importance of the Germanic element in European civilization, and of the extent to which the human race is indebted to those brave warriors who long were the unconquered antagonists, and finally became the conquerors of Imperial Rome.

Twenty eventful years have passed away since M. Guizot delivered from the chair of modern history at Paris his course of lectures on the history of civilization in Europe. During those years the spirit of earnest inquiry into the germs and primary developments of existing institutions has become more and more active and universal, and the merited celebrity of M. Guizot's work has proportionally increased. Its admirable analysis of the complex political and social organizations of which the modern civilized world is made up, must have led thousands to trace with keener interest the great crisis of times past, by which the characteristics of the present were determined. The narrative of one of these great crises, of the epoch A. D. 9, when Germany took up arms for her independence against Roman invasion, has for us this special attraction—that it forms part of our own national history. Had Arminius been supine or unsuccessful, our Germanic ancestors would have been enslaved or exterminated in their original seats along the Eyder and the Elbe. This island would never have borne the name of England, and "we, this great English nation, whose race and language are now overrunning the earth, from one end of it to the other," would have been utterly cut off from existence.

Arnold may, indeed, go too far in holding that we are wholly unconnected in race with the Romans and Britons who inhabited this country before the coming-over of the Saxons; that, "nationally speaking,

the history of Cæsar's invasion has no more to do with us than the natural history of the animals which then inhabited our forests." There seems ample evidence to prove that the Romanized Celts whom our Teutonic forefathers found here, influenced materially the character of our nation. But the mainstream of our people was and is Germanic. Our language alone decisively proves this. Arminius is far more truly one of our national heroes than Caractacus: and it was our own primeval fatherland that the brave German rescued when he slaughtered the Roman legions eighteen centuries ago, in the marshy glens between the Lippe and the Ems.

Dark and disheartening even to heroic spirits must have seemed the prospects of Germany when Arminius planned the general rising of his countrymen against Rome. Half the land was occupied by Roman garrisons; and, what was worse, many of the Germans seemed patiently acquiescent in their state of bondage. The braver portion, whose patriotism could be relied on, was ill-armed and undisciplined; while the enemy's troops consisted of veterans in the highest state of equipment and training, familiarized with victory, and commanded by officers of proved skill and valor. The resources of Rome seemed boundless; her tenacity of purpose was believed to be invincible. There was no hope of foreign sympathy or aid; for "the self-governing powers that had filled the old world had bent one after another before the rising power of Rome, and had vanished. The earth seemed left void of independent nations."\*

The German chieftain knew well the gigantic power of the oppressor. Arminius was no rude savage, fighting out of mere animal instinct, or in ignorance of the might of his adversary. He was familiar with the Roman language and civilization; he had served in the Roman armies; he

had been admitted to the Roman citizenship, and raised to the rank of the equestrian order. It was part of the subtle policy of Rome to confer rank and privileges on the youth of the leading families in the nations which she wished to enslave. Among other young German chieftains, Arminius and his brother, who were the heads of the noblest house in the tribe of the Cherusci, had been selected as fit objects for the exercise of this insidious system. Roman refinements and dignities succeeded in denationalising the brother, who assumed the Roman name of Flavius, and adhered to Rome throughout all her wars against his country. Arminius remained unbought by honors or wealth, uncorrupted by refinement or luxury. He aspired to and obtained from Roman enmity a higher title than ever could have been given him by Roman favor. It is in the page of Rome's greatest historian that his name has come down to us with the proud addition of "*Liberator haud dubie Germaniæ.*"\*

Often must the young chieftain, while meditating the exploit which has thus immortalized him, have anxiously revolved in his mind the fate of the many great men who had been crushed in the attempt which he was about to renew,—the attempt to stay the chariot-wheels of triumphant Rome. Could he hope to succeed where Hannibal and Mithridates had perished? What had been the doom of Viriathus? and what warning against vain valor was written on the desolate site where Numantia once had flourished? Nor was a caution wanting in scenes nearer home and more recent times. The Gauls had fruitlessly struggled for eight years against Cæsar; and the gallant Vercingetorix, who in the last year of the war had roused all his countrymen to insurrection, who had cut off Roman detachments, and brought Cæsar himself to the extreme of peril at Alesia—he, too, had finally succumbed, had been led captive in Cæsar's triumph, and had then been butchered in cold blood in a Roman dungeon.

It was true that Rome was no longer the great military republic, which for so many ages had shattered the kingdoms of the world. Her system of government was changed; and after a century of revolution and civil war she had placed herself under the despotism of a single ruler. But the discipline of her troops was yet unimpaired,

and her warlike spirit seemed unabated. The first years of the empire had been signalized by conquests as valuable as any gained by the republic in a corresponding period. The generals of Augustus had extended the Roman frontier from the Alps to the Danube, and had reduced into subjection the large and important countries that now form the territories of all Austria, south of that river, and of East Switzerland, Lower Wirtemberg, Bavaria, the Valtelline, and the Tyrol. While the progress of the Roman arms thus pressed the Germans from the south, still more formidable inroads had been made by the Imperial legions on the west. Roman armies moving from the province of Gaul, established a chain of fortresses along the right as well as the left bank of the Rhine, and in a series of victorious campaigns, advanced their eagles as far as the Elbe, which now seemed added to the list of vassal rivers, to the Nile, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Danube, the Tagus, the Seine, and many more, that acknowledged the supremacy of the Tiber. Roman fleets also sailing from the harbors of Gaul along the German coasts and up the estuaries, co-operated with the land-forces of the empire, and seemed to display, even more decisively than her armies, her overwhelming superiority over the rude Germanic tribes. Throughout the territory thus invaded, the Romans had with their usual military skill established fortified posts; and a powerful army of occupation was kept on foot, ready to move instantly on any spot where any popular outbreak might be attempted.

Vast, however, and admirably organized as the fabric of Roman power appeared on the frontiers and in the provinces, there was rottenness at the core. In Rome's unceasing hostilities with foreign foes, and still more, in her long series of desolating civil wars, the free middle classes of Italy had almost wholly disappeared. Above the position which they had occupied an oligarchy of wealth had reared itself: beneath that position a degraded mass of poverty and misery was fermenting. Slaves, the chance sweepings of every conquered country, shoals of Africans, Sardinians, Asiatics, Illyrians, and others made up the bulk of the population of the Peninsula. The foulest profligacy of manners was general in all ranks. In universal weariness of revolution and civil war, and in consciousness of being too debased for self-government the nation had submitted itself to the absolute authority.

\* Tacitus, *Annals*, II. 88.

of Augustus. Adulation was now the chief function of the Senate: and the gifts of genius and accomplishments of art were devoted to the elaboration of eloquently false panegyrics upon the prince and his favorite courtiers. With bitter indignation must the German chieftain have beheld all this, and contrasted with it the rough worth of his own countrymen:—their bravery, their fidelity to their word, their manly independence of spirit, their love of their national free institutions, and their loathing of every pollution and meanness. Above all, he must have thought of the domestic virtues that hallowed a German home; of the respect there shewn to the female character, and of the pure affection by which that respect was repaid. His soul must have burned within him at the contemplation of such a race yielding to these debased Italians.

Still, to persuade the Germans to combine, in spite of their frequent feuds among themselves, in one sudden outbreak against Rome;—to keep the scheme concealed from the Romans until the hour for action arrived; and then, without possessing a single walled town, without military stores, without training, to teach his insurgent countrymen to defeat veteran armies, and storm fortifications, seemed so perilous an enterprise, that probably Arminius would have receded from it, had not a stronger feeling even than patriotism urged him on. Among the Germans of high rank, who had most readily submitted to the invaders, and become zealous partizans of Roman authority, was a chieftain named Segestes. His daughter, Thusnelda, was preeminent among the noble maidens of Germany. Arminius had sought her hand in marriage; but Segestes, who probably discerned the young chief's disaffection to Rome, forbade his suit, and strove to preclude all communication between him and his daughter. Thusnelda, however sympathized far more with the heroic spirit of her lover, than with the time-serving policy of her father. An elopement baffled the precautions of Segestes; who, disappointed in his hope of preventing the marriage, accused Arminius, before the Roman governor, of having carried off his daughter, and of planning treason against Rome. Thus assailed, and dreading to see his bride torn from him by the officials of the foreign oppressor, Arminius delayed no longer, but bent all his energies to organize and ex-

ecute a general insurrection of the great mass of his countrymen, who hitherto had submitted in sullen hatred to the Roman dominion.

A change of governors had recently taken place, which, while it materially favored the ultimate success of the insurgents, served, by the immediate aggravation of the Roman oppressions which it produced to make the native population more universally eager to take arms. Tiberius, he who was afterwards emperor, had recently been recalled from the command in Germany, and sent into Pannonia to put down a dangerous revolt which had broken out against the Romans in that province. The German patriots were thus delivered from the stern supervision of one of the most suspicious of mankind, and were also relieved from having to contend against the high military talents of a veteran commander, who thoroughly understood their national character, and also the nature of the country, which he himself had principally subdued. In the room of Tiberius, Augustus sent into Germany Quintilius Varus, who had lately returned from the Pro-consulate of Syria. Varus was a true representative of the higher classes of the Romans, among whom a general taste for literature, a keen susceptibility to all intellectual qualifications, a minute acquaintance with the principles and practice of their own national jurisprudence, a careful training in the schools of the Rhetoricians, and a fondness for either partaking in or watching the intellectual strife of forensic oratory, had become generally diffused, without, however, having humanized the old Roman spirit of cruel indifference for human feelings and human sufferings, and without acting as the least checks on unprincipled avarice and ambition, or on habitual and gross profligacy. Accustomed to govern the depraved and debased natives of Syria, a country where courage in man, and virtue in woman, had for centuries been unknown, Varus thought that he might gratify his licentious and rapacious passions with equal impunity among the high-minded sons and pure-spirited daughters of Germany. When the general of an army sets the example of outrages of this description, he is soon faithfully imitated by his officers, and surpassed by his still more brutal soldiery. The Romans now habitually indulged in those violations of the sanctity of the domestic shrine, and those insults upon honor and modesty by

which far less gallant spirits than those of our Teutonic ancestors have often been maddened into insurrection.\*

Arminius found among the other German chiefs many who sympathized with him in his indignation at their country's abasement, and many whom private wrongs had stung yet more deeply. There was little difficulty in collecting bold leaders for an attack on the oppressors, and little fear of the population not rising readily at those leaders' call. But to declare open war against Rome, and to encounter Varus' army in a pitched battle, would have been merely rushing upon certain destruction. Varus had three legions under him, a force which, after allowing for detachments, cannot be estimated at less than fourteen thousand Roman infantry. He had also eight or nine hundred Roman cavalry, and at least an equal number of horse and foot sent from the allied states, or raised among those provincials that had not received the Roman franchise.

It was not merely the number but the quality of this force that made them formidable; and however contemptible Varus might be as a general, Arminius well knew how admirably the Roman armies were organized and officered, and how perfectly the legionaries understood every manœuvre and every duty which the varying emergencies of a stricken field might require. Strata-

\* I cannot forbear quoting Macaulay's beautiful lines, where he describes how similar outrages in the early times of Rome goaded the Plebeians to rise against the Patricians.

"Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate;  
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.  
But by the shades beneath us, and by the gods above,  
Add not unto your cruel hate your still more cruel love.

Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life—  
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife,  
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures,  
The kiss in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours.  
Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast with pride;  
Still let the bridegroom's arms enfold an unpolluted bride.  
Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,  
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame;  
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,  
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare."

gem was, therefore, indispensable; and it was necessary to blind Varus to their schemes until a favorable opportunity should arrive for striking a decisive blow.

For this purpose, the German confederates frequented the head-quarters of Varus, which seem to have been near the centre of the modern country of Westphalia, where the Roman general conducted himself with all the arrogant security of the governor of a perfectly submissive province. There Varus gratified at once his vanity, his rhetorical tastes, and his avarice, by holding courts, to which he summoned the Germans for the settlement of all their disputes, while a bar of Roman advocates attended to argue the cases before the tribunal of Varus, who did not omit the opportunity of exacting court-fees and accepting bribes. Varus trusted implicitly to the respect which the Germans pretended to pay to his abilities as a judge, and to the interest which they affected to take in the forensic eloquence of their conquerors. Meanwhile a succession of heavy rains rendered the country more difficult for the operations of regular troops, and Arminius, seeing that the infatuation of Varus was complete, secretly directed the tribes in Lower Saxony to revolt. This was represented to Varus as an occasion which required his prompt attendance at the spot; but he was kept in studied ignorance of its being part of a concerted national rising; and he still looked on Arminius as his submissive vassal, whose aid he might rely on in facilitating the march of his troops against the rebels, and in extinguishing the local disturbance. He therefore set his army in motion, and marched eastward in a line parallel to the course of the Lippe. For some distance his route lay along a level plain; but on arriving at the tract between the curve of the upper part of that stream and the sources of the Ems, the country assumes a very different character; and here, in the territory of the modern little principality of Lippe, it was that Arminius had fixed the scene of his enterprise.

A woody and hilly region intervenes between the heads of the two rivers, and forms the water-shed of their streams. This region still retains the name (Teutonberger wald—Teutobergiensis saltus) which it bore in the days of Arminius. The nature of the ground has probably also remained unaltered. The eastern part of it, round Detmold, is described by a modern German scholar, Dr. Plate, as being a "table-land inter-

sected by numerous deep and narrow valleys, which in some places form small plains, surrounded by steep mountains and rocks, and only accessible by narrow defiles. All the valleys are traversed by rapid streams, shallow in the dry season, but subject to sudden swellings in autumn and winter. The vast forests which cover the summits and slopes of the hills consist chiefly of oak; there is little underwood, and both men and horse would move with ease in the forests if the ground were not broken by gulleys, or rendered impracticable by fallen trees." This is the district to which Varus is supposed to have marched; and Dr. Plate adds, that "the names of several localities on and near that spot seem to indicate that a great battle has once been fought there. We find the names 'das Winnefeld' (the field of victory), 'die Knochenbahn' (the bone-lane), 'die Knochenleke' (the bone-brook), 'der Mordkessel' (the kettle of slaughter), and others."

Contrary to the usual strict principles of Roman discipline Varus had suffered his army to be accompanied and impeded by an immense train of baggage wagons, and by a rabble of camp followers; as if his troops had been merely changing their quarters in a friendly country. When the long array quitted the firm level ground, and began to wind its way among the woods, the marshes, and the ravines, the difficulties of the march, even without the intervention of an armed foe, became fearfully apparent. In many places the soil, sodden with rain, was impracticable for cavalry and even for infantry, until the trees had been felled, and a rude embankment formed through the morass.

The duties of the engineer were familiar to all who served in the Roman ranks. But the crowd and confusion of the columns embarrassed the working parties of the soldiery, and in the midst of their toil and disorder the word was suddenly passed through their rank that the rear-guard was attacked by the barbarians. Varus resolved on pressing forward, but a heavy discharge of missiles from the woods on either flank taught him how serious was the peril, and he saw his best men falling round him without the opportunity of retaliation; for his light-armed auxiliaries, who were principally of Germanic race, now rapidly deserted, and it was impossible to deploy the legionaries on such broken ground for a charge against the enemy. Choosing one

of the most open and firm spots which they could force their way to, the Romans halted for the night, and, faithful to their national discipline and tactics, formed their camp amid the harassing attacks of the rapidly thronging foes, with the elaborate toil and systematic skill, the traces of which are impressed permanently on the soil of so many European countries, attesting the presence in the olden time of the imperial eagles.

On the morrow the Romans renewed their march; the veteran officers who served under Varus, now probably directing the operations, and hoping to find the Germans drawn up to meet them; in which case they relied on their own superior discipline and tactics for such a victory as should reassure the supremacy of Rome. But Arminius was far too sage a commander to lead on his followers with their unwieldy broadswords and inefficient defensive armor, against the Roman legionaries, fully armed with helmet, cuirass, greaves, and shield, who were skilled to commence the conflict with a murderous volley of heavy javelins, hurled upon the foe when a few yards distant, and then, with their short cut-and-thrust swords, to hew their way through all opposition; preserving the utmost steadiness and coolness, and obeying each word of command in the midst of strife and slaughter with the same precision and alertness as if upon parade. Arminius suffered the Romans to march out from their camp, to form first in a line for action, and then in column for marching, without the show of opposition. For some distance Varus was allowed to move on, only harassed by slight skirmishes, but struggling with difficulty through the broken ground, the toil and distress of his men being aggravated by heavy torrents of rain, which burst upon the devoted legions, as if the angry gods of Germany were pouring out the vials of their wrath upon the invaders. But when fatigue and discouragement had begun to betray themselves in the Roman ranks, and a spot was reached which Arminius had rendered additionally difficult of passage by barricades of hewn trees, the fierce shouts of the Germans pealed through the gloom of the forests, and in thronging multitudes they assailed the flanks of the invaders, pouring in clouds of darts on the encumbered legionaries as they struggled up the glens or floundered in the morasses, and watching every opportunity of charging through the intervals of the disjointed column, and so cutting off the communication between its several brigades; Varus

now ordered the troops to be countermarched, in the hope of reaching the nearest Roman garrison on the Lippe. But retreat now was as impracticable as advance; and the falling back of the Romans only augmented the courage of their assailants, and caused fiercer and more frequent charges on the flanks of the disheartened army. The Roman officer who commanded the cavalry, Numonius Vala, rode off with his squadrons in the vain hope of escaping by thus abandoning his comrades. Unable to keep together, or force their way across the woods and swamps, the horsemen were overpowered in detail and slaughtered to the last man. The Roman infantry still held together and resisted, but more through the instinct of discipline and bravery than from any hope of success or escape. Varus, after being severely wounded in a charge of the Germans against his part of the column, committed suicide to avoid falling into the hands of those whom he had so exasperated by his oppression. One of the lieutenant-generals of the army fell fighting; the other surrendered to the enemy. But mercy to a fallen foe had never been a Roman virtue, and those among their ranks who now laid down their arms in hope of quarter, drank deep of the cup of suffering which Rome had held to the lips of many a brave but unfortunate enemy. The infuriated Germans slaughtered their oppressors with deliberate ferocity; and those prisoners who were not hewn to pieces on the spot, were only preserved to perish by a more cruel death in cold blood.

The bulk of the Roman army fought steadily and stubbornly, frequently repelling the masses of the assailants; but gradually losing the compactness of their array, and becoming weaker and weaker beneath the incessant shower of darts and reiterated assaults of the vigorous and unincumbered Germans, at last, in a series of desperate attacks, the column was pierced through and through, two of the eagles captured, and the Roman host, which on the yestern morn had marched forth in such pride and might, now broken up into confused fragments, either fell fighting beneath the overpowering numbers of the enemy, or perished in the swamps and woods in unavailing efforts at flight. Few, very few, ever saw again the left bank of the Rhine. One body of brave veterans, arraying themselves in a ring on a little mound, beat off every charge of the Germans, and prolonged their honorable resistance to the close of that

dreadful day. The traces of a feeble attempt at forming a ditch and mound attested in after years the spot where the last of the Romans passed their night of suffering and despair. But on the morrow this remnant also, worn out with hunger, wounds, and toil, was charged by the victorious Germans, and either massacred on the spot, or offered up in fearful rites at the altars of the terrible deities of the old mythology of the North.

Never was victory more decisive, never was the liberation of an oppressed people more instantaneous and complete. Throughout Germany the Roman garrisons were assailed and cut off; and within a few days after Varus had fallen the German soil was freed from the foot of an invader.

The Germans did not pursue their victory beyond their own territory. But that victory secured at once and for ever the independence of the Teutonic race. Rome sent, indeed, her legions again into Germany, to parade a temporary superiority; but all hopes of permanent conquests were abandoned by Augustus and his successors. The blow which Arminius had struck, never was forgotten. Roman fear disguised itself under the specious title of moderation: and the Rhine became the acknowledged boundary of the two nations, until the fifth century of our era, when the Germans became again the assailants, and carved with their conquering swords the provinces of Imperial Rome into the kingdoms of modern Europe.

---

**DEATH OF A SCOTTISH BARD.**—It is with a deep feeling of regret that we find ourselves called upon to announce the demise of Peter Still, the deaf bard of Buchan. This melancholy event took place at Blackhouse toll-bar, near Peterhead, on the 21st instant. Mr. Still was in his 35th year, and has left a widow and six children, besides a large circle of devoted friends, attached to him by love of his gentle and winning manners, as well as by admiration of his poetic genius, to lament his untimely end. His name is favorably known to the Scottish public as the author of a volume entitled "The Cotter's Sunday, and other Poems," a favorable opinion of which has been passed by some of the leading Scottish and English newspapers.

**TO TRANSFER ENGRAVINGS TO WHITE PAPER.**—Place the engravings for a few seconds over iodine vapor. Dip a slip of white paper in a weak solution of starch, and when dry, in a weak solution of the oil of vitriol. When dry, lay the slip upon the engraving, and place them for a few minutes under a press. The engraving will thus be reproduced in all its delicacy and finish. The iodine has the property of fixing on the black parts or ink of the engraving, and not on the white. This important discovery is yet in its infancy.—*The Dwilder.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

## THE GENIUS OF PLATO.

1. *The Apology of Socrates; the Crito, and Part of the Phædo.* With Notes from Stallbaum, and Schleiermacher's Introductions. 12mo. London, 1840.
2. *A Life of Socrates.* By Dr. G. WIGGERS. Translated from the German. With Notes. 12mo. London, 1840.
3. *A Biographical History of Philosophy.* By G. H. LEWES. Series I. *Ancient Philosophy.* 2 vols. 12mo. London.
4. *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology.* Edited by WM. SMITH, LL.D., Editor of the 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.' Art. *Plato.*
5. *Initia Philosophiæ Platoniciæ.* P. VAN HEUSDE. 8vo. Traj. 1827.

MANY of our readers doubtless recollect Warburton's criticism on Mallet, 'that he had written the life of Bacon, and had forgotten that he was a philosopher.' We almost fear lest some of them should deem us chargeable with a similar blunder, in professedly treating of Plato, and saying so little of his peculiar system of metaphysics. We are not without hope, however, if they will give us their patient attention, that they will acquit us on this point, and feel disposed to admit that in the particular phases in which we propose to regard him, there is enough, and more than enough, to occupy the limited space of a single article.

Though we have placed certain works at the head of our lucubrations, and shall refer to them from time to time as we proceed, we need not remind our readers that it is long since reviewers supposed it to be necessary that they should have some book to review. The present article even a little transcends the ordinary license in that respect; for it is written, not so much to criticize any works that have appeared, as to point out one or two desiderata in our literature; and in the hope that it may haply stimulate some competent scholar and enterprising publisher to supply them. It is not any one book which has produced the article; it is the hope that the article may produce a book.

So far as we can recollect, there is no great genius of antiquity at all approaching Plato, either in the importance or in the splendour of his productions, to whom, upon the whole, so little justice has been done by English translators. While many of the greatest writers of antiquity have been repeatedly translated—with various merit, indeed, but in most cases more than respectably,—a comparatively small portion of Plato's writings has occupied the attention of any English scholar at all qualified to do

him justice; and that little has never been published in a form likely to command any considerable number of purchasers. But what has been done, and what may, we conceive, be successfully attempted, will be more appropriately stated after we have made a few preliminary observations.

The scholarship of our age ought to be able to raise up an English Schleiermacher or an English Cousin. But, waiting patiently the discharge in full of a demand, which we may be thought to have almost waived by our long indifference, we would thankfully accept of payment in moderate instalments. For some of the mere abstruse writings of this great author are not very intelligible in the Greek, and are scarcely translatable at all into English; others which are intelligible have long ceased to have any interest, except as connected with the history of opinions and the development of philosophical systems; and, however important to the student in metaphysics or the historian of philosophy, will always be more readily and profitably consulted by such men in the original than they can be in any translation, however excellent.

But after making large deductions on this ground, there remains no inconsiderable portion which, whether we consider the value of the contents or the rare graces of the style, ought to make all nations, pretending to a literature, as anxious to possess them in the vernacular, and in a dress not wholly unworthy of the original, as any other of the masterpieces of classical antiquity. To all this part of the writings of Plato may be applied those proud words which Thucydides employs in relation to his own history. They are "the heritage of all posterity."

Even considered simply as *unique specimens* of a very peculiar and transcendent species of literary genius, there are parts of



his writings which deserve all the skill and taste which the most accomplished translator could possibly lavish on them. Plato is one of the very few prodigally gifted men the products of whose genius are as remarkable for their *form* as for their *matter*; characterized not only by great depth and great subtlety, but enriched and adorned with the most various and even contrasted species of literary beauty; as resplendent with the graces of taste, wit, and imagination, as they are distinguished by the traces of a profound, acute, and highly speculative mind. If those lines of Milton (himself an ardent student of Plato) in which he pronounces

"Divine philosophy,  
Not harsh and rugged as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,"

be ever true, they are surely so in relation to philosophy as it is found in the pages of the 'Master of the Academy.' In this point of view, indeed, Plato stands alone in the annals of philosophy. Many of his Dialogues are the only examples the world possesses of almost perfect success in one of the most difficult of all conceivable kinds of composition, and deserve, were it only for this reason, to be presented to our countrymen with every advantage which our language can supply. They offer one among many proofs of that inventive genius of ancient Greece, which at once discovered and carried to perfection nearly every species of composition, and which seemed to leave succeeding ages only models for imitation. In this point of view alone, some of the writings of Plato may be commended to the study of all time: and to leave them untranslated or ill-translated is to defraud the unlearned of much enjoyment, and the great author of part of that homage to which he has as rightful a claim as either Homer or Demosthenes.

While France and Germany can boast, that in each of these countries, one of their greatest scholars, in point of capacity, erudition, and philosophical acumen, has devoted himself to the translation of the entire works of Plato,—Victor Cousin in the one, and Schleiermacher in the other,—Britain has nothing of the kind to show. The German translation, indeed, was left incomplete, but so far as it goes it is allowed to be admirable. The only translation we possess of the entire works of Plato, is that published by the notorious Thomas Taylor; in which, while incorporating the labors of previous translators, he has managed to mar them by his professed emendations, and to give the

remainder in a form in which no reader of Plato could by possibility recognise the mutilated original. But a few words more of this by-and-by. As to translations of particular dialogues, it may be said that of the 'Immortal Trilogy' which immediately relates to the last scenes of the life of Socrates—the *Apology*, the *Crito*, and the *Phædon*, creditable translations have appeared in recent times; but they have had but a very limited circulation. And beautiful as these dialogues are, they are far, very far, from exhibiting the phases of Plato's intellectual character in all their variety and richness. Of some other of the dialogues, and those among the most interesting, a translation, characterized by considerable fidelity and elegance, appeared from the pen of the unfortunate Floyer Sydenham, about a century ago.\* But the work was brought out in an expensive form, and has never, so far as we are aware, been republished. Even these, however, leave untouched several of Plato's greatest pieces, and such as are most durably valuable, whether regarded in a philosophical or literary point of view. We allude more particularly to the *Theætetus*, the *Gorgias*, and the *Protagoras*. Besides, these translations are far from being distinguished throughout by equal merit, and in many places fall short of that idiomatic grace, which a version of such an author, in order to do him justice, imperatively requires. A translator of Plato ought to be not merely competently skilled in Greek, but, still rarer qualification!—to be a great master of English.

But the book which has attracted most notice, because most accessible from its cheapness, is a version from the French of M. Dacier's 'Select Dialogues;' that is, it is a translation of a translation, in which the beauties of Plato are strained off by a double process. It was executed more than a hundred and twenty years ago, and is marked by innumerable negligences, inaccuracies, and vulgarisms. It has, notwithstanding, been repeatedly reprinted, and only lately we saw it advertised with professed corrections from Sydenham and Taylor on the title page. From Sydenham, indeed, corrections might have been supplied in abundance, but unfortunately Sydenham never translated any

\* This translation comprised the *Io*, *Greater and Lesser Hippias*, *Banquet* (with the exception of the *Speech of Alcibiades*), *Rivals*, *Meno*, *First and Second Alcibiades*, and *Philebus*.—Of two of these (the *Io* and *Banquet*), many of our readers must have seen an elegant version among the posthumous works of Shelley.

in this collection except the brief dialogues entitled the first and second Alcibiades; and from a collation of many passages of these dialogues as given in this edition, we can bear witness that the traces of any emendations or alterations from Sydenham, are slight indeed.

But as to Taylor—whose bulky five volumes are one continued slander on Plato's good name, both as a man of genius and a philosopher—the correcting of any other translation from *such* a source, can remind us only of certain economical methods we may sometimes see adopted among the poor, of mending a broken window by a stuffing of straw. Whatever else the straw may do, it at least does the very contrary of what a window ought to do: it effectually shuts out the light. It were as easy to correct a translation of the Bible by the light of the Koran of Mahomet, as to correct a translation of Plato by that of Taylor.

Taylor was certainly in many respects a remarkable man, but in nothing more so than in the whimsical delusion by which he supposed himself capable of translating Plato; except, perhaps, in his equal delusion that he was commissioned to do the same cruel office by Aristotle. We are not quite sure, indeed, that the former was not the more gigantic error of the two. In translating Aristotle, he could but totally demolish the philosopher; there were few graces of manner to destroy: in rendering Plato, he showed how possible it is for a translator at once to obscure the sense and annihilate the elegance of even the greatest genius; and suffering all the ethereal qualities to evaporate, to reduce the rich and perfumed leaves which he had consigned to so remorseless a distillation, to a fetid and miserable *caput mortuum*. His splendid quarto title-page, promising us the entire 'Works of Plato,' is but like the brilliant plate on a coffin lid; it is after all only the corpse of Plato which lies within; and that too in a very advanced stage of decomposition.

In an early volume\* of this journal, will be found some strange specimens of Taylor's blunders and inelegances, especially in the translation of the Protagoras. The critic remarks that he could have adduced equal enormities from that of the Theætetus. Though he has not cited them, we can fully substantiate his assertion. From a multitude of others which we had noted, we will amuse the reader with two, both occurring

within the limits of a couple of pages. In the eloquent description which Socrates gives of the contrasted characters of the true philosopher, and the keen, sharp, but contracted 'little soul' formed by early and incessant practice in legal chicaneries, he remarks, 'that those who from their youth up have been versed in the law courts, stand a chance of appearing, in comparison with those who have been educated in philosophy and in like liberal pursuits, much as slaves compared with the free-born.' Plato here uses the word *κυλινδούμενοι*, the root of which literally means 'to roll round, and in a secondary sense was sometimes employed much like the Latin *versor*, to 'be busied about.' Mr. Taylor gives the following exquisite translation:—'Those who from their youth have been *rolled like cylinders* in courts of justice,' &c.; a version not much more scholarlike or graceful than if some one, wishing to translate out of English such a phrase as 'those who write a good round hand,' should express himself in terms which literally translated back again should be, 'those whose handwriting is like unto spheres.' Mr. Taylor is so delighted with the image which his rendering of the word presents, that he has repeated it in both the Sophistes and Politicus. Our other instance is equally ludicrous; Socrates having commented with severity on certain opinions of the deceased Protagoras, Theodorus, who had been a friend of his, says, 'We are running my associate hard, Socrates.' Socrates replies, in his ironical way, 'But then, my friend, it is not clear whether we are not missing the truth while so doing. It is indeed probable that, being older, he was also wiser than we are; and if he could just now raise his head above ground as far as the shoulders, he would very probably reprove us both:—me for uttering much nonsense, and you for assenting to it, and then vanish below again.' Taylor says; 'If, suddenly leaping forth, he should *seize me by the shoulders* it is probable that he would prove me delirious in many things,' &c.

Such blunders, and they are of perpetual occurrence, alternately move a reader acquainted with the original to mirth and indignation; while those who know Plato in no other form, must certainly think him the most unintelligible and inelegant of writers.\*

\* The words *εἰρήνην ὦ ἀνθρώπων*, which in English would be tantamount to 'hush! my friend,' or 'good words, I beseech you!' Mr. Taylor perpetually translates by 'predict better things, O

Taylor, who must have been by nature of an eccentrically constructed mind, further muddled himself with deep draughts of the philosophy of the Alexandrian school of commentators, some of whom have done by Plato what so many of their brethren did by the Scriptures; and by the extravagances of a mystical and allegorical system of interpretation, have succeeded at times in making the greatest of Greek philosophers almost as nonsensical as themselves. Under grandiloquent nothings, they too often imagined they were giving utterance to oracles of super-human wisdom. Taylor was just the man to be easily intoxicated with their heady liquor, and forthwith mistook his intellectual drunkenness for veritable inspiration. The wildest vagaries of this allegorical school he hesitates not to follow, not only with obsequiousness but with rapture. Hundreds of pages has he written or translated in the shape of notes and commentary, on whose fatuous face not a gleam of intelligence is seen to play, and to which it is impossible to imagine that he could have himself attached any definite meaning whatever.

Difficult as it may seem at first sight to believe, the history of philosophy and everyday observation compel us to admit that there is a class of persons who imagine that whatever is obscure is profound; and who love the notion and reputation of depth so much that they prefer a muddy stream, however shallow, to a clear one, however deep. To such minds, mere sounds, if they seem to convey something grand or myste-

man! For the words *ὁ θαυμάσιος*, *ὁ βλατιστες*, he can find no more idiomatic equivalent than 'O wonderful man!' and 'O best of men!' while *ὁ θαυμάσιος* is grotesquely rendered, 'O demoniacal man!'

Even where the meaning could hardly have been missed by him it is incredible with what odd perversity he manages to render it utterly unintelligible to the English reader. 'Since you inherit none of your father's property,'—says Socrates to Hermogenes in the *Cratylus*; this Mr. Taylor translates, 'since you have no authority in paternal matters!'

It is droll to hear Taylor saying that he had adopted Sydenham's translation and notes, as far as that writer's want of a 'more profound knowledge of Plato's philosophy' would permit; and equally droll to hear him blaming Spens' translation of the Republic for its Scotticisms and inelegances! His knowledge of Greek, even as a language, was not sufficient to protect him from the indignity of occasionally making his translation from the Latin: while, upon his boasting that he knew not a word of any modern language except his mother tongue, our former critic generously offered, if it would add to his glory to be reckoned ignorant of that too, to bear testimony that his knowledge of it was abundantly scanty.

rious, are a source of delight; and with them words, which, in the language of Hobbes, are the counters of wise men and the money of fools, pass from hand to hand, or rather from mouth to mouth, as a trustworthy symbol of value.

Mere English readers are entitled to the means of knowing something more of Plato than they can learn from Taylor; and one of our chief objects on this occasion has been to help forward so desirable an end, by showing what are the most prominent features of universal interest in his writings, and what especially the chief characteristics of his literary genius.

For the learned, indeed, various profound questions as to the philosophical system of Plato, will always have their just attraction. What that system precisely was, especially in its abstruser doctrines; what was the progress of its development in Plato's own mind; how far it was a consistent fabric, or a pile of heterogeneous materials and varying orders of architecture; whether any such harmonious system can now be elicited from his writings, and how far, and in what respects he is inconsistent with himself; what was the one design which so many critics affirm he had in view in the entire series of, at least, his principal productions, and what their mutual coherence and succession, regarded in that light; and again, what was the historical order\* of their composition, and which of the works attributed to him are spurious, and which authentic;—these questions, and others like them, will probably form an everlasting source of *νυκτομαχία* to the learned; and, in truth, they have been eagerly discussed, especially by our German neighbors, with abundance of erudition and ingenuity; sometimes, too, with a degree of passion, and sometimes with a tone of confidence, which oddly contrast with the shadowy nature of the interests at stake, and the uncertainty and perplexity of the points in debate. But a large portion of the writings of Plato possess an interest wholly independent of the decision of any or of all such questions, and will continue to charm every intelligent reader, in whatever way these problems may be decided.

\* A curious example of the precariousness of the reasoning on such subjects may be seen in a note of Stallbaum on the *Phædrus* sp. 257. B.s, in which, by a single remark, he at once neutralizes some of the refined arguments of Van Heusde and Schleiermacher, adduced to prove true, though the theory most probably is on other grounds that the *Phædrus* was an early composition of Plato. Gray adopts the supposition that it was his first Dialogue.

From the extent to which these profounder questions are pursued in many works on Plato, a reader unacquainted with the original would hardly conceive to how large a proportion of his remains our last remark applies. 'That the dialogues of Plato,' says Professor Brandis\*, 'were from first to last not intended to set before any one, distinct assertions, but to place the objects in their opposite points of view, could appear credible only to partisans of the more modern sceptical academy.' In this we fully agree; only let it be acknowledged how much there is that is intelligible and delightful, apart from the solution of this problem. The difficulty of the problem, Professor Brandis himself admits; 'It is impossible,' says he, 'not to feel the difficulty of rendering to one's self a distinct account of what is designed and accomplished in any particular dialogue, and of its connexion with others.' Therefore, while we believe that Plato was not without his systematic purpose, we yet must concede to Mr. Lewes,

\* ART. PLATO. Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology. Edited by W. Smith, LL.D. The articles in both these dictionaries are in general most ably executed. If we were to take exception to any of the biographical ones, it would be to two or three in which the editor has deemed it necessary to resort to foreign aid. We must confess that on his list of contributors there are those who, for the English public, would in our judgment have executed the task much more advantageously. The articles we more particularly refer to are those on Aristotle and Plato, the one by Professor Stahr, and the other by Professor Brandis. Of the profound acquaintance of these eminent scholars with the authors of whom they treat, there can be no doubt; and we have good ground to confide in the accuracy and fidelity of the translator, Mr. C. P. Mason. There is also, we gladly admit, much interesting matter in the account of the life and writings of these eminent philosophers; yet when we come to their philosophy, we somehow find the subject involved in mists which we cannot help attributing in part to the foreign medium through which it is presented to us. The whole mode of employing language on philosophical subjects is so different among our German neighbors,—we say nothing at all of their superiority or inferiority in this respect,—that translations from them are almost always vague and unsatisfactory; even where the meaning is at last understood, the tedium of expression excites perpetual irritation. Where great abstruseness of thought is superadded to the 'langweiligkeit' of style, we are reminded of a journey through an American forest, jolting along in a cart without springs, over a corduroy road, and surrounded by umbrageous depths which the eye in vain strives to penetrate. These remarks apply with special force to Mr. Dobson's translation of Schleiermacher's 'Introductions to the Dialogues of Plato.' From a comparison of several passages with the original, we have no reason to doubt either the skill or fidelity of the translator: yet we will venture to say, that the book is one of the most wearisome to read in the English language.]

(though he, perhaps, states the objection rather too strongly), that few writers are chargeable with more frequent inconsistencies; inconsistencies very natural, indeed, in the gradual development of opinions, slowly matured and variously expressed in the course of a long career, but incapable, like most contrarieties, of being kneaded into any harmonious system. It is probable too, that, in attempting to harmonize his system, due allowance has not always been made for the latitude which Plato may have permitted to the dramatic form of his dialogues. Critics who have not united the requisite aptitudes for philosophical discussion with an exact appreciation of the beauties of a most refined species of composition, have sometimes supposed him to be serious where he was only playful, and have tortured themselves and him to discover his consistency. In particular, as Stallbaum,\* one of the clearest and most instructive of his commentators, observes, the very covert irony of the Platonic Socrates, which is sometimes grave enough to deceive even the most astute, has now and then imposed on erudite simplicity. What was thus only a grave joke has been transformed into a truly laughable wisdom, and a defect of refinement and taste has become an error in the interpretation of philosophy. At all events, if Socrates could but have foreseen all the platitudes which the Alexandrian commentators have uttered on the mysteries couched under some of his delicate satire, an involuntary chuckle must have been heard from behind his mask.

On one of the above mentioned questions, the authenticity or spuriousness of certain dialogues, we may be pardoned for offering two or three general remarks. The boldness with which German scholarship pronounces certain writings of Plato spurious, would be amusing if it were not so provoking. Ast, Socher, Ritter, Schleiermacher, all reject, or hesitate to receive, some dialogues (though happily they are not quite agreed among themselves which they are to reject), pronounced authentic by the utmost possible strength of external evidence, and which they suspect to be spurious, simply on account of their conjecture that there is something in the internal evidence inconsistent with what they have conjectured must have been the design of Plato in the development of his entire system of philosophy; or again, because they observe some inferiority in the literary execution. As to the

\* See particularly *Prefatio ad Protagoram*, pp. 1, 2.

first objection, their own serious differences of view (however felicitous some of their hypotheses) ought to have convinced them of the extreme precariousness of such grounds. As to the second, we may well say with Mr. Lewes, What writer is at all times equal to the highest of his own flights? What author has produced nothing but *chefs-d'œuvre*? Are there not times when the most brilliant men are dull, when the richest style is meagre, when the compactest style is loose? The same subjects will not always call forth the same excellence; how unlikely, then, that various subjects should be treated with uniform power? The "Theages" could hardly equal the "Theætetus;" the "Euthydemus" must be inferior to the "Gorgias." No one thinks of disputing Shakspeare's claim to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," because it is immeasurably inferior to "Twelfth Night," which in its turn is inferior to "Othello."

There is not one of these suspected dialogues, which it would be more unreasonable to reject than the Greater Hippias. Not only is there no external evidence against it, but, except from the fantastical reason that it contributes nothing to the development of some assumed system of Plato's philosophy, all the internal evidences of manner, style, and the happiest dramatic vivacity, are most conspicuously in its favour. Schleiermacher, while he states his doubts in one page, pleasantly does his best to answer them in the next. Having contended that the irony is ruder and less delicate than that of Plato in general, he yet admits that there is 'abundance of pleasantry' in the composition, and that, if we fully knew the circumstances and design of it, we should probably see much more of its beauty. Meanwhile, we confess, it seems to us that enough is apparent even now to betray the genuine manner of Plato. The question discussed in it is one of the most subtle and difficult in the whole field of intellectual criticism; that is, the essence of the beautiful, or what it is which makes us denominate so immense a variety of objects by that one epithet; a question which has, perhaps, not even yet been solved to the full satisfaction of every one, and which it is no more wonderful that Plato should have left undetermined in this Dialogue than that he should have left equal difficulties at the close of the Theætetus without any positive solution. The erroneous theories he confutes are, some of them, not very dis-

similar to those which have been so often repeated in modern times. The first answers of Hippias, till he comes fully to understand the nature of the question, are not much more absurd (absurd though they are), than might be expected from one who is, by implication, represented as a total stranger to metaphysical niceties\*, and who has been principally engaged in the study of mythological antiquities, and such like 'old wives' fables,' as Socrates himself hints.† Nay, they are not much more absurd than the answers which no mean men of modern times have given to the same question, when vainly searching for the beautiful in some one class of material forms or qualities: not much more absurd than that of Burke, who found diminutiveness essential to beauty, or that of Hogarth, who found its essence in a certain curve.

To reject ancient writings on the frivolous internal evidence upon which a German scholar often depends, would require the critic to possess a tact not less delicate than that which enabled a certain conjuror to detect the recent presence of spirits by the *odour* which they had left behind them; or that which distinguished the two renowned ancestors of Sancho Panza in the matter of wine, who, being requested to pronounce judgment on a full cask decided, one of them, that it had a slight tang of iron, and the other, that it had a tang of leather. On emptying the cask, the wisdom of both was justified; for there was found at the bottom an iron key with a leathern thong attached to it!

But we must resume. Plato's metaphysical system, let it be ever so successfully illustrated or restored, can be of interest only to the scholar, or the scientific antiquary, as marking an epoch or supplying a link in the historical development of philosophy. It is among the things that have been; it has not now a single follower, and will probably never have another, unless now and then some Thomas Taylor should return once in the long revolution of a Platonic year.

\* 'Does not the proposer of the question,' says Hippias, when Socrates has stated it in the person of his imaginary objector, 'desire to have it told him what is beautiful?'—'I think not, Hippias,' says Socrates, 'but to have it told him *what the beautiful is*.' Hippias cannot see the difference.

† 'I perceive,' says Socrates, after Hippias has been boasting of the interest with which the Lacedæmonian youth had listened to his 'auld wauld' stories, 'I perceive why they were so delighted with you—you were of the same use to them as old women are to children—to amuse them with pretty fables; πρὸς τοὺς ἰδιώτας μυθολογεῖν.'

Plato's archetypal ideas, his metempsychosis, his cosmology, his doctrines of the pre-existence of the human soul, and that all our knowledge is but reminiscence—these and other related dogmas have gone the way of so many other philosophies.

It is sometimes said, indeed, that, even in the construction of such an adventurous system, Plato was prompted by the severity of his dialectics; while others have represented it as the exuberance of a rich poetic fancy. 'It is a mistake,' says Mr. Lewes, speaking of Plato's doctrine of reminiscence, 'to suppose this a mere poetical conception. Plato never sacrifices logic to poetry. If he sometimes calls poetry to his aid, it is only to express by it those ideas which logic cannot grasp, ideas which are beyond demonstration; but he never indulges in mere fancies.' There is a sense in which both of these statements are true enough. Perplexed, like so many other philosophers, to account for the origin of knowledge and the formation of general ideas, it may be said that his logical subtlety led him to frame the theory of archetypal ideas, and the doctrine of reminiscence, as the sufficient solution; but it is not less true that imagination supplied his logic with the materials; or that his speculations involved just as much difficulty in their proof as the solution of the mysteries they were designed to remove. All such gratuitous theories for intractable phenomena are but the repetition of the Hindoo cosmogony; and when we have got the world on the elephant's back, and the elephant on the tortoise, we still need something for the tortoise to rest upon. Philosophers are but too apt to forget, when they make hypotheses for difficult cases, under the stress of *such* logical necessities, that a truer logic would teach them that when they have arrived at phenomena for which they have no other solution than fanciful assumptions, they had better leave them alone. In the same sense—and the same apology has been made for them—Descartes was led by his *logic* to his vortices, and Leibnitz to his monads; but it was imagination, rather than logic, which handed them their materials. For our own parts, we would just as soon rest in a mystery which nature and fact have made for us, as feel ourselves obliged to rest a little farther on in one, which any such supposed logic has gratuitously created. There is no lack of instances of the use of hypothesis in science. On the other hand, the abuse of hypothesis formed its history

for ages; and in all such cases, it would be a waste of time and labour not to stop at A, if, after one doubtful step through equal darkness, we are still obliged to stop at B.

But it must not be supposed that there are not portions of Plato's philosophy, which, though involving, in the sense which Plato meant them to convey, some of the above fantastical dogmas, may be even now perused by the general student with signal advantage; that is,—his reasonings in many cases simply involve more than the truth, not what is contrary to it, and are not, therefore, vitiated by the residuum of error which we reject. For example, and by way of explaining our meaning, it has been very truly observed that Plato's 'archetypal ideas' correspond to our 'general notions' as expressed by 'general terms,' and *something more*; that is, he believed in their real existence, somewhere or other in the universe, external to any and to all minds. Now nothing in Plato is more remarkable than the ingenious and exhaustive induction by which he seeks (as he is fond of expressing it), 'The one in the many,' or the essence of that which we find existing in many different forms, species, and individuals, till he has discovered it in the most comprehensive genus and under the true limitations; nor do these admirable specimens of the investigation of general truth lose one particle of their beauty or cogency because Plato believed in the independent existence of ideas, and they may still be read as among the earliest and most striking models of a genuine method of philosophizing. If we could name the quality by which we denominate all objects 'beautiful' that are ever denominated so, it is manifest that it matters little to us that Plato thinks there is 'an archetypal beauty' external to our minds, and subsisting as an independent existence.—And, apart from the positive results of such investigations, they may have been of infinite service as instructive illustrations of a certain *method*.

But neither is this all of what science owes to this part of the writings of Plato, considered in a purely philosophical point of view.—If the 'method' be of greater value than the *positive* results, yet the *negative* results are often of the highest importance. Few have been more frequently triumphant in the exposure of the errors and sophistries of others. It may be humiliating to admit it, but it is not less a fact, that metaphysicians have in general been more potent to confute error than to establish truth. They

had more success in demolishing empires than in erecting them: and in this they only share the fate of other conquerors, of most of whom it may be said that the gigantic ruins of the cities they have destroyed still strew the plain, as memorials of their power, long after every trace of their own dynasties has passed away. The confutation of error can never, however, be thought a slight achievement; so long, alas, as it shall continue to be true, that a great part of human wisdom consists in unlearning the delusions, or guarding against the influence of human folly. It is difficult to overrate the services of Plato in this particular. In the *Theætetus*, for example, the masterly reasonings by which he has refuted so many shallow bases of science, and especially that too pleasant sophism of Protagoras—that the senses are our only guide,—that truth is what each individual thinks or feels it, or, in the sophist's language, that 'man is the measure of all things,'—can never be read without profit and admiration; nor, negative as the conclusions are, would we exchange them for a 'whole wilderness' of theories like that of archetypal ideas.

It is well said by a recent writer, 'As Sir C. Wren gained nearly as much credit for the scientific manner in which he removed the ruins of the old St. Paul's Church as for the genius and skill with which he planned and constructed the new edifice, so Plato should receive the commendation which is due to him for the elaborate and searching scrutiny to which he subjected the erroneous views current in his time, before he ventured to propound the grand and original conceptions on which his own philosophy was built up.\*'

But it is on his speculations in *moral science*, after all, that Plato's claims, as a philosopher, to the gratitude of mankind, principally rest. To the believer in a yet purer and nobler system of ethics, his system must always possess peculiar and transcendent interest, as affording (in conjunction with the ethics of Aristotle) a standard or gauge of the highest and sublimest pitch to which the unaided intellect of man can aspire on these subjects. But independently of this, we do not think it possible for any one to dwell on his impassioned admiration and sublime and glowing delineations of the morally fair and beautiful, without being in some degree infected with his ennobling enthusiasm, in accordance with that law by

which we become more or less assimilated to the image of whatever is the habitual object of our delighted contemplation. Can literature and philosophy have higher praise, than that no author has left us more intense and vivid pictures of ideal virtue, or seems more enamoured as he gazes on them, or is more likely to inspire his readers with his own elevated sentiments? that there is no one who has explored more profoundly the anatomy of man's moral nature, or laid bare more skilfully that spiritual mechanism by which, wholly apart from their grosser and external effects, virtue and vice operate of themselves on man's happiness or misery? no one in whose pages moral truth is so variously or beautifully illustrated? no one who, in the expression of moral formulas, has approached nearer or so near the very words of the Gospel? 'His object,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'is to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty (espe-

\* Next to Homer and the inspired Hebrew poets, no author exercised a more powerful influence on the congenial sublimity of Milton's genius than Plato. Often in his poetry, but still oftener in his prose writings, is that influence conspicuously reflected. Both authors attain, perhaps more frequently than almost any others, that highest species of sublimity—the *moral sublime*; arresting and transfixing the soul by the naked majesty of lofty sentiments and purely spiritual abstractions, and readily dispensing with material and palpable images. It is in such lines as those in which Milton speaks of 'the thoughts that wander through eternity,' or of 'the mind as its own place,' which 'makes a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven,' that his muse soars to the highest pitch, and in which he truly 'unspheres the spirit of Plato.' Milton was keenly alive to the beauty of the outward world—like 'the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,'—and, Puritan though he was, as much so to the fascinating associations connected with ecclesiastical architecture. Yet it was not this which made him the sublimest of all poets, but the far rarer power, by which his imagination excelled in clothing principles of the simplest and severest character with all the grandeur of the most impressive eloquence, or the most splendid poetry. He who will read his wonderful description of the 'true office' of a Christian minister, in book ii., chap. 3, of the 'Reason of Church Government urged against 'Prelacy,' or of 'Excommunication,' both there and in the 2nd book of 'Reformation in England' will readily concede this. Plato and Milton seem to have been alike in another respect,—in their defects as well as in their excellences. For both have shown themselves incapable of perceiving any thing but the truth of ultimate principles and the most comprehensive generalizations in morals, or of discerning the 'refractions' and deviations (as Burke would say) to which abstract principles are subject when they enter this atmosphere of earth; both were alike destitute of that practical sagacity which knows how to apply ethics to politics in our work-a-day world. In this point of view, 'The Doctrine of Divorce,' and the scheme of 'Education,' will stand about on the same level with Plato's most Utopian of all republics.

\* Penny Cyclopædia. PLATO; an article necessarily brief, but which will well repay perusal.

cially of goodness, the highest beauty), and of that supreme and eternal mind, which contains all truth and wisdom, all beauty and goodness. . . . He enforced these lessons by an inexhaustible variety of just and beautiful illustrations,—sometimes striking from their familiarity, sometimes subduing by their grandeur,—and his works are the storehouse from which moralists have, from age to age, borrowed the means of rendering moral instruction easier and more delightful.'

It has been said, by way of objection, that the ethics of Plato are too elevated and transcendental for humanity; that they are founded, 'not on a principle of obligation, on the definition of duty, but on the tendency to perfection.' Now, while there is something in this, and while there would be more, in case Plato had assigned moral excellence no other supports than those derived from such motives, yet, among the various influences under which human character is formed, surely the views which he has opened, and the motives which he has appealed to, are entitled to all but the highest place. The contemplation of a perfection, which humanity can never reach, is no, without its benefit; the reflected image though paler than the light which produces it, will bestill in *proportion* to its brightness. Addison's illustration of the asymptote, always approaching its curve, though never touching it, would still be realized. But, in truth, the objection, as above stated, is too general: Plato does not confine himself to any one topic of persuasion, although unquestionably an abstract tendency to perfection is a favourite theme with him—as we think it ought to be. 'Perhaps,' says Sir James Mackintosh, after speaking of the various illustrations by which he represented virtue, 'in every one of these, an eye, trained in the history of ethics, may discover the germ of the whole or of a part of some subsequent theory. But to examine it thus, would not be to look at it with the eye of Plato. His aim was as practical as that of Socrates. He employed every topic—without regard to its place in a system, or even always to its force as an argument—which could attract the small portion of the community then accessible to cultivation; who, it should not be forgotten, had no moral instructor but the philosopher, unaided, if not thwarted, by the reigning superstition; for religion had not then, besides her own discoveries, brought down the most awful and the most beautiful forms of moral

truth to the humblest station in human society.'

Nor must it, in justice, be forgotten, that no one has insisted more urgently on the coincidence, the indissoluble alliance, between virtue and happiness. In this, as Macintosh has observed, there is no real discrepancy between Plato and Aristotle. 'Neither distinguished the elements, which they represented as constituting the supreme good, from each other, partly, perhaps, from a fear of appearing to separate them.' But, he adds with admirable discrimination, 'Plato more habitually considered happiness as the natural fruit of virtue; Aristotle oftener viewed virtue as the means of attaining happiness.' Nor is this an unimportant distinction—and, as far as it goes, it is to Plato's advantage; for, though the infirmity of human nature requires to be 'undergirded' by all sorts of supports, and we would not, therefore, withdraw one of them, it is not of little moment whether the calculation of interest or the appreciation of the morally fair and beautiful has the habitual ascendancy in our thoughts; it cannot be the same to our moral nature, whether our eye constantly dwells delighted on that fat and fertile soil through which the stream of virtuous action flows, and which it so prosperously irrigates, or on the transparent and beautiful stream itself. Let but a man always think that he is to do nothing but what is for his interest, however true it may be in the long run and on the great scale, yet that ever-present thought will narrow his mind to selfishness. The further question,—whether the perception of moral distinctions be natural or acquired,—is, for our present purpose, comparatively immaterial: it is sufficient, however deduced, that it exists.

Plato not simply imbibed the lofty ethical spirit and maxims of his master, but when he descants on such themes, he surrounds them with a halo of eloquence, which his master was incapable of imparting to them. Yet there is another characteristic of his practical ethics still more striking than their eloquence: it is the astonishing decision, as well as sublimity, of his principles, and their close approximation to the evangelical modes of expression. Whatever may be the assumptions and extravagances of his physics, and the obscurities and mysteries of his metaphysics, or however visionary the character of his political speculations, the great principles of his ethical system are clear as the light, and as sublime as they are intelligible. Nay, it is not unworthy of remark,



that while in his profound impression of the ignorance of human nature, he has so often refrained from a dogmatical assertion of his opinions; while his dialogues on metaphysical and critical subjects sometimes seem little more than the play of an ingenious and highly subtle intellect, and contain more frequently refutations of the errors of others, or hints for the adjustment of apparently conflicting truths, than the establishment of any positive doctrines of his own; while his Socrates perpetually professes that he asserts nothing, but merely examines the opinions of others, and in that natural process of investigation, avows that in confuting others, he has also sometimes confuted himself, or, as in the Protagoras, finds that he has changed sides with his opponent; while these are so frequently the characteristics of Plato's manner, that he has even been unjustly considered by many as the patron of scepticism, it is singular that on those *practical* questions of morals, in which, in the absence of revelation, there was just as much speculative difficulty, and a still greater danger of an erroneous bias from the influence of selfishness and passion, Plato is as firm as a rock, and invariably takes the nobler side. In spite of the apparent perplexities of the moral administration of the universe, in spite of the frequent spectacle of prosperous iniquity and oppressed virtue, it is sufficient for him to discern the *tendencies* of those great laws, to which their full development is not at present accorded; and he declares the certainty of their ultimate triumph in opposition to every doubt in his own breast, and every plausible but narrow theory issuing from minds less lofty than his own. That 'might can never constitute right,'—whatever creed might be shamelessly avowed by some of the speakers in his dialogues, and might be welcome to the vanity and ambition of many a young Athenian; that perfect virtue is the highest element of happiness, and would, if possessed, assuredly secure it; that the morally wrong can never be the truly expedient; that the good and the beautiful cannot be severed; that it is always, and under all circumstances, better 'to suffer an injury than to do one'; that even the most successful crime is but a splendid misery, and involves, by inevitable necessity, in the remorse it awakens and the passions it nurtures, its own invisible but infallible avengers; that only he is a virtuous man who acts as virtue bids him, even though he could be assured that neither detection nor punish-

ment awaited his crimes, and that he might commit them under the privilege of the ring of Gyges; 'that virtue is herself the soul's best recompense,' though it is true that all meaner felicities swell the pomp of her retinue;—these maxims he often proclaims with an authority as undoubting as if no plausible theories (so natural in the absence of a better revelation than the ordinary course of this world can supply) might be urged against them; nay, with a courage and commanding greatness which might well put to the blush many professed theorists in ethics, who have enjoyed a light for which Socrates and Plato could only wait and hope.

And in the same manner, in relation to the kindred questions,—on a satisfactory solution of which the truth and consistency of the lofty moral maxims, just adverted to, so much depend,—on the immortality of the soul, and a future state of retribution, Plato, if not quite free from those fluctuations of feeling and opinion which were unavoidable to a deeply reflecting mind and especially a heathen mind, is yet far more decisive than any preceding philosopher, and uniformly favorable to the more sublime and elevated view. Yielding in these cases to a noble instinct rather than trusting to the hesitation and caution of a subtle but inadequate reason; supplying the defects of argument by a faith that *must* be true, which it would be ignominy to think false, he teaches those doctrines which a nature worthy of immortality would wish to be proved, even if it could not fully prove them, and strains every nerve to grapple with the difficulties which scepticism is so well content to leave unsolved.\* Imprisoned like the rest of his species in that dark cave in which he represents the human race as lying bound, perceiving only the images and shadows of realities, and forming imperfect guesses of their nature and relations, he turns his eyes

\* How near do the following sentences come to certain Scriptural expressions:—'We must then suppose of the righteous man, that though he may be in poverty, in sickness, or any other *seeming* evil, yet to him these things will terminate in some good—living or dead. For it cannot be, that he who ardently desires to be a just man, and, by the cultivation of virtue, to resemble the Deity as far as humanity will permit, can ever be uncared for by the Gods.'—*Republic*, Lib. 10. It is a sentiment he frequently gives expression to. Nor less philosophical than beautiful is that declaration in the tenth book of the 'Laws,' by which Bolingbroke might have learned something of the real proportions of spiritual things, 'That probably it were no difficult thing to demonstrate that the Gods are as mindful of the minutes as of the vast.'

eagerly towards the light, and longs to climb the steep ascent to a more perfect day. The contrast between the buoyant and confident spirit of the Platonic Socrates when treating of these subjects, and the cautious, not to say sceptical tone, which he so often adopts on others, is certainly surprising, and, we do not think, has been sufficiently observed.

The feature now referred to must be admitted to constitute a singular merit. To us, indeed, indulged with a better guide than his philosophy, the truths he uttered may sound elementary; though who among modern writers could have illustrated them with the eloquence of Plato? But in that twilight in which he speculated, amidst the frequent doubts even of those who might in general sympathize with his hopes and aspirations, and amidst the incessant, plausible, and practical denial of these truths on the part of all who wished them false, his conclusions show a vast comprehensiveness and elevation of mind; and entitle him to that appellation which one of our greatest British divines hesitates not to bestow upon him, of the 'great pagan theologue.'

It has been remarked by Mr. Macaulay, in his essay on Bacon, that the inductive philosophy is favourably distinguished from that of the ancients, inasmuch as it is a *fruitful* philosophy;—fruitful of useful discoveries and important practical results in every department of science;—while that of the ancient world was generally barren, occupied either with useless subtleties and logomachies, or exhausting itself on questions which are totally beyond the province of the human faculties; in the pursuit of which the ancient philosopher too often even contemptuously looked down on that humble office of interpreting nature, in which Bacon places the sum of philosophy. The remark is just, and the conclusion in favour of Bacon's philosophy incontestible; nor, so far as time was consumed in profitless and idle subtleties, can even an apology be offered in behalf of the ancients. For anything one can see, it would unquestionably have been wiser to have spent in examining the phenomena of the material world the time and mental energy which were wasted in vainly devising theories of metaphysics; but in relation to the questions which turned on the destinies of man, and the theory of morals, who can wonder that, in the absence of an authoritative guide, the human mind was irresistibly attracted to perpetual meditation on such themes? Such is their tremendous importance (however solved) in the eye of

any man who deserves the title of a *thinking* being, that it is surely no wonder that the most acute and inquisitive understandings—that is, those which are abstractedly the best fitted for the investigations of science—should have been absolutely fascinated and riveted by them; or that they could hardly persuade themselves that they could have leisure for any purely material studies, till they had attained something like certainty on points of incomparably higher moment. Little as the multitude may have felt these things, there must have been many powerful minds who, as they questioned the mute oracles of nature—mute, we mean, on such points—must have been ready to exclaim, in the sublime words of Pascal, 'Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie.' Nor is it, perhaps, among the least of our incidental obligations to that Book in which so many myriads have found repose from the ceaseless questions which must often have agitated the greatest sages of antiquity, that so large a portion of the highest intellect of our race—the intellect of a Bacon, a Newton, a Pascal, a Locke—has, *in fact*, accepted its decisions on these questions, and thus been free to pursue the path of science within the limits and in the direction, in which alone human science can be successfully prosecuted.

But neither have we yet stated all Plato's claims to some place in the vernacular literature of all civilized nations.

To the generality of readers, large fragments of the Platonic writings possess an interest quite separate from the merits or faults of Plato's positive philosophy, and even from his success or failure in his mode of treating the particular subjects of the several dialogues. That interest consists not in the formal instructions given, nor in the continuity with which some one subject is pursued, but in a great measure in the incidental topics so gracefully introduced, and in the general charm and sweetness of the composition; in striking apophthegms of moral wisdom, and the beautiful images which embellish them; in the lively illustrations which his reasonings perpetually derive from historic fact and poetic fiction; in original and profound reflections on human nature, most happily expressed; in accurate and vivid sketches of individual character, or of classes of men, who still have their types among all nations; in his felicitous scenic descriptions, his animated dialogue, and rare literary beauties of every kind. Mr. Lewes has remarked of the Republic,

that "by reducing it to its theoretical formula, we are doubtless viewing it in its most unfavourable light. Its value and its interest do not consist in its political ideas, but in its collateral ideas on education, religion, and morals." This is equally true of most of his other productions. They abound in beauties which will not fade with the speculations with which they are intermingled, and may be appreciated by persons who care nothing for the philosophy of the author, or, indeed, very little for any other philosophy.

The sublime manner in which Plato announces and proves the great paradox in the *Gorgias*, that to do an injury is the greatest of evils; and that equal paradox, that he who commits crime with impunity is a yet more pitiable object than he who is punished for it, inasmuch as punishment is the appropriate medicine of the soul, and may reclaim it;—the impressive declaration which Tacitus has vouched and verified, that if we could but see the heart of a tyrant we should behold it torn and tormented by its own avenging passions; or that opposite picture of the all-entrancing loveliness of virtue, 'if she could but be seen';—the striking reply to Agathon, when the latter said that he could not dispute against Socrates, 'You are not able, my Agathon, to argue against the truth, for to argue against Socrates is nothing difficult';—the beautiful description of a contented old age, in the first book of the *Republic*, where the venerable Cephalus, in reply to Socrates' question as to how he finds the road which his younger companions must travel after him, avows that he feels, in freedom from the dominion of the passions, a sufficient compensation for the loss of their pleasures;—the apposite warning in the *Protagoras* to the eager candidate for the dangerous privilege of a sophist's instructions, that we ought to be much more cautious in the purchase of mental than bodily aliment, inasmuch as science cannot be carried away in any material vessel, and examined afterwards, but must be taken home in the soul itself, so that the purchaser goes away with his blessing or his curse cleaving to him;—the scene in the same magnificent *Dialogue*, in which the pompous sophist is represented as declaiming while he walks in the porch of Callias, accompanied by the troop of youths who followed him from all parts of Greece, 'charmed by his voice as if he had been another Orpheus,' and who, as he reaches the end of his walk, divide prompt-

ly to the right and left, and obsequiously form again in his rear;—the profound moral anatomy in parts of the *Philebus*, in which Plato reasons on man's chief good, and shows that neither pleasure nor intellect—'the vase of honey' nor 'the vase of cold but healthful water'—is sufficient to constitute it;—the communings of Socrates with his internal self (represented at the close of the *Hippias Major*), when he returns home to night and solitude, self-accused for the inflation of supposed knowledge into which he might have been betrayed during the day;—the beautiful myth of the charioteer and his ill-yoked steeds, by which Plato shadows forth, in the *Phædrus*, the contest between the intellect and the passions, or that, again, in the *Gorgias*, by which he introduces the doctrine of future retribution, when the soul itself is to come before the incorruptible tribunal, 'unclothed' of all the adventitious things which now disturb our judgment;—his assertion, in the same place, of the perpetuity in that future state of the moral habits acquired now, and that the traces of evil passions remain in the soul, like scars of ignominy on the body;—the 'ravishing description' of Socrates and *Phædrus* loitering during the heat of the summer noon on the banks of the 'cool Ilissus,' where we seem to hear (so musical its eloquence), the whisper of the wind in the plane-tree and through the long grass, and the murmuring of the brook, and the chirping of the grasshoppers, summer-like and shrill;—the enthusiasm of the sage (who rarely wandered beyond the walls of Athens, and professed, like Dr. Johnson, that 'fields and trees would teach him nothing, while the men in the city could,') on being surprised into momentary rapture by the beauty of the scenery;—the humorous account of his being led thither—just as animals are allured onward by leaves or fruit—by the promised manuscript of *Lysias*, which *Phædrus* carries under his cloak;—the sublime prayer, not unlike that for which the wisest of men was so signally rewarded, with which the *Dialogue* closes, —'Grant, ye Gods, that I may become beautiful within, and that whatever of external good I possess may be friendly to my internal purity: let me account the wise man rich; and of wealth let me have only so much as a prudent man can bear or employ;—the sweet and solemn leave-taking of the world and his judges, and the confident declaration at the close of the *Apology*, that 'death is gain,' together with those

passages, more sweet and solemn still, with which the Phædo has immortalized his martyrdom, and which Cicero declared he could never read without tears;—these beauties, and a thousand others like them, must give delight to every man of taste and feeling, without any reference whatever to the general value or worthlessness of the speculations with which they are connected. Although, like scenes from Shakspeare's plays, they will be relished most by readers who can see them in their proper place, with all that introduces and surrounds them, they are yet inexpressibly charming even taken by themselves. Plato, as a whole, must, of course, be left to be fully appreciated by the scholar and the philosopher; but there are parts of him which challenge a much more general admiration: just as Bacon's Essays have been read with pleasure by thousands who never aspired to master the *Novum Organum*. Nor are we by any means sure, if he were obliged to choose, that he would not, and ought not, to prefer the wide-world homage which is the reward of excellences, which the wide world can appreciate, to the more circumscribed admiration of the little circle which can enter into his philosophy. Philosophies, alas! for the most part, are of mortal birth, and expire; but genuine eloquence and poetry are immortal.

We shall now, as we proposed, attempt an analysis of Plato's literary genius, and afterwards state precisely what we should wish to see attempted in the way of translation.

The mind of this great philosopher manifestly belonged to that very small class in which nature has not contented herself with bestowing some one or two faculties in extraordinary strength—compensating her partial generosity by a more niggardly allotment of other intellectual endowments; nor, on the other hand, was it a mind on which she had bestowed the most various endowments in equal but moderate proportion; it belonged to that select order to which Shakspeare and Bacon, Pascal and Leibnitz, are to be referred. On the contrary, it was a mind on which nature had resolved to lavish all her gifts in their most splendid variety, and most harmonious combinations, rich alike in powers of invention and acquisition; equally massive and light; strong and vigorous, yet pliable and versatile; master at once of thought and expression; in which originality and subtlety of intellect are surrounded by all the ministering aids of imagination, wit, humor, and

eloquence. The structure of such a mind resembles some masterpiece of classic architecture, in which the marble columns rise from their deep foundation exquisitely fashioned and proportioned, surmounted with elaborate and ornamented capitals, and supporting an entablature inscribed with all forms of the beautiful.

Plato's style is unrivalled: he wielded at will all the resources of the most copious, flexible, and varied instrument of thought, through which the mind of man has yet breathed the music of eloquence. Not less severely simple and refined when he pleases than Pascal,—between whom and Plato there are many resemblances, as in beauty of intellect, in the character of their wit, in aptitude for abstract science, and in moral wisdom,—the Grecian philosopher is capable of assuming every mood of thought and of adopting the tone, imagery, and diction appropriate to each. Like Pascal, he can be by turns profound, sublime, pathetic, sarcastic, playful; but with a far more absolute command over all the varieties of manner and style.\* He could pass by the most easy and rapid transitions from the majestic eloquence, which made the Greeks say that if Jupiter had spoken the language of mortals, he would have spoken in that of Plato, to that homely style of illustration and those highly idiomatic modes of expression, which mark the colloquial manners of his Socrates, and which, as Alcibiades, in his eulogium, observes, might induce a stranger to say that the talk of the latter was all about shoemakers and tailors, carpenters and braziers.†

\* Some author (if we mistake not) finds a resemblance between the humor of Pascal and that of Aristophanes. We wonder that the juster parallel of Plato did not suggest itself. As Voltaire said of the Provincial Letters, that 'the comedies of Molière did not surpass them in wit, nor the eloquence of Bossuet in sublimity,' so it may be said of Plato, that Aristophanes scarcely surpasses him in humour, or Demosthenes in eloquence. Pascal and Plato also resembled each other in their deep melancholy, as well as in their happy powers of raillery. How often has that union of refined wit and profound sadness been seen in the same genius!

† 'Aristotle,' says Mr. Lewes, 'capitally describes Plato's style as a middle species of diction between prose and verse.' But this critical dictum of Aristotle must be understood as applying only to certain portions of Plato's compositions; it is false, if intended to designate any one uniform manner, for no such uniformity is to be found. Mr. Lewes himself not only admits that there are to be found in Plato passages of the most diverse beauty, but describes them with great vivacity (vol. i., p. 29); though when he says Plato 'has scarcely any imagery,' he will, we think, find few to coincide with him.

Minds thus replenished and adorned with every species of intellectual excellence, with an equal variety and symmetry of powers, are indeed of rare occurrence. When they are permitted to appear among us, their productions are what we have stated Plato's to be, as remarkable for their *form* as for their *matter*. Great and original conceptions are bodied forth clothed in corresponding beauty of attire; the works are themselves grand exhibitions of artistic ability, as well as repositories of brilliant theories or profound speculation. As such, they are well worthy of our study; just as we gaze delighted on some antique vase or statue, not simply or even chiefly for the precious gold or marble of which it is made, but still more for the exquisite form in which they are moulded, and the exquisite skill and taste which have presided over the workmanship. Indeed, with regard to the *influence* of human compositions on mankind—their permanent influence—the form is as essential as the matter; and, we may add, harder to be attained. Take, for example, the Provincial Letters of Pascal: many minds probably could have supplied the mere substance and staple of the argument which runs through that beautiful texture; but the consummate arrangement the conception and conduct of the whole the lively dialogue—the dramatic painting—the perpetual wit—the powerful eloquence—the singular originality—who but himself could have combined?

Great as is the dramatic skill of Pascal in that astonishing performance, not surpassed in our judgment by that displayed in any single dialogue of Plato, the latter has given us a far more diversified exhibition of similar powers. And certainly, as a proof of genius, the strength and facility with which

He is more correct when he says that his illustrations are 'for the most part homely and familiar.'

In truth, it were as easy to state in one word what is the hue of the rainbow, as to describe by one epithet the many-coloured dietion of Plato. Specimens of a style as severely logical as that of Locke, as simple and elegant as that of Addison, as impassioned and elevated as that of Milton in the more lofty portions of his semi-poetic prose, may all be found in his works.—The work of Mr. Lewes is a very lively one, and contains much instruction in a small compass. We must confess, however, that for a professed sceptic concerning the truth of any and all systems of metaphysical philosophy, his manner is sometimes a little too dogmatical. The *historian* of philosophy has almost as much reason to be sceptical of his conclusions, as the philosophers he examines: whether his *opinion* as to what were *their* opinions, be correct, must be often as dubious as those opinions themselves.

He shapes and animates the very difficult form into which he has thrown his speculations, is even still more extraordinary than are the speculations themselves. It is comparatively easy to embody the results of philosophy in a plain didactic statement; but to give them, without serious injury to their force or clearness (especially when the subjects are abstruse, and the points of discussion subtle), in the form and colour of a fictitious dialogue, throughout which various characters, dramatically conceived and sustained, utter the sentiments appropriate to each; in which the colloquial language of actual life is preserved, and amidst all these interruptions, transitions, and naturally conceived incidents which impart verisimilitude to the whole is a task which, but for the success of Plato, might have been supposed impossible, since of all writers Plato has alone succeeded in it. Not that we feel disposed to contest Mr. Lewes's adjudications, that even Plato 'often sacrificed the general effect to his scrupulous dialectics;' and that his incessant repetitions were designed 'deeply to impress on the reader's mind the real force of his method.' Such a compromise, and to a certain extent, sacrifice of the dramatic interest, is unavoidable, where the ultimate object is didactic and argumentative, and not the appropriate pleasure of poetry. But it will be readily conceded that Plato has more nearly approached the solution of this problem—this union of incompatibles than any other writer; while in some dialogues—as in the Protagoras, which Schleiermacher regards as designed to exhibit the superiority of the dialogistic method of Socrates—the union of philosophical matter and dramatic skill is all but perfect. To deliver didactic matter in the *form* of a dialogue has been often attempted; as by Cicero, Henry More, Fénelon, Bishop Berkeley, and Bishop Hurd. But in general, even the better specimens of philosophical dialogue wholly fail in dramatic power, and are little else than a loose contexture of prolonged declamations in the mouths of two or three personages. No one can read the philosophical dialogues of Cicero, for example, without feeling the immense interval between himself and the great model which he so ardently admired, but so imperfectly imitated.

The conception and conduct of Plato's dialogues show a peculiar species of dramatic skill of the very highest order. The scenes are often laid, the plot contrived, and the characters and incidents invented, with

consummate judgment. The persons of the drama stand out in their appropriate characteristics as distinctly as the various forms in a group of Greek statuary,—diversified in their expression and their attitudes, but all natural and all beautiful.

‘The Socratic Dialogues,’ says Gray, in those posthumous fragments of criticism which give him as distinguished a name among scholars as he had long possessed among poets, ‘are a kind of dramas, where in the time, the place, and the characters are almost as exactly marked as in a true theatrical representation.’

The centre of nearly all these groups of philosophic painting is Socrates—a wonderful portrait for distinctness and individuality, even if it were a mere copy of the great prototype; and a still more wonderful creation if, as is certain, it is in many respects an ideal representation of the artist’s master. How far it was the one, and how far the other, has been matter of much dispute among the critics. That the great moral sage of Greece was, at all events, a very extraordinary character is sufficiently evident even from the less ambitious delineation by Xenophon. That he was profoundly versed in his favourite science—that of Man, for which he had forsaken his early physical studies, because he had found them unsatisfactory; that he taught the most sublime and elevated ethics the heathen world had ever attained; that he gave his instructions gratuitously; that in the accomplishment of this noble, and, as he supposed, divinely appointed mission,\* he utterly neglected his private affairs—being of an opposite opinion to Horace Walpole, ‘that the public is big enough to take care of itself;’ that he maintained incessant warfare with the tribe of wandering sophists who, for hire, taught

those pernicious mysteries of dishonest logic and deceptive rhetoric which corrupted the Athenian youth; that he was simple in his manners, sincere in his actions, of incorruptible integrity and constancy, capable of uttering truth in the face of all danger, and incapable of uttering falsehood to escape it,—all this history authenticates. Of his invincible love of justice, he gave a noble example on the only occasion on which he ever exercised the magisterial functions, opposing single handed, and at the hazard of his life, the will of the Athenian democracy in one of their worst and most profligate acts of tyranny, and that, too, when all his colleagues cowered and bent before the storm. That he persisted to the close in the same consistent course, and died at last in the way so often told, and by Plato in particular with such inimitable pathos, as a martyr for truth and the victim of ignorance, calumny, and injustice, is also generally admitted.

It is more than probable that in the ideal representation which Plato has given of Socrates, some infirmities and foibles have been concealed or softened. History at least gives us reason to suspect it. In the dialogues of Plato his superiority of genius, and his skill in argument, are never displayed offensively; nor is there the slightest departure from the genuine humility which will ever be found to accompany that truest species of wisdom, of which alone Socrates claimed possession—the deep conviction of our own ignorance. But history does not altogether sanction this picture of perfect amiability and modesty; it more than hints at certain airs of dogmatism and superciliousness, and at a certain strut and portliness of manner, which remind us of the familiar moods of another great moralist nearer home,—peculiarities, however, which, as in this last case might well be pardoned to so much genius and worth.

If in these and some other respects, the moral as well as intellectual character of Socrates has gained from the pencil of his disciples, there are other points, and those far more serious, in which no mean critics have supposed him to have greatly suffered. Among the points which we think have been misunderstood, we would refer, as an instance, to some admirable critiques, full of vivacity and learning, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* more than twenty years ago. Some of the scenes in which Socrates is presented to us were calculated, it is surmised, ‘to inspire the same doubts

\* Much has been said of that difficult subject the ‘dæmon’ of Socrates. The diverse interpretations put upon the language of Plato and Xenophon respecting it are well known. For our own parts, we have no doubt that the view taken by Wiggers, and many other scholars, is substantially correct; that Socrates, like so many other highly-gifted and susceptible minds, was not without a tinge of enthusiasm, and sincerely attributed the sudden and imperious suggestion of some premonitions and presentiments, for which he could not otherwise account, to a preternatural origin. We do not believe him to have been really inspired, as some suppose—the invocation of Erasmus, ‘*Sancite Socrates, ora pro nobis*,’ does not rise to our lips—but we could almost as readily bring ourselves to repeat it, as imagine him the *knave*, to which the theory of some of his professed admirers, among our too accommodating German interpreters, would, (however unintentionally), reduce him.

in his contemporaries which he has since excited amongst posterity, whether he was the Silenus that his exterior figure betokened, or the Silenus of the sculptors' shops, which, rude and grotesque to the outward view, opened to a touch, and disclosed within beautiful and exquisitely carved figures of the gods.\*

The suspicion of Socrates intimated in this passage, seems to us scarcely just: and, indeed, throughout those very spirited articles, there appears a sort of prejudice against him. Entirely agreeing that both Plato and Xenophon have introduced him into scenes which are inefably disgusting, and that in particular the eulogium of the drunken Alcibiades in the Banquet, wonderful as it is, contains a passage which no one who has ever read it would wish to read again, we yet think it is plain that Plato intended, even here, to intimate the superiority of Socrates to the worst vices of his countrymen, and his moral disapprobation of them. But though Socrates be thus exonerated, Alas! what must have been the social condition of a people, in which a great writer could find in an exemption from the very lowest forms of human depravity so egregious a singularity, as to extort out of it a topic of compliment to the sage he revered and loved! What must have been their familiarity with the most infamous of vices, to induce even a drunken young profligate to point him out as a prodigy of temperance and fortitude, because he was not stained with them! Fully admitting the interpretation of Quintillian to be correct, and that Plato intended 'ut Socratis invictam continentiam ostenderet, quæ corrumpi—non posset,' we feel that the compliment of Alcibiades to Socrates is much as if some youth had innocently expressed his astonishment that *though* he had repeatedly tempted and invited a Milton or a Newton to indulge in cannibalism, yet 'such was the wonderful fortitude and temperance of the men,' that they had resisted all his alluring importunities to partake of the choicest delicacies of a New Zealand cuisine. There are practices into which it is infamy indeed to fall; but which it can be no glory to shun.\*

\* We must also admit, that though Socrates himself had none but an honest meaning in his frequent inculcation of the pursuit of the supreme and essential beauty—that of wisdom and virtue—through all the lower forms of material beauty, as well as in his mystical, though not always wise, illustrations of the immortal through the medium of the mortal *idea*, yet, to a people in the moral condition of the Athenians, such a path to purity would

But whatever flatteries, intellectual or moral, may be supposed to lurk in the Platonic portrait of Socrates, they cannot be said to extend to his personal peculiarities, which are given with no complimentary fidelity. Those peculiarities, indeed, are not all formally described in any one specific enumeration, but are dramatically produced in the natural development of the successive features of his character in the varied course of the dialogues, just as different incidents and conjunctures suggest their introduction. We there see the simplicity of his manners—his somewhat *too* philosophic negligence of appearances—the oddities and eccentricities of an abstracted mind, such as history attributes to him—and even that eminent grotesqueness of visage by which (with all reverence be it spoken) he was also distinguished. There is an amusing passage in the beautiful introduction to the Theætetus, where Theodorus, after describing the early mental promise of the youth from whom the dialogue is named, and gravely adding, that he is far from being beautiful, begs Socrates not to be angry: 'but, in fact, he has a strong resemblance to you, in the prominence of his eyes and the *snubbishness* of his nose—only his eyes are not so prominent as yours, nor is his nose so snubbish.' Socrates receives the communication with imperturbable temper, as usual, and bids him call Theætetus to him. The youth approaches, and Socrates says, 'I have sent for you, Theætetus, just that I may look upon myself, and see what sort of a face I have: for Theodorus says that I resemble you.' We can easily imagine how awkward an ingenuous youth would feel under such a scrutiny, and how little he would relish the compliment involved. Socrates, however, who seldom failed to return a sarcasm, tells him, that if

be a somewhat precarious and dangerous one. The road to Elysium in this case ran straight through the infernal regions, and there would be some hazard of the mortal traveller being detained upon the road. In vain will the philosophic Orpheus strive to recall the lost Erudyce, Virtue, by such strains; she is not for him, if he has to seek her in the shades. But for obvious reasons, we say no more on this topic. We are content to refer to the sentiments before expressed in this Journal, in a review of 'Mitchell's Aristophanes,' vol. xxxiv, p. 303. note.

It is humiliating to think, in the case of the Greeks, on the contrast between their intense love of beauty and their familiarity with the most odious vices of human nature; and to see how little the utmost refinement of taste in the arts has to do with the correction of the passions. It is as if we beheld a being compounded of the angel and the demon; the intellect of the one, and the passions of the other.

Theodorus had been a painter or a sculptor, his opinion on the resemblance of faces might, perhaps, have been entitled to attention; but as he was only a geometrician, it was not worth while to pay the least regard to him on such a subject, whether he praised or blamed. To this Theætetus, no doubt, very cordially, agrees.

These odd features, and strange manners to match—not seldom allied to great genius and its attendant simplicity—must have given to the real Socrates a marked external individuality. Of his absence of mind, more than one story is told in ancient history. Socrates himself was fully aware, both from reflection and experience, of this ludicrous side of the philosophic character, and in his beautiful contrast in the Theætetus, between the true philosopher, ‘ignorant even of his ignorance’ of common matters (as he strongly expresses it), and the keen man of the world, does not omit to mention it. He illustrates the subject by a humorous reference to the adventures of Thales, who, while astronomizing as he walked, paid the penalty of unseasonable star-gazing by falling into a well; and was laughed at by a Thracian servant girl, for being so intent upon the distant as not to see what was at his feet. We are afraid that if it were worth while to retort the sarcasm on the multitude, it were easy to do so; for the great bulk of mankind are so intent upon what is close to them, that they hardly seem capable of reflecting on the distant and the future; so occupied with what is just at their feet, that they seldom raise their eyes to the starry heavens at all. Indeed, it is thus that Socrates turns the tables upon them. It is well, however, when the organs of mental vision, like those of the body, can promptly adjust themselves to the degree of light and the distance or proximity of the object; and he who can do both these promptly, as the exigencies of the present or of the future—of the great or the little in life—demand, is alone worthy of the name of a fully developed man.

We can readily believe that the abstraction of Socrates laid him open to ridicule. We all know the stories which are told of Newton:—how, one morning, having commenced dressing, and having got one leg into those garments which are without a name, he was arrested in the operation by a sudden flash of light on some profound theorem; and sitting down on the bed, remained in that attitude for some hours, transfixed in meditation; how, on another occasion, he ac-

complished a perhaps still more striking feat of abstraction—no less than that he once thought he had dined when he had not; the human stomach being in general resolutely set against all such illusory conclusions. There is as wonderful a story told of Socrates: being on military service in the expedition to Potidæa, he is reported to have stood for four-and-twenty hours before the camp, rooted to the same spot, and absorbed in deep thought, with his eyes fixed on the same object, as if his soul were absent from his body. This is, perhaps, as little true as some of the tales that are told of our own philosopher; but the popular invention or exaggeration of such anecdotes is always founded on a basis of fact; and we may rest assured that in the case of Socrates there were facts enough to found them upon.

But all the characteristics, whether mental or personal, which history attributes to the real Socrates, do not exhaust that wonderful creation which constitutes the Platonic Socrates; and it is with the Platonic Socrates we have now to do. In that portraiture, indeed, the peculiarities in question, though, as already said, probably softened in some instances, re-appear, and are most graphically described and most dramatically exhibited; but they are at the same time ideally represented and harmonized: not only so, they are wonderfully blended with *other* peculiarities, which Socrates either did not possess, or in a very limited degree; peculiarities, which, in fact, constitute the soul of Plato himself, transmigrated into the person of his master, and speaking by his organs—yet, without suggesting the idea of incongruity. If any such idea ever obtrude itself, it is owing to the disturbing influence of certain associations connected with the historic Socrates. Supposing the Platonic Socrates to be known to us only as a pure creation of fiction, we doubt whether any sense of inconsistency in the various phases, in which the character is presented, would have suggested itself; whether it would not have appeared to be the consistent ideal of a complete philosopher; of a man who, superior to all other men, as Alcibiades is made to declare him, was designed to be a combination of the most various mental endowments, conjoined with profound simplicity of mind and habits; of plastic capacity of adaptation to any circumstances, with a constant superiority to all. Whether the Richard III. of history be the Richard of Shakespeare



is of great importance, if we consider the last as an historic portrait; of no importance at all in estimating its value as a poetic creation. It is much the same with the Platonic Socrates; in some respects inconsistent with the Socrates of history—in no way inconsistent with the ideal of Plato's conception. The whole creation, indeed, looks astonishingly natural—the superinduced elements blending with the original qualities; and though we may see that the Platonic Socrates never existed, any more than the Hamlet or Othello of Shakspeare, we also see that the whole is a harmonious assemblage of attributes and qualities, which have existed in one and the same person without any violation of the conditions of the probable in human character.

Probably, however, even the discrepancy with the Socrates of history is much less than has generally been supposed. We must recollect that a large portion of the most abstruse of the Platonic doctrines is put, not into the mouth of Socrates, but into those of Parmenides, Timæus, and others; and again, that, in the myths of the Phædrus, he professes to speak in a poetic style unusual with him, and under the sudden access of a divine afflatus. Such passages, especially introduced (as they often are), in a vein half sportive, half serious, are perhaps not inconsistent with that rich combination of powers which we know that the real Socrates possessed; and still less with that wonderful facility of adaptation, which preserving the basis of strong sense and invincible logic, Plato wished to exhibit in his dramatic representative. Nor was the original character of Socrates destitute of a vein of mysticism and enthusiasm; and (as has been remarked by Mr. Mitchell), even in that later and maturer form in which Plato has portrayed him, traces still appear of many of the peculiarities, which had probably rendered the early Socrates of the Clouds a less extravagant caricature than has been generally imagined. Schleiermacher, in his 'Essay on the Worth of Socrates as a Philosopher,' truly asserts that, if his stature has been exaggerated to gigantic dimensions by Plato, it has been dwarfed by Xenophon;—he was in intellect a mean proportional, if we may so speak, between the Platonic and Xenophontic Socrates. We must also agree with this great critic, that if there were not often greater fascination and variety in the discourses of Socrates than appear in the pages of Xenophon, it is hard to conceive

that the everlasting disputant should not have been voted by the volatile multitude a prodigious *bore*, or 'that he should not in the course of so many years, have cleared the market-place and the workshops, the walks, and the wrestling-schools, by the dread of his presence.'

Whatever the intellectual power of the real Socrates, it is to Plato, we apprehend, that we must ascribe very much of the metaphysical depth, by which the Platonic Socrates is distinguished, as well as the subtle sophistry which, when he wished to baffle a sophist, he knows as well how to assume as to oppose. To the same source must we attribute the splendid declamation in which he sometimes indulges, and which was, in general, the object of his contempt and distrust; his many colored diction and his varied imagery—now sublime, and now homely; his flowing eloquence, adapting itself to all themes and all persons; and his peculiar vein of refined and delicate raillery. To this last quality no modern literature presents an adequate parallel; the nearest approximations, perhaps, are to be found in an occasional vein of Addison, or the Provincial Letters of Pascal.

Similar modifications of the character of the actual Socrates, or 'exaggerations' of certain qualities, appear in other features of his dramatic representative. Even seeming *paradoxes* are effectually reconciled, so as not to interfere with the impression of a consistent whole. For, neither do his natural simplicity nor his philosophic abstraction appear incompatible with his thorough knowledge of life, a knowledge probably more complete than that which the real Socrates possessed; nor does his profound study of the general theory of human nature seem inconsistent (as it often in *fact* is) with a sagacious perception of the diversities of individual character, to which he adapts himself with all the adroitness of a man practised in the ways of the world. Under an air of impassive stolidity and gravity, he conceals the quickest perception of the ludicrous and the most vivid sense of humor. Negligent in his attire, and severe in his habits, his indifference to the luxuries and refinements of life is represented as simple and sincere,—the mere consistency of a genuine philosopher, aspiring to be master of himself, of his necessities, and his passions, and to put his happiness as much as possible beyond the control of external elements; not paraded for admiration, nor prompted by the envy of superior wealth and splendor.

He is no cynic; takes no credit for making himself uncomfortable, nor gratifies his pride by an affectation of humility. No one can say of him what he said himself so cuttingly to his disciple Antisthenes, that he could spy his pride through the holes in his threadbare cloak: If, placing his foot on the costly couch of Plato, he had exclaimed, with Diogenes, 'Thus I tread on the pride of Plato,'—Plato could not have retorted, 'And with greater pride.' With all his uncouthness of feature and rusticity of appearance, the Platonic Socrates is, in conversation, always a perfect gentleman. He never loses sight of that exquisite refinement of manner which reigned over the social intercourse of the more polished Athenians, but keeps his temper throughout: and, though he may be giving expression to the most biting and caustic satire, it is with all the urbanity in the world. Inured to temperance, and preferring it as a *habit*, he yet accommodates himself to all companies, and can partake of good cheer as heartily as any body. In a most graphic passage in the dialogue called the Banquet, Plato carries this feature of his philosophic power of accommodation a little too far for our notions. 'No one ever saw Socrates drunk,' says Alcibiades in his panegyric, and adds, 'Of this, I expect you will shortly have a confirmation.' Accordingly Plato represents Socrates as vanquishing even those two jovial companions, Agathon and Aristophanes, one a tragic and the other the celebrated comic poet, at their own weapons,—arguing and drinking, and drinking and arguing with them all night long, the deep potations making on his head of adamant no impression whatever. The passage is so graphic a representation of the conclusion of a scene of ancient festivity, or rather, as it at last becomes, of revelry, that it may be worth while to condense the substance of it into a few sentences, without affecting the precision of a translation. The person from whose lips the report of the banquet is supposed to have been received, tells us, that many of the other guests having now gone home, he himself fell asleep in the banquet-room, and slept very soundly (the nights being then long), and that he woke about daybreak, just as the cocks were crowing: That on awaking, he saw that some of the guests were still asleep, and that others had departed: That Agathon, Aristophanes, and Socrates, were the only persons still awake, and were drinking round out of a great goblet. He added that

Socrates was arguing with them; but that he could form but an imperfect idea of the general course of the discussion—not having heard its commencement. Yet the sum of it, he said, was this: that Socrates compelled them to acknowledge that it was the province of the same poet to be skilled in the composition of both comedy and tragedy: that, having been forced to assent to this, though a little too misty readily to follow the argument, they got drowsy, and that Aristophanes fell asleep first; and afterwards, it being now broad day, Agathon; but that Socrates, having vanquished them both in wine and logic, rose and went out. To conclude, Socrates went to the Lyceum, and, having washed himself, spent the day there just as if nothing had happened, and in the evening went home to rest.

We certainly do not adduce this passage to the laud and glory of the temperance of Socrates, which some of the commentators pretend Plato designed it to illustrate; for that is surely a novel sort of temperance which consists in a physical inability to swallow as much liquor as will produce drunkenness, and which originates in strength of head, rather than in the government of appetite. Plato evidently designed it merely as a proof of his indomitable hard-headedness, and power of accommodation to all sorts of circumstances; to show that to him it was all one to drink or abstain; to be a teetotaller or a three bottle-man; just as in the celebrated eulogium of Alcibiades, he is described at Potidæa as overcoming all his fellow soldiers, both in fasting if they must fast, and in drinking if they *must* drink;—enduring the utmost extremities of cold and heat, fatigue and hunger; living either as every body else does, or as nobody else can, according to circumstances; walking with naked feet on the ice and snow, and clad in the same garments in summer and winter.

Another apparent paradox in the Platonic Socrates, yet beautifully harmonized, is the contrast between his seeming scepticism and his intense love of truth. Deeply impressed with the ignorance of man, and declaring that the Delphic oracle could have had no reason for pronouncing him the wisest of his race, unless for this—that he knew that he knew nothing, while the rest of mankind did not even know *that*—he is yet perpetually questioning, contending, arguing, confuting, on almost all subjects, if we except those great moral truths which his hopes and his faith, as well as his reason, seemed to carry beyond the mere domain of intellect. Still, however, dissatisfied with the result of his

investigations, he is evidently always in sincere search of truth, and tormented when he cannot find it. His manner is as different as possible from that of a sceptic, who, in the love of paradox, *wishes* to prove everything uncertain; and, however affected may be the simplicity of his understanding, it is evident that the simplicity of his heart is sincere.

The peculiar character of the *irony* of the Platonic Socrates has often been dilated upon. It is at all times difficult to discriminate the varieties of wit and humor, fugitive and multiform as they are; and it is almost impossible in the present case to do this by any definition. The quality assumes different forms. The word *irony*, so often applied to the manner of Socrates, would, in its modern sense, very imperfectly suggest all that is characteristic of his humor; or, rather, it would suggest but a very small part of it. The word signifies, with us, a literal expression of the contrary of what we mean to express; or, at most, it usually suggests the idea of a single phrase or sentence or two. But the irony of Socrates extends to the whole character which, for the time, he sustains; and to his whole course of procedure in stripping and confuting a conceited adversary. It may be not unfittingly expressed by saying, that it is a *logical masked battery*. Under the disguise, though in a manner amusingly varied, of a character which, in a deeper sense, he sincerely professed—that of being ignorant of everything but his ignorance—Socrates enters the presence of some renowned master of wisdom with the air of a man intellectually poverty-stricken, bankrupt in all science and argument; and after, perhaps, affecting the profoundest veneration for his genius, or listening with an air of admiring stupefaction (as in the *Protagoras*) to his gorgeous declamation, he humbly suggests that some little difficulty still occurs to him, which he doubts not so much wisdom can in a moment solve; and begs, with all deference, to ask two or three questions, simple questions—not at all with the idea of disputing the conclusions so cogently maintained, but simply for his own satisfaction. These urbane compliments, and this affected humility, are expressed with such entire gravity and self-possession, that they add unspeakably to the humor of the dialogue in the eye of those who know his real sentiments and intentions, and often make us wonder at even *his* power of face; while to strangers, they must infallibly have suggested the idea of perfect sincerity. In-

deed, even to those who are behind the scenes, the expressions of compliment and admiration often seem so *very* grave that, unless we suppose them partly owing to a real admiration of powers, which—though, in his judgment, perverted, and to which he himself made no pretension—were yet felt to be splendid of their kind, we must confess that the irony of the Platonic Socrates sometimes comes as near a barefaced *lie* as we should care to impute to so renowned a lover of truth. The sophist, however, if a stranger, elated by his praises, and charmed with the deference of one who, so far from professing to rival him in his own field, seems rather likely to prove a docile listener than a formidable antagonist, encourages him in a patronizing manner to propose his doubts and difficulties, and assures him of a satisfactory and instant solution. Socrates thanks him, and generally begins with some question apparently so simple—so stupidly simple, and at such a distance from the field of discussion, that his opponent, no doubt, often hesitates, whether most to admire the docility, or wonder at the stupidity of the querist; and with a complacent smile, half of pity, half of contempt, promptly replies. Other questions succeed, faster and faster, more and more difficult, and gradually approaching, in one long spiral of interrogations, the central position, in which the unhappy sophist's argument stands; he now finds it impossible to escape, and, confounded, perplexed, and irritated, discovers that he is compelled to admit some palpable contradiction to his original assertions, and this too by means of those simple and innocent premises which he had so unsuspectingly granted. He feels himself within the coils of a great logical *boa constrictor*, who binds his folds tighter and tighter, till the poor sophist is absolutely strangled. Often, however, Socrates does not proceed to this at once; but, ingenious in the art of tormenting, and liberal of sport to the delighted spectators, he gently uncoils his folds, and suffers his victim to breathe awhile; but only to entangle him again in the same toils. Nothing can be finer than the art with which, in these interludes, Plato represents Socrates playing (as whalers would say) with the monster he has harpooned; or, as we deal with a fretted horse, patting, and soothing, and conciliating him;—turning the conversation for a time to other topics, to remove his victim's suspicions, and suffer his sullenness or his irritation to subside; often, with the most provoking air of sincerity, professing to condole

with him on the sudden disappearance of that fine and promising speculation in which he had hoped to find a satisfaction of his own difficulties; urging him to try again, and give another definition; proffering his own assistance in the investigation, and pretending that they will hunt the truth in couples; asking him whether he does not think with him on such and such a point, though we are internally convinced, all the time, that the plausible proposition to which he requests the sophist's concurrence will prove a fallacy in the upshot, and that all the assistance that Socrates will render him, will be slyly to give his companion's crutch a kick as they go along, and leave him sprawling in the mire. It is in these moods (if we may compare great things with small), that a homely representation of the Platonic Socrates may here and there be found in the conversations of the renowned Edie Ochiltree with the Antiquary. In the old blue gown's shrewdness, penetration into character, practical sound sense, long-drawn banter, and provoking hypocrisy of condolence with the worthy Antiquary's disasters, a transient thought of the mocking figure of Socrates will again and again occur to a reader who has lately parted company with him in one or other of Plato's comic scenes.

Such are some of the scenes in which the Platonic Socrates plays a part—alternated, indeed, with prodigious skill and genius, according to the characters introduced and the subjects discussed. And if the real discussions, in which the original Socrates engaged, at all approached them, we cannot wonder that he should have been so great a favourite with the Athenian youth—independently of the reverence felt for his character, and the value attached to his instructions. Neither a bull-fight at Madrid, nor an execution in London, could have greater attraction for the refined populace of those cities, than the flaying and dissecting of a sophist at the hands of so dexterous an anatomist as Socrates, must have had for the intellectual and subtle youth of Athens.

While this kind of irony is the prevailing characteristic of the manner of Socrates, and constitutes its humor—not unaccompanied, however, with the most graceful incidental examples of repartee and raillery, in single sentences—there is a manifest modification of it according to the different nature and deserts of those with whom he was disputing. Upon the sophists he exercised it in all its pitiless severity; in his contests with them, he neither gave nor accepted quarter.

With whatever exaggeration their sentiments and proceedings may be represented by Plato, there can hardly be a doubt that, in the time of Socrates, the sophists were exerting a most pernicious influence on the youth of Greece, and more particularly, of Athens. Arrogating the exclusive possession of wisdom, they pretended to have attained important secrets in political science; and boldly advertised that they could infallibly impart to the young, for a certain sum of money, the arts of 'persuasion' and statesmanship, and the means in general of disputing successfully on any subject, 'making the worse appear the better reason.' It has been ingeniously maintained by some historians of philosophy, that this last supposition is incredible; since such an open insult to all public morals could never have been permitted in any community. And, it is far from improbable, that in this description of the sophists, as a body, Plato and others may have given us in an extreme form what he believed and perceived to be the genuine tendency and effect of their conduct and instructions; nor would these tendencies be the less dangerous—rather more so—when, instead of being openly stated, they were carefully disguised. To drive the sophists from the field was a vocation worthy of the powers of Socrates.\* Their claim to science

\* It would be a great error to suppose that Plato, in the *Gorgias*, or in any other of his writings in which he inveighs against rhetoric, intended to imply that the art of persuasion was of no importance, or of worse than none. He was not ignorant, any more than his scholar Aristotle, that much depends on the form in which truth and argument are presented, 'and that some men persuade more effectually than others,'—the cause and the topics being precisely the same. Indeed, the furtive way in which his Socrates so uniformly prepares for the admission of his arguments in the mind of the reluctant or ignorant listener, may convince us that no one was more deeply acquainted with this truth. *Gorgias*, it is true, would naturally stand aghast when Socrates, in reply to the question of Polus—what science he supposed rhetoric to be—answers, 'None at all, but a certain tact, or practical knack,' which has for its object to please and soothe ignorance by deceitful flatteries; and goes on in a style of admirable banter to degrade it to the level of 'cookery.' But the whole dialogue shows that Plato is directing his satire, not against all well-directed and honest efforts to persuade, but against such efforts when divorced from simplicity and rectitude of purpose; in a word, against that pernicious rhetoric, or rather, as Schleiermacher calls it, that '*soi-disant* art of politics,' which he truly believed was doing such infinite mischief to the young politicians of the day; according to which success was everything.—The art of persuasive argumentation will, like every other *instrumental* art, be capable of abuse; but, it were a strange remedy for an abuse, to explode the thing itself, and by re-

was in direct opposition to his profession of ignorance: the mercenary character of their instructions, to the gratuitous teachings in which he gloried: they were urging his country towards its ruin, he was laboring to save it. With them, therefore, he kept no terms in the exercise of his ridicule; they were the rats of the commonwealth, and he the ferret; they were the crocodiles, and he the ichneumon. Always maintaining the same imperturbable temper and the same urbane tone, he yet pushes them to the last extremity; never suffers them to shuffle off a dispute with a quibble or a compliment to himself; and never rests satisfied till he has extorted from them, often as with a logical rack or thumbscrew, and after woeful grimaces on their part, the acknowledgment that they have affirmed what is incapable of proof. If, in disputing with them, he at any time condescends to use their own sophistry, he never helps them to detect it, but leaves them to detect it themselves, or to be deceived by it, as may happen—unless, indeed, he has first procured their assent to it for the very purpose of confuting them. Sophists themselves, they are sometimes ensnared and punished by sophistry; 'the cunning are to be taken in their own craftiness.'

Some brief examples of this pertinacity of manner may, perhaps, amuse the reader. Thus, when Protagoras intimates that, 'if Socrates pleases,' he has no objection to assent to a certain proposition, the latter replies that the argument has nothing to do with 'if you please,' or 'if you approve,' or any such conciliatory hypotheses; they are discussing, not assumptions, but their real sentiments, and every such 'if' (which, in this case, was certainly not likely to vindicate its ancient character of 'peacemaker') must be got rid of. Thus, too, in the Enthyphro, when in disproving one of the

fusing to use it; leave the unprincipled the monopoly of its abuse. Nevertheless, the feelings with which we regard any particular rhetorical school must always depend on the characters of those who teach, and of those who are taught; and if, whether avowedly or in disguise, the art is *in fact* perverted, and its professors are found not merely maintaining that its abuse is an accident, but teaching their pupils to regard it as an unimportant accident, all wise men will have one and the same opinion of such a school. The art of defence is valuable, but if the fencing master sedulously teaches his pupils, or leaves them inevitably to infer, that it little matters *how* the sword is used, we should think that ignorance in the matter were better than skill. It is against such perverted rhetoric only that Plato speaks. (*Vide* Stallbaum's Introduction to the *Gorgias*.)

definitions of 'Holiness,' laid down by that champion of superstition, Socrates argues that, according to such definition, religion must be a sort of *traffic* between gods and men; 'A traffic let it be,' says Enthyphro, 'if you choose to call it so.' 'I do not choose to call it so,' says the pertinacious disputant, 'unless it really be so.'—His favorite artifice of putting his interrogatories, not in his own person, but in that of an imaginary third party, is often employed to increase the ridicule with which he ultimately covers his opponent. Thus, in the Protagoras, having in a series of questions (prepared *satis captiosè*, as Stallbaum says), procured the sophist's assent to certain propositions, he gradually introduces a third party as interrogating them both, and begging their assent to some admissions simple enough, but inconsistent with those propositions. Having brought the argument to this point, he asks 'If our querist should further say to us, What then were you affirming a little while ago? Did I hear you rightly? Did you not say so and so?—For my part, I should reply—In everything else, except *one* thing, my friend, you heard quite correctly—it was so said; but, in supposing that it was *I* who said it, you were mistaken. It was Protagoras here who said it; I merely asked the question.' In the Hippias Major, having demolished many of the sophists' theories of the beautiful, Socrates introduces his imaginary interlocutor as urging a new objection to some new explanation: 'Perhaps,' says the sophist, 'the man may not think of that, Socrates;'—a stroke of satire perhaps a little too broad, but designed to mark a sophist's solicitude rather for victory than truth; 'By the dog, Hippias,' is the reply, 'but that man would though—before whom I should be most of all ashamed to talk nonsense, and affect to say something, when in reality I have said nothing.' 'Who is this man?' 'Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus; who would no more permit me to speak so glibly on points which had not been thoroughly investigated, than he would allow me to talk of things I am ignorant of, as if I knew them.'

The same familiarity and doggedness in reducing an opponent to the last extremities, is pleasantly displayed in other parts of the same dialogue. Thus, when in refuting one of the explanations of Hippias, Socrates presses him to say, whether he does not think that a sycamore ladle, under given circumstances, is more beautiful than one of gold,' the sophist, who strongly reluctates

against this and other *vulgar* illustrations of so 'noble' a subject, suddenly bethinks himself of another hypothesis, and asks, 'Shall I tell you now, Socrates, what you shall say the beautiful is, so as to prevent the man from all further cavilling and disputing?' 'By all means,' says Socrates; 'but *not before you tell me*, which of the two ladles we have been talking of is the more beautiful, as being the more fit and becoming.' 'Well then, if it pleases you,' says Hippias, 'answer him, it is that made of the sycamore tree.' 'Now,' replies Socrates, 'you may say what you were just going to say.' To another exquisitely vague explanation of Hippias, Socrates replies that, if he should offer such a solution to the unknown querist, he is afraid that he shall meet with something worse than ridicule; that he will get a beating for it. 'Will he not be punished,' says Hippias, 'for having beaten you injuriously?' 'I should think he would not, Hippias,' is the sly retort: '*not* having beaten me injuriously if I had made him such an answer; but, as it seems to me, very deservedly.' Repeatedly baffled in the argument, the sophist, with a sophist's effrontery, declares that, though unaccountably at a loss, yet if he could but step aside for a moment, and meditate a little, he is confident that he should be able to hit upon the solution of the difficulty. 'But I am afraid,' says Socrates, 'so extreme is my desire of knowing it, that I shall not be able to wait your time;' and he again embroils him in fresh difficulties and contradictions.

Socrates does not mind even affecting a mental infirmity for the purpose of making his opponent more ridiculous. For instance, when Protagoras has once and again broken away from the close fight of brief question and answer into his gorgeous declamation, Socrates laments that he is unhappily gifted with a very short memory, and that if any one makes long discourses to him, he straightway forgets the subject of discussion. He deplores this infirmity—heartily wishes that it were otherwise—but since it is so, and since it is all one to so great a master of eloquence as Protagoras to speak copiously or briefly, he begs him to abridge his answers in condescension to his weakness. The whole scene, down to where Alcibiades says that Socrates is but jeering at them when he talks of his short memory, and that he will be security that Socrates shall *forget* nothing, is one of the finest examples of the Platonic railery.

Very different, and in some respects more

agreeable, is the exhibition of the Socratic irony, as he exercised it on the intellectual youths, who repaired to him for instruction. There are the same general characteristics indeed, and the same amusing embarrassments are produced by it, but they are directed to a different end. We enjoy the discomfiture of the sophist as a piece of poetical justice; it is well that arrogance and conceit should be humbled, and hollow-ness and pretension exposed. On the other hand, when Socrates is conversing with such youths as Theætetus and Meno, we see him using his pleasantry, not for the purpose of perplexing them, though it has that effect most perfectly, but of eliciting their own latent strength and vigor—of developing their faculties in the search for truth—and of not merely teaching them truth, but teaching them the yet more difficult art of *finding* it for themselves. Doubtless, with all this, in so keen an anatomist of human nature, and so exact an observer of individual character, there is conjoined the pleasure of seeing a young mind at work; of beholding the pulsations, so to speak, of intellectual life; but there is evidently also a love—half sportive and half serious—of watching its mere perplexities—of playing fast and loose with it, and, as we say, *bamboozling* it. We often see this sort of play, more or less, in the intercourse of great minds, when humorous and amiable, with the young. They seem to enjoy almost equally the spectacle of the mystification they have occasioned, and the mental activity they have provoked; they love to puzzle them and enlighten them by turns. Young people are quite as sensitive, on their part, to this rapid alternation of jest and earnest, treacherous banter, and effective aid. The stimulus which it imparts is a sufficient explanation of the fact, that they become more attached to such instructors than to a graver and more didactic pedagogue. But while it was doubtless an amusement to Socrates to watch the effect of his puzzling questions, and all the odd discomfitures and embarrassments to which his logic subjected his young disputants, he never fails in *their* case to lend them a helping hand. He here really 'hunted' the truth with them; he loved to share their toils, to point out the way to them, to beat for game, and has an evident satisfaction in letting them appear to take as prominent a part as possible in running it down and killing it for themselves. In this spirit he encourages Theætetus, by telling him that he inherited, in behalf of

the young, the same art as that of his mother Phænarete, who was one of those good matrons sent for in haste, when some young Athenian was about to be born into the world: he sustains, he says, a similar reputable office in relation to *mind*—that his business is to assist at any intellectual births which are attended with special difficulty, and to pronounce whether the new-born idea is worthy of being permitted to live. All the progeny of poor Theætetus, born with many throes, expire as soon as they see the light, under the rude hand of this logical accoucheur.

Of the different way, in which he exercised his pleasantry according as he was dealing with a sophist or with an ingenuous youth, we have a naïve statement by himself in the *Meno*. On the latter asking what Socrates would say, if it were objected to a definition which he had just given, that one of the terms was as little understood as those it was used to explain, Socrates replies, 'I should say that I had spoken the truth: and, if it were any of our very wise and wrangling and contentious sophists that asked the question, I should say, "I have spoken; and, if I have not spoken to the purpose, it is your business to take up the discourse and refute me." But if friends now, such as you and I are, want to have a little conversation together, why, we must answer more gently, and indeed logically; for perhaps it is a more logical proceeding, not simply to say what is true, but to say it by means of truths already acknowledged by the pupil.'

In the same dialogue, *Meno* is supposed to tender himself in his own proper person as an example of the victimizing force of the Socratic logic. He compares Socrates, who was constantly infusing doubts into others, to the torpedo, which benumbed whoever touched it: and, accordingly, he admits that he felt under his hands cramped alike in thought and expression; though he had often declaimed with fluent elegance, as he flattered himself, on the subject under discussion—what was virtue—he now found himself in helpless embarrassment. Socrates replies, that he does not raise doubts in other people except when he is himself uncertain: and he denies, therefore, the justness of the comparison, unless the torpedo can benumb itself as well as others.

It may be permitted us now just to state what we should like to see executed in regard to an English Plato. We cannot admit that there is no demand for Plato in this country: for the repeated editions of the

unworthy version from Dacier show that the public is not unwilling to possess *something* of this great author. For anything like a complete translation, we are well aware that we must be content to wait perhaps for years. But, there can be no possible reason why we need wait many months for such a selection as would supply our chief wants. In these days of cheap publication, when the matter of valuable quartos is compressed into close-printed, but still very handsome, duodecimos, two or three of such volumes might be excellently well filled by a selection from the dialogues: taking as its basis (after careful revision and correction by some competent scholar) the nine dialogues, so skilfully translated on the whole by Sydenham. The '*Menexenus*' of West, the '*Apology*,' the '*Crito*,' and the '*Phædo*,' from some modern version (similarly revised), should be added; as also new translations of the '*Protagoras*,' the '*Theætetus*,' and the '*Gorgias*.' Of the three last most magnificent compositions it is disgraceful to our literature that we have no creditable version. Surely one or more of the contributors to Dr. Smith's\* excellent dictionaries, now in course of publication, might confer this boon upon the public.

But this is not the only project we are desirous of seeing executed on behalf of Plato for the English public. We have spoken of the many beautiful fragments which may be found in his works, which are either capable of being separated without injury from the context, or are really collateral and episodic to the main topics discussed. We have often thought that a most delightful little volume might be compiled out of some such fragments; presenting entire scenes from particular dialogues,—for example, the highly graphic introductions and conclusions of many of them;—some of the noble myths and fables by which Plato illustrates philosophic truth—descriptions of character—apophthegms and maxims of weighty and sententious wisdom—and select portions of the more lively and humorous conversation. Indeed, the entire substance of many dialogues might in this

\* We take this opportunity of recommending two publications, the titles of which will be found at the head of this article (Nos. I. and II.), and which also are edited by Dr. Smith. We should be happy to find that there was sufficient encouragement to induce him to present other portions of Stallbaum's admirable edition in a similar form; and we should like to have Stallbaum's Introductions as well as Notes.

way be compressed into a very narrow space, by connecting the series of such extracts with a brief summary of the topics and arguments which fill up the intervals. To the majority of readers such a mode of presenting many parts of the longer and more difficult dialogues would be even more intelligible, and far less tedious, than an entire translation; for it must be confessed that what Gibbon too summarily calls the 'verbal argumentation' of Socrates, and the profuse and often prolix illustrations, are a little apt to weary the patience of any reader, who is not either a philosopher or a scholar.

Such a work as we venture to sketch would a little resemble Van Heusde's entertaining volumes entitled 'Initia Philosophiæ Platonicæ.' We beg to suggest to Mr. Knight, whether it might not form two or three volumes of his popular series, and we should certainly felicitate both him and ourselves, if he could prevail on the same accomplished scholar who has recently given us such admirable translations of some of the lives of Plutarch, illustrative of the Civil Wars of Rome, to attempt its execution. Or if the task of compilation be too tedious for scholars so capable of better things, might not two or three combine for the purpose, each taking distinct dialogues? One or two scenes from the 'Gorgias' are appended to the second volume of Mr. Lewes' manual of the history of philosophy; and, though necessarily compressed, they are translated with so much spirit, that we hope their unknown author might be persuaded to join the party. Is it too much to expect some such tribute from the modern scholarship of England to the memory of the great master of the Academy, who has hitherto been so inadequately treated by English translators? Nothing can be more true than the following sentences from the article on Thomas Taylor inserted in the 'Penny Cyclopædia': 'It seems that our professed scholars have not done their duty to the public: if they had given us good translations with their own annotations, the labors of Mr. Taylor would not have been called for. . . . There are important works yet untranslated, and there are many translations which are disgraceful to the literary character of our country; it is time then that our scholars should look to these matters, and see that things which must and will be done, be done well.'

But we must conclude, and we will do so with a single remark. We certainly hold  
VOL. XIV. No. II.

the entire dramatic projection and representation of Socrates in the pages of Plato to be one of the most wonderful efforts of the human mind. In studying him, it is impossible that his character as a teacher of ethics, and his life-like mode of representation, should not suggest to us another character, yet more wonderfully depicted, and by the same most difficult of all methods, that of dramatic evolution by discourse and action; of one, who taught a still purer, sublimer, and more consistent ethics, pervaded by a more intense spirit of humanity; of one, whose love for our race was infinitely deeper and more tender; who stands perfectly free from those foibles which history attributes to the real Socrates, and from that too Protean facility of manners which, though designed by Plato as a compliment to the philosophic flexibility of his character of Socrates, really so far assimilated him with mere vulgar humanity; of one, too, whose sublime and original character is not only exhibited with the most wonderful dramatic skill, but in a style as unique as the character it embodies—a style of simple majesty, which, unlike that of Plato, is capable of being readily translated into every language under heaven; of one, whose life was the embodiment of that virtue which Plato affirmed would entrance all hearts, if seen, and whose death throws the prison scenes of the Phælo utterly into the shade; of one, lastly, whose picture has arrested the admiring gaze of many who have believed it to be *only* a picture. Now, if we feel that the portraiture of Socrates in the pages of Plato involved the very highest exercise of the highest dramatic genius, and that the cause was no more than commensurate with the effect, it is a question which may well occupy the attention of a *philosopher*, how it came to pass that, in one of the obscurest periods of the history of an obscure people, in the dregs of their literature and the lowest depths of superstitious dotage, so sublime a conception should have been so sublimely exhibited; how it was that the noblest truths found an oracle in the lips of the grossest ignorance, and the maxims of universal charity, advocates in the hearts of the most selfish of narrow-minded bigots; in a word, who could be the more than Plato (or rather the many, each more than Plato) who drew that radiant portrait, of which it may be truly said "that a far greater than Socrates is there?"



From the New Monthly Magazine.

### PRINCE METTERNICH.

THE Austrian empire has long been the most remarkable phenomenon of the political world. That empire, so populous and fertile, has ever wanted, in the highest degree, that consonance of national manners, and that congeniality of national feeling, which are so essential to ease in governing, and which have so long formed the strength of Great Britain and France. Hungary and Bohemia, which form so large a portion of the imperial dominions, have little connexion or conformity with each other, and still less with the remote provinces of Galicia or Lombardy.

According, however, as this is the case, so much greater is the credit due to the paternal government, and to the wise minister who has been enabled so long to preserve such discordant materials in that control which is essential to happiness and prosperity. The long period of tranquillity and safety enjoyed by the various populations of Austria, is the noblest monument that could be imagined to commemorate Prince Metternich's labors; and, whatever happens, that memorial of his wisdom and of his success, must ever be enrolled in the pages of history.

It is much to be regretted, for the cause of a steady, in opposition to a rash progress, that as abuse creeps into all things human, the long success of the old system, and the natural antagonism that must always arise between age and youth, between growing principles and decaying powers; should have delayed such slight constitutional reforms in this colossal empire as would have obviated impatience and insistence on the part of the people. The evil of prolonged resistance, is that it originates insurrection, and that then those demands, which in their first form were of an exceedingly moderate and constitutional character, are apt to assume a revolutionary and anarchical aspect. It is not that the excesses of democracy are to be anticipated in Austria, to manifest themselves in the form they assume in France. Both the character of the Government and of the people is quite different; but, unluckily, the nature of the government differs in the separate kingdoms of which the empire is made up, and the character of the people differs very widely among themselves.

The Austrian national character is marked by the same features as that of the German nation at large. Sincerity, fidelity, industry, and a love of order, are conspicuous in them, and would long since have entitled them to fill a distinguished rank in the scale of European civilization, had not their beneficial operation been counteracted by a deficient system of education, an illiterate priesthood, and a stationary government. Madame de Staël has said of the Germans, that they are a just, constant, and sincere people, "divided by the sternness of feudal demarkation, into an unlettered nobility, unpolished scholars, and a depressed commonalty." This does not coincide with the impressions we have derived from several visits to Austria in modern times. We have seen nothing but a happy country, with no signs of that striking contrast betwixt poverty and riches which offends the eye so much in our otherwise favored island. All the inhabitants, those of the capital excepted, appeared to enjoy that happy mediocrity which is the consequence of a gentle and wise administration. It is to be hoped it will be very long ere the Austrian states dream of throwing off their allegiance to one of the oldest and noblest houses of Europe; one which has obtained for them the power, happiness, and prosperity, which they have so long enjoyed; and one which has so exalted their national character, as to have given fourteen emperors to Germany, besides six kings to Spain, and to have once stood first on the list of European sovereignties.

That the Imperial power in Austria is in danger, from the ever-stirring spirit of democracy, and that this danger is increased by the diversity of its governments and people, there is no doubt. Democracy is the great moving power among mankind. It is one of the most active elements which work out the progress of the moral world, and general government of Providence. Aristocracy is, on the other hand, the controlling and regulating power. As democracy and the lust of conquest is the moving, so aristocracy and attachment to property are the steady powers of nature. Nor is Austria wanting in this power, or deficient in this great element of national stability.

Alison, in his "History of Europe," makes a very ingenious remark, that the reasonings of the learned, the declamations of the ardent, the visions of the philanthropic, have generally been rather directed against the oppression of sovereigns, or nobles, than the madness of the people. This, he justly remarks, affords the most decisive demonstration, that the evils flowing from the latter are much greater, and more acute than those which have originated with the former; for it proves that the former have been so tolerable as to have long existed, and therefore have been long complained of; whereas, those springing from the latter have been intolerable, and speedily led to their own abolition.

Nothing could be more applicable than this remark to the wise and moderate government of Prince Metternich. It is impossible to understand or to appreciate the principle on which it was founded without entering into details concerning the incongruous political conditions of the different kingdoms of which the Austrian Empire was made up of, which would carry us far beyond any moderate limits. The Austrian Empire contains a greater variety of populations than any other country in Europe. Germans, Slavonians, Wallachians, Hungarians, Poles, Bohemians, Croats, Italians, and other tribes, form a medley population—all differing in their manners, languages, religion, and customs—mutually strangers to each other, and having opposite views, interests, and constitutions. The Hungarians, Slavonians, Croats, and Transylvanians, are as different from the Austrians, and these, in their turn, from the Bohemians, as the British are from the French and Spaniards. It is this variety of population, this diversity of language and manners, this collision of interests and opinions, that so long prevented the Austrian Empire from exerting her whole collected strength, and becoming a match for the power of France. Hungary which, with Transylvania, contains as large a population as the Prussian monarchy, did not, for example, at the downfall of Vienna, supply Austria with more than 100,000 men, when Prussia had a well-appointed army of 230,000 infantry, and 34,000 cavalry. The reason of this lay in the circumstance of the Hungarian government being a powerful feudal aristocracy, who deem every measure which the Imperial Government takes against them, without the consent of the states, an infringe-

ment of the constitution. The Hungarian nobility were like their brethren in France, until 1785, exempted from all taxes, and they claimed this exemption as an hereditary right, and an inviolable privilege. But, in 1785, they were subjected to a land-tax in common with the other subjects of the Austrian Empire; and as no levies could be made without their consent, nor supplies granted, this circumstance operated much against the house of Austria in its struggles against France.

The States of Hungary are composed of prelates, the higher nobility, the lesser nobility, and the deputies of the boroughs. The nobility possessed formerly the sole title to holding land and to public appointments, but this is now disputed by the free towns, which can do what an individual who is not of the nobility cannot do—that is, sue or bring an action against a nobleman, and can possess or uphold a citizen in the possession of land without a title to nobility. The emperor, who must swear to the constitution in presence of the people in the open air, when he receives from the hands of the primate the crown of St. Stephen, is the constitutional president of the Diet, but he generally delegates the representation to one of the archdukes, who is called Prince Palatine. Although the actual Palatine—the Archduke Stephen forfeited for a time much of his popularity by attempting so grave a *coup d'état* as the dissolution of the Diet, there are still hopes that the people who so bravely upheld Maria Theresa on the throne of her ancestors, will not prefer a feudal tyranny or democratic anarchy, to a wise and tempered monarchical constitution.

The Bohemians, who are of Slavonic origin, are, it is well known, more partial to the Hungarians than to the Austrians or Germans. The power of the sovereign has been hitherto much greater in Bohemia than in Hungary, for it comprised the legislative as well as the executive department. Bohemia is the most flourishing of all the Austrian provinces, whether we look to education or to the labors of productive industry. It is also essentially the country of Protestantism. Prague was the city of Jeromo and of John Huss. The Bohemians demand with the rest of the Austrian German States, reforms in the system of administration, national rights, freedom of the press, an increase of provincial liberties, and above all, the expulsion of a horde of public functionaries who are the bane and the curse of the Austrian Empire; but

there is every reason to believe and to hope that the efficacy of regular habits, and of a compact, educated, and thinking population, will preserve Bohemia from the evils of democracy or from a dismemberment from that paternal government which is at the present moment almost solely upheld in the seat of its power by the affections of the people.

Austria, Silesia, Moravia, and Transylvania, are nearly similarly circumstanced as Bohemia, only that the latter is far behind hand in point of civilization, the chief commerce being still in the hands of Greeks and Armenians. In Galicia, or Austrian Poland, the common people are in consequence of their ancient political bondage, ignorant, idle, dirty, and oppressed in the highest degree. The lower nobility are scarcely to be distinguished from the peasants; and the higher nobility, when refined and educated, partake more of the French character than of the solidity of the Germans. There is not much room here for the working of constitutional reform; Galicia wants as yet many of the most material elements of civilization before it can think of self-government. It is needless to enter into the condition of the other Austrian States. At the present moment national rights, and provincial liberties, are the foremost objects with all classes of the population. The intensity of this feeling is increased to an extent of which we can scarcely form an idea, by the existence in these old feudal countries of seignorial dues, of a system of forced labor and other remnants of barbarous times, long since extinct in western Europe, but which in Wurtemberg and Galicia have already produced a peasant's war, and which now threaten all Austrian Germany with a formidable agrarian agitation.

In Lombardy, there is every reason to believe that Austrian domination must give way before the aroused sentiment of nationality. There was only one to whom the people of Italy looked to after Pius IX., to support them in an effort for national regeneration, and that was the king of the men of Piedmont and Savoy. Nor has Charles Albert disappointed their hopes: backed by the Republic of France, he has gallantly thrown himself into the field of contest with the Emperor of Germany. In Austria Proper, by espousing the cause of a timely reform, much may yet be done. All that Austria demands is more political freedom, less administrative control, and above

all, more national institutions. It is true that a despotic government may consider the granting these as opening the floodgates of democracy. But this is not always the case. Early concessions may most effectually ward off anarchy. The states which might still be inclined to wait until a system of government could be devised which might conciliate their common interests and their separate institutions, may, if long resisted, enforce their demands at all hazards to the empire.

That Prince Metternich has already relied too long on the torpor of the capital—that the imperial government has been too long rocked by the comfortable assurance, that all popular movements only came to expire at the gates of Vienna, recent events have now fully shown. It only remains then by early concessions to win the popular confidence and to command the popular affections. Sometime back an author before quoted—Alison—said, “No community need be afraid of going far astray which treads in the footsteps of Rome and England.” And the same author, who believes that all efforts at social amelioration will be ultimately shattered by that principle of human corruption which always comes in to blast the best hopes of the friend of humanity, still takes a just pride in that superior love of moderation and order which so pre-eminently distinguishes this country, and which not having failed at this crisis, ought surely now by that history which is “philosophy teaching by examples” attest to the continental states that a constitutional monarchy is the most solid of all political fabrics; and the one which, by opening to the people legal and constitutional modes of redress, is most effectually opposed to the excesses of democratic turbulence and anarchy.

Of the few great ministers whose functions have been extended to almost the utmost limits of absolute power, and at the same time have been protracted beyond the ordinary duration of human life—who have lived in the long and secure administration of one of the greatest empires of the earth, and who retained that high and responsible position amidst events of infinite magnitude and variety—none are so remarkable nor more illustrious, than Prince Metternich.

Prince Metternich was born at Coblenz, on the 15th of May, 1773, of an ancient house, which had in former ages, given more than one elector to the Archbishoprics of Mayence and of Treves. The career of

the young diplomatist, for he appears to have been born to the profession, commenced at the Congress of Radstadt, and he rose in it with such rapidity, that in 1806, after the conclusion of the peace at Presburg, he was elected for the important post of Austrian ambassador in Paris. Upon the declaration of war in 1809, he hastened to join the imperial Court, which had taken refuge, after the battle of Wagram, at the fortress of Komorn, in Hungary. Metternich was at this eventful period appointed to succeed Count Stadion as Minister of foreign affairs, and he inaugurated his ministerial power by concluding a treaty far less humiliating than was anticipated, and the cause for which only became public when the rising diplomatist was heard to be on his way to Paris, with the daughter of the Emperor of Germany, as a sacrifice to the imperial power of France. But although Metternich thus completed with his own hands the not very exalted task which he had undertaken, it is certain that he ever entertained a strong dislike and hatred to the representative of the French Republic.

It was not, however, till the fortunes of Napoleon were on the decline, that Metternich ventured to show these feelings. When the flower of the French army had perished in Russia, when Alexander was resolved upon reprisals, when the King of Prussia had been roused to resistance, and even the French marshal, Bernadotte, then Crown Prince of Sweden, had with singular ingratitude leagued against his master—then alone was Prince Schwarzenburg sent forth, not only at the head of the Austrian force, but in command of the whole imperial army. We had occasion only lately, in a notice of M. Tourgenoff's interesting memoirs in the *New Monthly Magazine*, to detail, at length, how the impetuosity of Alexander had always to take the lead of the prudential tactics of the Austrian general, and how little the policy of Metternich did really second that of the Steins and Hardenburgs of the day. The battle of Leipsic, however, by establishing the freedom of Germany, won for the diplomatist the dignity of prince of the empire.

Prince Metternich took a prominent and active part in the conferences and negotiations which preceded and accompanied the invasion of France by the Allied Armies. He signed the treaty of Paris by which Germany was made a league of independent states, and he proceeded thence to England, upon which occasion the University of Oxford conferred on him an honorary degree.

Prince Metternich, who was then in his forty-second year, was chosen, upon the opening of the Congress of Vienna, to preside over its deliberations; and this species of presidency in the diplomatic affairs of Europe is generally admitted to have been conceded to the illustrious diplomatist, as much out of deference to his personal abilities, as out of consideration for his being the representative of the imperial court. With no principle was Prince Metternich more thoroughly imbued, than with the disastrous effects of democratic influences on society. In this he was seconded by his able colleague, Gentz. The consequence was, that the promises of constitutional liberty and of national unity, advocated by Stein, Hardenburg, and a few others, received no development at the Congress of Vienna. The national opinion on a free constitution, as expressed by the most eminent jurists and philosophers of Germany, demanded nothing more than what has long existed in this country—representative assemblies invested with true legislative power, the judicial institution of jury trial, and the freedom of the press. In the act of the German confederacy, concluded at the Congress of Vienna, it was enacted that, "in all states of the confederacy, a representative constitution is to take place." But the moment of danger past, the rulers forgot their promises, or at least took care never to fulfil them. In the natural horror of democratic excesses, Austria, especially, has hitherto always avoided allowing the slightest admixture of popular rights with a purely aristocratic and imperial form of government.

With such a diversity of forms of government, as Prince Metternich was called upon to mould to the desired form; the task was one of a most formidable character. Still he proceeded in his legislative labors with such steady and vigorous energy, that he not only overcame all obstacles, but for a long time he obtained for the system of the Austrian cabinet an indisputable supremacy over the councils of Europe.

The struggle for the independence of Greece, and the intervention of the Christian powers in favor of that oppressed nation, for the first time placed the policy of Prince Metternich at variance with that of the western states of Europe. It was probably owing to this circumstance that Austria did not exhibit more national or imperial energy when Russia was allowed, at the conclusion of the war with Turkey, to establish its ascendancy in Moldavia and Walla-

chia, and to obtain possession of the chief navigable mouth of the Danube—a result of the treaty of Adrianople, of which Austria never ceases every day to feel the deep grievance and annoyance.

The French Revolution of 1830 restored the three courts of eastern Europe to their original common intimacy and interests. But Louis Philippe soon made known to the Austrian minister that, while constitutional rights should be respected in France, all necessary measures would be adopted to keep down democratic tendencies; and Prince Metternich felt once more at ease. He was enabled in conjunction with Prussia to crush every symptom of popular excitement in Germany; he occupied northern Italy with troops, Austrian Poland was oppressed more than ever, and he expended vast sums in enabling Don Carlos to carry on a contest in Spain in the name of legitimacy.

But in the meantime, the progress of a material civilization had been doing more, probably, than any thing else, to undermine the old order of things. The opening of the Danube to the Anglo-Hungarian steamboats, the connexion of Trieste with Vienna, and of the capital with Prague and Northern Germany, by railroads, have had a great influence on the social conditions of the empire. The vast natural resources and the industry of the people have marched on in advance of an inert government. The strength and unity which Prince Metternich had given to the motley and heterogeneous states, has been gradually undermined. But, above all, the movement taken by Prussia, to give a more liberal character to German institutions, and the accession of Pius IX. to the papal throne, have largely contributed to hasten the downfall of the Metternich policy. The example of the Revolution of France, completed the overthrow of the illustrious statesman—the last almost of his class and order—sprung from a family which preserved the strict traditions of the German aristocracy, trained in the ideas which have always been most effective against the encroachments of democracy, and fortified by forty years' power and experience.

The progress of liberal opinions in Austria will, it has been stated, insure peace, by anticipating any opposition that might have arisen under the old system to the progress of democracy elsewhere, but there is no depending for a moment on peace ac-

quired by such concessions. In the meantime, the King of Prussia, as the champion of the liberal monarchical party, and the candidate for imperial rule, has pledged himself to obtain from the confederate sovereigns all the great conditions of national unity. Germany, it is said, is to become a federal and not a leagued state. Her affairs are to be governed by the deliberations of a senate, chosen in part from the constitutional bodies which will exist in all the separate states of Germany. A supreme court of judicature is to be attached to this national power. All restrictions are to be removed from the communications of intelligence, of trade, and of locomotion, amongst the whole German people. The press throughout Germany is to be free. One universal Zollverein is to extend its laws from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Adriatic; an uniform system of money, weights, post-office, &c., is to be established, and a common flag is to be adopted for the nation, by sea and by land.

But while Prussia thus marches in front of the popular movement, the Emperor Ferdinand has been no less received in the densely-crowded streets of Vienna with deafening shouts and acclamations. The people took the horses from the carriage of the Archduke Stephen, on his return from Hungary, and drew it themselves into the palace. Even at Prague the timely concessions of the emperor are said to have produced the happiest effect.

It will remain to be seen, then, which of the rival claims, of the house of Hapsburg, and that of Brandenburg, will be most readily entertained at the general congress of sovereigns to be held at Dresden. The right of seniority and of precedence undoubtedly lies with Ferdinand; the liberal tendencies of Frederick William IV. have, however, as well as his popular concessions at a moment of great emergency, placed him at the head of a purely national movement; and, perhaps, when we consider the superior education and civilization united to, or rather resulting from, the Protestant tendencies of Northern Germany, we must be prepared to yield to the course of events which will re-establish the ancient Germanic sovereignty under the representative of the electors of Brandenburg, and the successor of the Teutonic knights, to the long-time stationary sway of the descendants of the great Rudolph.

From Lowe's Magazine.

## LIFE IN INDIA.

In this article we shall not transport the reader to Pooree—the city of cities—on the famous plain of Juggernaut, to explore the mysterious and guilty recesses of the temple of the ninth incarnation of the Hindoo god, Vishnoo. The character and habits of the four thousand priests that daily minister there shall be passed in silence, and so also shall those of the thousands of devotees that annually make their pilgrimage thither. Neither shall we enter the precincts of *caste*, which though now manifesting some signs of feebleness, is still, as it has been for ages, the curse of India. The field we essay to cultivate is a narrower one; the sphere of our orbit is more circumscribed. Our theme is chiefly the manners and customs of the British in India.

No sooner has the stranger set foot on Indian soil, than he is struck with the aspect and construction of the residences of the English. Calcutta is a city of palaces. The houses are large, and the rooms capacious. Attached to every story there is a verandah, supported by stone columns, which gives to the building an elegant and light appearance. In the smaller towns, where there are fewer foreigners, the residences are generally of a different construction, but still associate comfort with pleasure in a high degree. That in most extensive use is called a *bungalow*. This sort of building is only one story in height, with a verandah in front, and a roof of thick thatch. It is pleasantly situated in a large enclosure, called a compound. Sometimes twenty acres are thrown into one enclosure, and great pains are taken to lay it out to advantage. A part is devoted to gardens and orchards, while the remainder is diversified with clumps of trees, which, by the richness of their foliage and brilliancy of their flowers, minister gratification to the owner, or by the depth of their shade give forth a delicious coolness, which invites him to the open air, when otherwise he would be compelled to shelter himself in the bungalow.

The interior of the dwelling is so arranged as to produce the greatest amount of coolness, and to catch as much of the gentle breezes that occasionally start up during the day, as possible. The ceiling is com-

posed of large sheets of canvas, whitewashed. As on all possible occasions the doors of an Indian house are kept open, there is placed between the different rooms a frame work, covered with crimson or green silk, which admits of the circulation of air. At six in the morning, when the weather is very hot, the glass doors are shut to exclude the heated air, but when there is any wind, one of them is opened, and in its place is suspended a mat, made of the sweet-scented cuscus grass. It is the exact size of the doorway, and is kept continually wetted outside, so that the interior may be cooled by evaporation. The doors are generally opened over night, and the Venetian blinds shut. In the centre of every room there is suspended from the ceiling an enormous fan, called a *punkah*, which is swung backwards and forwards by means of a rope, by a bearer, sitting in the verandah. This instrument is frequently eighteen feet long and about three wide. It is made of canvas, stretched upon a wood frame, and whitewashed. Sometimes there is a full flounce of white calico attached to the lower extremity, which gives to it a more light and graceful appearance. The fan-puller is a curious sort of person. Such is the power of habit, that he continues to discharge his duty well, although fast asleep; and, if required, would continue to ply his vocation all night. In the bed-rooms there is no furniture, save the large bed with four low posts. It is generally about ten feet wide, and is placed in the middle of the room. Over the posts is suspended a large gauze curtain, or sack, to exclude the mosquito, an insect dreadfully annoying in India. There are no feather beds, but the mattresses are generally stuffed with the fine fibre from the rind of the cocoa nut. The only covering is a sheet, and calico drawers, with feet to them, are frequently used by gentlemen to keep off the mosquitoes, should they find their way, which they often do, notwithstanding all the precaution used, inside the curtains. The feet of the bed are placed in pans, containing water, to prevent the white ants and other insects from disturbing the slumbers of their occupants, and also from destroying the furniture. For the latter reason the floors of the houses are not constructed of wood, but

a kind of cement, which is at once imperious to the white ant, and considerably cooler than wood. In the course of a day or two, this creature frequently destroys whole libraries, contents of chests, &c., and besides, is extremely annoying to the person.

The native servants attached to a family are not fewer than ten or twelve; whilst in many of the more wealthy they amount to forty or fifty. The bungalow is always swarming, and yet there is no confusion. Each abides by his own post, and attends only to his own work. So far is this principle of the division of labor carried, that the *kitmajar*, or waiter at table, will not wipe a stain from the furniture. *That*, he asserts, is the work of the *sirdar*, or furniture-cleaner. The *sirdar*, again, would rather lose his situation, than sweep the rooms,—a menial office filled by the *motee*. Whilst the *motee* would consider himself insulted where he desired to assist the *beastee*, or water-carrier. Besides these there are *bearers*, who work the punkah, &c.; *dirgees*, or tailors; *maistrees*, or carpenters; *mollees*, or gardeners, and many others. The whole is crowned by a *con-sumar*, or head-man. Their pay varies from three to ten rupees a month; and they provide themselves in food and clothing. But this is no difficult matter, as the former consists almost exclusively of rice; and the latter, of little else than a stripe of cloth wound round the waist, and a turban. The bearer, or Punkah-puller, sleeps on a mat in the verandah, but all the others find a lodgement in houses erected in the compound.

Such is the prejudice that exists, that the natives will touch nothing that has come from the table of a European. They are, however, a thievish set, and cannot be trusted with articles that could readily be removed. It has often been asserted, that they are altogether destitute of the finer feelings of our nature;—that, treat them how you may, they are not susceptible of gratitude. We give no credit to this statement, coming as it does from parties whose mode of treatment may steel the heart, but cannot soften it. Were their condition better, and their treatment more humane, not even their religion, which exerts its baneful influence over every relationship, could prevent them, we are well assured, from cherishing and expressing, too, the feelings of gratitude.

Notwithstanding the extreme heat of

southern India, time passes very pleasantly, though, we fear, not very profitably. The great languor that prevails precludes everything like protracted and well-sustained study; and unless the early morning is devoted to this purpose, it is not likely that it shall be attended to during the day. About five in the morning coffee is served and then those who feel disposed take a ramble. This is the only hour in the day in which it is possible to walk. It is frequently spent in the compound; and where this is large, there is scope enough for an hour's healthy exercise. Sometimes the time is spent in rambling into the jungle; but, when practicable, more frequently on the sea-shore, or by the margin of rivers, where you luxuriate in the refreshing breeze that comes softly over the bosom of the waters. At seven comes the cold bath, and copious effusions of water on the head. This is a perfect luxury in this climate. It is not, by any means, a rare thing for a person to spend an hour in the bath reading; after which one servant shampoos him, cracking all the joints in his body, whilst another serves a delicious cup of coffee, or a glass of sherbet. The interval till nine is spent in reading or writing. Breakfast is served at nine. At two, tiffin, or lunch, is taken, at which there is plenty of meat. There is out-door exercise again at five, but not on foot; it is taken in vehicles of construction and costliness according to the position which the occupant holds in society. Dinner is at half-past seven, tea at nine, and bed at ten.

Sometimes, indeed, gardening is attended to in the morning and evening. This is an agreeable exercise, and amply repays all the care bestowed upon it. The scene presented on such occasions is often striking. A dozen of men may be seen at work, their only dress a cloth wound round the loins, and their long black hair brought into a knot at the back of the head. Their implements are of the rudest construction, consisting of a sort of pickaxe and short sickle. In the flower garden are the beautiful balsams of many colors; the splendid coxcombs, eight or ten feet high, whose flowers measure twelve or fourteen inches, by six or eight; the varieties of the *hy-biscas*, with many others, and a few of the more interesting European flowers. The borders are generally of the sweet-scented grass, which is always covered with a beautiful small white flower. In the vegetable garden, besides a large stock of common

vegetables, are the pine-apple, the plantain, the guava, the lime, the orange, the custard-apple, and many other trees.

But delightful as the occupation is, it has its drawbacks. You are exposed to continued annoyance from the numerous insects that float or crawl about. Some are loathsome; others come in clouds about the face and head, while not a few of them bite or sting. The sensation produced by their puncture is by no means agreeable, and the effects continue for days. But in all this there is nothing serious; the most that is experienced is a trifling annoyance. It is otherwise with the reptiles. As you pass through the compound, or stroll round the garden, your attention is frequently arrested by the ugly head of the deadly cobra de capello, raised above the grass, only a few feet in advance. On such occasions, its hood is expanded, its mouth open, and it manifests every sign of anger. Another step, and you are within its reach. Allow it to spring; let the smallest globule of its poison find its way to your body, and in half an hour you shall have ceased to breathe. There are numerous other snakes, some venomous, and some not. It is not, however, difficult to destroy them. A well-aimed blow from a bamboo staff will do the business. But unless great expertness is used, they will glide into their holes, again to come forth and scatter death in your path on some future day. In the neighborhood of rivers, monstrous crocodiles are occasionally observed waddling along to the water-tank within the compound, for the purpose, we suppose, of depositing their eggs there. But a more revolting sight is often witnessed in those localities through which pilgrims pass. Wearied with travel, wasted with hunger and disease, these deluded creatures lay themselves down, in great numbers, in the most exhausted condition, and, of course, many never rise again. Moving round the outskirts of the compound, of a morning, it is no rare thing to meet with the skeleton of one or more of these unfortunate creatures, stripped of its flesh by the jackals that are always prowling about, and ready to fix on the body as soon as life is extinct.

In speaking of poisonous snakes, we may introduce a singular little creature, in color green and yellow, and in size between a ferret and a squirrel. It is called a mungoose, and has the strongest aversion to those creatures most dangerous to man, and which abound, not only in the gardens and

enclosures, but come in the houses. If one of these Ishmaels be tamed and kept in the bungalow, it will clear it of every venomous creature. Indian mothers have them trained to keep house, and protect their children in their absence; and a mere infant, thus protected, is perfectly safe. Its instinct, in some respects, resembles that of the dog; for all that the mother has to do is, to bid it watch till her return, which it does with the utmost faithfulness. In such a case, who can help admiring the wisdom and goodness of the God of providence?

When a stranger arrives at a settlement or town, the first day is spent in putting his affairs to rights. This done, he calls his carriage, and pays a visit to the chief person in the place. Should he have a letter of introduction to any one, he next makes for his abode. His new acquaintance, in all probability, will accompany him in his future calls, till he has exhausted the list of that class with which he seeks to associate. There is little said on the first visit, which is made by the gentleman alone; consequently, the stay is short. It will be observed that this custom is the opposite of that which prevails at home. In the course of a few days, the resident families pay back the visit, when the lady accompanies her lord; and now, for the first time, a proper and free introduction is obtained. This is followed by a long list of invitations to dinner, when it is considered that the new-comer is thoroughly initiated, and fairly launched upon society. Calls are made only between the hours of half-past ten and one, at which time the lady of the house is understood to prepare for tiffin, or lunch. Between this and dinner, she is understood to devote some time to sleep, and to visit during this part of the day would be deemed an insult.

Let us accompany a stranger to his first dinner party. The hour is half-past seven. In due time the carriage is in readiness; perhaps a phaeton, drawn by two beautiful ponies, managed by a tawny coachman seated on the box, who wears large black mustachios, white calico tunic and trousers, with turban trimmed with some sort of livery, and band of the same color round the waist. A syce, or groom, runs by the side of the ponies. No sooner does the carriage enter the compound, than a servant runs in to his master, and, pressing his hands together, says, "a carriage comes." There are no bells in Indian houses; the doors stand generally open.



On the receipt of this information, out issues the sahib (the gentleman of the house) into the verandah. By this time we have drawn up under the large portico, where the horses are protected from the glare of the sun. The lady is handed out; the sahib offers his arm, and walks off. The gentlemen are left to follow as they best may.

The first room we enter is the dining-room. A long table, laid for dinner, stretches to its further extremity. The drawing-room is beyond, to which we make our way. Arrived there, we find one side of the room occupied by the ladies, and the other by the gentlemen. The scene is stiff and formal; nor is it much relieved by the conversation that ensues. A short time after the guests have arrived, an aged Indian, with long, silvery beard, dressed in white, enters and announces dinner. Then the master of the house gives his arm to the most important lady present. The other gentlemen do the same, according to the rank of the ladies, beginning with the lady of the house. The strictest attention is paid to this form. The latter does not occupy the head of the table, but assigns it to the gentleman who has led her in. She occupies the seat on his right.

A curious custom prevails in India relative to dinner parties. Every guest is attended by his own kitmajar, or waiter. The assemblage has a very fine appearance. The ladies are all in white dresses and short sleeves, and the gentlemen in white jackets and trowsers. Behind each chair stands a native servant, with long black beard and mustachios, dressed in a white tunic and turban, with a colored sash wound several times round his waist. He appears there without his shoes, as it would be deemed most disrespectful to come into the presence of his master with his feet covered. As you sit down, he unfolds and hands you the napkin that was on your plate, and, retiring a step, stands with his arms crossed over his chest. Grace is now said; and those who like it are helped to a rich sort of chicken-broth. After that, you hear on every side—"Mrs. So-and-So, may I have the pleasure of taking wine with you?" "I shall be very happy." "Which do you take, beer or wine?" "Thank you; I will take a little beer," &c., &c. In the meantime the dishes are being uncovered; and

"At the top is a pair of fine roast fowls, at the bottom a pair of boiled ditto. At the sides fowl cutlets, fowl patties, fowl rissoles, stewed fowls, grilled fowl, chicken pie, &c., &c. No ham, no

bacon; and little tiny potatoes not larger than a cherry, with stewed cucumbers, and some sticky Indian vegetables, are handed round. But for the second course a great treat is reserved. Six or seven mutton-chops, each equal to one mouthful, are brought in, and with much ceremony placed at the top of the table; at the other end are slices of potatoes, fried. Your hostess tells you how glad she was that Mr. So-and-So had sent her the loin of a Patna sheep; she hoped we should like it. Then comes curried fowl and rice; then pine-apple pie, custard, jelly, plantain, oranges, pine-apples, &c., &c. But, directly these sweets appear, there appear also, behind the chairs of many of the gentlemen, servants carrying a little bag, with a neat fringe to it. These they place at the back of their masters's chairs, on the floor, and then each servant brings in a large hookah, places it on the little carpet, and, whilst the ladies and others are eating the custards, pies, and fruits, you hear all around you the incessant bubble from the hookah, and smell the filthy smoke from an abominable compound of tobacco and various noxious drugs."

The ladies rarely sit for more than one glass of wine, when they retire, and leave the smokers to themselves. Cigars are now introduced for the use of the gentlemen. The scene that follows baffles description. There is smoking, and talking, and taking of wine. Restraint is removed, but perfect good humor prevails. Odoriferous vapors ascend in graceful curls, till, intercepted by the ceiling, they fall back in heavy masses, and float in the higher regions of the room. As the smokers ply their vocation, heavier grows the atmosphere, and lower descends the cloudy wreaths, till they become enveloped in a deep haziness, and objects cease to be viewed with distinctness. By this time the cup has been often, though unconsciously, drained, which has at once given a certain elevation to the spirits, and volubility to the tongue. They then join the ladies, when a little general talk ensues, for which the gentlemen are now admirably fitted. Music follows, and then cards. Leave-taking comes at length, and so home to bed, but not to pleasant slumbers. There is nightmare during one's sleep, and a headache in the morning.

A young lady is a phenomenon seldom to be met with in visiting parties, or at the dinner table. The absence of this class, with all their natural buoyancy of spirits, and innocent gaiety, gives a stiffness and frigidness to society, which has already been the subject of remark. At an early age a father sends his daughters home to England to receive their education. When this is finished, the young ladies return to India,

and spend a season in Calcutta. This is the turning point of their history. Now matches are made—now the die is cast! Meanwhile a gentleman takes a fancy to get married, and forthwith applies for leave of absence for a month. Perhaps five or six days are consumed in travelling to Calcutta; the same number must be reserved for journeying back. He is thus left with only fourteen or sixteen days to accomplish the object of his visit. To get introduced, make one's self agreeable, propose, court, and marry all in the space of fourteen days, is a feat almost entirely unknown in these colder regions, and cannot fail to draw forth our admiration. How dextrously the most important affair of life, that which in Britain demands so many months, if not years, to bring it to an issue, is managed in India! The wisdom of the custom may be fairly challenged, and we dare scarcely look at the results. A few years pass away in the enjoyment of the usual amount of domestic happiness Providence allots to hurried marriages, and then the wife falls into bad health. She is ordered home to England, and receives the half of her husband's pay. The time fixed for her return is, say, at the close of three or four years. When that period expires, she remains unmoved by her husband's entreaties, suggests reasons for delay, and sometimes hints in language too plain to be misunderstood, that she gives the preference to her present quarters.

Much time is consumed in travelling in India. Those who fill the various offices in the civil service, in the provinces, move over a certain district, at least once in the year. And then numbers are always journeying to and from Calcutta, on leave of absence, or going to new stations. The modes of travelling there are very different indeed from those that obtain in England at the present day. The ordinary mode is by palanquin. A palanquin, or palkee, as it is called by the natives, is a sort of oblong box, painted outside, and fitted up inside with seat and cushions. It can also be used as a bed, which is in fact often the case, as in the south, at least, travelling is performed principally during night. This box is supported by poles, and is borne by four men, two before and two behind. One man runs by its side, and bears a torch; while other two carry their boxes containing clothes, &c. A palanquin accommodates only one person: thus should a man and his wife have occasion to travel toge-

ther, they must occupy separate boxes, and can only see, or converse with each other at the stages, where the bearers are changed.

When the necessary preparations are made for a journey, the party start immediately after dinner, or about nine o'clock. Plenty of men are in attendance to carry the palanquins; and should the party be connected with any of the more influential government situations, relays are in readiness at each stage, with the same punctuality as horses are supplied on a turnpike road in England, so that no time is lost. In this way they travel the whole night, and night after night without intermission, till their destination is reached.

The dāk-men, or carriers, set off in high spirits, which are generally well sustained during the entire journey. The station is soon left behind, and several hours may pass before the dwelling of a human being is reached. All this while you are entirely in the hands of your swarthy bearers; but as they are a race in which there dwells little deceit, or revenge, or courage, with a brace of pistols, and a good staff, you are perfectly safe. The track you follow quickly leads from the limited district, over which a partial cultivation has spread since the settlement of the British at the station, and, with many a winding, threads its course through a perfect jungle. The low vegetation forms such a dense and unbroken cover, that all attempts to penetrate it are vain. It is the home of innumerable wild beasts, and can only be traversed by them. As we pass along the narrow beaten path, each palanquin about one hundred yards in advance of the other, the ear is often saluted by the shrill cry of the jackal, the grinning snarl of the hyæna; and, in the distance, the deep roar of the tiger in search of his prey. The bearers run at a sort of trot, and join in a monotonous chorus as they proceed. The uneasy motion of the palanquin, the perpetual gibber of the natives, the glare of the torches, the discordant noises borne along from the jungle, and the wide desolation and loneliness of the whole scene, produces the opposite of pleasing sensations; yet, after a little experience, in the midst of all this, one drops asleep with the utmost ease.

The jungle past, the path lies through a low marshy district. For miles together the men run knee-deep in water, plashing along with great indifference, while every moment you fancy that your palkee shall be inundated, or, perchance, left to float,

without compass or rudder, on the waste of waters. On they go! Louder and livelier grows the song; brighter blaze the torches. *Terra Firma* is reached again. They sweep the plain like the breeze of evening. Now there is a plunge, and anon the shrill voices of the bearers shout "*Sahib, Sahib.*" A river has been crossed in their progress, and now the *dāk*-house or station is reached. Here you halt during the day, ready to start again, as the grateful coolness of evening approaches. The *dāk*-house is a rude building, destitute of furniture, and possessing none of the advantages of an English inn. It is, in fact, but a shelter from the scorching rays of a burning sun; a sort of caravansary in the desert. Nothing can be procured from the poor people who have erected their huts in the vicinity, save a few eggs; all other provisions must be furnished by the travellers themselves.

The pay of these poor creatures, treated more like beasts of burden than human beings, is a mockery. It is spoken of rather as a gift from their proud masters, than as wages lawfully earned, and to which they have an indefeasible claim. The sing-song chorus they chant whilst running, is generally an extempore effusion, and suggested by some circumstances connected with the parties travelling. Thus, should the occupant of the palanquin be a fat man, the following verses, or something like them, will be sung:

"Oh, what a heavy bag!  
No; it's an elephant:  
He is an awful weight,  
Let's throw his palkee down,—  
Let's set him in the mud,—  
Let's leave him to his fate.  
No; for he'll be angry then;  
Aye, and he will beat us then  
With a thick stick.  
Then let's make haste and get along,  
Jump along quick."

The following is a specimen of what is sung to a lady. It consists of three verses, and is in very different metre. The term "*cubbadar*" means "*take care,*" and "*baba,*" pronounced "*barba,*" means "*young lady.*"

"She's not heavy, *cubbadar*.  
Little *baba*, *cubbadar*.  
Carry her swiftly, *cubbadar*.  
Pretty *baba*, *cubbadar*!  
*Cubbadar*! *cubbadar*!

Trim the torches, *cubbadar*,  
For the road's rough, *cubbadar*.  
Here the bridge is, *cubbadar*.  
Pass it swiftly, *cubbadar*!  
*Cubbadar*! *cubbadar*!

Carry her gently, *cubbadar*.  
Little *baba*, *cubbadar*.  
Sing so cherrily, *cubbadar*.  
Pretty *baba*, *cubbadar*!  
*Cubbadar*! *cubbadar*!"

Sporting occupies much of the leisure of the British in India. Hunting and shooting parties are almost daily formed, and excellent sport they generally have. When an excursion of this kind is planned, a number of natives are engaged to beat the jungle, while numerous servants accompany the sportsmen. The method generally adopted is to select an open space, where the gentlemen station themselves, each accompanied by his servant. The beaters, the meanwhile, have gone to the distance of a mile or more, and taking this spot for the centre, form themselves into a circle. At a given signal they march towards the guns, yelling and howling in the most frantic manner, and driving the game, and wild beasts too, should any chance to be enclosed, towards the party. Peashens and other fowls are brought down in considerable numbers; hares are sometimes secured; hyenas occasionally present their ugly faces, and skulk away into the recesses of the jungle, generally followed by the murderous bullets of the sportsmen, which shatter a limb or prostrate them in death. But the greatest excitement prevails when a tiger forces his way through the jungle, growling angrily at being driven from his lair. He moves stealthily along; and now the eye is fixed upon him. Bang goes a gun; the wounded animal is roused to madness; his eyes glance fire, and his horrid roar makes the heart quake, as he springs towards the ill-fated huntsman. Steady! He comes. Now! "Fire!" Bang again goes the gun, and the monster rolls a lifeless carcase on the turf.

Hunting the antelope is a less manly and more cruel exercise. It is altogether barbarous sport. These creatures make their home in the sandy deserts, and feed on the stunted vegetation thinly scattered over such regions. A narrow strip of land, say between a lake and the sea, is selected. A strong net, seven feet high and a mile long, is stretched quite across the plain and fixed. One hundred men are left to watch outside. Five hundred take a circuit to a spot several miles distant. Then they stretch out a similar net, but considerably longer than the first. Instead of fixing it they move forwards in a breast, bearing the net before them. When they have come within a

mile of the other, they stop. By this means there may be fifty or sixty antelopes enclosed. The sportsmen then go inside this enclosure and shoot them at their leisure. Numbers, however, escape by leaping the net, notwithstanding the effort made to prevent them by the hundreds of natives that congregate on such occasions.

The following ludicrous account of a wild boar hunt is taken from Auckland's India, and with it we close this article. It should be premised that the "commissioner" is said to be one of the stoutest men in India.

"The other day Mr. D., Lieutenant H., and the Commissioner, went out hog-hunting. This sport is always performed on horse-back, with long spears. The beaters soon turned out a magnificent boar. 'A boar! a boar!' was the shout, and up galloped the Commissioner and plunged the spear into the animal; but, in consequence of his horse swerving, he was unable to withdraw the weapon, and the boar ran off with it sticking into his back. Lieutenant H. now came up; the boar charged

him, cut both the fore legs of his horse to the bone with his tusks, and tumbled horse and man over on the ground. In the meantime, the Commissioner had seized another spear from the syce, when the boar rushed at him. His horse swerved at the moment that he was making a thrust with his spear, and the poor Commissioner rolled over on the ground. Fortunately the boar was nearly exhausted, too much so to charge again; but he did what perhaps no boar ever did before—he seized the Commissioner by the coat tails as he lay on his stomach. Feeling the snout of the beast, heat once expected to be cut, if not killed, by its tremendous tusks. He sprang upon his feet; the boar kept hold of his tail. The Commissioner faced about; he had neither pistols nor knife, so he commenced pommelling away at the boar's face with his fist. Now, imagine the scene—a man of his extraordinary size, with his coat tail held up by an enormous boar; the Commissioner himself turned half round, and having a regular boxing-match with the furious brute. D. came up as quickly as he could for laughing, and with one good thrust of his spear put an end to the fight. The charge of the boar is fearful; he cuts right and left with his tusks, and inflicts the most dreadful wounds."

---

From Howitt's Journal.

## BERANGER.

In the year 1821, a book of songs was published in Paris, which so excited the ire of the restored Bourbon Government, that the writer was prosecuted, condemned to pay a fine of 300 francs, and cast into the prison of Saint Pelagie for three months.

The following year he was again prosecuted for republishing his provoking songs—for they were exceedingly popular, and were sung in the streets, the work-shops, *ginguettes*, everywhere—but by some good luck or other he was acquitted.

Again, in 1828, he published another book of songs, for which he was again prosecuted by the Government, and condemned to be immured for nine months in the prison of La Force, and to pay a fine of 10,000 francs.

And of what was this song-writer found guilty? Of making the people laugh and sing in the fulness of their hearts. He had touched their tender feelings too, and drawn sweet tears from many eyes. But his delicate strokes of satire at wickedness and folly in high places, at imbeciles grinning in the seat of power—at established cant pa-

rating in demure faces and broad phylacteries—this it was which drew down upon Beranger, for it is of him we speak, the anger and prosecutions of the Government.

"I have never made any pretensions to be more than a writer of songs," says Beranger; "such has been the extent of my humble mission."

But it is no such humble mission, that of the writer of songs. He who touches the hearts of the people, enters into their homes and finds a welcome there, moves their pity or their indignation by turns, raises the laugh or draws the tear, excites their sympathy with his satires of folly and his denunciations of wrong, is no humble teacher. Songs are often as powerful as laws, and they are more influential in rousing the feelings of an oppressed people than even the speeches of the greatest orators.

The Bourbon Government recognised this extensive power in their repeated prosecutions of Beranger.

Song-writers have been called the popular priesthood of nations. None have so large an audience as they. How much

even of a nation's history is to be read in its songs and ballads, from the days of Homer to our own. Although written in a comparatively civilized and educated age, these songs of Beranger contain perhaps the best history of his period in France. They are the reflex of the thoughts, feelings, and aspirations of the living men of his time. The song-writer has here entered into *the real life* of the people, depicting it in the most vivid manner; and what is history worth, if it exhibits not this?

"The people," says Beranger, "*that is my Muse* \* \* When I speak of the people, I mean the crowd—the mass—the very lowest, if you will. They may not appreciate the achievements of intellect, or the refined delicacies of taste: be it so! But for that very reason, authors are obliged to conceive more boldly, more grandly, in order to arrest their attention. Adapt therefore to their strong nature, both your subjects and their style of treatment: it is neither abstract ideas nor figures which they require of you: *show them the naked human heart.*

\* \* \* According to an inveterate habit, we still judge of the people with exceeding prejudice. They present themselves to us as a gross mass, incapable of elevated, generous, or tender impressions. Yet, if poetry has a resting-place in the world, it is, I firmly believe, in their ranks that you must go seek for it. But to find it, you must first *study* this people \*

\* Would that our authors set themselves seriously to labor for this crowd, so well prepared to receive the instruction which they need. In sympathizing with them they would help to render them more moral, and the more they added to their intelligence, the more would they extend the domain of genius and of true glory."

Such, in brief, are Beranger's ideas of the people for whom he has written, and written so well.

Beranger has throughout life, stood by his order—the poor. He has refused office—refused ease—because he had the "humor," as he says, of remaining independent. "I am low-born, low-born, very," he sings in one of his exquisite songs: and he still continues, in his old age, among the same humble class from which he sprang. "The extent of my ambition," he observes in his preface to his "new and last songs" (*Chansons nouvelles et dernières*) "has never been more than a morsel of bread for my declining years. It is satisfied, though I am not even so much as an elector, far less

can I ever hope to have the honor of being elected, spite of the Revolution of July, to which I owe nothing on that account."

This popular song-writer was born in Paris, in the year 1780, in the house of a tailor, his "poor and old grandfather," as he himself tells us, in his song—"The Tailor and the Fay" (*Le Tailleur et la Fée*.) Beranger's father and mother cut a small figure in his history, at least as regards his education and bringing up. The old grandfather was both father and mother to him in this respect: the father seems to have been what the Scotch call a "neer do weel"—a bustling, vaporing, idle sort of person, with ideas far above his station, and never settling quietly down to any industrial pursuit. He was a royalist too, and buzzed away like a fly on a wheel, amid the great Revolution. Beranger's mother was a soft good-natured woman, with none of that spiritual temperament which has usually distinguished the mothers of great men.

Beranger lived for nine years with the old tailor—running wild, without restraint, romping and playing with whom he liked, knowing nothing of schools or books. The revolution still raging in its fury, he was sent to Perronne, his father's native town, there to live with an old grand-aunt, who kept a small public house, and where for a time he officiated as pot-boy. This old woman, eighty years of age, although herself ignorant, had the boy taught to read, and in course of time he could read "Tele-machus," "Racine," and the other books that her slender library contained. She gave him religious instruction, too, after a manner, and the boy took the sacrament for the first time when he was eleven and a half years old. At fourteen, he was put apprentice to a printer, and his labors at this trade tended in no small degree to aid his literary culture, though he made but slow progress in spelling. He attended also an excellent primary school at Perronne, and making better progress there, became partially instructed in the art of literary composition. Beranger's exercises in course of time took high rank in the school. Poetic influences were also operating upon him at this time—his sensitiveness was extreme,—and he is said to have burst into tears the first time that he heard the Marseillaise Hymn sung.

When about seventeen years old, he returned to Paris to work at "the case." Here he was in the midst of a busy world

—the centre of life, action, pleasure, and the popular ear, and dwelt there. In the din. The idea of writing verses first flashed across his mind about this time. An attendant of the theatres, he dreamt of writing a comedy, and had actually sketched the outlines of one; but having read Molière with attention, he abandoned his project in a kind of despair of ever being able to come up to this great master. He cultivated his style, and practised the art of composition with diligence. His next project was an epic poem; but in the midst of these glorious dreams, work failed, and the young poet endured the bitterest suffering and privations. He thought of going to Egypt—to the world's end—anywhere. But this dream also passed; and he remained in Paris, to suffer, to love, to study, and finally to triumph.

At twenty-three, he had written a great quantity of verses—meditations, idyls, dithyrambs, &c., but what was he to do with them? He could not afford to print them: he was unknown and almost without bread. But he made them up into a packet, addressed them to Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the First Consul, and despatched them to him, accompanied by a very dignified and yet modest letter. Lucien was struck by the merit they displayed, and wrote the young poet a letter full of good advice, and suggesting corrections. He did more: without even seeing him, he presented the young man with the small pension which he drew from the French Institute—a means of support which Beranger enjoyed till the year 1812. Up to this time he was also occasionally engaged in literary labors, acting for some two years as compiler of the "Annals of the Museum," (*Annales du Musée*), and he afterwards obtained an appointment as copy-clerk in the University-office, at a small salary, which he retained for about twelve years. The Bourbons expelled him from this post on the publication of his second book of Songs.

The first collection was published in 1815; but it excited comparatively little attention. The songs were full of the young animal—gay, laughing, jolly, licentious, with here and there some fine strokes of satire and wit. An occasional vein of poetry was touched, but not pierced. These songs were thrown off at a heat—they were the amusement of his bye-hours—"the mere caprices," as he afterwards confessed, "of a vagabond spirit;" and yet, as he also added, "these are my most dearly cherished offspring." Some of these songs caught

the popular ear, and dwelt there. In the refrains or burdens of his songs, he was especially happy. The burden was at once the shadow and in a great measure, the substance of the song—reflecting its dominant idea, and often containing the idea itself—sometimes it was a little drama in a word, ringing its music and meaning in the popular ear.

Political events by degrees came to exercise an important influence on the mind of Beranger, and his songs gradually assumed a more serious vein. This was very apparent in his second collection, written at various periods, between 1815 and 1821, in which some of his very finest and most powerful pieces appear. In these, he speaks comfort to the poor, the afflicted, the people. France was in a melancholy humor—it was gay France no longer—under the Bourbons it felt oppressed as under a nightmare. Freedom sighed, and Beranger's songs were its echo. "Certain amateurs," said he, "have complained of the seriousness of these later songs of mine. Here is my reply: Song comes from the inspiration of the moment. Our epoch is serious—even sad: I have only taken the tone thus given me. It is probable that I had no other choice."

Like all the other young and ardent spirits of France, Beranger was disappointed at the restoration of the Bourbons. Not that he was an out-and-out admirer of Napoleon—"not all my admiration for his genius," says he, "could ever blind me to the crushing despotism of the Empire." But Beranger writhed at the sight of foreign armies on French soil, thrusting the deposed Bourbons on the French people with their bayonets. He shed bitter tears at the sight of the allied armies entering Paris. Then was the period of his bitter songs, at French forgetfulness of former glory, and English and Prussian welcomings in the Tuileries. My "Lord Vilain-ton" came in for his share of scorching irony. Still, says Beranger, my opposition to the Bourbons was not one of hatred, as has been alleged against me. "I was not hostile to the restored monarchy, though I had the firm conviction that they never would constitutionally govern France, nor would France be able to compel them to adopt liberal principles. This conviction, which never abandoned me, I owed less to the calculations of my reason than to the instinct of the people. I have studied every succeeding event with a religious seriousness,

and I have almost always found these sentiments in such unison with my own thoughts that they have formed the rule of my conduct in the part which I have been called upon to perform in the public movement of my time. The people—that is my muse. It is this muse which has made me resist the pretended sages, whose counsels, based on chimerical hopes, many times pursued me. The two publications which have brought down upon me the prosecutions of the law, at the same time stripped me of many of my political friends. I ran all risks of this. The approbation of the masses remained faithful to me, and the friends returned."

In 1821, Beranger's friends induced him to publish his second collection of songs: 10,000 copies were subscribed for, and the impression was immediately bought up. This collection contained numerous biting political satires, and the writer was immediately pounced upon by the Government, who had long waited for such an opportunity. His political songs had, until then, been floating about amongst the people—passed from hand to hand—sung in the streets—and everywhere exercising a great influence among the mass. Still the Government could not lay hold of him until he had owned his paternity to the songs, which he now openly did by publishing them in a collected form. He was accordingly pounced upon, prosecuted, and laid up in prison for three months.

A series of political satires and lampoons, still more stinging than the past, was the fruit of his confinement in Saint Pelagie. These were published so as to defy the censorship—they were passed from hand to hand, and sung as the former had been. Charles X. and his court became absolutely frantic under the infliction of these satires; and the priest party publicly denounced him from their altars as everything that was hideous. But he eluded their attempts to seize and prosecute him further, until the year 1828, when his third collection of songs was published. One of the pieces in this collection that gave the most grievous offence to the Court, was that on "The Coronation of Charles the Simple." Charles, one of the successors of Charlemagne, had been driven from his kingdom by the Count of Paris, and after wandering through England and Germany, was replaced on his throne mainly by the efforts of the French lords and the bishops. The applicability of

the satire to the Bourbon dynasty will be obvious. Beranger thus begins:—

"Frenchmen! In Rheims assemble all,  
On Montjoy and Saint Denis call!  
Repair'd the holy phial see—  
Our fathers' days again are come;  
Sparrows in numerous flocks set free  
Flutter about the sacred dome;  
The monarch's brow with pleasure beams,  
For broken bonds here imag'd be—

The people cry: Poor birds! dream not our foolish dreams—

Preserve—preserve your liberty!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Bedizened with their fripperies, made  
From heavy imposts—the parade  
Of King and Courtiers marches by  
Courtiers, who all not long ago,  
'Neath rebel standards floating high,  
Bow'd to a grand usurper, low;  
But millions are not shower'd in vain,  
And faith well recompens'd should be;

The people cry—Poor birds! we dearly pay our chain,

Preserve—preserve your liberty!

Now gold-laced prelates bent before,  
Charles utters his *confiteor*;  
They clothe him—kiss him—oil him—and  
Midst hymns divine that fill the air,  
He on the Bible puts his hand!  
And his confessor bids him—'Swear!  
'For Rome—whom such affairs concern,  
'Has pardons for such perjury.'

The people cry—Poor birds! thus government we learn,

Preserve—preserve your liberty!

So—aping Charlemagne—when placed  
The sword-belt round his royal waist,  
Upon the dust he flings him down,  
King! says a soldier, rouse thee, king!  
'No,' says the bishop, 'thee I crown—  
Now wealth into our coffers fling.  
What priests command, that God records;  
Long live—long live legit'macy!'

The people cry—our lord is ruled by other lords!  
Poor birds! preserve your liberty!

This king miraculous, poor birds!  
Will cure all scrofulas with words;  
But you, the merriest things of all,  
Had better speedily be gone;  
Some sacrilege you might let fall  
In fluttering near this altar throne;  
For piety all meekly brings  
Murderers her sentinels to be.—

The people cry—Poor birds! we envy you your wings—

Preserve—preserve your liberty!"

"Turlupin; or Master Merryman," also gave no small offence to the powers that were:—

"Come let us go 'the King' to see—  
Not I, he said, I won't do that!  
Will he take off his crown to me,  
When I to him take off my hat?"

If I for somebody must cry,  
Then, Here's for him that makes my bread!  
And men will answer, "I—I—I—  
Say what just master merryman has said!"

But *Les Infinitement Petits, ou La Gérotonocratie*—"The Infinitely little; or, The Greybeard Dynasty," was the most atrocious of all Beranger's songs in the eyes of his political judges. The burden of the song is—*Mais les Barbons Regnent Toujours*.—"But still the Greybeards Reign!" The French word for Greybeards, *Barbons*, so obviously meaning as well as sounding Bourbons, that the wit, irony, and force of the song, is as it were, concentrated in the refrain. He thus paints the dwarfish littleness to which France is reduced:—

"What little things, scarce visible!  
What little Jesuits, full of bile!  
Millions of little priests who tell  
Their little rosaries the while;  
Beneath their blessings all decays;  
A little cortège for the train,  
Usurps the court of ancient days—  
But still the greybeard Bourbons reign.

"Tis petty all—in palace, shop,  
Art, science, commerce, petty all:  
And pretty little famines stop  
Supplies to little towns, which fall,—  
And led by little drums, a host  
Of little soldiers seek in vain  
To guard the feeble frontier coast;—  
But still the greybeard Bourbons reign."

Another song entitled *La mort du diable* gave mortal offence to the Jesuits; and poor Beranger was condemned to pay for this and the rest of his sins, a further sum of 10,000 francs, and to suffer nine months' imprisonment in La Force. The fine was chiefly raised by the political association called, the *Aide-toi le ciel t'aidera*; and the deficit was supplied by the generous treasurer to the subscription, M. Bérard.

*La mort du diable* (the death of the devil) was denounced by the priest party as irreligious, blasphemous, and its author as an enemy to religion. Beranger observes of this,—“Some of my songs have been treated as impious, poor things! by the King's attorney-generals and their substitutes, who are all very religious people in their way. I can only here repeat what has been said a hundred times. When, as in our day, religion is made a political instrument of, its sacred character is apt to be disallowed. For it the most tolerant become intolerant. Believers, whose faith is not in what ‘the church’ teaches, are sometimes driven, out of revenge, to attack it in its sanctuary. I,

who am one of these believers, have never gone so far as that, but have been contented to make folks laugh at the mere flunkey livery of catholicism. Is *this* impiety?”

The greatest of Beranger's songs—those in which he rises into the regions of true poetry—are those of a more serious cast, such as “The God of the Good,” (*Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens*). “The Holy Alliance of the People,” (*La Sainte Alliance des Peuples*). “The Bohemians,” “The Contrabandists,” “The Imaginary Voyage,” “The Old Beggar,” “The Recollections (souvenirs) of the People,” “Poor Jacques,” and others of the same class. Beranger hesitated much before entering upon the serious vein—he was not so sure of his ground as in his gayer and more impulsive songs; and it was long before he could prevail upon himself to publish these serious compositions. Indeed he himself has said of his songs, “Each of my publications has been the result of a painful effort; and these last (the more serious) have caused me more pain than all the others put together.” Sainte-Beuve gives an interesting account of his first singing of *Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens* before a party of his friends. Like Tom Moore, he sang his own compositions in an exquisite manner. At a numerous and intelligent party at the house of M. Etienne, Beranger, during the dessert, was called upon for a song according to custom. Unlike himself, he commenced this time in a trembling voice, “Il est un Dieu, etc.,” but the applause became great as he proceeded; and the poet felt, at the instant, as he trembled with emotion, that he could contentedly remain a simple song writer, and aspire to no higher honor. “This song,” says Sainte-Beuve, was his great master-stroke—a hymn of humanity, pacific, unalterable; it shows us how at the same time, amidst the smoke of the battle for freedom, the horizon of Beranger was the same, as vast and as clear as it is now. And around and above his grand pervading idea of *humanity*, how many others of meaning more circumscribed, but not less penetrating—the plaint of country; the heavy sadness, the stubborn hope of the old army; the lighter hope, the impatience and giddy flights of youth; sadness in pleasure; all illustrated with a wit by turns piquant, brilliant, and tender, such as we have not known since the days of Voltaire; sweetness and grace clothed in art of such antique purity, that we are reminded with delight, of Simon-



ides, *Æsclepiades*, and the tender love songs of the old anthology."

In the "Contrabandists," and "The Old Beggar," Beranger has done more than write beautiful verses, he has broached great social questions, and sounded their depths, though with the plummet of song. We remember the former song being quoted with high approbation in the *League* newspaper, during the period of our recent great national agitation; like the French poet, the English economist recognised in the smuggler and contraband dealer between countries, the advanced sentinel, the great practical teacher, amidst paths the most arduous, of free and unfettered intercourse between nation and nation. In "The Old Beggar," he has dared boldly to look in the face the great social question in all its enormity—a question which mere political revolutions have not yet dealt with—and an evil which mere political economy has hitherto been powerless to remedy. This poem of Beranger's is a much less picturesque and poetical composition than that of Wordsworth on a similar subject; but how much more true to nature! It has all the stern truthfulness of Crabbe, and exhibits at the same time, a profound insight into a great social evil, which is peculiarly Beranger's own—

#### THE OLD BEGGAR.

"Here, in this ditch my bones I'll lay;  
Weak, wearied, old, the world I leave.  
'He's drunk,' the passing crowd will say:  
'Tis well, for none will need to grieve.  
Some turn their scornful heads away,  
Some sing an alms in hurrying by;—  
Haste—'tis the village holiday!  
The aged beggar needs no help to die.

Yes! here, alone, of sheer old age  
I die; for hunger slays not all:  
I hoped my misery's closing page  
To fold within some hospital.  
But crowded thick in each retreat,  
Such numbers now in misery lie,—  
Alas! my cradle was the street!  
As he was born the aged wretch must die.

In youth, of workmen, o'er and o'er  
I've asked, 'Instruct me in your trade;'  
'Begone—our business is not more  
Than keeps ourselves—go beg!' they said.  
Ye rich, who bade me toil for bread—  
Of bones your tables gave me store,  
Your straw has often made my bed—  
In death I lay no curses at your door.

Thus poor, I might have turned to theft;—  
No! better still for alms to pray!  
At most I've plucked some apple, left  
To ripen near the public way,

Yet weeks and weeks, in dungeons laid  
In the King's name, they let me pine;  
They stole the only wealth I had,—  
Though poor and old, the sun at least was mine.

What country has the poor to claim?  
What boots to me your corn and wine,  
Your busy toil, your vaunted fame,  
The Senate where your speakers shine?  
Once, when your homes, by war o'erswept,  
Saw strangers batten on your land,  
Like any puling fool, I wept!  
The aged wretch was nourished by their hand.

Mankind! why trod you not the worm  
The noxious thing, beneath your heel?  
Ah! had you taught me to perform  
Due labor for the common weal!  
Then sheltered by the adverse wind,  
The worm, and ant had learned to grow,—  
Ay—then I might have loved my kind;—  
The aged beggar dies your bitter foe!\*

With the revolution of July, 1830, the mission of Beranger, as a song writer, was accomplished. The triumph of his political friends paved the way for his own advancement; and pension and place were now offered to him. All such offers were, however, refused: he preferred remaining poor but independent. "Unfortunately," says he, "I have no love for sinecures, and all forced labor has become insupportable to me, unless perhaps it were that of my old occupation of copying clerk. I could not bear to have it said, that I was the pensioner of so and so, of Peter or of Paul, of James or of Philip. Besides, I would give no man nor party, to whom I might thus place myself under obligations, the right to say to me—do this, or do that—go forwards, but you must only go thus far." In short, Beranger was content with his position and his fame as the unpensioned, untitled poet of the people; and he would not stoop to hire himself out, as some of our English poets have done, to write royal odes to order, at so many pounds sterling per annum. The people had remained faithful to him, and it was his pride to remain faithful to the people.

Beranger's last collection of songs was published in 1833; and he then avowed his intention of writing, or at least publishing no more. In the midst of his triumphs, he gracefully withdrew from the field. "I retire from the lists," he said, "while I have still the strength to leave it. Often to—

\* We are indebted for this translation to *Tait's Magazine* for May, 1833, in which some admirable translations from Beranger are given. The previous translations in this article are from an article by Colonel Thompson in the *Westminster Review* of January, 1839.

wards the evening of life we allow ourselves to be surprised by sleep in the arm-chair, in which we are fixed. Better go wait its visit in bed, where it is so much needed. I haste to betake me to mine, even though it be a rather hard one."

At the same time, he avows his intention of devoting the remaining years of his life to the composition of a kind of historical dictionary, in which he intends to record his recollections of all the men he has known, who have moved prominently in the eventful life of France during the last forty years. "Who knows," he says, "but that through this work of my old age, my name may yet survive me? It would be pleasant for posterity to speak of 'The judicious, the grave Beranger!'" And why not?"

Our space is too limited to allow us to enter upon a critical examination of the peculiar qualities of Beranger as a songwriter. His extraordinary success is proof sufficient of his mastery of the art. In strength, dramatic power, concentration, tact, great knowledge of the human heart, command and choice of felicitous language, he is quite unrivalled. These qualities have made his songs familiar throughout all the homes, workshops, barracks, and *guinguettes* of France. He is alike popular in the hall and the cottage—thoroughly popular. His songs are the national voice: they are the echo of the thoughts, feelings, and experiences of his fellow citizens.

Let no one suppose that Beranger acquired his extraordinary power without labor. The best of his songs cost him long and intense study—much "painful effort" as he has himself expressed it. He was not a ready writer, but a very slow and careful writer at all times. Hence the completeness and the exquisite finish of his verses, of which no translation can give any adequate idea. Even his apparent carelessness and levity, generally so thoroughly in keeping with his subjects, were carefully studied. His friend Saint-Beuve has said that Beranger rarely produced a poem at a heat. "He had the abstract subject in his head, the chaotic and enveloped material; he turned it over, he studied it, he waited; the wings of gold were not yet given to it. It was after an incubation more or less long, that, often in a moment, he scarcely knew how, mostly in the night, in some short dream, a word unnoticed till then, took fire, and determined the life of the song. Then, to adopt his own expression, he held

his peace and went onwards. This lighted spark, this pure spirit, scarce come to light, this cell in a hermetical bubble of crystal which Queen Mab had blown, is all his song, it is the reflex of it in one word, the brilliant *monad*, if we may use the language of philosophy to explain an operation of the mind which certainly yields to none other in profundity. The poet then set to work at such times as he found the most suitable, to the exterior dressing, to the rhyme, to the measure; it mattered little; he turned it over in his mind, for two months or for two years, that it might be as living as on the first day; for yet again, as he has said, he held his peace."

The character of Beranger as a man is no less high than his genius as a poet. His sense of probity and honor is of the highest. In all his writings the spirit of generosity is apparent. He has attacked systems and individuals only as they represented the mischiefs of those systems. With all his keen power of sarcasm, he has avoided personalities. When asked to compose a satire against a distinguished political character then in disgrace, the reply of the noble hearted bard was,—"*In good time, my friend; wait till he is minister.*" He would not strike the man because he was down. Nor, on the other hand, has he ever been a flatterer of the rich, or of men in power. His sturdy sense of independence preserved him from this. "I have flattered only the unfortunate," was his own remark. His sympathies were altogether with the poor and the down-trodden. But the best character of the man is to be found in his songs, of which he has said,—"*My songs—they are myself (mes chansons, c'est moi).*"

His conversation is said to be of the most interesting kind—quick, lively, penetrating, discursive. He is well informed on all subjects, a keen observer, a copious reader, an independent thinker. Living in a period full of incident—a great historic drama performing before his eyes—mingling in society with the leaders of thought and action—a contemporary of the Empire, of the Restoration, and of two Revolutions, his mind is full of experiences of men and events of the most interesting character; which he does well now to record in the evening of his days, for the instruction and edification of his successors.

Beranger is now an old man, close upon three score years and ten. He lives in a very humble style at Passy, a village on the Seine, about four miles from Paris.

His house is small and his friends are select. He enjoys his "chimney corner," in peace, cheered by friendly intercourse with a few gifted minds, and still cherishing that ardent love of liberty and of country which has distinguished him throughout his entire career.

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

## ANIMOSITIES OF LITERARY MEN.

THE literary wars of former days were frequently carried on with a personal animosity which would now be considered disgraceful. The accidental or ignorant mistakes, and even the personal defects of an opponent were held up to ridicule, while his name was distorted or dismembered, that it might become the vehicle of some ghastly attempt at a pun. In the controversy between the learned Augustus Pfeiffer and Peter Poiretus, a mystical religionist, the latter had stated that, the sun of orthodoxy being in danger of an eclipse, the university of Heidelberg, in imitation of the Chinese on such an occasion, had sent forth a drumming and trumpeting array of divines with the great Pfeiffer (piper) at their head, to frighten away the monster that was devouring their sun. Pfeiffer, in reply, after correcting the spelling and grammar of his antagonist, alludes indignantly to the play upon his name, and fiercely declares that, before he has done with him, he will be able to say, "I have *piped* unto thee, and thou hast not danced." Notwithstanding his wrath at Poiretus's trifling with his name, however, he cannot conclude the paragraph in which he reproves it without a pitiful attempt to point out the analogy between Poiretus and *poiriette*, a little pear, of which the merit is nearly equal to the execution. It is amusing to observe that, in the classified index of authors at the end of his works, while one is pointed out as *Historious*, and another as *Exegeticus*, to poor Poiretus's name the terrible letter is affixed that brands him as *Fanaticus*.

Another example of extreme virulence was displayed in the celebrated dispute between Milton and Morus named the "*Salmasius controversy*," from the *nom de guerre* assumed by Morus. The continental writer attacked Milton and his principles in a work called "*Defensio Regia*" (*Defence of Kings*), in which he reproaches our great poet as "being but a puny piece of man; an homunculus, a dwarf deprived of

the human figure, a bloodless being, composed of nothing but skin and bone; a contemptible pedagogue, fit only to flog his boys," &c., &c. To all this nonsense Milton thought it necessary to furnish a formal refutation; and accordingly, with as much anxiety that he should stand well with posterity on account of the comeliness of his person as he has displayed in doing justice to his great literary powers, he seriously proceeds to remark that "he does not think any one ever considered him as un-beautiful; that his size rather approaches mediocrity than the diminutive; that his face, far from being pale, emaciated, and wrinkled, was sufficiently creditable to him; for though he had passed his fortieth year, he was in all other respects ten years younger;" and very pathetically he adds, "that even my eyes, blind as they are, are unblemished in their appearance; in this instance alone, and much against my inclination, I am a deceiver!"

Morus next compares Milton to a hangman, his disordered vision to the blindness of his soul, and vomits forth his venom. When Milton first proposed to answer Salmasius, he had lost the use of one of his eyes, and his physicians declared that if he applied himself to the controversy, the other would likewise close for ever! Unhappily, the prediction of his physicians took place. Thus a learned man in the occupations of study falls blind, a circumstance even now not read without sympathy. Salmasius considers it as one from which he may draw caustic ridicule and satiric severity. Salmasius glories that Milton lost his health and his eyes in answering his apology for King Charles.

Impartiality of criticism obliges us to confess that Milton was not destitute of rancour. When he was told that his adversary boasted he had occasioned the loss of his eyes, he answered with ferocity, "And I shall cost him his life!" He actually condescended to enter into a correspondence

in Holland, in order to obtain little scandalous anecdotes of his miserable adversary Morus.\* The conclusion of this bitter personal encounter is instructive. Milton lost his eyesight, and Morus, finding himself neglected by a former patron, who took the side of Milton, retired into obscurity, and died soon afterwards, it is supposed, of grief.

D'Israeli, in his valuable work, presents many curious particulars of the manner in which some of the early Reformers and Catholics conducted their disputations. "Luther was not destitute of genius, of learning, and of eloquence; but his violence disfigured his works with singularities of abuse. Hear him express himself on the Catholic divines: 'The Papists are all asses, and will always remain asses. Put them in whatever sauce you choose, boiled, roasted, baked, fried, skinned, beat, hashed, they are always the same asses. . . . What a pleasing sight it would be to see the pope and the cardinals hanging on one gallows in exact order, like the seals which dangle from the bulls of the pope! What an excellent council they would hold under the gallows!' Luther was no respecter of kings; he was so fortunate, indeed, as to find among his antagonists a crowned head. Our Henry VIII. wrote his book against the new doctrine. Luther in reply abandons his pen to all kinds of railing and abuse. He addresses Henry VIII. in the following style: 'It is hard to say if folly can be more foolish, or stupidity more stupid, than is the head of Henry. He has not attacked me with the heart of a king, but with the impudence of a knave. This rotten worm of the earth, having blasphemed the majesty of my King, I have a just right to bespatter his English majesty with his own dirt and ordure. *This Henry has lied!*' Long after, the court of Rome had not lost the taste of these 'bitter herbs;' for in the bull of the canonization of Ignatius Loyola in 1623, Luther is called *monstrum teterum et detestabilis pestis!*" (a most hideous monster, and most detestable of plagues!)

Of Calvin it is stated that "his adversaries are never others than knaves, lunatics, drunkards, and assassins! Sometimes they are characterized by the familiar appellations of bulls, asses, cats, and hogs!"

The fathers of the church were proficient in the art of abuse, and very ingeniously

defended it. St. Austin affirms that the most caustic personality may produce a wonderful effect in opening a man's eyes to his own follies. He illustrates his position with a story, given with great simplicity, of his mother, St. Monica, with her maid. St. Monica certainly would have been a confirmed drunkard had not her maid timely and outrageously abused her. The story will amuse: "My mother had, by little and little, accustomed herself to relish wine. They used to send her to the cellar, as being one of the soberest in the family: she first sipped from the jug and tasted a few drops, for she abhorred wine, and did not care to drink. However, she gradually accustomed herself; and from sipping it on her lips she swallowed a draught. As people from the smallest faults insensibly increase, she at length liked wine, and drank bumpers. But one day, being alone with the maid who usually attended her to the cellar, they quarreled, and the maid bitterly reproached her with being a *drunkard!* That single word struck her so poignantly that it opened her understanding, and, reflecting on the deformity of the vice, she desisted for ever from its use."

A Jesuit has collected "An Alphabetical Catalogue of the Names of *Beasts* by which the Fathers characterized the Heretics!"

The Hebrew points have long furnished a wide field of disputation, and the acrimony with which the contest raged for several generations is really surprising. The anti-punctists stigmatized the adherents of the opposite system as blinded believers in an exploded figment, while the followers of Buxtorf, on the other hand, looked down from the height of their rabbinical learning with sovereign contempt on their *pointless* antagonists. But we introduced this subject principally for the purpose of relating an anecdote of a late worthy minister of this city, distinguished for his rigid attachment to the points. Being at one time in ill health, he was assisted in his official duties by a licentiate of the church to which he belonged, who resided in his house. His young friend attempted in vain to overcome his taciturnity, or draw him into conversation; and, happening one day to meet with a brother preacher in the city, communicated to him the discomforts of his situation. "Oh!" said Mr. B., "I'll call on you to-morrow forenoon at eleven, and show you how to make Mr. A. talk." About the time promised he accordingly made his

appearance, and Mr. A. after saluting him, returned to the book on which he was employed, and took no farther notice of his presence. The visitor accordingly began to converse with his disconsolate brother, and, after doing so for some time, gradually introduced the subject of the Hebrew points. "By the by, Mr. C., do you read Hebrew with or without the points?" "I have always been accustomed to read without them, sir." "Well, so have I, and I think the system of the punctists a collection of useless absurdities." "Great *leears*," said the old minister, in indignation, throwing down his book, "how can you do without the points?" and immediately launched forth into a disquisition on the antiquity, authority, and necessity of the points; enlarged on *sarques* and *pashtas*, *shevas* and *maqueph-quatons*; touched on the accents, distinctive and conjunctive; and, sometime in the afternoon, wound up with a bitter anathema on Levita; Parkhurst, and all their followers. But whether or not the gentleman for whose benefit the experiment was performed ever ventured to repeat it, we cannot tell.

About the middle of the seventeenth century a race of scholars arose who maintained that the language of the New Testament was not what it had always been considered to be—a dialect abounding with Hebrew thoughts and expressions—but pure and classic Greek. Georgius, one of the most furious of them, averred that his antagonist had committed the unpardonable sin, and argued that because the Old Testament was pure Hebrew, *therefore* the New Testament was pure Greek: a piece of reasoning which reminds us of a statement of Robert Turner, who "transplanted into Albyon's garden" Nuysement's treatise on the elixir vitæ, entitled, "*Sal, Lumen, et Spiritus Mundi Philosophici*." "You see," says Mr. Turner in his address "to the reader whose studies are seasoned with salt," "our natural vulgar common salt will preserve dead flesh from putrefaction; *what then will the true prepared philosophical salt do?*"

In the controversy to which we have referred, the title-page of one book announced "The burial of the Hellenists;" and that of another, their "bone-breaking;" while a third, if we are not mistaken, dug up their ashes, and consigned them to the winds of heaven. Passing to the titles in another contest, we meet with "Something Good, or the Reply of a Student to Mr.

Hoadly;" to which the Bishop replied by "Something Better;" but was finally surmounted by the student in his "Best of All."

In the common language of former generations there were many proverbial, or stock comparisons, that were considerably obscure; such, for example, as, "like the bairns of Falkirk, ye mind naething but mischief," or, "like Macfarlane's geese, ye ha'e mair mind o' your play than your meat:" but the present age, above all others, is that of extraordinary comparisons. We have heard, for example, of an old gentleman "singing like bricks," and have seen a vessel in full sail, which, according to some one standing at our side, was "coming into harbor like a hatter." Now, although we have long been aware that bricks have had an ear for music ever since the days of Orpheus, who turned the circumstance to account in building the walls of Thebes, we always considered them merely as amateurs in the science, and never knew that they had made any proficiency in its practical departments. We must confess our ignorance, also, with regard to the peculiar capability of rapid motion attributed to our respected friends the hatters; although we believe that any one who should make free with one of their best Paris short naps at sixteen shillings would have reason to entertain a very high idea of their locomotive powers ever afterwards. If he intended to escape their pursuit, he would require, to use another unintelligible metaphor, to "run like the mischief."

We read with interest the minute occurrences of former days, such as are contained in the household book of the Earls of Northumberland, and can even be content to laugh over such humble details as the following in the manuscript journal of a country weaver for 1716: although we may observe that, in the first extract, the worthy writer seems to have given too much scope to his imagination:—

"The 24 night and 25 day of Sepr. terrible for wind, a great shaking on qt. was left; and blowing people's victuals throw eyr [other], and driving it over the hills lyk sheep; and making branches fall aff the trees, both green and rotten. The moneth of Sepr. for the most part, such as the busbandman would not have had.

"In the year 716, in the summer-time, we made ink of the droppings of black. We took 4 or 5 pints and boil'd it with about an ounce of caprose, and we had about a quart of good black ink.

"I counted in the end of the 16 year qt. coper

was in the box, and yr was 38 crowns or little more, and 9 ginies and a half.

"Of six sp. of yarn from William Jackson yt we quit to ye minister's wife, I reckon she had 6 grots of it yt we might have had."

In the same volume from which these scraps are extracted occurs a very coarse "satire on our Scots nobilitie, who were

keen and active in carrying on the Union." Almost the only transcribable lines in it inform us that

"They said the church, they said the state and nation,  
They said their honor, name, and reputation,  
They said their birthrights, peerages, and places,  
For which they now do look with angrie faces."

From the *Britannia*.

## DEATH OF DONIZETTI.

WE lament to announce the decease of this great Italian composer, on the 8th inst., at Bergamo, after a long illness. Gaetan Donizetti was born at Bergamo in 1798, and at an early age proved his proficiency in music. He was a pupil of the famed Simon Mayer, at the conservatory of Bologna. His first essay in dramatic composition was at Venico, in 1818, in an opera called "Enrico di Borgogna." He wrote various works without producing any great sensation, up to 1828, when he produced the "Esule di Roma," for Mlle. Tosi, Winter, and Lablache. This opera spread his fame through Italy, and his compositions were eagerly sought after by managers. In 1830 he composed an oratorio for Naples, "Il Diluvio Universale." In 1831 his "Anna Bolena" was written for Pasta and Rubini, and this opera made his reputation European. In 1832, for Pasta, Grisi, and Donzelli, he composed "Ugo Conte di Parigi," and in the same year the "Elisir d'Amore," a comic opera, for Debadie. In 1833 he wrote "Il Furioso," for Ronconi and Salvi; "Parisina" for Millo. Unger and Duprez; and "Torquato Tasso" for Ronconi. In 1834 appeared his "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Rosmonda d'Inghilterra" for Mme. Persiani and Duprez. In 1835 his "Marino Faliero" was produced for Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, and Tamburini; and in the same year his "Lucia" appeared for Duprez and Mme. Persiani. "Belisario" was his next popular essay, and then "Roberto Devereux" for Ronzi and Barroilhet. His "Fille du Regiment" was composed for the Opera Comique in Paris in 1840, and Mlle. Zoja caused its popularity in Italy by her impersonation of *Maria*. Mlle. Lind and Miss Poole have made it popular in London. In this year he also produced the

"Martyrs" and "La Favorita" for the Académie Royale in Paris, two five-act operas. In 1841 "Adelia" appeared for Salvi and Marini; and in 1842 "Maria Padilla" for Mlle. Lowe, Ronconi, and Donizetti; also "Linda" in Vienna, for Mme. Tadolini, Brambilla, Moriani, Varese, Derivis, and Rovere. His "Don Pasquale," produced in Paris, for Grisi, Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache, was his next triumph in 1843. In June he wrote "Maria di Rohan," in Vienna, for Ronconi, producing it at the end of the year in Paris, the night after he had brought out "Don Sebastian" at the Académie, a herculean feat, which was the beginning of his attack on the brain. In 1844 "Catarina Cornaro," his sixty-third and last-performed opera, was produced in Naples. In 1845 he was placed in a maison de santé at Vitry, near Paris, was removed to Italy in 1846, and lingered till the 8th instant, never having recovered his reason. He was married to the daughter of an advocate in Rome, but she died without issue in 1835 of cholera, being *enceinte* at the time. Donizetti was the successor of Zingarelli in the direction of the Conservatory at Naples, and after the production of "Linda," the Emperor of Austria appointed him chapel-master to the Viennese court.

Donizetti was a ready wit, and no mean poet. He wrote many of his own libretti. He was an excellent pianoforte accompanist. His faculty for composition was equal to that of Rossini; he has been known to score an opera in twenty-four hours. In his early works he was an imitator of Rossini, but his style became his own after the "Esule di Roma." We subjoin a complete list of his operas, the year of production, and the places at which they were

first performed. The list is curious, as exhibiting in a remarkable degree the fecundity of his genius. The instrumentation of Donizetti was far superior to the general run of Italian composers:—

## DONIZETTI'S OPERAS.

Nos.	Year.	Town.	Title.
1	1818	Venice	Enrico di Borgogna
2	1819-20	Venice	Il Falegname di Livonia
3	1820	Mantua	Le Nozze in Villa
4	1822	Rome	Zoraide di Granata
5	1822	Naples	La Zingara
6	1822	Naples	La Lettera Anonima
7	1822	Milan	Chiara e Serafina, o i Pirati
8	1823	Naples	Il Fortunato Inganno
9	1823	Naples	Aristea
10	1823	Venice	Una Follia
11	1823	Naples	Alfredo il Grande
12	1824	Rome	L'Ajo nell' Imbarazzo
13	1824	Naples	Emilia o l'Eremitaggio, di Liverpool
14	1826	Palermo	Alahor in Granata
15	1826	Palermo	Il Castello degli Invalidi
16	1826	Naples	Elvida
17	1827	Rome	Olivo e Pasquale
18	1827	Naples	Il Borgomastro di Saar-dam
19	1827	Naples	Le Convenienze Teatrali
20	1827	Naples	Otto Mesi in Due Ore
21	1828	Naples	L'Escale di Roma
22	1828	Genoa	La Regina di Golconda
23	1828	Naples	Gianni da Calais
24	1828	Naples	Giovetti Grasso
25	1829	Naples	Il Paria
26	1829	Naples	Il Castello di Kenilworth
27	1830	Naples	Il Diluvio Universale
28	1830	Naples	I Pazzi per Progetto
29	1830	Naples	Francesca di Foix
30	1830	Naples	Imelda de' Lambertazzi
31	1830	Naples	La Romanziera
32	1830-31	Milan	Anna Bolena
33	1831	Naples	Fausta
34	1832	Milan.	Ugo Conte di Parigi
35	1832	Milan	Elisir d'Amore
36	1832	Naples	Sancia di Castiglia
37	1833	Rome	Il Furioso all' Isola di S. Domingo
38	1833	Florence	Parisina
39	1833	Rome	Torquato Tasso
40	1833-34	Milan	Lucretia Borgia
41	1834	Florence	Rosmonda d'Inghilterra
42	1834	Naples	Maria Stuarda
43	1834-35	Milan	Gemma di Vergy
44	1835	Paris	Marino Faliero
45	1835	Naples	Lucia di Lammermoor
46	1836	Venice	Belisario
47	1836	Naples	Il Campanello
48	1836	Naples	Betty
49	1836	Naples	L'Assedio di Calais
50	1837	Venice	Pia de Tolomei
51	1837	Naples	Roberto Devereux
52	1838	Venice	Maria di Rudenz
53	1839	Milan	Gianni di Parigi

Nos.	Year.	Town.	Title.
54	1840	Paris	La Fille du Regiment
55	1840	Paris	Les Martyrs
56	1840	Paris	La Favorita
57	1841	Rome	Adelia o la Figlia dell' Arciere
58	1841-42	Milan	Maria Padilla
59	1842	Vienna	Linda di Chamounix
60	1843	Paris	Don Pasquale
61	1843	Vienna	Maria di Rohan
62	1843	Paris	Dom Sebastien
63	1844	Naples	Caterina Cornaro
64	..	..	Gabriella di Wergy—not played
65	..	..	Le Duc d'Alba—not played

**RUSSIAN GOLD MINES.**—During the ten years ending with 1846, the total quantity of fine gold produced in the dominions of the Emperor of Russia was 8,387'96 poods, or 368,063'69 British pounds troy, the value of which, at the rate of 113'001 grains troy weight per pound sterling will be L.18,761,310. In 1837, the quantity produced was 402'68 poods, or 17,669'06 British pounds troy, the value of which is L.900,673. In 1838, the quantity was 448'93 poods, or 16,699'06 pounds troy, and its value was L.1,004,120. In 1839, the quantity was 448'61 poods, or 19,685'00 pounds troy and of the value of L.1,003,403. In 1840, it amounted to 498'52 poods, or 21,875'06 pounds troy, of the value of L.1,115,037. In 1841, the quantity was 588'66 poods, or 25,830'40 pounds troy, and its value was L.1,316,653. In 1842, the quantity was 826'58 poods, or 36,270'33 pounds troy, and its value was L.1,848,808. In 1843, the quantity amounted to 1,178'25 poods, or 51,781'61 pounds troy, and of the value of L.2,635,386. In 1844, the quantity was 1,220'84 poods, or 53,570'46 pounds troy, and of the value of L.2,730,647. In 1845, the produce was 1,248'34 poods, or 4,777'16 pounds troy, of the value of L.2,792,156. In 1846, the quantity produced amounted to 1,586'55 poods, or 66,983'01 pounds troy, and of the value of L.3,414,427. The above return comprises the whole produce both of the public and private mines. The Russian government levy a duty of from 12 to 24 per cent. on the produce of the private mines; the rate being subject to no rule, but varying according to localities and other circumstances. During the ten years ending with 1846, the return of produce shows—first, that there has been scarcely any difference in the supply from the Oural Mountains; secondly, that the produce of Siberia has increased more than tenfold; and thirdly, that there has been an augmentation of nearly four to one in the total annual supply. It is said that new mines have been discovered in the Oural; and the fact of an imperial ukase having lately forbidden the sale of public estates in the region of the auriferous sands of Siberia, justifies the inference that the government have made successful surveys in that direction, and anticipate a further profitable development of the gold-washings which have been so fruitful during the last four years. Under these circumstances, it seems reasonable to expect an increase of supply, of which, however, it is quite impossible to estimate either the proportion or the continuance.—*From a Statement drawn up by Sir K. Baynes, English consul in Russia.*

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## MEMOIR OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

IN the middle of the last century there lived, in the town of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, a husband and wife of the Hebrew persuasion, who lavished all their cares upon a son, whom they destined for the profession of a schoolmaster. The boy, whose name was Meyer Anselm Rothschild, and who was born at Frankfort in the year 1743, exhibited such tokens of capacity, that his parents made every effort in their power to give him the advantage of a good education; and with this view he spent some years at Fürth, going through such a curriculum of study as appeared to be proper. The youth, however, had a natural bent towards the study of antiquities; and this led him more especially to the examination of ancient coins, in the knowledge of which he attained to considerable proficiency. Here was one step onwards in the world; for, in after years, his antiquarian researches proved the means of extending and ramifying his connexions in society, as well as of opening out to him a source of immediate support. His parents, however, who were noted as pious and upright characters, died when he was yet a boy, in his eleventh year; and on his return to Frankfort, he set himself to learn practically the routine of the counting-house.

After this we find him in Hanover, in the employment of a wealthy banking-house, whose affairs he conducted for several years with care and fidelity; and then we see opening out under his auspices, in his native city, the germ of that mighty business which was destined to act so powerfully upon the governments of Europe. Before establishing his little banking-house, Meyer Anselm Rothschild prepared himself for the adventure by marrying; and his prudent choice, there is no doubt, contributed greatly to his eventual success in the world.

About this time a circumstance is said to have occurred, to which the rise of the Rothschilds from obscurity is ascribed by those who find it necessary to trace such brilliant effects to romantic and wonderful causes. The Prince of Hesse-Cassel, it seems, in flying from the approach of the republican armies, desired, as he passed through Frankfort, to get rid of a large amount in gold and jewels, in such a way as might leave him a chance of its recovery after the storm had passed by. With this

view he sought out the humble money-changer, who consented reluctantly to take charge of the treasure, burying it in a corner of his garden just at the moment when the republican troops entered the gates of the city. His own property he did not conceal, for this would have occasioned a search; and cheerfully sacrificing the less for the preservation of the greater, he reopened his office as soon as the town was quiet again, and recommenced his daily routine of calm and steady industry. But he knew too well the value of money to allow the gold to lie idle in his garden. He dug it forth from time to time as he could use it to advantage; and, in fine, made such handsome profits upon his capital, that on the duke's return in 1802, he offered to refund the whole, with five per cent. interest. This of course was not accepted. The money was left to fructify for twenty years longer, at the almost nominal interest of two per cent.; and the duke's influence was used, besides, with the allied sovereigns in 1814 to obtain business for "the honest Jew" in the way of raising public loans.

The "honest Jew," unfortunately, died two years before this date, in 1812; but the whole story would appear to be either entirely a romance, or greatly exaggerated.

In 1812, Rothschild left to the mighty fortunes, of which his wisdom had laid the foundation, ten children—five sons and five daughters; laying upon them, with his last breath, the injunction of an inviolable union. This is one of the grand principles to which the success of the family may be traced. The command was kept by the sons with religious fidelity. The copartnership in which they were left, remained uninterrupted; and from the moment of their father's death, every proposal of moment was submitted to their joint discussion, and carried out upon an agreed plan, each of the brothers sharing equally in the results.

We may mention another circumstance which, on various occasions, must have contributed largely to the mercantile success of the family. Although their real union continued indissoluble, their places of residence were far asunder, each member of the house domiciling himself in a different country. At this moment, for instance, Anselm, born in 1773, resides at Frankfort; Solomon, born in 1774, chiefly at Vienna; Charles,



born in 1778, at Naples; and James, born in 1792, at Paris. The fifth brother, Nathan, born in 1777, resided in London, and died at Frankfort in 1837. The house was thus ubiquitous. It was spread like a network over the nations; and it is no wonder that, with all other things considered, its operations upon the money market should at length have been felt tremblingly by every cabinet in Europe. Its wealth in the meantime enabled it to enjoy those advantages of separation without the difficulties of distance. Couriers travelled, and still travel, from brother to brother at the highest speed of the time; and these private envoys of commerce very frequently outstripped, and still outstrip, the public expresses of government.

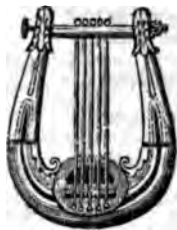
We have no means of giving anything like the statistics of this remarkable business; but it is stated in the 'Conversations Lexicon,' that in the space of twelve years from 1813—the period, we may remark, when war had ruined all Europe, and when governments were only able to keep themselves afloat by finging the financial burden upon posterity—between eleven and twelve hundred millions of florins (£110,000,000 to £120,000,000) were raised for the sovereigns of Europe through the agency of this house, partly as loans, and partly as subsidies. Of these, 500,000,000 florins were for England; 120,000,000 for Austria; 100,000,000 for Prussia; 200,000,000 for France; 120,000,000 for Naples; 60,000,000 for Russia; 10,000,000 for some of the German courts; and 30,000,000 for Brazil. And this, it is added, is exclusive "of those sums for the allied courts of several hundred millions each, which were paid as an indemnity for the war to the French, and likewise of the manifold preceding operations executed by the house as commissioners for different governments, the total amount of which far exceeded the foregoing." This, however, may already be considered an antiquated authority; for, in reality, the vast business of the firm can hardly be said to have commenced till after the dozen years referred to had expired. Since the year 1826, the House of Rothschild has been the general government bankers of Europe; and if it were possible to compare the two circles of transactions, the former would seem to dwindle into insignificance.

In 1815, the brothers were appointed councillors of finance to the then Elector of Hesse; and in 1826, by the present Elector, privy councillors of finance. In 1818,

they were elected to the royal Prussian privy council of commerce. In Austria, they received, in 1815, the privilege of being hereditary landholders; and in 1822, were ennobled in the same country with the title of baron. The brother established in London was appointed imperial consul, and afterwards consul-general; and in the same year (1822), the same honor was conferred upon the brother resident in Paris. The latter, the Baron James, has the reputation of being the most able financier in France; and it is mainly through his assistance and influence with the other capitalists that railways are now intersecting the length and breadth of the land.

Nathan, the brother who resided in England, left four sons, three of whom rank among the most distinguished aristocracy of the British capital; the fourth, Nathan, residing in Paris. The eldest, Lionel de Rothschild, is privileged, as a British subject, to bear the title of an Austrian baron; his brothers being barons only by courtesy. The second has been recently created a baronet of England, as Sir Anthony de Rothschild; and the third, Baron Meyer, is now high sheriff of Buckinghamshire. Baron Lionel de Rothschild was invited by the Reform Association to stand as a candidate with Lord John Russell for the representation of London in the present parliament, and was returned third on the list. It will have been observed that a consultation was held by the chancellor of the Exchequer with this hereditary financier, before ministers ventured upon their late celebrated letter, authorizing the Bank of England to extend its issues.

The traveller who from curiosity visits this street—a true specimen of the times when the Jews of Frankfort, subjected to the most intolerable vexations; were restricted to this infected quarter—will be induced to stop before the neat and simple house, and perhaps ask, "Who is that venerable old lady seated in a large arm-chair behind the little shining squares of the window on the first storey?" This is the reply every citizen of Frankfort will make:—"In that house dwelt an Israelite merchant, named Meyer Anselm Rothschild. He there acquired a good name, a great fortune, and a numerous offspring; and when he died, the widow declared she would never quit, except for the tomb, the unpretending dwelling which had served as a cradle to that name, that fortune, and those children."



## BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

My love is not a beauty  
To other eyes than mine;  
Her curls are not the fairest,  
Her eyes are not divine;  
Nor yet like rosebuds parted,  
Her lips of love may be;  
But though she's not a beauty,  
She's dear as one to me.

Her neck is far from swan-like,  
Her bosom unlike snow;  
Nor walks she like a deity  
This breathing world below;  
Yet there's a light of happiness  
Within, which all may see;  
And though she's not a beauty,  
She's dear as one to me.

I would not give the kindness,  
The grace that dwells in *her*,  
For all that Cupid's blindness  
In others might prefer;  
I would not change *her* sweetness  
For pearls of any sea;  
For better far than beauty  
Is one *kind heart* to me.

## THE SECRET:

"A secret is a latent thing,  
Hid in the wreathes of an ocean-shell;  
Which neither peasant, seer, nor king,  
Are able, in their might to tell.  
A brilliant gem that trembles far  
Within the caverns of the deep:  
A radiant, yet mysterious star,  
And which too few are apt to keep.

A secret is a maiden's vow,  
Made when no listening ear is nigh;  
Bright as a gem on virgin brow;  
Pure as the lustre of her eye.  
A little trembling, fluttering thing,  
That lies conceal'd in virtue's breast,  
And often spreads its weary wing,  
Impatient to be all expressed.

A secret is a modest thing,  
Which all apparent show doth shun;  
Deep in the soul it has its spring,  
And dies if known to more than one.  
A sigh may prove its dwelling near;  
A look may charm it from the heart;  
It may illumine a falling tear;  
But these do not the theme impart."

## "GOD PRESERVE THE QUEEN."

A HYMN FOR THE AGE,

BY MARTIN P. TUPPER, AUTHOR OF PROVERBIAL  
PHILOSOPHY.

How glorious is thy calling,  
My happy Fatherland,  
While all the thrones are falling,  
In righteousness to stand!  
Amid the earthquake's heaving thus  
To rest in pastures green—  
Then, God be praised who helpeth us,  
And—God preserve the Queen!

How glorious is thy calling!  
In sun and moon and stars  
To see the signs appalling  
Of prodigies and wars—  
Yet by thy grand example still  
From lies the world to wean,  
Then God be praised who guards from ill,  
And—God preserve the Queen!

Within thy sacred border,  
Amid the sounding seas,  
Religion, Right, and Order  
Securely dwell at ease;  
And if we lift this beacon bright  
Among the nations seen,  
We bless the Lord who loves the right,  
And—God preserve the Queen!

Fair pastures and still waters  
Are ours withal to bless  
The thronging sons and daughters  
Of exile and distress;  
For who so free as English hearts  
Are, shall be, and have been?  
Then, God be thanked on our parts,  
And—God preserve the Queen!

Though strife, and fear, and madness  
Are raging all around,  
There still is peace and gladness  
On Britain's holy ground.  
But not to us the praise—not us—  
Our glory is to lean  
On him who giveth freely thus,  
And—God preserve the Queen!

O, nation greatly favored!  
If ever thou would'st bring  
A sacrifice well savored  
Of praise to God, the King;  
Now, now, let all thy children raise,  
In faith and love serene,  
The loyal, patriot hymn of praise,  
Of—God preserve the Queen!

## I AM IN THE WORLD ALONE.

Little child!—I once was fondled as tenderly as you!  
 My silken ringlets tended, and mine eyes called  
 lovely blue;  
 And sweet old songs were chanted at eve beside my  
 bed,  
 Where angel guardians hovering their blessed influ-  
 ence shed.  
 I heard the sheep-bell tinkle around the lonely  
 sheiling,  
 As the solemn shades of night o'er heather hills were  
 stealing:  
 The music of the waterfall, in drowsy murmurs  
 flowing,  
 Lulled me in half-waking dreams—bright fantasies  
 bestowing.

My nursing ones to heaven are gone—  
 "And I am in the world alone."

Fair girl!—I had companions, and playmates kind  
 and good,  
 And on the mossy knolls we played, where ivied  
 ruins stood;  
 The mountain ash adorned us oft, with coral berries  
 rare,  
 While clear rejoicing streams we sought, to make  
 our tiring there;  
 And on the turret's mouldering edge, as dames of  
 high degree,  
 We sat enthroned in mimic state of bygone chiv-  
 alry;  
 Or at the mystic twilight hour, within those arches  
 gray,  
 We told each other wild sad tales of times long past  
 away.

My early playmates all are flown—  
 "And I am in the world alone."

Gentle woman!—I was deemed as beautiful as you;  
 My silken ringlets fondled, and mine eyes called  
 love's own blue;  
 And then my step was bounding, and my laugh was  
 full of mirth,  
 Ah! I never thought of *Heaven*, for my treasure was  
 on *earth*:  
 But now my cheek is sunken, and mine eyes have  
 lost their light—  
 The sunny hours have faded in a long and rayless  
 night;  
 Not rayless—no!—for angels still their blessed  
 influence shed.  
 And still the dreams of peace and love revisit oft my  
 bed

Of earthly treasures I have none—  
 "And I am in the world alone."

C. A. M. W.

## THE SOUL'S PLANET.

BY THOMAS WADE.

Oh, Planet ever tranquil, ever fair?  
 Engirded by the star-clouds of my thought,  
 Still art thou shining in my being's air.  
 Altho' clear'st stranger's eyes behold thee not,  
 Thou cam'st, a light upon my night of mind;  
 Showing me lovely things unseen till then,  
 And have Life's common spell to all-unbind  
 And move enfranchised from the chains of men.  
 Wild lightning-lights and beams of earthly fire  
 Too oft have flamed between my dreams and thee  
 But still-recurring hopes to thee aspire;  
 And in all tranquil hours thou gladden'st me  
 With rays of solace, and a soul-seen light;  
 Without which sun and day are cloud and night.

## MY CHILDHOOD'S TUNE.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

And hast thou found my soul again,  
 Though many a shadowy year hath past  
 Across its chequered path since when  
 I heard thy low notes last?

They come with the old pleasant sound,  
 Long silent, but remembered soon—  
 With all the fresh green memories wound  
 About my childhood's tune!

I left thee far among the flowers  
 My hand shall seek as wealth no more—  
 The lost light of those morning hours  
 No sunrise can restore.

And life hath many an early cloud  
 That darkens as it nears the noon—  
 But all their broken rainbows crowd  
 Back with my childhood's tune!

Thou hast the whisper of young leaves  
 That told my heart of spring begun,  
 The bird's song by our hamlet eaves  
 Poured to the setting sun—

And voices heard, how long ago,  
 By winter's hearth or autumn's moon!—  
 They have grown old and altered now—  
 All but my childhood's tune!

At our last meeting, Time had much  
 To teach, and I to learn; for then  
 Mine was a trusting wisdom—such  
 As will not come again.

I had not seen life's harvest fade  
 Before me in the days of June;  
 But thou—how hath the spring-time stayed  
 With thee, my childhood's tune!

I had not learned that love, which seemed  
 So priceless, might be poor and cold;  
 Nor found whom once I angels deemed  
 Of coarse and common mould.

I knew not that the world's hard gold  
 Could far outweigh the heart's best boon;  
 And yet thou speakest as of old—  
 My childhood's pleasant tune!

I greet thee as the dove that crossed  
 My path among Time's breaking waves,  
 With olive leaves of memory lost,  
 Or shed, perchance, on graves.

The tree hath grown up wild and rank,  
 With blighted boughs that time may prune—  
 But blessed were the dews it drank  
 From thee—my childhood's tune!

Where rose the stranger city's hum,  
 By many a princely mart and dome,  
 Thou comest—even as voices come  
 To hearts that have no home.

A simple strain to other ears,  
 And lost amid the tumult soon;  
 But dreams of love, and truth, and tears,  
 Came with my childhood's tune!



**TEACHING HISTORY.**—"While in the country," says Jean-Jacques Rousseau, "on a visit for some days at the house of a lady who devoted herself to the education of her children, I happened one morning to be present when the tutor was giving a lesson in history to her eldest son. My attention was particularly attracted at the moment that he was relating to him the anecdote of Alexander of Macedon and his physician Philip. He told of Alexander being sick, and receiving a letter warning him that it was the intention of Philip to administer poison in the guise of medicine. The really honest, faithful physician approaches the monarch's couch with the healing draught. Alexander puts the warning into his hands, and even while Philip reads, the king drains the cup. When the tutor had ended his recital, he launched forth into warm eulogiums of the courage and intrepidity of Alexander. Though not at all pleased with his remarks, while sharing his enthusiasm, on different grounds, I yet avoided making any objection likely to depreciate him in the estimation of his pupil. At dinner, the boy did not fail to chatter away, his parents, as is usual with parents in France, allowing him to engross nearly the whole conversation. With the liveliness natural to his age, and encouraged by the certainty that he was giving his auditors pleasure, he uttered a thousand absurdities, not unmingled, however, with some happy traits of artlessness and good sense. At length he came upon the story of Philip, and told it admirably. The usual tribute of applause required by the mother's vanity having been paid, some discussion arose upon what had just been narrated. The majority blamed the rash imprudence of Alexander, while some, like the tutor, were loud in their praises of his firmness and courage; but amid the different opinions, I soon perceived that not one single person present had apprehended in what consisted the real nobleness of the action. 'For my part,' said I, 'it seems to me that if there be the least courage in the action, it ought to be regarded as a mere piece of madness.' Every one exclaimed at this; and I was about to answer rather warmly, when a lady seated beside me, who had hitherto been silent, bent towards me and whispered, 'Save your breath, Jean-Jacques; they would not understand you.' I looked at her for a moment, then convinced she was right, I remained silent. After dinner, suspecting, from several slight indications, that my young professor had not taken in a single idea from the anecdote he had told so well, I invited him to accompany me in a walk in the park; and there, availing myself of the opportunity to question him at my ease, I discovered that I

was mistaken, and that his admiration of the so highly-lauded courage of Alexander was genuine, and far exceeded that of any one else. But in what do you think he conceived the courage to consist? Simply in the fact of his having swallowed a nauseous draught at one gulp, without the slightest hesitation; or a single wry face! The poor boy, who, to his infinite pain and grief, had been made to take medicine about a fortnight before, had the taste of it still in his mouth, and the only poison of which he had any idea was a dose of senna. However, it must be owned that the firmness of the hero had made a great impression upon his young mind, and he had inwardly resolved that the next time he had to take medicine, he, too, would be an Alexander. Without entering into any explanation, which might have served rather to darken than enlighten his mind, I confirmed him in his laudable resolutions; and I returned to the house, laughing internally at the wisdom of parents and tutors, who flatter themselves that they have been teaching children history. It may be that some of my readers, not satisfied with the 'Save your breath, Jean-Jacques,' are now asking what it is, then, that I find to admire so much in this action of Alexander? Unhappy dolts! if you must needs be told, how can you understand when told? I admire Alexander's faith in the existence of human virtue, a faith upon which he staked his very life. Was there ever a more noble profession of this faith—a more sublime instance of generous, implicit trust in another, than this potion drained at one draught.

**ART-UNION OF LONDON.**—The usual annual meeting of this institution was held yesterday in Drury-Lane Theatre, and the proceedings were conducted in the most satisfactory manner.

Mr. Godwin read the report, which stated that the total sum subscribed during the year was 12,857*l.*, being nearly 6,000*l.* less than the amount last year. This great diminution is attributed partly to the commercial distress and the exciting events of the period, but principally to the interference of the Board of Trade, under a clause of the Royal Charter, by which they were incorporated in 1846.

278 works of Art were selected by the prizeholders of last year and were exhibited in the Suffolk-street Gallery by the kind permission of the Society of British Artists. The collection was open for a month—a part of the time during the evening—and was visited by an immense number of persons.

The engraving for the current year, "The prisoner of Gisors," by Mr. F. Bacon, after Wehnert, is

at press, and will be ready for distribution in the autumn. Very considerable progress has been made in the preparation of the illustrated edition of *L'Allegro* and *Il Pueroso*, also due to the subscribers of this year, which promises to be a very satisfactory production. "Sabrini," engraved by Mr. Lightfoot, after Mr. Frost, A. R. A., is nearly completed. It is proposed to appropriate this plate to subscribers for the next year, who will also receive a series of etchings or wood engravings, not yet decided on. Mr. W. Finden is proceeding with "The Crucifixion," after Hilton.

For some ensuing year the council have commissioned the execution of several plates on steel, as an experiment to test the advantage or otherwise of such a course, instead of electrotyping one copper-plate—the particular print to which each subscriber will be entitled to be decided by lot. The following pictures are already in hand:—

"The burial of Harold," by Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, A. R. A.; "Richard Cœur de Lion pardoning the archer," &c., by Mr. John Cross; and "The Irish Piper," by Mr. F. Goodall.

After detailing the steps adopted by the council for the encouragement of lithography and mezzotint engraving, and stating that the statuettes, casts, and bronzes allotted last year are being nearly all distributed, the report proceeds to state that—

"For the current year it is proposed to produce in bronze a bust of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, in commemoration of the grant of the charter. The opinion of his Royal Highness, Prince Albert, being taken, the bust by Chantrey, deposited in Windsor Castle, was adopted as the best, and a cast having been obtained for the society, with her Majesty's gracious permission, it was reduced, and will be executed in bronze forthwith."

The cast iron figures of Thalia, and the Wren and Flaxman medals already awarded to prizeholders, have hitherto been delayed in their completion by circumstances over which the council appear to have had no control.

The reserve fund now amounts to 2,867l. ; 6,990l. have been set apart for the purchase of pictures, busts, and statuettes; and 3,899l. to defray the cost of engravings for the year.

The sum of 5,835l., set apart for the purchase of works of art by the prizeholders themselves, will be thus allotted:—

15 works of....£ 10	8 works of.... £60
21 ..... 15	6 ..... 70
18 ..... 20	6 ..... 80
18 ..... 25	4 ..... 100
14 ..... 30	2 ..... 150
14 ..... 40	1 ..... 200
10 ..... 50	1 ..... 300

To these are to be added—30 bronzes of "The Queen;" 50 statuettes of "The Dancing Girl;" 30 medals commemorative of Hogarth; and 300 lithographs of St. Cecilia;" making in the whole 554 works of art."

**HOOD ON GEOLOGY.**—The following lively scrap is from the pen of the late Thomas Hood, and is published by Dr. Mantell, in his new work on Geology, which he calls by this singular title, *The Medals of Creation*. It professes to be anticipatory of the hundredth edition of the book; and it speaks well for the Doctor's good humor, that he did not reserve it to figure in that problematic place. It is entitled: "A GEOLOGICAL EXCURSION TO TILGATE FOREST, A. D. 2000." "Time has been called the test of truth, and some old verities have made him

testy enough. Scores of ancient authorities has he exploded like Rupert's drops, by a blow upon their tails; but at the same time he has bleached many black looking stories into white ones, and turned some tremendous bouncers into what the French call *accomplished facts*. Look at the Megatherium or Mastodon, which a century ago even credulity would have scouted, and now we have *Mantell*-pieces of their bones! The headstrong fiction which Mrs. Malaprop treated as a mere allegory on the banks of the Nile, is now the *Iguanodon*! To venture a prophecy, there are more of such prodigies to come true. Suppose it a fine morning, Anno Domini 2000; and the royal geologists, with Von Hammer at their head—pioneers, excavators, borers, trappists, grey-wackers, carbonari, field-sparers, and what not, are marching to have a grand field-day in Tilgate Forest. A good cover has been marked out for a find. Well! to work they go; hammer and tongs, mallets and threemen beetles, banging, splitting, digging, shovelling; sighing like paviors, blasting like miners, puffing like a smith's bellows—hot as his forge—dusty as millers—muddy as eels—what with sandstone and grindstone, and pudding-stone, blue clay and brown, marl and bog-earth—now a tom-tit—now a marble gooseberry-bush—now a hap'orth of Barcelona nuts, geologized into two-pen'orth of marbles—now a couple of Kentish cherries, all stone, turned into Scotch pebbles—and now a fossil red-herring with a hard row of flint. But these are geological bagatelles! We want the organic remains of one of Og's bulls, or Gog's hogs—that is, the *Mastodon*, or Magog's pet lizard, that's the *Iguanodon*—or Polyphemus's elephant, that's the *Megatherium*. So in they go again, with a crash like Thor's Scandinavian hammer, and a touch of the earthquake, and lo! another and greater *Bismarck* to exhume! Huzza! shouts Field-sparrow, who will spar with any one and give him a stone. Hold on, cries one—let go, shouts another—here he comes, says a third—no, he don't, says a fourth. Where's his head!—where's his mouth? where's his caudal? What fatiguing work it is only to look at him, he's so prodigious! There, there now, easy does it! Just hoist a bit—a little, a little more. Pray, pray, pray take care of his lumbar processes, they are very friable. 'Never you fear, zur—if he be *FRIABLE*, I'll eat un.' Bravo! there's his cranium—is that brain, I wonder, or mud!—no, 'tis conglomerate. Now for the cervical vertebrae. Stop—somebody holds his jaw. That's your sort! there's his scapula. Now then, dig boys, dig, dig into his ribs. Work away, lads—you shall have oceans of strong beer, and mountains of bread and cheese, when you get him out. We can't be above a hundred yards from his tail! Huzza! there's his *femur*! I wish I could shout from here to London. There's his *torsus*! Work away, my good fellows—never give up; we shall all go down to posterity. It's the first—the first—the first nobody knows what—that's been discovered in the world. Here, lend me a spade, and I'll help. So, I'll tell you what, *we're all Columbus*, every man Jack of us! but I can't dig—it breaks my back. Never mind; there he is—and his tail with a broad arrow at the end! It's a *Hylosaurus*! but no—that scapula's a wing—by St. George, it's a flying dragon. Huzza! shouts Boniface, the landlord of the village Inn, that has the St. George and the Dragon as his sign. Huzza! echoes every Knight of the Garter. Huzza! cries each schoolboy who has read the Seven Champions. Huzza! huzza! roars the illustrator of Schiller's *Kampf mit dem Drachen*. Huzza, huzza, huzza! chorus the descendants of Moor of Moor Hall! The

legends are all true, then! Not a bit of it! cries a stony-hearted Professor of fossil osteology—Look at the teeth, they're all molar! he's a *Myiodon*! That creature ate neither sheep, nor oxen, nor children, nor tender virgins, nor hoary pilgrims, nor even geese and turkeys—he lived on—What? what? what? they all exclaim—Why, on raw potatoes and undressed salads to be sure!"

**MANUSCRIPTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.**—Seven hundred and fifty-nine additions have been made to the MS. collection at this institution since the last report; including the volume of miniature drawings by Giulio Clovio, representing the victories of Charles V. of Germany; a collection of two hundred and forty-one MSS. in Persian and Hindustani, presented by the sons of the late Major W. Yule; four volumes of ethnographical and topographical drawings made by Mr. Goodall, the artist who accompanied Sir R. Schomburgk in his expedition to Guiana in 1835-39; a large and important collection of ancient Syriac MSS. obtained from the monastery of St. Mary Deifara, in the desert of Scete, forming one hundred and forty or one hundred and fifty volumes—amongst these are many fragments of palimpsest MSS., the most remarkable of which is a small quarto volume containing, by the first hands, nearly the whole of St. Luke's version of the Gospel in Greek, and about four thousand lines of the "Iliad" of Homer, written in a fine, square, ancient letter, apparently not later than the 16th century; three finely illuminated "Books of Hours," executed in France, Germany, and Flanders; a volume of Persian poems by different authors, superior, it is thought, for delicacy of ornament and calligraphy to any in the Museum; a small but valuable collection of liturgical MSS. on vellum, containing the ancient ecclesiastical services in Italy, France, and England from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, including a "Book of Hours," which contains the autographs of Henry VII., Elizabeth of York, his consort, Henry VIII., Catherine of Arragon, and the Princess Mary; several valuable liturgical and theological MSS. on vellum, of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries; a selection from the Rezzio collection of MSS. formerly at Rome; a fine copy of the "Roman d'Athènes," by Alexander de Burday, written in 1330, on vellum; many classical MSS. of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, comprising Cæsar, Horatius, Sallustius, Cicero, Aulus Gellius, Plinius Junior, and others; also a copy of the "Latin Chronicle of Eusebius," Jerome and Prosser, of the ninth century, and a valuable "Latin Psalter" of the thirteenth century; a selection from the MSS. of the Count Ranuzzi, of Bologna, in eleven volumes, illustrative of the history of Italy, France, and Spain, during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth, centuries, especially in regard to the war of succession, which alone fills thirty volumes: the original diplomatic and private correspondence and papers of Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, and Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, from 1677 to 1696, from which the two quarto volumes were compiled by Mr. Singer.—*Athenæum*.

**PUBLISHING, A CENTURY AGO.**—Periodicals were the fashion of the day; they were the means of those rapid returns, of that perpetual interchange of bargain and sale, so fondly cared for by the present arbiters of literature; and were now universally the favorite channel of literary speculation. Scarcely a week passed in which a new magazine or paper did not start into life, to die or live as might be.

Even Fielding, had turned from his *Jonathan Wild the Great*, to his *Jacobite Journal*, *True Patriot*, and *Champion*; and, from his *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*, sought refuge in his *Covent Garden Journal*. We have the names of fifty-five papers of the date of a few years before this, regularly published every week. A more important literary venture, in the nature of a review, and with a title expressive of the fate of letters, the *Grub Street Journal*, had been brought to a close in 1737. Six years earlier than that, for a longer life, Cave issued the first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Griffiths, aided by Ralph, Kippis, Langhorne, Grainger, and others, followed with the earliest regular *Review* which can be said to have succeeded, and in 1749 began, on Whig principles, that publication of the *Monthly* which lasted till our own day. Seven years later, the Tories opposed it with the *Critical*; which, with slight alteration of title, existed to a very recent date, more strongly tainted with High Church advocacy and quasi Popish principles, than when the first number, sent forth under the editorship of Smollett in 1756, was on those very grounds assailed. In the May of that year of Goldsmith's life to which I have now arrived, another review, the *Universal*, began a short existence of three years; its principal contributor being Samuel Johnson, at this time wholly devoted to it.—*Foster's Goldsmith*.

**THE MODESTY OF GOLDSMITH.**—Colonel O'Moore, of Cloghan Castle in Ireland, told me an amusing instance of the mingled vanity and simplicity of Goldsmith, which (though perhaps colored a little, as anecdotes too often are) is characteristic at least of the opinion which his best friends entertained of Goldsmith. One afternoon, as Colonel O'Moore and Mr. Burke were going to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on the way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the houses in Leicester Square. "Observe Goldsmith," said Mr. Burke to O'Moore, "and mark what passes between him and me by and by at Sir Joshua's." They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr. Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr. Burke would tell him how he had had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but after a good deal of pressing, said "that he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square." Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. "Why," said Burke, "did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezebels, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed!" Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, "Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?" "Nay," replied Burke, "if you had not said so, how should I have known it?" "That's true," answered Goldsmith, with great humility: "I am very sorry—it was very foolish. I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it."—*Croker's Donnell*.

**THE DANISH NAVY.**—The following is given as the list of the Danish men-of-war now in active service:—The *Galathea*, 20 guns; the *Najaden*, 20; the *Flora*, 20; the *St. Thomas*, 25; the *Mercurius*, 25; the *St. Croix*, 25; the *Gefion*, 46; the *Thetis*,

46; the Delphin schooner; the Pilen schooner; the Neptune cutter; the Hecla, steamer, 200 horse power, armed; the Skirner steamer, 120 horse power, armed; the Ægir steamer, 80 horse power, armed; besides a flotilla of gun boats, armed with two guns, 60 and 40 pounders each. The Danish Government has besides—6 line-of-battle ships of 64 to 90 guns, 15 frigates, 5 schooners, 2 steamers, and 85 large and small gun-boats, which can be put into active service from fourteen days to three weeks. 25,000 mariners in all, in time of war, stand at the Government service.

**KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.**—In the course of the pacification conference of Sir Harry Smith with the Kaffirs at King William's Town, a voltaic battery was fired on the opposite slope about a quarter of a mile distant. Here a waggon had been placed at 300 yards' distance from the battery, communicating in the usual manner by means of wires. The object of his Excellency was to convey to the Kaffir mind an idea of sudden and irresistible power. Accordingly, on a given signal from him—the waving of a small flag—the discharge instantly took place. The explosion shattered the carriage of the wagon,—canting up the body of the vehicle, so that it remained fixed by one end on the ground, at an angle of 45 degrees. The action was so sudden as scarcely to afford time to his Excellency to direct the attention of the Kaffirs to the experiment—but in those who were looking towards the spot and saw the power exercised on a distant object the surprise manifested was amusing. "There," exclaimed his Excellency, "is a lesson to you not to meddle with wagons;—as you now see the power I possess, should you do so, to punish you."—*South African Advertiser*.

**SHAKESPEARE'S REMOVAL TO LONDON.**—Rowe says that Shakespeare removed to London, leaving his business and family in Warwickshire; and it is to be observed that no contemporary evidence has been produced to show that his family ever resided with him in the metropolis. His daughter, Susannah, was born at Stratford, in May, 1583; and Hamnet and Judith, twin children, were born in the same town early in 1585, the son dying at Stratford, in August, 1596. It seems evident that the poet was always intimately associated with his native town, and never made a removal from it of a permanent character. The probability may be in favor of his never having relinquished what establishment he may have possessed at Stratford; and, if so, his association with the drama may have commenced almost as early as the date of his marriage with Anne Hathaway. This is a point which will probably never be correctly ascertained; but it is by no means necessary to suppose that the deputation committed on Sir Thomas Lucy, and its consequences, were the only reasons for his entering on a new profession. I have proved, on undeniable evidence, that in March (29th Elizabeth), 1587, Shakespeare's father was in prison; for on the 29th day of that month he produced a writ of *habeas corpus* in the Stratford Court of Record. Previously to this period, we discover him in transactions which leave no room for doubting that he was in difficulties, or at least in circumstances that placed him in a delicate legal position. Join to this the certainty that these matters would affect his son, with the traditions relating to the latter, and reason will be found quite sufficient for Shakespeare's important step of joining the metropolitan players.—*Halliwel's Life of Shakespeare*.

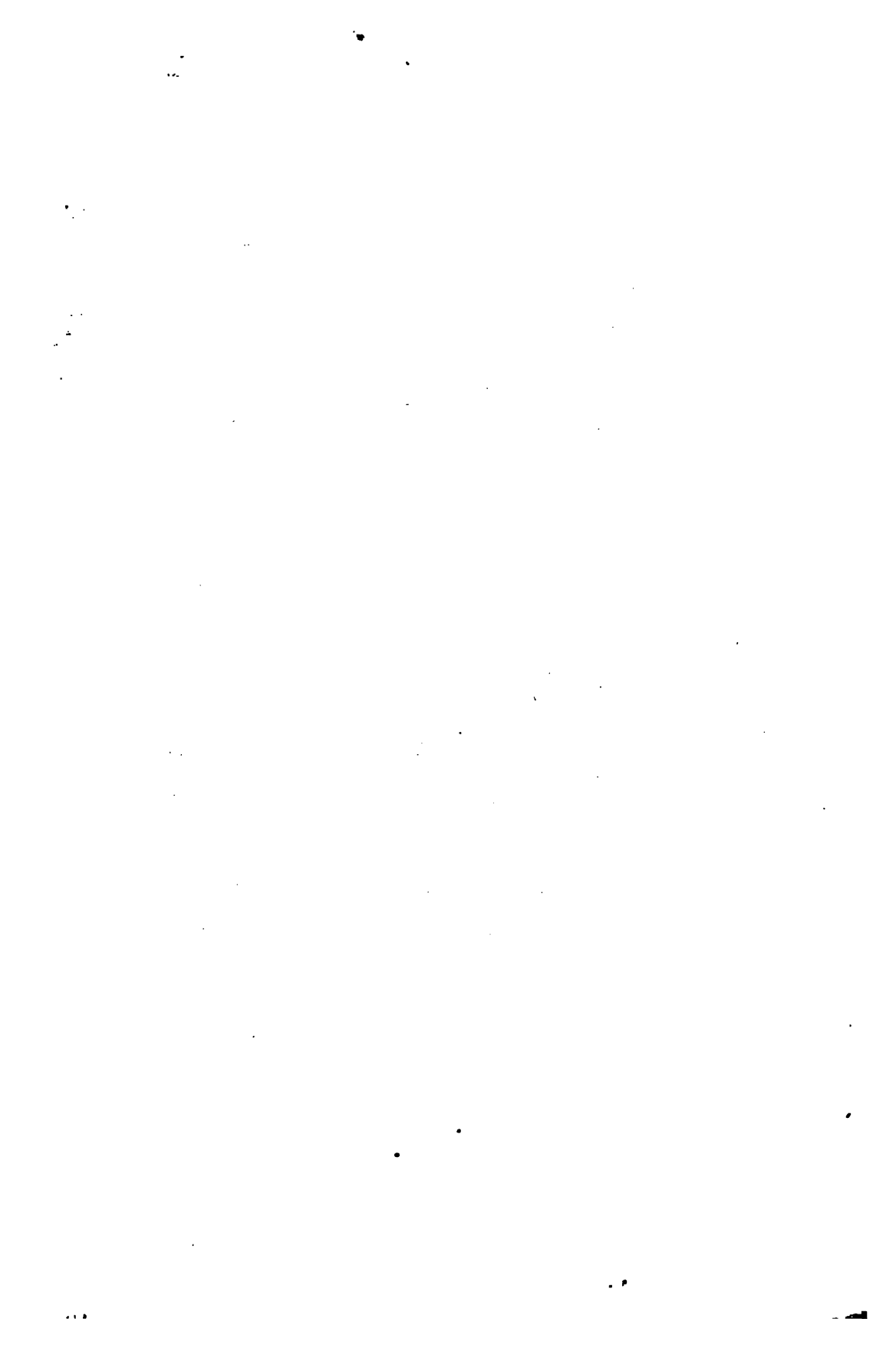
**CHOLERA AND INFLUENZA.**—Few records of human power are more striking than that presented in the Second Report of the Metropolitan Sanatory Commissioners. They may be said to show that they have those terrible visitants Cholera and Influenza within their grasp, and to have rendered both amenable to authority. The medical reader will refer to the Reports of the Commissioners, and to the original documents which they quote: it would be out of place here to attempt scientific precision, and we shall only endeavor to explain, in popular fashion, the kind of results that the Commissioners have attained, and what remains to be done. With an industry minute and comprehensive, they have collated evidence from all quarters, abroad as well as at home; and the results are most important. The intimate nature of the two diseases, like that of all others, will probably be for ever hidden from our perception; but the Commissioners have established the nature of the conditions which must be combined in order to the development of the maladies, and the still more important fact that some of those conditions are within human control; so that if requisite authority be granted, it would be quite possible in this country to forbid that combination of causes, and thus to prevent the existence of either of the formidable epidemics.

Cholera is by no means the sudden and irresistible disease which it is supposed to be: to describe it broadly and popularly, it is no more than the common disease diarrhoea developed to a monstrous form by a peculiar state of the atmosphere,—an accumulation of moist exhalations with sudden changes of temperature. In like manner, Influenza may be described as ordinary catarrh or "cold," developed by similar causes to a fatal epidemic. Influenza visits the same spots as cholera, and has preceded, accompanied, or followed other great mortal epidemics. Influenza is more fatal than cholera.

"Towards the latter end of November, influenza broke out, and spread suddenly to such an extent that it is estimated that within five or six weeks it attacked in London no less than 500,000 out of 2,000,000 persons. Altogether, the excess of mortality in 1847 over the mortality of 1845 is 49,000; and in the Metropolis there were within eleven weeks 6,145 deaths above the ordinary number,—an excess greater than the entire mortality produced by the cholera in the twenty-one weeks during which it prevailed in the year 1832."

The frightful character of cholera is the rapidity with which it destroys: another cause of its fatal influence is that it often makes its approaches insidiously, *without pain*. But in its premonitory stage it is a disease that readily yields to medicine—to aromatics, opiates, and astringents. During the prevalence of cholera, the slightest manifestation of that premonitory disease should not for a moment be neglected: diarrhoea is inchoate cholera—cholera in its curable stage.

The predisposing causes both to cholera and influenza are humid exhalation and sudden alternations of temperature. Even the effects of temperature may be modified by human agency; but in most habitable spots the humid exhalations are greatly to be controlled. London, which has been so severely scourged by cholera and influenza, is dotted, intersected, and surrounded by an immense aggregate of bad drains, open ditches, stagnant pools, waste grounds, marsh and forest lands—all active sources of pestilential miasmata: all those sources may be abolished; and what is more, every improvement of that kind "pays," by the improvement of the neighboring property.—*Speculator*.

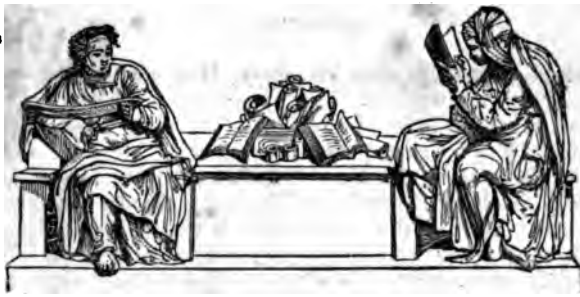






*St. martin*

*St. martin*



# THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JULY, 1848.

From Hewitt's Journal.

LAMARTINE.

(Translated from the French of M. DE CORMENIN.)

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

"In loving, praying, singing, see my life."

LAMARTINE, 1820.

"Social labor is the daily and obligatory work of every one who participates in the perils and benefits of society."

LAMARTINE, 1839.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE was born at Mâcon, the 21st of October, 1790: his family name was De Prat; he has latterly taken the name of his maternal uncle. His father was major of a regiment of cavalry under Louis XVI., and his mother was daughter of Madame des Rois, under-governess of the Princes of Orleans. Attached thus to the old order of things, his family was broken down by the Revolution, and his most early recollections carried themselves back to a sombre jail, where he went to visit his father. Those most wicked days of terror passed over, and M. de Lamartine retired to an obscure estate at Milly, where his young years calmly glided away. The remembrance of the domestic serenity of his first days has never been effaced from his mind, and at many a later time of his life, as a traveller and as a poet, he has invoked the sweet images of that humble tower of Milly, with its seven linden trees, his aged father, his grave and

affectionate mother, his sisters who were nourished at the same womanly bosom, and those grand trees full of shade, those fields, those mountains, and those valleys, the mute witnesses of the games of a free and happy childhood.

"My mother," says he somewhere, "received from her mother on the pillow of death, a beautiful Bible belonging to the Crown, in which she taught me to read when I was a little child. That Bible had engravings on sacred subjects in every page. When I had recited my lesson well, and read with few errors, the half page of Sacred History, my mother uncovered the engraving, and holding the book open upon her knees, prompted me to look, and explained it to me for my recompense. The silvery affectionate sound, solemn and passionate of her voice, added to all that which she said a powerful, charming, and love-like accent, which rings again at this moment in my ears, alas! after six years of silence!" Do you not see here the beautiful child with large blue eyes, who was to be Lamartine? Do you not see him leaning on the knees of his mother, listening to her speech, opening his mind to all the harmonies of oriental nature, and drawing from the book of books his first instincts of poetry?

Soon was the child obliged to quit his paternal roof; they sent him to finish his education at Belley, in the college of the Fathers of the Faith. The religious germs which were sown by his mother, developed themselves strongly, in that melancholy solitude of the cloister: the beautiful episode of Jocelyn is full of remembrances imprinted by the calm and austere life of that holy residence.

After his departure from college, M. de Lamartine passed some time at Lyons, made a first brief excursion into Italy, and came to Paris during the last days of the empire. Brought up in the hatred of the imperial regime, M. de Lamartine made his entry into the world without well knowing to which side he should turn his steps. Far from maternal care, forgetful sometimes of those severe precepts inculcated into his mind, the young man, they say, gave himself up a little to the incitations of vice, dividing his hours between study, and the distractions incident to his age, gadding off to make merry with Jussieu in the wood of Vincennes, and cutting into whistles the bark of oaks; while dreaming already of literary, especially of dramatic glory, and well received by Talma, who was pleased to hear him recite, with his vibrating and melancholy voice, the unpublished fragments of a tragedy on Saul.

In 1813, the poet revisited Italy: the greater part of his "Meditations" were inspired by its beautiful sky, and that delicious page of the "Harmonies," entitled "First Love," was sounded forth, it is believed, by some sweet first mystery of the heart buried within a tomb. At the fall of the empire he offered his services to the ancient race, who had had the blood and the love of his fathers, and was entered in a company of the guards.

After the Hundred Days, M. de Lamartine quitted the service. One passion absorbed him entirely—that passion made his glory. Love came and agitated the fountain of poesis which slumbered in the depths of his soul. It was needful to open a passage for the gushing wave. The object of that mysterious passion, that loving and loved Elvira, was snatched from his arms by death. She lived again in his verses. Lamartine sung to give eternity to her name, and France consecrated him her poet.

This was in 1820. The Mythologic, descriptive, and refined versifiers of the Voltairian school, had so completely murdered

poetry, that one wished for no more. A young man, scarcely recovered from a cruel illness, his visage paled by suffering, and covered with a veil of sickness, on which could be read the loss of a worshipped being, went timidly hawking about, from bookseller's to bookseller's, a poor little copy book of verses, wet with tears. Everywhere they politely shifted off the poetry and the poet. At last a bookseller, less prudent, or perhaps engaged by the infinite grace of the young man, decided to accept the MS. so often refused. The good-natured bookseller was, I believe, named Nicolle. Thanks to you, M. Nicolle. Posterity owes you a remembrance. Who knows, but that without you, the discouraged poet would perhaps have hurled into the flames his precious treasure, and the world might have lost Lamartine.

The book was printed, and thrown, without name, without interest, on that stormy sea, which then as now, swallowed up so many thousand volumes. You remember it in its modest 18mo., thrown perhaps by chance into your hands when you were fifteen, with a hopeful soul and a loving heart. No name, no preface, nothing pastoral, nothing warlike, nothing noisy—"Poetic Meditations" only. You have opened it carelessly; you have glanced at the first two lines—

Often on the mountain by an ancient oak-tree brown,  
At the setting of the sun I have lain me sadly down.

You have found that it is not very bad.  
You have continued—you are arrived at the last stanza—

When falls into the meadow the autumn forest leaf,  
The evening breeze uplifts it, and whirls it to the vale,

And I, alas, resemble that fading leaf of grief,  
Like it, I am borne along by the stormy northern gale.

Your soul is moved; you have proceeded further, the emotion, has redoubled; you have gone on to the very end, and then you have raised a long cry of admiration, you have wept, you have hid up the book under your cushion that you may re-read it again; for that chaste melancholy and veiled love, it was yours; that reverie, soft and sweet, it was yours; that fretting doubt, it was yours; that thought sometimes smiling, sometimes funereal, passing from despair to hope, from dejection to enthusiasm, from the Creator to the creature; a thought vague, uncertain, and floating, it was your thought—to you, to us, to all, it was the thought

of the age, which had been hived up in the depths of the soul, and which at last had found a language and a form; and what form? A rhythm of celestial melody, a ringing verse full of cadence, and sound which vibrates as sweetly as an Eolian harp trembling in the evening breeze.

Every thing possible has been said on this first work of the poet's. All the world knows by heart the "Ode to Byron," the "Evening," the "Lake and Autumn." In four years, 45,000 copies of the "Meditations" were circulated. Five years afterwards the sublime voice of "René" found an harmonious echo, and with one bound only M. de Lamartine placed himself on the same pedestal, by the side of the demi-gods of the epoch, Chateaubriand, Goëthe, and Byron.

This literary success, the most brilliant of the age since the *Genius of Christianity*, opened to M. de Lamartine the career of a diplomatist. Attached to the embassy at Florence, he departed for Tuscany, and there in its land of inspiration, in the midst of the splendors of an Italian festival, it is said that he heard a foreign voice—a tender and melodious voice, murmuring in his ear, these verses of the "Meditations"—

A hopeless return of the bliss which has flown,  
Perhaps in the future is stored for me still,  
And perhaps in the crowd a sweet spirit unknown  
Will answer me kindly and know my soul well.

The soul of the poet was known, he found a second Elvira, and some months after he became the happy husband of a young and rich English woman, entirely smitten with his person and his fame.

From that time to 1825, the poet resided successively at Naples, as Secretary of the Embassy, some while in London in the same office, and then returned to Tuscany in the quality of a *Chargé d'Affairs*. In the interval his fortune, already considerable from his marriage, increased again through the inheritance of an opulent uncle, but neither diplomacy nor the splendors of an aristocratic existence were able to tear M. de Lamartine from the worship of poetry.

The "Second Meditations" appeared in 1823. There was noticed in this new collection, a more correct, more balanced, more precise versification. The poet had been abroad in the domain of the soul. Grand historic facts had furnished him with noble inspirations. The "Ode to Bonaparte," "Sappho," the "Preludes," and the "Dying Poet" were admired. This volume was

also well followed by the "Poetic sketch of Socrates," and by the last canto of the "Pilgrimage of Childe-Harold." In these verses, intended to complete the epic of Byron, the poet finished with an eloquent tirade on the abasement of Italy:—

Pardon me, shade of Rome! for seek I must  
Elsewhere for men, and not in human dust.

This apostrophe appeared offensive to Colonel Pèpé, a Neapolitan officer. In the name of his country he demanded satisfaction from M. de Lamartine. The poet defended his poetry with the sword, and received a severe wound, which for a long while put his life in danger. When scarcely recovered he hastened to intercede with the Grand Duke in favor of his adversary.

After having in 1825 published the "Song of the Sacred," the poet returned to France in 1829, and in the month of May of the same year appeared the "Harmonies, Poetic and Religious." In that work, the intimate revelation of his every day thought, M. de Lamartine puts everything into metre. Since that sweet hymn of First Love to that gigantic invocation of all human mischief, (*verba novissima*), the poet had run over that vast poetical gamut which flowing from reveries, mounted as high as enthusiasm, or descended as low as despair. Less accessible to the vulgar on account of their psychologic intuition, and thrown besides into the midst of a great political commotion, the "Harmonies" remained the book of classic souls, the book which they loved to look over in the silent hours when they collected themselves, to listen for the inward voice.

M. de Lamartine was received at the Academy, and when the Revolution of July broke out, he departed for Greece in the character of Minister Plenipotentiary. The new government offered to preserve him his title. He refused, but remained to say farewell to three generations of kings, forced by fatality to a new exile. Like M. de Chateaubriand, the poet dreamed that after the three days, there would be an alliance of the past and of the future, over the head of a child. Destiny decided otherwise. His tribute of sympathy once paid to the unfortunate great, M. de Lamartine dashed gallantly into the new road opened to the mind by the Revolution of July.

"The past is nothing more than a dream," said he, "we must regret it, but we ought not to lose the day in weeping to

no purpose. It is always lawful, always honorable, for one to take his share in the unhappiness of others, though he ought not gratuitously to take his share in a fault which one has not committed \* \* \*. He should return into the ranks of his fellow citizens, to think, to speak, to act, to fight, with his country—the family of families.

Here then commenced the revelation of a tendency in M. de Lamartine until then unperceived. "In loving, praying, singing, see my life," said the happy lover of Elvira, but lo! after having led us to the threshold of the mysterious sanctuary of the heart, whereof he knew all the secrets, M. de Lamartine, smitten with a love for the outward life, aspires to the storms of the tribune, descends the heights of the empyrean to enter the forum, and wears the parliamentary toga as well as the poetic robe. His first step in this new career was marked by a check. The electors of Toulon and Dunkirk refused him their suffrages. They had not forgotten the discourteous verses which were addressed by him to their vassal, the poet Barthélemy. The public gained by it an epistle sparkling with beauties, in which from the height of his glory M. de Lamartine crushed the author of "Nemesis."

Some while afterward he decided upon putting into execution the project of his whole life, and on the 20th of May, 1842, he was at Marseilles, ready to embark for Asia.

After a travel of six months, M. de Lamartine returned from the East, with grand ideas, and a beautiful book, a treasure alas! right dearly bought, as he had lost there his only child, his fair Julia, whom the noble heart of the father, and of the poet, wept for, like Rachel who would not be comforted. The book of M. de Lamartine had a very confined success. It seems as if the critics, and the public had taken in earnest the modest lines of the preface, in which the author cheapened his work, but although unsatisfactory to the public, to the critics, and to M. de Lamartine, those pages do not appear so negligent to us, as they were said or believed to be. Apart from the justness, more or less contestible, of the political views, it is certain that if richness of style, elevation of thought, freshness of imagery, and besides all that rapid and varied succession of scenes the most moving, constitute a beautiful work, the

"Travels in the East," is a book which will not die.

Religion, History, Philosophy, Politics, each contribute to this book. Let us try to analyse it rapidly. And at first we see a man, rendered happy by glory, by opulence, by the heart, by sacred affections of the domestic fireside, by the sympathies and admiration of the crowd, who bids adieu to all which he loves, takes by the hand his wife and his daughter, equips a vassel and entrusts to the waves those two portions of his heart; and all this because when a child, he read the Bible on his mother's knees, and that a commanding voice cried to him, without ceasing,—“Go, weep upon the mountain where Christ wept; go, sleep beneath the palm where Jacob slept!” And then when the anchor is weighed, when the wind filled the sails, how people followed with anxiety the ship that bore a noble woman, a gracious child, and the poetic fortune of France. How they read with pleasure all the details of interior arrangements. How they loved the anxieties of the husband and father,—that crew of sixteen men who belonged body and soul to the poet, that library of five hundred volumes, that tent raised at the foot of the main mast, that arsenal of guns, of pistols and of sabres, and those four cannon charged with barrel shot. “I have to defend two lives which are dearer to me than my own,” said M. de Lamartine, with mingled solicitude and fierceness. In the passage from Marseilles to Beyruth, the voyager wrote his book day by day, at the back part of his cabin, or at evening on the deck amid the rolling of the vessel. It is a varied mosaic, confused but attractive, with moral reflections, with reliances looking backward at the past, with babblings of the present, with thoughts thrown towards the future; the whole intermingled with landscapes, the colors of which might have been envied by Claude Lorraine. The poet notes as he passes, the ship flies, the waves flow, and meanwhile valleys, mountains, monuments, men, sea, and sky, all are seized and fixed by the aid of a goose-quill, and described with an inexpressible charm. The interest goes on increasing. The varied episodes of maritime and oriental life accumulate. Nothing is deficient in the drama—not even the catastrophe. For each time that the name or image of Julia comes under the pen of M. de Lamartine, they cause an oppression of the heart, and we sympathize

with the passionate accents of a father, who broods with love over his beautiful child, and is pleased to paint her as "Detached from amid all those harsh and masculine figures, her locks unbound and falling on her white robe, her beautiful rosy face, happy and gay, surmounted with a sailor's straw hat tied under her chin, playing with the white cat of the captain, or with a nest of sea pigeons, woke up as they were sleeping on the carriage of a cannon, while she furnished crumbs of bread to their taste."

Alas! now we behold the coast of Asia, we see Libanus, we see Beyruth, the fatal town, the town in which Julia was to die. The voyager disembarks. He buys five houses for his wife and daughter. He leaves them to enjoy all the magnificence of oriental life, and departs for Jerusalem, with his own escort of twenty horsemen. The sheiks of the tribes come to meet him. All the towns open to him their gates; and their governors answer for his safety with their heads, according to the will of Ibrahim Pacha. Lady Stanhope, that miniature Semiramis, half sublime, and half foolish, predicted him marvellous destinies, and the Arabs delighted with the beautiful and imposing figure, tall in height, straight, and sparkling with arms, of him who passed at a gallop with twenty horsemen over the desert, bowed the head to him they called the Frank Emir, the French Prince, or simply the Emir, who was that poor poet who had hitherto vainly prayed the oil merchants and the manufacturers of sugar from beet root, to please to open for him the doors of the chambers.

We should never finish if we were to stay as we wish over all these beautiful pages, each of which is in itself a picture. Is there in the world a scene more gracious, more picturesque, or more novel than this; M. de Lamartine is reclining upon the odorous slopes of Carmel, in the finest vegetation in the earth, by the side of Lilla, "that beautiful daughter of Araby, whose long fair locks falling over her naked bosom, were braided on her head in a thousand tresses which rested on her bare shoulders amid a confused minglement of flowers, of golden sequins, and of scattered pearls." All at once there came mounted on a swift charger, one of the most celebrated poets of Arabia. He had been apprized that he should meet there a western brother, and he is come to joust with him. Our poet accepts the defiance. The child of Asia, and the child of Europe, collected themselves,

and rivalled each other as to who should find the most harmonious chaunts to celebrate the beauty of Lilla. The mean and shrill tongue of our France entered into the lists with the supple and harmonious language which Job and Antar spoke, but thanks to M. de Lamartine, France was not vanquished.

It is amid like enchantments that the poet leads us in his train, across Greece, Syria, Judea, Turkey and Servia. The eye is as if dazzled by all these faery passages, by all these scenes of war, of peace, of grief, of joy, of repose, of love, which it sees on all sides flit before it. The Itinerary of Chateaubriand is at the same time the book of a poet, of an historian, and of a philosopher, in which he examines the ruins of centuries, and enquires of them if they possess the secret of the times which live no more. That which is prominently in relief in the book of Lamartine, in spite of Lamartine himself, is the poet. His work is pre-eminently that of a religious and passionate artist, exploring the beautiful under all its forms, seeking in life all its splendors, in art all its promises.

Soon the traveller thought of returning. The Dunkirkers, had dispatched him, over the sea, a legislative commission. He prepared himself for departure, sad and broken hearted; for the same ship which had borne his beloved Julia thither, racing, laughing, and joyous on its decks, had to recross the ocean, carrying the poor child, cold and sleeping in a shroud. To save himself and the mother of his daughter the grief of a contrast so heart-rending, Lamartine returned to France in another vessel.

On the 4th of January, 1834, he appeared for the first time, at the tribune in the discussion on the address. Which will he be: said they. Will he be Legitimist or Radical? Right-centre, or left-centre, third party, or juste-milieu? He preferred to be Lamartine. Refusing himself all political classification, he spoke of justice, morality, of tolerance, of humanity, in the special language which God has given to poets. The lawyers of the Chamber judged him a little vague, the matter-of-fact men found him too diffuse, the statesmen declared him impalpable, but however all the world heard him with that emotion which ever attends a noble and harmonious speech when it emanates from the heart of a good man.

Since his entry to the Chamber, M. de Lamartine, has not abandoned the worship

of his first, of his most glorious years. He has attempted to march in rank, the inspirations of the poet, and the duties of the deputy. In 1835 he published, the poem of "Jocelyn," a magnificent picture of passion sacrificed to duty. For the first time he invoked the aid of modern history and dramatic position, brilliant auxiliaries which served him with kindness. Criticism has reproved him with incorrectness of style, and negligence in the texture of this work, but the public again found its poet, whole as ever, in the beautiful pages which reflected the rugged and savage nature of the mountains of Dauphiny. After *Jocelyn*, Lamartine gave us, the "Fall of an Angel," the second episode of that vast *épopée*, with which he was inspired by the east.

This was followed by his poetic recollections. These works were not so well received by the critics, and in the introduction to the latter, M. de Lamartine professed to despise mere poetic inactivity, and to aspire to social labor for the advance of society.

At the same time that Lamartine thus met unaccustomed repulsions in the literary world, he grew greater at the tribune. The Oriental question furnished him with an occasion for developing his ideas on the bases of a new European system. A warm and eloquent attack on the punishment of death; some generous words in favor of foundlings; a beautiful improvisation in which he contended for classical studies, against a rough jousting, M. Arago, who combatted for science, made Lamartine known in the rank of a chief of a column, collected around him a little phalanx of choice men, and this aggregation was decorated with the name of the Social Party.

What then is this social party? What moreover is the political idea of Lamartine; Placed outside the times, the interests, and the men of yesterday, the political system of the poet it is difficult to succinctly and precisely analyze. To the eyes of Lamartine, in the various commotions which had agitated France since '89, there was not only a political and local revolution, but also a revolution, social and universal. These partial overturnings were nothing but the prelude to a general transformation, and the world appeared to him to be soon called to a complete renovation in its ideas, in its manners, and its laws. Under this point of view, the doctrine of Lamartine approaches that of St. Simon. He

repudiates not this likeness. He had proclaimed it somewhere before. "St. Simonism," said he, "has something in it of the true, of the grand, and of the fruitful, the application of Christianity to political society, and the legislating in favor of human fraternity. In this point of view I am a Saint Simonian. That which was deficient in that eclipsed sect, was not the idea, was not the disciples: it wanted only a chief, a master, a regulator. The organizers of Saint Simonism deceived themselves in declaring at once a deadly war, against family, against property, against religion. . . They could not conquer the world by the power of a word. They converted, they agitated, they worked, and they changed, but when an idea is not practicable it is not presentable to the social world.

There remains to be known, however, what is the practical system which M. Lamartine presents to the social world, that system he thus expresses: You say that all is dead, that there no longer exists either faith or belief. There is a faith,—that faith is the general reason, the word is its organ, the press is its apostle; it wishes to remake in its image, religious civilizations, societies, and laws. It desires in religion, God one and perfect as the dogma: eternal morality as the symbol: adoration and charity as the worship—in politics, humanity above nationalities—in legislation man equal to man, man brother of man, Christianity made law." Such is the political testament of Lamartine. That which the poetic publicist desires, that is to say universal fraternity, and a terrestrial paradise, is truly what all the world wishes as well as himself. The question is, to know by what practical means the world is to be placed in this position.

In that which is connected with exterior politics, Lamartine's thought is not more practicable, but it is more neat and precise. It may thus be reduced to its most simple expression. \* \* \* Europe is gorged with inactive capacities and powers, which imperiously demand social employment; but at the same time when the excess of life overflows among us, there is working in the East a crisis of an inverted order. A grand vacuum offers itself there for the overplus of European faculty and population. What is to be done then is to turn upon Asia the surplus of Europe. How is this idea to be actualized? Lamartine says, that a European congress should be assembled, to decree that immediately after

the fall of the Ottoman Empire, (and he sees it already on the ground) each power should take possession of a part of the East, under the title of a protectorate; should found on its coasts model towns destined to relieve Europe of its exuberant population; should lead thither the indigent by the attraction of a benevolent, equitable, and regular organization, and should appeal thus insensibly to Asia in the way of conversion. "In twenty years," adds Lamartine, "the measure which I propose would have created prosperous nations, and millions of men would be marching under the ægis of Europe to a new civilization." But remark that this theory, presented here in the state of a skeleton, is adorned with a magic of style so attractive, that the spirit allows itself to be gently led towards the angelic dream of the candid soul of the poet. We nearly forget that to realize this system, which unrolls itself in twenty pages, there would be required nothing less than to change by a stroke of a wand, minds and men, to overthrow empires, to make continents approach each other, and to join by the bonds of mutual and durable sympathy, races, formed upon centuries of mortal enmities. But M. Lamartine accomplishes all these things in twenty years, and with a stroke of the pen. Another ten centuries, and perhaps this audacious Utopia will become a manorial right. Thus goes the world! While the crowd is painfully forced to enlarge the wheel-rut deepened by the generations passed, expecting that it will leave to the generations to come the continuation of its work, the poet, intrepid, and indefatigable enlightener! raises himself to his height above the times, and cries to the crowd, "Come to me." "I have not thy wings," answered the crowd. The poet, uncomprehended takes his flight, and the crowd which could not comprehend, returns to its work.

In a later analysis, there is in the exceptional position of Lamartine, amid the parties and ambitions which divide the country and the chamber, a character of dignity and grandeur which well becomes the poet. Notwithstanding his speech is vague, indecisive, and ill at ease, in the narrow and ephemeral questions, which each session sees born and die, yet that speech enlarges, fortifies, and unrolls itself harmoniously colored and imposing, whenever it has to vindicate the rights of intelligence, or to defend the eternal principles of honor, of morality, and of charity, on which rest all human so-

ciety. We recall that stormy day when a late minister had to resist nearly alone the united efforts of the most powerful orators of the chamber. The minister succumbed. Lamartine believed he saw in the energy of the attack, a spirit of systematic hostility, of covetousness, or of rancor. His poet's heart was indignant; he descended into the arena, re-established the combat, and made an appeal to the country to decide the victory. That influence which Lamartine sometimes exercises in the debates of the chamber, is less due to the eminent oratorical facilities which he possesses, than to the morality of his life, to the elevated instincts of his nature, and above all to the calm disinterested, independent, and noble attitude, which he has ever preserved since his entry into the political career.

The poet of Elvira has in his general appearance a something which recalls Byron. There is the same beauty of face and look, there are the same habits of elegance and dandyism, the same *tournure*, a little trimmed, a little English; perhaps, but perfectly noble and distinguished! If you join to this to complete the resemblance, the train of a great lord, a sumptuous hotel, horses of pure race, a magnificent chateau, you can then conclude that since Tasso and Camoens, the times are a little changed, and that one is permitted in our days to be a great poet without dying in an hospital.

With the late political position of M. de Lamartine the public is familiar. The longer he has sate in the Chamber of Deputies the more he has seen cause to withdraw his confidence from the King and Guizot, to oppose them, and warn the country of the necessity of a firm stand for liberty. For this his eloquence has been zealously and splendidly exerted in the Chamber; for this he established the journal *Bien Publique*; but above all, for this has he written his great work the history of the Girondists, which has unquestionably done more than any other cause to urge on the era of the revolution. During the paroxysm of this great and wonderful change, Lamartine has maintained all expectations formed of him. Wise, firm, benevolent, and disinterested, he resisted the rash claims, while he has advocated the just ones of the people. To him, perhaps, more than any other, of the present leaders of France, it is owing that so stupendous a crisis has been passed with so little outrage, and so much noble forbearance. His power upon the multitude



in its most agitated moments reminds us of that of Cicero. From his true Christian faith, and the high and generous principles which he has derived from it, we look for the introduction not only of greater stability into the new government, but for a higher policy both domestic and foreign than has yet distinguished state morality.

From the British Quarterly Review.

### ENGLISH SOCIETY UNDER JAMES I.

- (1) "*The Great Oyer of Poisoning: the Trial of the Earl of Somerset for the Poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, in the Tower of London, and various matters connected therewith, from contemporary MSS.*" By ANDREW AMOS, Esq. 1847.
- (2) "*The Workes of the Most High and Mightie Prince James, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.*" Published by JAMES, Bishop of Winton, and Dean of his Majesties Chapel Royal. Printed by Robert Barker, anno 1616.
- (3.) "*The Progresses of James the First.*" By JOHN NICHOLS.

"SHINE, Titan, shine,  
Let thy sharp rays be hurled,  
Not on this under world;  
For now, 'tis none of thine.  
No, no, 'tis none of thine.

"But in that sphere,  
Where what thine arms enfold  
Turns all to burnished gold,  
Spend thy bright arrows there.

"O! this is he!  
Whose new beams make our spring.—  
Men glad, and birds to sing  
Hymns of praise, joy, and glee.—  
Sing, sing, O this is he!"

Such was one of the least extravagant of the poetic welcomes, albeit ending with the assertion, "Earth has not such a king," proffered to the "high and mighty James, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland," when he took his "triumphant passage" on the 15th of March, 1604, from the Tower, through the city, where Theosophia, in "a blue mantle seeded with stars;" Tamesis, with a crown of sedge and reeds; Eleutheria in white; and Soteria, "in carnation, a colour signifying cheer and life;" and a host of quaintly dressed personages, classical, legendary, and allegorical, stood ready with speeches in choice Latin, and most emphuistical English, all in honor of the monarch who had succeeded to the sceptre of the great Elizabeth. And looking back on the unmatched glories of her reign, and the disgraceful rule of her successor, we feel disgust at the outrageous eulogies lavished on so worthless an object, and indignation at the short-sighted

ingratitude which turned so soon from the setting splendors of "that bright occidental star," to the murky north, expecting a glorious sunrise.

We must, however, bear in mind, that the dark pages of Stuart history, on which we dwell, were a sealed book to the men of that generation—that the whole record of England in the 17th century was as yet unrolled; and too heedless of the past, and indulging in exaggerated expectations of the future, the nation, in its joyful welcome of King James, gave but another illustration of the vanity of human expectations. But if, on the day of his triumphant entry into that city which of yore had welcomed her nobler Plantagenets, some prophet hand could have lifted the veil, and shown the eager multitudes the clouds and darkness, where hope pointed to a sun-burst of glory, how deep and prolonged a wail would have mingled with their exulting pæans.

Although at the first glance it seems difficult to account for the general delight of the people at the accession of James of Scotland, on closer view we shall perceive the motives that swayed many minds. While with some, the honors and emoluments which a new reign always offers—while with others, that natural love of what is new, prevailed—with many, the accession of James was hailed as the advent of better days for religion. The high church policy which may be traced in the councils of Elizabeth, from the death of Lord Burghley, certainly went far to weaken her popularity during the last years of her reign. Now, from the

king, who had been brought up under the tutelage of George Buchanan, the friend of Calvin, and Beza, and Knox—the King, in whose dominions alone the Genevan discipline was established,—surely to him, beyond all others, might they confidently look for relief from the yoke of a rigorous conformity, and the crushing tyranny of the ecclesiastical courts. And then, too, the pupil of Buchanan, the fierce denouncer of regal, no less than priestly tyranny, could not but have imbibed principles more in unison with old English feeling than those of the haughty Tudors; and, all unconscious of the right royal manifestoes enshrined in his precious “Basilicon Doron,” they prepared to view in the new monarch a maintainer of their ancient liberties.

But perhaps the chief cause of his short-lived popularity may be found in the fact that James of Scotland was the candidate for the English crown, to whom that idol of the people, the Earl of Essex, had proffered his warmest service, and for whom he suffered the severe displeasure of the queen, which eventually cost him his life. The extreme popularity of this, the last and most unfortunate favorite of Elizabeth, Essex, has scarcely been duly estimated. We were much struck when lately turning over the collection of the “Roxburgh Ballads,” to find that, while in the whole there are scarcely a score of ballads referring to political events, two are lamentations over the untimely fate of our “jewel,” the “good Earl of Essex.” We need scarcely remark that much mystery hangs over the circumstances of his so called treason; and it is curious to see in these ballads how earnestly this crime is disclaimed. “Count him not like to Champion,” says the writer of the one entitled, “The Earl of Essex’s last good night :”—

“Those traitorous men of Babington;  
Nor like the Earl of Westmoreland,  
By whom a number were undone;—  
He, never yet, hurt mother’s son.  
His quarrel still maintains the right,  
For which the tears my face down run,  
When I think of his last good night.”

Now we think in this there is a covert allusion to his efforts to obtain the recognition of James as the queen’s successor. Westmoreland and Babington’s plots were expressly to place Mary on the throne; but Essex, in his “quarrel,” maintained the right—the right of a Protestant prince, as well as next heir to the crown, *after the*

death of its rightful possessor. In the other ballad, which laments that,

“Sweet England’s pride is gone!  
Welladay, welladay,—  
Which makes her sigh and moan  
Evermore still!”—

after a recapitulation of his many gallant services in the Low Countries, Ireland, Spain, and Portugal, and hints of the jealousy with which he was regarded, the balladist goes on to say :—

“But all could not prevail,  
Welladay, welladay,  
His deedes did not avail,  
More was the pity.  
He was condemned to die  
For treason certainly,—  
But God that sits on high  
Knoweth all things.”

And probably the thousands by whom these ballads were sung knew much more than history has handed down to us.

But however highly the anticipations of the people had been originally raised, much had been done already, in the short space of eleven months, by the perverse self-will of the monarch who arrogated to himself that most inappropriate of all titles, “the British Solomon,” to disabuse their credulity. The “mock conference at Hampton Court,” and the elevation of Bancroft to the archiepiscopal chair of Canterbury, had proved to the Puritan party the fallacy of their hopes; while the favors lavished on Lord Henry Howard, the betrayer of Essex, and especially upon Robert Cecil, his direst and most inveterate enemy, showed that grateful remembrance had little place in the heart of King James. It is probable, too, that this “triumphant passage” itself aided the waning popularity of the monarch; for, although on this occasion he ambled along on “a dainty white jennet,” beneath a canopy borne by eight splendidly dressed attendants, yet his awkward figure, rendered more awkward by “his doublets stuffed stiletto proof,” his tongue too large for his mouth, his eyes large, and ever rolling about, and his peculiarly ungraceful mode of riding, stooping almost as though to clutch the mane, must have rendered him, as to his personal appearance, an object of contempt to the populace, who remembered the stately self-possession and queenly dignity of the aged Elizabeth. With greater penetration than he evinced on more important subjects, James soon discovered that he had not the

qualities to best him for a popular monarch; so after this procession, he kept himself—far more than our former kings—from appearing in public on solemn occasions; and from hence forward the outrageous compliments which Dekker and Beaumont, and especially Ben Jonson, awaited to lay at his feet, were pronounced at Whitehall, or Theobald's, instead of being chorussed with loud music at Aldgate or Temple Bar.

James, in withdrawing thus from the irreversible gaze of his subjects, did not, however, intend that he should be forgotten. On the contrary, perhaps no monarch ever took such pains to keep himself in the minds, though certainly not in the hearts of all men. Never, from the time of the Gowrie conspiracy, to that of the journey of Prince Charles into Spain, did any reign present so many strange and mysterious episodes. To one of these—in its relation both to the king and to the peculiar superstitions of the time, the most important of all—we shall have occasion to refer; we must, however, ere passing, take a slight view of the court and court manners. Here, the state of things was not greatly dissimilar to that of his grandson at the Restoration. Just as the sober state of the Protectorate was succeeded by the license and frivolity of Charles the Second's court, so the solemn magnificence, the stately and formal observances of Elizabeth's court, gave way to a license of speech and conduct, a taste for extravagance, and an endless round of dissipation, at which the learned queen and her decorous ladies in waiting, and her grave ministers of state, would have stood aghast. The chief agent in this change was the queen, a woman of weak mind and strong will; whose eager love of dissipation had been whetted by the privations to which she had been subjected in Scotland, and who seems, from her inordinate love of expense, to have really believed that "London streets were paved with gold." Unfortunately, scarcely a nobleman of Elizabeth's days remained to teach, by his example, a better way. The old courtiers of the queen had almost all grown old with their aged mistress, and had preceded, or swiftly followed her to the tomb; while to them had succeeded the younger courtiers of the king, whose character is so minutely and truthfully described in the well-known old ballad of "The Old and the Young Courtier." For the swift and general deterioration of manner which the court of James exhibited, we think we may refer to the influence of France,

—an influence which, from that period to the present day, has ever been productive of mischief to our land. During the greater part of Elizabeth's reign, our relations with France were too precarious to allow of our young nobles making any lengthened stay there, while the characters of Catherine de Medicis and of the Guises prevented their cautious fathers from desiring it. With the accession of Henry of Navarre, all danger seemed to have ceased; England and France joined in a steadfast league; and because popish machinations, and massacres of St. Bartholomew were no longer to be feared, even our wariest statesmen seem to have been blinded to the consequences of their sons becoming familiarized with the open profligacy of a court which still retained its bad pre-eminence of being the most licentious in Europe.

It was from thence that the greater freedom of speech and manners, the endless round of frivolous, though expensive amusements, and the darker crimes of plots that scrupled at no means for their attainment, of secret poisonings—most abhorrent of all to true English feeling, came.

A court presided over by a woman as vain, as extravagant, and as eagerly devoted to pleasure, as Anne of Denmark, presented necessarily great attractions to the young nobility, and afforded likewise a favorable arena, in which the aspirants for royal favor could struggle into notice. Although King James evinced but little taste for the masques and revels on which Inigo Jones lavished so much expensive machinery, and Daniels, and Beaumont, and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, so much fine poetry, he was yet flattered by the compliments which invariably formed the conclusion. He was also gratified by the opportunities thus afforded of arraying himself in kingly state, and surrounding himself with a splendid *cortege*; in short, enacting, as his subservient chaplains declared, "Solomon in all his glory," to the admiring gaze of his countrymen, who pressed to behold him, in numbers that bade fair to create a famine in the land. Thus the queen continued without restraint in her course of dissipation; while the people cast many a wondering gaze at a court, where the noblest ladies, even the queen herself, took part as actresses in the masques, although, to the time of the Restoration, no woman had appeared, even on the public stage, and where the nobles vied with each other in gaming and hard drinking, while, to obtain means

for their extravagant expenditure, places were openly set up for sale, and bribes received almost as openly from foreign powers.

No wonder was it that the people soon began to look back with fond recollections to the memory of Elizabeth; more especially, when the king, who certainly in his policy more resembled Rehoboam than his wiser father, began to assume a power, and to advance his prerogative, far beyond whatever she had attempted. But the popular feeling must have something to cling to—some hope of better days, although as yet far distant; and this feeling found an object, this hope a stay, in the heir apparent of the crown; Prince Henry Frederic, who, although a mere boy, was already distinguished by no ordinary gifts and attainments. The important part which this boy might eventually take in the affairs of Europe seems to have been early recognised by the continental powers; for even in the year 1606, when he had but just attained the age of twelve years, we find, in a letter of John Pory, that “the old Venetian, Lieger, presented a new Lieger, called Justinian, to the king and the prince; I say to the prince, for they delivered a letter to *him*, from the seignory, as well as to the king.” During the same year, we find the French ambassador, Borderie, thus writing:—“None of his pleasures savor in the least of a child—he studies two hours in the day, and employs the rest of his time in tossing the pike, leaping, shooting with the bow, throwing the bar, or vaulting, or some other exercise of the kind, and he is never idle.” The reader will bear in mind that all these athletic exercises were the favorite and time-hallowed sports of the English people. Borderie, however, goes on to say, that with great kindness to his dependents, he exhibited such zeal and energy, exerting “his whole strength to compass what he desires, that he is already feared by the Earl of Salisbury, who appears greatly apprehensive of the prince’s ascendancy.” Now, when we remember that this description is not the eulogy of an English courtier, anxious to gain the smiles of the future monarch, but the confidential report of a foreign ambassador, pledged by his office to give a faithful account of the state of things here; when we remember, too, that the republic of Venice, then so feared and honored, so wary too, would scarcely have risked the displeasure of the father, by complimenting his heir, unless that heir were well known to be no common character, we may

well perceive that Prince Henry was destined, had he lived, to take a commanding part in swaying the destinies of Europe.

James the First never exhibited any of the domestic affections; of him it might be said, in the words of Madame Geoffrin, respecting a French philosopher, that “heaven had given him a morsel of brains, but not a bit of heart.” The “morsel of brains” which fell to the British Solomon’s share was indeed a modicum, but of natural affection he seems to have been utterly destitute. No wonder was it, therefore, that he soon began to view his gifted son with an hostility that in a few years deepened into hatred. But although love of wife or children could not be charged upon James the First, no king, except, perhaps, Edward the Second, ever became more the victim of favoritism. From the time of his arrival in England, to the day that he drew his last breath, one royal favorite after another swayed him at their will, and exhibited to the world the spectacle of a king ever boasting of his absolute power, but, in reality, the very servant of their caprices.

The first favorite was Sir Philip Herbert, afterwards Earl of Montgomery, whose claims on the king’s partiality consisted of “comeliness of person,” and “a knowledge of horses and dogs;” but the star of his ascendancy soon waned before the influence of a young Scottish adventurer, of whose early life and family, scarcely anything is known. This was Robert Carr, subsequently that Earl of Somerset, whose participation in the Overbury murder led to “the Great Oyer of Poisoning.” Even the latest researches cannot determine the exact time when Carr first appeared at court, nor the circumstances under which he was first introduced to the king. Perhaps the generally received story may be correct, that some time during the year 1606, while engaged as page to some Scotch gentleman, at a tilting match, when about to present the shield and device of his master to the king, he fell, and broke his leg; that James, moved at his suffering, and struck with his fine person, ordered his own surgeons to attend him, visited him daily, and took him into such high favor, in so short a time, that popular opinion could only believe that witchcraft must have been employed. The personal appearance of this youth was, however, his only claim on the king’s favor. He was miserably deficient in education, and from his after conduct he appears to have been, if not weak-minded, certainly

possessed of a very moderate share of capacity, and of very little energy. It has been generally believed that James took upon himself the office of tutor to his favorite; but that he appointed a gentleman of the court to that duty is more correct; and that gentleman was "the unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury."

Not the least strange and melancholy view which this period presents, is the awful prostitution of fine talents and splendid abilities. No other court, save that of James the First, could exhibit a Williams openly acknowledging the meanest subservience, exulting in the most degrading servility, merely that he might obtain that favor, which his acuteness and shrewd business talents would have undoubtedly procured him at the court of Elizabeth; and no other period could have shown the sad spectacle of the wisest man of his age, Bacon, supplicating, in language absolutely revolting, for the smiles and patronage of that pedant king, whom he must have loathed in his inmost heart. And thus we find the poets of that day; indeed, almost all the writers, although often dwelling on pure and lofty themes, yet ready at the command of the king, or the wish of his profligate courtiers, to indite the grossest ribaldry, or enshrine in graceful numbers the most outrageous falsehoods. What contrasts do the more serious poems of these writers present, not excepting Donne, to the shameless eulogies on courtly patrons, to the more shameless intrigues for place, in which nearly all of them were involved! Here are "the Miscellaneous Works of Sir Thomas Overbury," the tenth edition, published more than a hundred years after his death; and here is his melancholy, intellectual face, with sad, earnest eyes, that seem to ask our pity. And what a startling contrast do his works present to his character—his character as developed by later researches: the accomplished but false-hearted courtier, who "exercised, for several years, the extraordinary vocation of imparting ideas and language to the Earl of Somerset, as to a puppet, who, by means of his secret suggestions, moved the inclinations of King James which way he would, and fascinated the beauties of the court," appears here as the exile from some pleasant country solitude, yearning after rural scenes and simple pleasures; dwelling fondly on reminiscences of country life—not idly "babbling of green fields," but sadly and longingly recalling their freshness and beauty; each

minute recollection, too, of the shady lanes, the hedge-row flowers, "the scent of the new-made haycock." And how passing strange does it seem, to find the very writer of the Earl of Somerset's love-letters to that profligate girl, the Countess of Essex, finishing off with such minute and loving touches his graceful picture of "the fair and happy milkmaid," who, "though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, is decked in innocence, a far better wearing;" who "fears no manner of ill, because she means none; and is never alone, because still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers." How strange and sad it is, that a writer whose tendencies seem to have pointed so strongly towards the gentle and the pure, should have passed his days in such society, and been so deeply involved in that "mystery of iniquity"—even as yet not wholly fathomed, for the concealment of which his life was sacrificed! Forty pages of eulogistic verse, after the fashion of the day, and offered by as many admirers, lamenting "the untimely death of Sir Thomas Overbury, poisoned in the Tower," prefixed to this volume, attest the sympathy and sorrow so generally felt for his hard fate; but little, indeed, did the writers imagine that the victim of the Countess of Essex was the victim of stern justice. For placing this point in a light, clear as evidence short of actual demonstration can make it, our acknowledgments are due to Mr. Amos.

The progress of the events to which we are about to direct the reader's attention, will be made clearer by our again referring to Prince Henry. While his royal father was engaged in heaping wealth and honors on the new favorite, in relieving the pressure of the laws against the Roman Catholics, and increasing their severity against the Puritans, and in making most marvellous speeches in the Star-Chamber on the government of the church and the planting of forest trees,—not for the use of the navy, but for "our deer," and on the royal prerogative, which, in the speech in 1609, is coupled with the equally important question—a question which alone would prove to Mr. Grantley Berkeley King James's fitness for rule—the preservation of his partridges,\*—while these, together with

\* This speech in 1609, which the reader will find in the works of the high and mighty King James, is quite a model of its kind, and in the earnestness with which he pleads the cause of his partridges, is quite pathetic. "Ye know my delight in

speeches and argumentations with his admiring chaplains, on

"Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,"

in which, like the original discussers of these deep questions, he

"Found no end, in wandering mazes lost,"

the son was steadily advancing in the affections of the people, and respect of foreign powers. Most singularly, the son of a catholic mother, and of a father who hated puritanism with a stedfastness which he never exhibited in better things, grew up serious, strictly moral, and with an evident leaning towards that very system which his father so detested. Ere his appearance in public life, the puritans exultingly told how Prince Henry commanded the strict observance of the Sabbath by all his household, and imposed penalties on profane swearing, and declared with eager vehemence his detestation of Spain and catholicism. In addition to his love of athletic exercises, Henry took great interest both in engineering and shipping, and openly expressed his determination to patronise men of skill and enterprise. All this endeared him to the people in the same degree in which he became an object of increasing jealousy and dislike to his father. On the Twelfth Night, 1610, Prince Henry made his first appearance as principal challenger at the Barriers, and we think the speeches recited on this occasion, and which were furnished by Ben Jonson, strongly show the jealous feeling with which the hero of the day was regarded by the court party. Throughout the whole, Prince Henry scarcely receives a compliment; his warlike tastes are alluded to almost with censure, while the king is held up, in extravagantly complimentary strains, as the sole object of imitation. The prince was now sixteen, and the time for his solemn inauguration as Prince of Wales had arrived. This ceremony was performed with great magnificence, just after the assassination of Henry of France had startled and shocked the whole nation. It has been argued, from the expense lavished on this festival, and from the great

respect paid to the prince, that James was not hostile to his son, but anxious to give him due honor. We must, however, remember that James was a perfect master of dissimulation, and that refusal of the usual honors to the heir apparent—honors which had not been paid for more than a hundred years, would have irritated the spirit of a haughty youth, and of his many admirers, and probably precipitated that open rupture, which there was too much reason to fear would take place ere long. During these splendid festivals, Prince Henry was "the admired of all beholders:" his skilful management of the lance and sword, his noble bearing, his admirable horsemanship—all fixed the attention of the higher classes upon him; and when, just after, to do honor to that able shipwright, Phineas Pette, on whom he had already bestowed his patronage, he rode across Blackheath, in the midst of a severe storm of wind and rain, to Woolwich, and although the day was so tempestuous, going on board the vessel which he was to name at her launching, his hardy spirit, his fearlessness, gave him equal attractions in the eyes of the commons. There is something very characteristic in the minute account Phineas Pette gives of this proud day to him. How his highness, when the huge hull had floated into the middle of the Channel, took the standing cup, filled with choice wine, drank to the success of the good ship, and then dashing the remainder at the head, named her "The Prince Royal." And how "his highness went down to the platform of the cook-room, where the ship's beer stood, and there finding an old can without a lid, went and drew it full of beer himself, and drank it off to the health of the lord admiral, and caused him, with the rest of his attendants, to do the like." When had the high and mighty James ever displayed the like *bonhomie*—when had ever his pampered minion Carr shown such hearty feeling?

That between two youths, placed as Prince Henry and Carr were, feelings of the bitterest hostility should spring up, was inevitable. The fondness which might have been gracefully bestowed on a son, James chose to lavish on his young favorite; and that young favorite well knew that the very qualities which had fascinated the father, had excited the contempt of that son. It is true, that Carr, by himself, as he eventually found, was almost powerless for good, or for evil; but, aided by his tutor Overbury,

hawking and hunting, and many of yourselves are of the same mind. I know no remedy for preserving the game that breeds in my grounds, except I cast a roofe over all my ground, or else put vervels to the partridge feet with my arms upon them as my hawks have, otherwise I know not how they shall be known to be the king's"

to whose political talents Bacon bears testimony, the king's favorite was scarcely to be despised even by the heir apparent. There were others, too, in the council, hostile to Prince Henry. The Earl of Salisbury, whom he always disliked, was prime minister; and since the death of Lord Dorset, and the elevation of Salisbury to the office of Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Northampton, a statesman grown grey in plots and intrigues,—one who, with true Machiavellian policy, scrupled at no measures, had become Lord Privy Seal. With him was associated his nephew, the Earl of Suffolk—a nobleman more than suspected of having received bribes from Spain, and it was his beautiful, but most profligate and depraved eldest daughter, who had been married, when a mere child, to the young Earl of Essex, but who was now, with scarcely an attempt at disguise, the paramour of Robert Carr. The story that Prince Henry was in this case a rival of the favorite, seems utterly apocryphal. The prince, who so vehemently and constantly protested against “a popish match,” would scarcely have looked with much favor on a family of known popish principles; nor can we believe that a youth, always characterized by the strictest attention to moral and religious duties, would, of all the beauties of his father's court, have selected one, not only of most questionable conduct, but actually a married woman. But the close and familiar intercourse of Carr with that branch of the Howard family, in consequence of this intrigue, must have irritated Prince Henry greatly. The political skill, of which the favorite was utterly destitute, could now be aided by the threescore years' experience of that wariest and most unscrupulous of statesmen, Lord Northampton, who now joined with Overbury in the task of ruling him, who ruled their royal master.

We have gone over the foregoing particulars more minutely, because we think these political relations have been too much overlooked by writers who have taken up this portion of our history; and thus a contest in which, on the part of the favorite and his associates, all was to be gained, or all lost, has been viewed as a mere squabble of two self-willed boys. The character of the agents, too, has not been sufficiently estimated. “The unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury,” the writer of graceful prose and verse, who, according to the received version, was committed to the Tower by the intrigues of a revengeful girl, and there

poisoned, was not the amiable, conscientious friend of Carr, who, shocked at his attachment to Lady Essex, endeavored to show him his guilt. Overbury was the main agent in the intrigue,—writing in his pupil's name, and with all the skill and grace which he so well knew how to practise, the very letters that urged his suit. It is very probable that Overbury was bribed to this by Northampton, whom Weldon represents as having incited his niece to seduce Carr by her blandishments; and that during this time Overbury was most sedulously courted both by Northampton and Suffolk, we have the testimony of their letters.

The character of Prince Henry, too, especially in connexion with continental politics has, we think, been strangely overlooked. That he was a warlike, energetic, haughty spirit, we have already seen, and that his principles, too, verged closely on puritanism. Now, if we glance at the state of Europe in 1610, we shall perceive that a prince thus qualified could not but be an object of intense interest both to Catholic and Protestant. On the Continent, Spain was still the ruling power; but the Dutch had just achieved their independence, and had concluded a truce for twelve years. In Germany, the feeble sway of Rudolph had encouraged the formation of the Evangelic Union, on the one hand, and of the Catholic League on the other, and preparations were openly making for a warfare, which, upon the death of the emperor, —an event obviously not far distant,—would rage with unexampled bitterness. In the formation of the Evangelic Union, the hopes of the protestants had been fixed on Henry of France,—but the dagger of Raval-liaac had arrested those hopes, and that important kingdom was now under the feeble sway of a child but nine years old. Thus it was to England alone that the continental Protestants could look,—even as fifty years before they had looked, and were not disappointed. And strangely providential must it have appeared to a marvelling age, that the heir of England's crown, whose mother was an avowed Catholic, whose father always leant towards Spain, and whose wavering counsels were in direct opposition to those of the great Elizabeth,—that this prince should, from his earliest years, have so heartily taken up the cause of Protestantism, should have already declared it his first and most cherished wish to fling down the gauntlet to hated Spain,

and stand forth the champion of the reformed faith. And then his very name. Henry of Navarre, ere he had ascended the throne of France, how bravely had he fought the battles of Protestantism, and how had his life but as now, been sacrificed to Jesuit revenge! But here was another Henry, the future King of England, entering on the stage of public life, just as the other had been snatched away—endowed with every gift that should fit him for his high calling,—surely *he* was to be their chosen leader, surely all combined to set a seal upon *him* for this very work!

In tracing the events of the two following years, we shall find Prince Henry gradually but firmly extending his influence. As the head of an immense household, we find him ordering and arranging its affairs, to use the words of Sir Charles Cornwallis, “more like a grave, wise, ancient, than a young prince;” and we also find him sternly opposing the proposals of his father for his marriage. The unexpected succession of Abbot to the chair of Canterbury, although it seems to be entirely owing to the caprice of James, gratified the young prince, as we know, highly; but in the spring of 1611, he must have experienced much vexation at his father’s creating his worthless favorite, Viscount Rochester. Another act of the king’s, more fatal, we believe, to Prince Henry than aught beside, also took place this year, although probably scarcely noticed at the time;—this was the invitation of Theodore Mayerne, a physician of great celebrity in the French capital, to England, to become the king’s first physician. We are not acquainted with the circumstances accompanying this invitation; could these be ascertained, we should probably obtain an important clue to the mysterious events that followed.

In May, 1612, the Earl of Salisbury died, just while negotiations were going on for the marriage of the king’s children; and the Earl of Suffolk was advanced to the office of Lord Treasurer, while Viscount Rochester took the vacated place of Lord Chamberlain. To this he is said to have attempted to annex the post of Secretary of State, but that from incompetence he was compelled to desist. We think it more probable that the influence of Prince Henry prevailed; for James was at this time on better terms with his son than usual, and Sir Ralph Winwood and Sir Thomas Lake became joint secretaries. Meanwhile, the negotiations for Prince

Henry’s marriage with a French princess, to which he was very averse, and that for his sister with the young Elector Palatine, which he eagerly anticipated, proceeded. During the summer, he went on a progress with the King, and in autumn returned to London, where he welcomed the Elector as a brother, and again openly expressed the joy he should feel in taking part in the coming struggle,—indeed, according to a letter of Sir Robert Naunton’s to Winwood, “that he had a design to have gone over with the Palsgrave, and have drawn Count Maurice along with him, and have done some exploit.” But this was not to be. On the 15th of October he was first seized with illness, after dining at the king’s table. He returned to his residence, at St. James’s, his illness not being considered dangerous until the 25th, when Dr. Mayerne was sent by the king to attend him, in addition to his own physician, Dr. Hammond. Dr. Aikin, as quoted by his daughter, in her excellent “Memoirs of the Court of James the First,” declares the disease to have been putrid fever; and refers to Mayerne’s opinion that there was no reason to believe that any poison had been administered. The value of Mayerne’s opinion on this subject will be subsequently tested; it seems, however, an extraordinary piece of caution, that although he was secured by express certificate from the king, he should have torn out of his table book every prescription relating to the illness of the heir apparent, while, as Mr. Amos remarks, he carefully preserved one “for the queen’s black horse.”

On the 6th of November, Prince Henry died, having not quite completed his nineteenth year; and seldom has popular grief been deeper or more sincere than that which mourned the untimely fate of one who bade fair to emulate the proudest of our Plantagenets, but in a far worthier cause. The exultation of the court party was scarcely restrained within the bounds of common decency; and widely did the opinion prevail that Prince Henry, like his namesake of France, had fallen a sacrifice to papist intrigues, carried on by those who had the chief management of public affairs. The conduct of the king, which, during his son’s illness, had been marked with great insensibility, was, immediately, upon his death, rather singular. He received this news, without any expression of sorrow, at Theobald’s, to which, although it was winter, he had retired, when informed of his son’s



hopeless state; but within a few days we find him at Kensington, and soon after he left there, on the strange excuse, as recorded in a letter of one of his attendants, in Nichol's "Progresses," that the wind came through the walls, and he could not lie warm in bed." So he next came to Whitehall. Here his stay was very short, and he returned again to Theobald's, from whence he went to Royston some time before the funeral, which was performed with great magnificence, on the 7th of December. Now, had James been an affectionate father, the restlessness of violent grief would have supplied a reason for this ceaseless removing from place to place; but King James was not. Did his conscience accuse him, and suffer him not to rest?

No sign of sorrow was to be seen at the Christmas festivities. Mourning was expressly forbidden, although the prince had not been three weeks in his grave; and although Jonson does not appear to have been called upon to provide a masque for the occasion, still the splendid preparations which were being made for the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Palsgrave might have been the cause. This marriage took place in February, and the royal entertainments lasted until an empty exchequer compelled their discontinuance. Within a few weeks after the departure of the young couple, Sir Thomas Overbury, who, as the "oracle of direction," to use Bacon's emphatic words, of the all-powerful favorite, was a person of no mean importance, was committed to the Tower. Arbitrary imprisonment was one of the most cherished prerogatives of the Stuarts. When, therefore, it was reported that refusal to go on an embassy was the cause, little enquiry seems to have been made. Overbury's letters, addressed to his late pupil, however, make no mention of this, but refer his imprisonment to the machinations of "your woman," of whom he writes in the most insulting terms. But Overbury himself must have well known, that however hated he might be by that vindictive girl, whom he had thwarted in her design of a divorce, *she* could have had no power to appoint his jailor, although he was one of her iniquitous associates; still less to remove the former lieutenant of the Tower, and place Sir Gervase Helwysse in his stead. That Overbury knew he was in possession of important secrets is evident in his letters. "Is this the fruit of my care and love to you? Be these the fruits of *common secrets* and *common dangers*?

Drive me not to extremities, lest I should say something that you and I both repent." Such is his threat in the first letter. The favorite, even at this time, seems to have been rather careless than hostile, and with this he bitterly upbraids him. In his other letter, he declares that he has written the whole story of his wrongs—"what hazard I have run, *what secrets have passed between us*;" and this he states, "On Friday I sent to a friend of mine, under *eight seals*, and if you persist to use me thus, assure yourself it shall be published." There are no dates to these letters, neither can we ascertain what answers were received. According to one statement, Rochester sent word that if Overbury would feign illness, he would endeavor, on that plea, to obtain his enlargement. However that might be, wine and pastry were sent to him by the Countess of Essex, but in her paramour's name, and that these were poisoned there is little doubt. The unhappy prisoner languished for several months in great pain and weakness, and at length, on the 15th of September, died. Overbury's death seems to have excited little attention. His brother and brother-in-law, who were in London endeavoring to procure his release, appear to have had no suspicion, and full two years passed away ere "truth was brought to light by time."

The disgraceful proceedings in the Countess of Essex's divorce quickly succeeded. Obedient to the royal mandate, grave divines took the part of the profligate girl, who, although not nineteen, was already so old in wickedness; and King James signalized the Christmas of 1613-14 by raising his favorite to the dignity of Earl of Somerset, and giving away the bride with his own royal hand. All this history has recorded, but it is not generally known that Bacon, with that melancholy servility which marked his public conduct, expended two thousand pounds on a splendid entertainment, presented by the gentlemen of Lincoln's-inn, and entitled "The Masque of Flowers." These are the concluding lines:

"Receive our flowers with gracious hand,  
As a small wreath to your garland,  
Flowers of honor, flowers of beauty,  
Are your own, we, only bring  
Flowers of affection, flowers of duty."

Affection and duty to the Earl and Countess of Somerset, and offered at the command of Bacon!

Somerset had now reached the culminat-

ing point of his greatness ; but destitute of the " promptings " of Overbury, and soon after by the death of Lord Northampton deprived of his wise and wary guidance, he ere long sunk in favor both with the King and those around him. On his progress in the summer of the following year, James met at Apthorpe that new and more fortunate favorite, George Villiers, and from thence forward Somerset seems to have foreseen his fall. The circumstance of his demanding of the king a pardon under the Great Seal for past offences, seems to corroborate the view, that there was some secret which James was anxious, at all hazards, to keep.

Two years passed, and then a rumor spread that an apothecary's boy, at Flushing, had confessed having given a poisoned medicine to Sir Thomas Overbury, of which he died. The story became ere long so general, that Coke, the Lord Chief Justice, was directed to make inquiries ; and four persons, Helwysse, Lieutenant of the Tower, Weston, the gaoler, Franklin, an apothecary, and Mrs. Turner, a physician's widow, were taken up ; and soon after, the Earl and Countess of Somerset were consigned to strict custody. There is scarcely need to enter on the particulars of the trial of the four subordinate agents, except to remark, that Mr. Amos, in his valuable work, has proved how little dependence can be placed on the reports in the State Trials, since, by a careful examination of the original documents in the State Paper Office, he has shown that not only are the confessions and examinations garbled, but that there are many important examinations which are not even referred to in the printed account, and that these prove the existence of a double plot to destroy Overbury.

We have already remarked on the great unlikelihood that the Countess of Essex could have had any influence in appointing so important an officer as the Lieutenant of the Tower. We now find that Lord Northampton was chief agent in appointing him, and that there was continued communication between them. In a letter of Northampton's addressed to the favorite, he states, " I yesterday spent *two hours* in prompting the lieutenant, with as great caution as I could, and *find him to be very perfect in his part.*" Would an aged and wily statesman have spent two hours merely to aid his great-niece in a clumsy attempt to poison a man whom she indeed hated, but who had been the depository of the most important state

secrets ? In the fourth letter, he says, " The caution and discretion of the lieutenant hath undertaken Overbury—either Overbury shall recover, and do good offices between Lord Suffolk and you, *or else that he shall not recover at all*, which he thinks the most sure and happy change for all." But how was it that the prisoner was not to recover ? The countess and her wretched assistant, Mrs. Turner, had already mixed rose-acre in tarts, and strewed mercury sublimate over them, but their victim yet lived ; here, then, the confession of the apothecary's boy comes in, and the statement of one Edward Rider, who asserts that he spoke to one Lobell, a French apothecary, who acknowledged with great agitation that his son had sent an apprentice into France. But in the report in the State Trial no mention is made of any medical man being called in. In the suppressed examinations, we, however, find Paul de Lobell, the son of the before-mentioned, stating that he attended Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower, " but never ministered any physic to him, but *by the advice of Monsieur Mayerne, for which he had his hand,*" and he further states he gave " into the hand of the chief justice, twenty-eight leaves or pieces of paper," which contained the prescriptions ; while, as though more fully to connect the guilty knowledge of the king with this murder, we have also a short note from Somerset, directing the Lieutenant of the Tower to allow " the king's physician " to visit the prisoner ! On the death of Overbury, an inquest was held, although not a word of this appears in the State Trials, and when we read the three notes addressed by Lord Northampton in the course of the morning, respecting this event, we perceive that it was looked forward to with much anxiety. Two of these letters, the first " entreating " that Lidcott and three or four friends " may see the body," and the other assuring " worthy Mr. Lieutenant " that Lord Rochester " desired all honor to be done to his deceased friend," are to be found in Winwood's " Memorials ;" but the most important letter, evidently first of the series, has remained until now in the State Paper Office. This is it :

" Noble Lieutenant,—If the knave's body be foul, bury it presently ; I'll stand between you and harm ; but if it will abide the view, *send for Lidcote*, and let him see it, to satisfy the damned crew. When you come to me, bring me this letter again yourself with you, or else burn it.

" NORTHAMPTON."

The inquest was accordingly held before "Robert Bright, Gent.," and a jury consisting of six warders, and six others; and Lidcott, Overbury's brother-in-law, was compelled to allow that the forms of law had been observed. Now, wherefore should an inquest have been held, save to exonerate the medical attendants? and wherefore should so wary a statesman as Northampton have committed himself by so infamous a letter as the one just quoted, save that "reasons of state" peremptorily required the utmost secrecy. Northampton evidently hoped that the poison had done its work in the usual manner—turning the body to a mass of corruption; but a more skilful poisoner had completed the work of the two wretched women, and thus the excuse that the corpse was not fit to be seen could not avail. Of the evidence at this inquest we have no notes; doubtless a hasty survey and a hasty verdict were sufficient. But is it not most mysterious, that, upon the trials of the four subordinate agents of the plot,—as we may call it for distinction, of the Countess of Essex,—not a word was said about an inquest, not a word that an apothecary—that even the king's favorite physician had been called in! Nor was "Robert Bright, Gent.," forthcoming, nor Paul de Lobell, nor, stranger than all, Dr. Mayerne. Would a physician, considered one of the most skilful of his day, and well known, too, as remarkably conversant with chemistry, have quietly kept out of the way, when the king and his council well knew that he had visited Overbury, unless he was conscious of deeds that would not bear the light? And would not the king, too, had it been his honest wish to have sifted this atrocious murder thoroughly, have compelled Mayerne to come forward, were it only for the important light he could throw, from his chemical knowledge, upon a trial named emphatically "the Great Oyer of Poisoning."

The trials of the four wretched accessories were hurried over, and their deaths swiftly followed. From the haste, there seems great reason to believe that James feared further disclosures. That hints of such were made, the *original* depositions, now first published, amply prove. "The king used an outlandish physician, and an outlandish apothecary, about him, and about the late prince deceased?" is one of the questions put to Franklin. "Therein lieth a long tale," is his answer. "I think

next to the gunpowder treason, there never was such a plot as this is." "I can make one discovery that should deserve my life," is another answer. In a letter addressed by Helwysse, the lieutenant to the King, at the beginning of the inquiry, he expressly refers to Mayerne being in attendance, and also the apothecary, "at the physician's appointment;" and the apothecary's boy also; "but who gave the bribe, who corrupted the servant, who told Weston these things, or what is become of the servant, I can give your majesty no account."

The acute mind of Coke seems early to have perceived that the murder of Overbury was but one link of, perhaps, a series of crimes. That it had especial connexion with the death of Prince Henry, he is stated to have openly hinted, and we here find that although in the thickest of these almost daily examinations, he found time to make inquiry respecting it. Mr. Amos has given two depositions, not of much importance in themselves, but valuable, as showing that the first lawyer of his age, with many sources of information denied to us, held the opinion that Prince Henry had been poisoned. We may here remark that the statement of Mayerne on the case of the prince is absolutely worthless, if he were the poisoner; and that the minute account of the appearance of the body is but little to be depended upon, since, in cases of poisoning by arsenic,—and many of the symptoms strongly resembled this,—its presence could not be detected, save by chemical tests, which we know were not applied, and which, indeed, were most probably not known at this period.

When the higher criminals were brought to the bar, the same mystery which had marked the proceedings all along was even more evident. James was in anxious correspondence with Coke and Bacon, and, as Mr. Amos remarks in respect to the latter, both the king and his attorney-general never seem to have troubled themselves with the guilt or innocence of the prisoners, but seem solely anxious to get up a scene. That, on Sir Thomas Mounson's trial, was indeed one; and we think there is little doubt that fear lest he "should play his master's prize," was the reason that his trial was not proceeded with, but that he was remanded to the Tower. The various documents in this volume of Mr. Amos go far to confirm the statements of a

writer generally considered as very apocryphal, Sir Antony Weldon. The subsequent details of the trial of the two principals, the earl and the countess, also corroborate the same writer's account. We here find James anxiously urging Coke to "deal with Somerset to make submission to the king." Now what had submission to the king to do in a case of murder? Somerset, however, assumed the guise of an innocent man, and "requested to know what evidence or proof could be given against him?" and James, instead of ordering him at once to be placed on his trial, postpones it actually from month to month, and still sends messages urging his submission! That the public mind was intently fixed on these proceedings, we find many proofs; and that the death of Prince Henry was present to their thoughts, much to the displeasure of the court. We also find, in a contemporary letter, a statement, that "one, Mrs. Brittain, is committed to the King's Bench, for some speeches used of Prince Henry's poisoning, which she denies." It was the connexion of the Overbury murder with this, that gave such commanding interest to the trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, and kept the people in a state of violent excitement, until they were at length found guilty. But what would the people have said, although the old English spirit yet slumbered, had they known of Somerset's boldly refusing to go to his trial, and the king writing those three anxious letters, and the lieutenant setting off to Greenwich at midnight, to communicate confidentially with the king, and then his agitation all the next day, until the verdict was returned; surely they would have detected the dark secret that made James quail before his prisoner in the Tower, and eventually grant him a pardon, liberation from prison, and four thousand pounds a year! Strange as is every part of this wretched couple's history, not the least singular is, that their only child, Anne, became the wife of the first Duke of Bedford, and mother of the celebrated Lord Russell.

There is much in the episode we have just contemplated, characteristic of the period. While it forcibly illustrates the debased state of court morals, it also brings before us most vividly, the eager thirst for forbidden knowledge which then prevailed. Witches, astrologers, figure-casters flourished during the reign of James the First, as they never did at any other period; and

singular is it, that a monarch who signalized the year of his accession by a new and more stringent act respecting witchcraft, as well as by the republication of his delectable "Demonologie," should have been constantly surrounded by associates who openly patronized those wretches who pretended to supernatural knowledge. When, at the trial of the Countess of Somerset, "a black scarf full of white crosses, a piece of human skin, and a roll of devils' names," were produced, however the common people might shudder, there were few court ladies there but well knew they had dealt in similar charms. The details how Mrs. Turner, a physician's widow, and Franklin, an apothecary, possessed of private property, openly professed correspondence with the powers of darkness, are appalling; and how a young girl, an earl's daughter, could go from place to place, seeking charms and spells, calling one of the most abandoned of his class, Dr. Simon Forman, "dear father," and eagerly supplicating his aid, gives an awful picture of the character of the female aristocracy. The visits to the cunning fortune-teller, the composer of "draughts to procure favor," were suitable preliminaries to visits to the more cautious practitioner, who dealt in "rose-acre, mercury sublimate, and white arsenic." And how recklessly, how wantonly, as without one thought of its appalling wickedness, did these women go about their deadly purpose; Mrs. Turner desiring Franklin to buy "some of the strongest poisons he could get," and giving him four angels for the purpose. And these poisons tried by the young and beautiful countess on a poor dumb creature, to whom, with her own white hand, she administered arsenic and other poisons, previously to mixing them in pastry to be sent to a helpless prisoner! "My son lived with a haberdasher near Temple Bar," says Weston, "and he brought the countess, feather fans, and such like, and I saw in his possession a little bottle full of greenish or yellowish water, which he said was poison." Feather fans and poison! the young countess and the apprentice boy, partners in such deadly crime! In reading these details, we feel almost as though we could believe that the great author of evil actually put forth a greater and more direct power than in the present day; and that these wretched creatures believed this to their death is certain. Franklin confessed he had an evil spirit at his command; and similar

confessions are abundant. Now, allowing this to be an hallucination, we must yet perceive that none but minds familiar with awful wickedness could adopt and maintain such a fancy. Still, that among the numbers, especially in the country, who were hanged for witchcraft during this reign, many were under delusion, brought on by sickness or poverty, perhaps both, cannot be doubted. In the Roxburgh Collection, there is a curious old ballad respecting a poor man in Essex, who, being in great want, and his children starving, goes to a neighboring wood to gather acorns. Here he meets a tall handsome man, "in black," who pities him, and gives him a large purse filled with gold. He joyfully hastens home, but drawing it from his bosom, finds only a bundle of dead oak leaves. He rushes distractedly away, goes to the wood, and meets "the gentleman" again, who now scoffs at him, and bids him hang himself. The poor man has just power to offer a short prayer, and to fly, and he returns home quite distracted. Here a good neighbor comes in, provides the family with food, and the ballad ends by telling us that the poor man, after a severe illness, recovered. Now, what was this, although told as a veritable story of Satan—the meeting the gentleman in the wood, and receiving the gold, but a waking dream, induced by strong agitation of mind, in which the oak leaves had been picked up by himself, under the delusion that they were gold coin. This incident of gold being changed into dead leaves is of frequent occurrence in tales of witchcraft, and the reader may probably have met with it, pointing the moral of some fairy tales.

The reign of James was abundant in schemes for the discovery of gold and of hidden treasure by charms; and the general prevalence of such belief may be imagined, when we find that David Ramsay, known to our readers as the king's watchmaker, in the "Fortunes of Nigel," having been told that a large quantity of treasure was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, begged permission of Williams, then dean, to search for it. Williams, with the proviso that the church should have a share, gave his consent. Now, David Ramsay did not go to work in a common manner, but, under the direction of a cunning man, named John Scott, he, with "several others," entered the cloisters with hazel rods, and "played them." On the west side, the rods "turned the one over the other,"

so thinking that the treasure was there, they began to dig, but found only a coffin. Again and again they tried, but were disappointed; until David and his company, with "the half quatern sack, to put the treasure in," were compelled to return no richer than they came. As John Scott had prophesied success, a sufficient excuse must be found, so, as a very "blustering wind" arose before they had finished, the demons, who were unwilling the treasure should be discovered, determined their search should be in vain.

These cunning men who used the hazel rod, and crystal, were most indignant at being confounded with wizards, and "such slaves of the devil;" for they pretended to "acquaintance with angels." Such was old Mr. William Hodges, under whom the aforesaid John Scott studied. John Scott at length took his leave of his master, "being to return to London," to get married. Probably anxious to test the skill of old Mr. William Hodges, he requested him to show him his lady in the crystal. Hodges complied, and bade him say what he saw. "A ruddy-complexioned wench, in a red waistcoat, drawing a can of beer," is the reply. "She must be your wife," said the owner of the crystal. "Never," replied Scott; "I am to marry a tall gentlewoman in the Old Bailey." "You must marry the red waistcoat," was the oracular decision. Away went Scott, fully determined to take his own way; but when he arrived at the Old Bailey, he found the tall gentlewoman already married. Two years passed; and then on a journey, going into an inn at Canterbury, John Scott went by mistake into the kitchen instead of the sitting-room, and behold there was a maiden in a red waistcoat drawing a can of beer! The stars had certainly led him thither—and who in the seventeenth century could resist their influence? So John Scott "became a suitor" to red waistcoat, married her, and lived very happy ever after, as the old stories say. In this case, the prediction undoubtedly wrought its own fulfilment, and this was often the case when so much faith was joined to so much credulity. The belief in the power of the crystal to foreshadow future events, was held, however, by many a grave divine at this period. The bold and ambitious mother of James's last favorite was believed, when a mere humble dependent in a noble family, to have seen herself in this magic mirror, blasing with gold and gems, just as she ap-

peared at Whitehall, when courted by the proudest nobles, and complimented by the king himself.

How singularly connected with dark marvels and mystery is every event of this reign; and how much more like a well-constructed fiction than a story of real life more especially with the supernatural accessories which contemporary superstition threw around it—does the tale of George Villiers appear! The son of the obscure Leicester-shire knight, scarcely heeded, as in childhood he played on the green slopes of Brooksby, but object of intensest interest to his mother, who, while she rejoiced in the horoscope that promised wealth and favor of princes to her new-born child, shuddered also at the ominous distich, muttered by some old crone, as the red and gusty morning heralded his birth—

"Red dawning, stormy sky,  
Bloody death shalt thou die."

Sent over to France, but returning still unknown and unpatronized: and then introduced to the king himself, just when his wayward fancy was seeking a new favorite, just when Archbishop Abbot and the queen, those antagonist characters, and representatives of principles as antagonistic, compelled by a common danger, joined in a hollow reconciliation, and agreed in recommending the handsome young page to the king's notice; and then his rapid rise, his unexampled influence, his power over all men; insulting Abbot, by whose aid he had been raised; driving the sage and prudent Lord Keeper Williams about like a mere spaniel, passing contemptuously by that wisest and, alas! meanest of men, as he sat "in an outer room, where trencher-scrappers and lacqueys attended, on an old wooden box, with the purse and the great seal beside him," vainly endeavoring to move that upstart boy's pity!—becoming lord paramount of the king, and filling the palaces with his relations and dependents, and a miscellaneous herd of serving-men, waiting gentlemen, and a whole tribe of nurses and children; so that the king, who, as Weldon remarks, never noticed his own children, was now surrounded by nurses and babies, while "little children did run up and down the king's lodgings, like little rabbit-starters about their warrens." No wonder that the people looked with blank amazement on this change, and firmly believed that the beauty which had gained the favorite the name of Steenie—because, as the doting

king declared, and James in the midst of all his iniquities, was never at a loss for a text, "his face was as the face of an angel"—was a gift from the author of all evil. Indeed, the strange partiality of James, not only to the favorite, but to all his family, and especially to the mother, an avowed papist, and a scarcely less openly avowed patroness of the wretched crew who pretended to supernatural knowledge, was astounding.

And that Buckingham was guarded by charm and spell, and aided by influences not of this world, seems to have been the view which his bold, bad, but gifted mother was actually desirous to impress on the popular mind. We think there can be little doubt that it was to her directions that he owed his first rise, and to her constant superintendence, his continued advancement; but there seems little doubt, also, that she actually believed in the power of spell and talisman to secure it; and hence her ceaseless applications to astrologers and figure-casters, and her anxiety to avail herself of every agency which should more firmly secure his triumphant good-fortune. It was this that deepened the popular hatred more than all the rapacious exactions, the crushing monopolies, of the favorite and his grasping relations. Aldermen complained that wretched women, sent to beat hemp in Bridewell, were set free by command of "my lord's mother;" and even the court intelligencers, ere they hunted out a Jesuit or suspected foreigner, were obliged to "work warily," lest they should lay hands on one of the Countess of Buckingham's "wizards." And strange were the tales told of the vain appliances sought with so much cost to secure the hated favorite. "Loadstones to draw favor," faultless agates to secure it; talismans of "angel gold," inscribed with holy texts, to ward off danger; and curiously graven jaspers, to guard against deadly violence; for, victim of her deep superstition, that rhyme which prophesied "bloody death" was ever present to the anxious mother. But years passed; the heir to the crown bowed to the spell of the all-commanding Buckingham, even as his father. And the old king died, and Charles succeeded; a dukedom graced the royal favorite, but still dark whispers told how his mother, more importunately still, sought after forbidden aid. At length, one of the wretches patronized both by mother and son, Dr. Lamb, "the duke's conjuror, was pursued by a furious mob into the Windmill Tavern, in

the Old Jewry, and there "done to death." And then arose the second rhyme, carolled exultingly by the common people, heedless of stocks or whipping-post:—

"Le Charles and George do what they can,  
The duke shall die like Doctor Lamb.

Little heeded the duke such threats; he had defied impeachment of the Commons, and the hatred of the whole land; but two months only passed, and then 'the white-handled knife' of John Felton avenged the nation, and awfully fulfilled the prophecy—

"Bloody death shalt thou die."

Can we wonder at the intense and unquestioning faith in supernatural premonitions that then prevailed, when we find even the course of events thus singularly encouraging that belief.

The period was fertile, too, in "signs from heaven." A comet heralded that severe visitation of the plague in London, of which George Withers has left us so curious, though so unpoetical a description. A comet also appeared at the breaking out of the Palatine war; an eclipse of the sun took place in the May preceding Prince Henry's death; and that most rare appearance, a beautiful, well-defined lunar rainbow stretched across the palace of St. James when he there lay dying. With ominous eagerness was this sign pointed to by Dr. Mayorne, as an unquestionable proof that he *could* not recover. It is not surprising that almanacs at this period were in general use. Indeed, if the age of Elizabeth was the age of pamphlets, that of James the First may be called that of almanacs. We turned over, a short time since, a collection of these—above a score—for the year 1612; and truly no stronger proof of the "vanity of such devices," could be given than the various and conflicting opinions of their authors, as to coming events. "The great eclipse" of the 22nd of May is duly noted; but while one learned doctor determines that "by it we may foresee great robberies by the highways and burglaries," because "Mercury is in the ascendant," another declares that while its effects will not take place until "between the 12th of October and the 12th of January," the result will be, "jangling controversies between clergymen and lawyers." When the unexpected death of Prince Henry took place, doubtless men wondered

that it had not been, if not foretold, at least darkly alluded to, especially with the marked prognostic of an eclipse of the sun! But the wily almanac-makers doubtless looked wise, and talked of constructive treason, and pointed significantly to the Star Chamber. It is in consequence, probably, of this fear of being supposed to meddle with "affairs of state," that these almanacs deal in no dark hints how "a certain personage, high in office, gets, about this time, into trouble;" or how "things look black in a certain quarter, and let those about court beware." In the following reign, amid the strife of opinion and arms, almanac-makers were more out-spoken; and roundhead and cavalier, episcopalian and presbyterian, even the fifth monarchy-man, thanks to Lilly, Booker, and Partridge, might each have an almanac just to his mind.

The almanacs of James the First's reign, however, abound with general warnings. There is in most of them a long list of "things to be done in the increase of the moon," and what is to be done in the wane. They also quite emulate Murphy in their exact prognostics of the weather; not hesitatingly, like Francis Moore, with his "rain more or less about this time;" but boldly, as though there were an actual "clerk of the weather," and his most efficient services had been procured,—declaring that the 21st shall be rainy, and the 26th quite fair;—with a due intermixture of days neither cold nor hot, and some with "a smart shower" to finish with. But it was to the list of "lucky and unlucky days" that our forefathers turned with the greatest interest. Some of the directions for conduct on these days, in "Bretnors" almanac, are very curious. Thus, on the 3rd and 12th of January, the word is, "Presse for prefermente;" while for the 6th, it is "Please the old one." On February 20th, the oracle says, "Speake and speede;" while on the 25th of March, it is "Look about you;" and on the 2nd of April, "Be bold for it." The 27th and 31st of December give, "Presse on and prevaile;" while December 24th, Christmas-eve, too, most ominously points to "A rope and a halter!"

The various information contained in these little "Handbooks of the People,"—for such, indeed, they then were,—gives us, on the whole, a favorable opinion of the general state of information. All of them have a sort of astronomical lecture prefixed; which, although certainly not Newtonian, is yet in accordance with the learning of the

times. They have also "a table of distances of some of the most famous cities in the world, from the honorable City of London." Mexico, Quinzas (whatever city that may be), Jerusalem, and "Calicut,"—scarcely known, we should have thought, then,—the precursor of our eastern metropolis, Calcutta,—and Nineveh! and Babylon! which is just 2710 miles off, and about forty others, figure in this table. The compiler is, however, strangely out in his calculations respecting cities nearer home, for he makes Edinburgh only 286 miles off. We must, however, not forget to mention, that there is also a table of remarkable events, "from the creation of the world."

In contemplating the general character of the people, we cannot but perceive that it was inferior to that in the reign of Elizabeth. The influence of so corrupt, so abandoned a court was necessarily widely felt; and although its worst characteristics were confined to its immediate sphere, still greater profanity, greater extravagance, and less decorous manners were the result. The love of expensive dress seems to have increased so inordinately, that worthy mayors and aldermen, after the usage of the times, had constantly to promulgate newer and more stringent sumptuary laws, to prevent women "below the rank of an alderman's wife" from wearing "three-piled velvet," and such braveries; and to keep the apprentices to their old-accustomed kersey hose and blue gowns. The dramatists of the day afford us many traits of the almost unimagined luxury and state of the "city madams," who were determined, as far as they could, to imitate the pomp and show of the ladies of the court. Nor have we reason to think that these descriptions are exaggerated, when we remember the modest request of Lady Compton, for "twenty gowns, 6000*l.* to buy me jewels, and 4000*l.* for a pearl chain;" or the royal state of the Duchess of Richmond, who went to the chapel at Ely House—"three gentlemen-ushers, in velvet gowns and gold chains, going before with wands; six ladies following, and two to hold up her train."

The "pride of place" was stoutly maintained at this period by all who had claim to precedence of any kind. And this, sufficiently ridiculous in the court ladies, and source of endless squabbles, was emulated by the civic dames: nor when the daughter who has married a knight, in that amusing picture of London manners, "Eastward Hoe," tells her mother, with no little pride,

"and my coach-horses, mother, must take the wall of yours," did the remark appear so very laughable to them as to us.

From the pictures of manners in the contemporary drama, so much frivolity and extravagance, so much destitution of high and noble feeling appear, that we marvel from whence the next generation derived their lofty views and stern principles. It could not be the mere reflection of the dramatist's own mind that bodied forth the fine characters of the Elizabethan school, and then the reckless, mean-spirited, or else Quixotic personages of the succeeding. No, it was the earnest religious spirit of the earlier period that gave even to the drama its elevated character; and its deficiency was the cause of the deterioration, not of dramatic literature alone, but of national manners.

With many who take their estimate of King James from the servile dedication still prefixed to the Bible, the age that witnessed its new translation, made with so much care, and under the especial auspices of the monarch, must appear religious. And so, if "forms and ceremonies" are the all in all, it certainly was. No prelate, indeed, uplifted his voice amid all the crying iniquities of the court, but many fought vehemently for "the divine right of episcopacy;" and all inculcated the duty of church-going, and of adherence in the minutest points to the rubric and canons. Moreover, the churches were adorned with splendid altar-plate, and the king's choristers ministered in rich copes. And with much unction do the compilers of "*Hierurgia Anglicana*" detail the "decent and orderly" array of church ornaments in Bishop Andrews' private chapel. The two candlesticks with tapers, the bason for oblations, the canister for the *wafers*, "silver gilt, like a wicker basket, and lined with cambric laced!" the flagon, the chalice covered with a napkin embroidered in colored silks; the tricanale "with screw cover, and three pipes for the water of mixture;" and the silver censer, "wherein the clerk putteth frankincense at the reading of the first lesson; and the navicula, out of which the frankincense is poured!" Can we wonder that the Puritans of King James's days were intractable as they had been in Elizabeth's, and that many preferred exile to ministering at altars thus decked?

Happily for religion, in many of the more remote parts of the land, some of these confessors found a secure asylum, and there kept alive the flame of religion, which



but for their efforts would have died out. And despite of strict and severe search, many continued in London, sheltered as chaplains or tutors in the households of some "worshipful merchant," whose opportune loan to some nobleman purchased him court protection. The next generation, and even ourselves, separated by seven, owe no common debt to those worthy laymen who sheltered and patronized the persecuted ministers of that day. It is delightful, turning from the disgusting details of court profligacy, to contemplate these worthies. Master John Temple, of Stowe, who had always some "grave and learned silenced minister" in his house, and who so instructed his son-in-law, Lord Saye and Sele, in "church matters," that he stood nobly forth to bear his "testimony" in the following reign,—and Sir Henry Mildmay, of the Graces, whose mansion was a secure asylum to the persecuted Puritans, and whose worthy lady, with her sisters, Mistress Helen Bacon and Mistress Gurdon, are so heartily praised by that "powerful preacher" of that day, Master John Rogers, of Dodham,—and Robert Bruen, Esquire, of Stapleford, too, "who caused the desert to blossom as the rose;" bringing the light of the gospel into the most obscure parts of Cheshire, and proving to the country round that the best Christian will also be the truest gentleman. We had frequently seen the account of this worthy in compilations of religious biography, but were never much interested, until we took up the original memoir. Here we see him to the life;—the true old English gentleman of the seventeenth century—exercising a power, and an influence far beyond aught in the present day, but using them—

"As ever in his great taskmaster's eye :—"

adopting the stately and formal usages of a time when even the internal regulations of a household were marshalled with the strict etiquette of the Herald's College; but looked up to with affectionate reverence by his dependents, for the gentle and considerate care that kept watch over their interests, as though they were his own.

And delightful is it, too, to contemplate those confessors, who, although not called upon to endure the pillory, and the branding-iron of the next reign, "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods," and sustained long and severe imprisonment. In the same Tower of London where Sir Thomas Overbury languished and died, a noble prisoner,

almost at the same time, endured a far sterner captivity, almost deprived of air and light—Andrew Melville. But his buoyant spirit, his heavenward hope, dwelt with him there, and the Master whom he served enlightened the darkness, and he beguiled the long, but not weary hours, by writing graceful Latin verse on the walls of his cell. It was with a refinement of cruelty that James consigned his illustrious countryman to the Tower. Had Melville been sent to the Counter, the Marshalsea, or Newgate, there were numberless "pious citizens" who would have rejoiced to have visited and soothed him. In the before-mentioned play, "Eastward Hoe," two profligate young men are sent to prison; they become penitent, and display their penitence by psalm singing. "They will sit you up all night, singing of psalms, and edifying the whole prison," says the jailer, "so that the neighbors cannot rest for them, but come every morning to ask what godly prisoners we have." How characteristic is this of a time of persecution, and the brotherly love that always prevailed:—the inquiry after the "godly prisoners,"—strange term to us—and the sympathy, and the gatherings, and the visits of the kind-hearted women, upon whom the duty of visiting the prisoners mostly devolved, and the interchange of good wishes, and prayers. There was much quiet heroism in the religion of those times, which we, in our days of platforms and speeches, have lost sight of. And then there were the exiled brethren, towards whom, those who remained at home cast many an anxious look, and on these did the government also cast an anxious look, as though conscious of the distinguished talents of their leaders, and the wide influence their principles would eventually command. It is curious to observe how often these, although under the general name of "puritan," are referred to in the writings of this time. The Brownists, indeed, must have been still rather numerous in England, to have attracted the notice of Donne, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson.\*

\* All the puritans whom he holds up to contempt in his plays, are Brownists. In his "Alchemist," written about 1610, Ananias is represented expressly as "one of the holy brethren of Amsterdam;" and Tribulation is the pastor, deputed by the brethren abroad to visit the brethren at home. In like manner, Zeal of the Land Busy, in "Bartholomew Fair," is represented as a baker of Banbury, who has left his oven to turn preacher, and been "chosen by the brethren." His hostess is an "assisting sister of the deacons," and the

The reign of James the First is, indeed, a dark period in our history,—darker still from succeeding the “golden days” of Elizabeth. But darkness, no less than the light, has its appointed use, and the period just contemplated formed part of the needful discipline through which the nation had to pass. Thus, the ultimate effects of James the First’s reign were beneficial to the public mind. The *prestige* of a court was no longer influential, when men were compelled to behold what wretches were the honored and courted ones there; the old nobility could no longer maintain their ancient honors when a Northampton, a Somerset, a Buckingham claimed them; and monarchy itself came to be regarded with widely different views than in the reign of Elizabeth, after James had played his “fantastic tricks.” “The divinity that doth hedge a king” had long ceased to awe the people, ere king and commons met on the battlefield. And each disgraceful event of this reign exercised the minds of the people, while the strong efforts to put down all free speaking chafed that proud spirit, which but required a stimulus to arouse it. And then, an age cradled in warlike feelings could ill brook the state of inglorious repose in which “Jacobus Pacificus” delighted. Thus, when the Palatine war broke out, many a gallant spirit set forth to aid in the struggle for religious freedom, unconscious that within twenty years a nobler struggle would await him at home. Much does England owe to those “free companies, who set forth

“To fight for the gospel, and the good king of Sweden.”

The lessons of warfare taught by the illustrious Gustavus, they in turn taught the parliament soldier, and a more important lesson still;—to view inevitable war as no mere game of pride or ambition, but as a last appeal, a solemn self-sacrifice, to be hallowed by psalm and prayer.

“woman,” who inquires at the Staple of News for intelligence, asks for news of “the brethren of the separation.” That all these characters should be exhibited in disgusting caricature might be expected, but it is curious to observe the unconscious testimony Jonson bears to their talents and learning. The Banbury baker, while he eschews Latin, maintains the pre-eminence of Hebrew, and marshals his arguments in a scholastic form. Even the “she Brownists” express interest in questions which would have been unintelligible to most woman of that day. We seldom attack what we do not fear,—surely Jonson must have deemed the Brownists no common foemen, in these often repeated notices.

James the First died in his bed, surrounded by all that belongs to kingly state, and was duly interred with solemn obsequies, Laud declaring “that his rest was undoubtedly in Abraham’s bosom;” and Williams, that to him this text might undoubtedly be applied—“The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up!” Popular opinion, however, whispered that his end was not peace; and that “the poisoned chalice” had been held to his own lip. There seems no reason to believe this was the case, although the mother of Buckingham kept constant watch over him with diet drink of her own supply. That the wretched king feared it, seems probable, from his earnest supplication to Lord Montgomery, his first favorite, “for God’s sake look that I have fair play!” This we believe he had; for Providence does not always in this life pursue crime with open punishment; but when the troubles of his son came on, when his grandson was exiled, those who could not consider James the First as guiltless in the mysterious cases to which we have directed the reader’s attention, remembered the solemn threatening which pointed “even unto the third and fourth generation.”

LAND AND ASSESSED TAXES IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.—The land and assessed taxes levied in England and Scotland, in the year 1847, yielded to the National Exchequer £4,553,859, viz.: England, £4,266,068; Scotland, £287,771. The English revenue is thus made up: land tax, £1,119,878; window tax, £1,544,356; servants, £193,919; carriages, £400,457; horses for riding, £293,998; other horses and mules, £67,379; dogs, £137,757; horse dealers, £9,368; hair powder, £2,689; armorial bearings, £65,441; game duties, £143,551; composition ditto, £19,466; additional 10 per cent. £269,844; penalties, £171.

STAMP DUTIES IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.—The net revenue derivable in England from stamp duties in the year 1847 was £6,505,888, viz., Deeds, £1,703,042; probates of wills and letters of administration, £902,380; bills of exchange, £426,559; bankers’ notes, £9,696; composition for the duties on bills and notes on the Bank of England and of country bankers, £31,361; receipts, £141,215; marine insurances, £159,119; licenses and certificates, £177,129; newspapers and supplements, and papers for advertisements, £284,338; medicine, £28,660; legacies, £1,167,426; fire insurance, £956,229; gold and silver plate, £68,252; cards, £8,532; dice, £94,000; advertisements, £133,567; stage-coaches, £175,850; hackney-coaches, £46,095; railways, £79,958. The stamp duties in Scotland, within the same period, yielded £576,544.

From *Lowe's Magazine*.

## PICTURES OF DR. CHALMERS, FROM THE MEMORY OF ONE WHO LOVED HIM.

It is an afternoon of June, 1839, in the granite city of the North. A great church is full of people assembled to hear a man, who, for years, has been in the list of those accounted the conspicuous few in the British Island. His home is Scotland's capital; but he is now on an errand of philanthropy through the shires of the land, and in whatever town he rests for a day or two to stir up the people by his eloquence, thousands that have yet only heard his name, flock with eager curiosity to see his person. For the inhabitants of the granite city of the North, the meeting in their great new church that summer afternoon is an opportunity not to be lost.

The nature of the errand on which their distinguished visitor has come, is already partially known to them. The population of the island, he and others have found, has far outgrown the means provided for its religious education. In every large city, it has been found, there is a vast proportion of the inhabitants of whom it can with certainty be affirmed, that habitually they "attend no place of worship." Allowing for a few peculiar exceptions, the part of the community included in this description, comprises precisely those whose moral and social condition renders their subjection to ecclesiastical influences the more necessary. It is respectability that has seized on the churches; the poor, the ignorant, the criminal are left to themselves. So true is this, so distinctly in all general cases is the habit of church-going an evidence of condition superior to the lowest, that, even by the mere social observer, a simultaneous increase of this habit over all parts of the country would in the present state of things, be accepted as a decisive evidence that some thorough social amelioration was secretly going on.

That the people must be educated—that only by education can the sunken masses be lifted up; as to this, all are agreed. It is, moreover, to the great existing institute, called "the Church," that most men naturally look for immediate and direct activity in this work of popular education. A body of doctrines brought home by exposition, thereby at least stimulating the intellect; a code of noble moral rules set up and enforced; reverence implanted by the habit

of worship in common; orderliness and self-control secured by voluntary submission to certain articles of communion—these are things which the Church promises: and whatever differences may exist as to which form of the Church discharges its promises best, or as to the universal sufficiency of the education supplied by the Church in any of its forms, to all surely it would seem an immense point gained, if, in the midst of every polluted little mass of city life, one of these miniature institutes, such as it is, were actively at work. Imagine, as some may, various ideal schemes of culture for the human being as a man and a citizen, surely, in the meantime, even to such persons, this existing instrumentality of a Church offers some hope; one may raise stones without a silver lever. As things are, what statesman is there, what philanthropist, what sceptical student of society, even, but would think it a good thing that the great mass of the nation be thoroughly subjected to ecclesiastical influences, individual liberty, and the power of supplemental personal culture being allowed? But this, again, is tantamount to the assertion, that the whole community having been divided into masses of convenient size, there ought to be within each of these a sufficient ecclesiastical apparatus; for by no other than this parochial system can the community be thoroughly overtaken and gone into. Whether the ecclesiastical apparatus should consist of a church, a chapel, a meeting-house, or of several chapels and meeting-houses together, is, so far as the abstract political view of the question is concerned, immaterial. Only, seeing that to ensure the national efficacy of the apparatus, the Legislature, or the old prepossessions of the nation, have selected one special form of worship, and established it, this form, in regard to extent of machinery, ought to be in thorough possession of the country; that is, ought to be represented as fully in every parish, as if all the ecclesiastical activity necessary in that parish devolved upon it. In short, in every parish of England there ought to be a Church of England—and in every parish of Scotland there ought to be a Church of Scotland; and the parishes ought to be uniformly of that size, in respect to popu-

lation and extent of surface combined, that if the single church thus established in each had to do all the work, it might be able to do it.

Such are the views on which many a philanthropist and political thinker would take his stand. In all this, too, our man of genius agrees. Philanthropist and political thinker, he demands that the ecclesiastical machinery of the country be extended to the utmost; in effect, that matters be so arranged, that for every 2000 individuals reckoned in the census, there be a church, a clergyman, and all the established accompaniments. The whole island rigidly divided into small territories, containing not more than 2000 individuals each; and in each territory a sufficient ecclesiastical apparatus maintained at the public expense—such, under the name of “the Parochial system,” is his ideal of a true organization for social order, anything short of which he declares to be imperfect. This scheme he has realized to himself in every possible way; he has considered it in all its bearings: as a patriot and political thinker, he is, of all those who call themselves Britons, the warmest in its behoof.

But there is that in this man which at once modifies this general form of his conception, and lifts his advocacy of it into Pythic grandeur and earnestness. These sunken masses are not in his eyes mere coagulations of diseased social matter, which, for its own safety, the Commonwealth would do well to agitate and render fluent; they are outcast human souls perishing for lack of knowledge. Poor, ignorant, and socially wretched as these are, these myriads are capable of the noblest calling; not a soul among them all, but the word of salvation, entering it may act with reforming and transforming power, ennobling even temporarily the whole gait of the man, and making the sinner meet for a higher inheritance. To bring the gospel of a crucified Savior home to the hearts and the consciences of the forlorn, this is a mission sacred in merits of its own; and to which heedless the while of his own Economics, our philanthropist is borne on by his christian yearnings, and the force of a noble pity. Entering the lanes and hovels of the poor, he maintains that Christianity must not only diffuse its general influences of culture, but must also fulfil a special mission to individuals—must seek out stony hearts to be broken, and send bleeding victims up to God. The power to do this, the personal earnest-

ness which works, and the unction from on high which blesses, society cannot command; but the mechanical frame-work which facilitates, it is within its power to undertake. And thus, that completeness of ecclesiastical apparatus which as a patriot he would demand, in his higher attitude as a Christian and a man of God he will also call for. A clergyman for every 2000 souls; this, he says, is absolutely necessary for the social efficacy of the Church; and this, also, is the ideal of an organization for bringing Christianity within acting-distance of the individual soul. Without the spirit, the form is indeed a mockery; but a permanent organization is always better than a blind acting here and there according to impulse. Only in this function of the Church with regard to the individual soul, more is necessary than that four-fold action on human character which is sufficient to vindicate for the Church its title to be considered as the best existing type of an Educational Institute. There might be a Pagan Church of this type fulfilling the conditions in question. For the true spiritual function of the Church in respect to the individual, it is essential that the creed which it professes be the truth, the pure, living word of God. Now, in this island, he admits, there are many ecclesiastical bodies besides that to which he belongs, all of which answer this description, and work diversely toward the same end. But that which is established, it is easiest to extend. That therefore England and Scotland be mapped out into parishes, no parish containing a population of more than 2000; and that in every parish in England there be a Church of England, and in every parish in Scotland a Church of Scotland: this is still his ideal.

Now, in all the island there breathes not a man of such energy as he; one who can render an idea so audible, who can proclaim it over so large a space at once. Whatever conception his mind takes up is instantaneously diffused, and, as it were, flooded over all that surrounds him. His soul is cast in Nature's express mould for the orator. That high degree of interest which ordinary persons feel only in their private affairs, he feels in the larger concerns of masses and nations. The failure of a measure which he has advocated will affect him as deeply as a severe personal bereavement. His views are not mere intellectual castle-buildings, which he piles up to-day, and lets fall to-morrow; they

are purposes of his whole life, rooted in the forgotten speculations of his youth, and become organic in the strengths of his maturer being. To him it happened more early, and perhaps more easily, than to other men, to find out the track in which he could go, with the greatest certainty, that in following it he was fulfilling the intention of Nature. No doubt, no misgiving now assails him, as to his way of life; no longing look does he cast to the right hand or the left; onwards he moves in a clear and congenial path, giving full rein to his personality, like one who has examined his commission. To this, the inner structure of the orator, add the outward gift of speech. No man living ever swayed a mass beneath him by his voice as this uncouth-tongued Scotchman, in whom, untutored, and with breath as Fifeshire gave it, the features are but made Scottish of him

Whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will the fierce democracy,  
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece  
From Macedon to Artaxerxes' throne.

It is this, and the general greatness of that intellect to which he has not denied literary expression, that have raised him high among the notables, first of his own neighborhood and community, and then of the whole land. Opposed, criticised, Scotchman, and Presbyterian as he is, he is yet a man to be listened to by the whole country on whatever subject he chooses to deliver an opinion. One such opinion he has delivered in his proposal of Church-Extension. To Legislature first he has made his application, forwarding his representations through the various channels open to such a man. And now, having "knocked at the door of the Legislature in vain," he will knock at the door of the people. Scotland is his native country; of it, especially, he will take charge; over its length and breadth he will travel "an itinerant mendicant," assembling the people in crowds, and lending the persuasion of his matchless eloquence in favor of the great cause. That the Christian people of Scotland may be aroused to the condition of the heathen within their borders, and that, with their own money they may build new churches in destitute localities, and so extend the ecclesiastical machinery of the country to some proportion with its needs—this is the object of his present peregrinations. Other Scottish cities have been visited by him on

this errand, and now the granite city of the north has him in its turn.

The audience assembled to hear him is a mixed one. There are the men of business, the shrewd, large-headed, not particularly generous specimens of the Scottish race, for which this part of the east coast is famous. A little activity in ecclesiastical affairs being not less congenial to them than to the rest of their countrymen, they show considerable zeal on such occasions as the present. There also are the women, more susceptible than their husbands and brothers, and more genial when they listen. There also are men with preconceptions against the speaker and his cause; the one, as their saying is, a man of brilliant imagination but questionable judgment, the other, a scheme of clerical ambition. Scattered through the audience these men sit negative to the whole spirit of the meeting. The appearance of the great Doctor, they anxiously hope, will be poorer than his friends expect. Precisely opposite in spirit to those are another few, chiefly young men, also sprinkled through the audience.

Caught and mastered by that nameless spirit of a new age, which, abroad for years through the atmosphere of the island, has at length blown weakly over this bleak district of the far north, there are in the granite city a few young men all alert for what they call ideas. In vague and confused elements of theological wrangling, metaphysical, common-place, and miscellaneous reading, they have in vain been seeking intellectual satisfaction. The help afforded by veneration for some great name in the world of thought is all but denied them. Kant, Coleridge, Bentham, and other men of mark, under whose diverse discipleship inquiring spirits in other parts of the country are ranging themselves, are here utter strangers; nor in a town where, except the young ladies at school, almost none pretends to French, and certainly not five living souls to German,\* needs one be astonished if French literature is a sealed fountain and the name of Goethe unpronounceable. Even as regards native British literature the place is in arrears. Of later names than Byron and Scott there is little evidence even in the windows of the booksellers. In many a little town of Germany there is a higher and deeper appreciation of Shakspeare than in this, the third of Scottish cities; he is read, certainly, and

\* The year 1830 is referred to; things are changed now.

so is Milton, but in a calm rational way, on no compulsion of public opinion, but simply if one chooses. Rich and genial, indeed—for, after all, there is a genuine, and healthy feeling for the antique in these Scotchmen of the granite district—has been the stimulus of the Waverley Novels; and this stimulus has not yet quite spent itself. Nor is humor or the desire of information wanting, as the circulation of various periodicals, lighter and heavier, may testify. The poetry of Burns, too, the common property of the whole Scottish nation, is native here as in its own Ayrshire. The father of Burns, it is remembered, came from the east coast.

Altogether, in faculty, in strong, hardy, willing intelligence, even in appetite for books, the place needs yield to none. Only there remains a kind of stubborn obsolescence in the mental method of the natives. The country round was never so thoroughly purged as the rest of Lowland Scotland from the old Popish leaven, but lagged behind in Episcopacy while the more fervid south advanced into Presbytery; and the town itself was the only place of importance in Scotland that refused to join in the Covenant. This characteristic of sullenness towards the new, of bluff, hearty, even humorous, persistence in the old, still continues—an element of that spirit of “ultra-Moderatism,” for which, along with Dumfries, this county is celebrated over Scotland. In the city itself, however, a peculiar influence has slowly effected a revolution. Some forty years before there had come to settle in it as clergyman of a Chapel of Ease an Irishman, born in Ulster, and who, after having seen various fortunes on both sides of the Atlantic, had received a call to this remote Scottish town. Eccentric, irascible altogether tyrannical in manner, but with a heart overflowing with goodness, and a moral energy and power unparalleled, he had seized the hearts of the people among whom he came; lived down clamors and calumnies; and, by a long course of noble activity in pulpit, parish, and generally in the whole neighborhood, so established himself in the civic imagination, that the very children, when they saw his well-known stately figure at a distance on the pavement, would run to stand in his way and receive his blessing. To the influence of this man, direct and indirect, it is chiefly owing that the city of his abode has been extricated ecclesiastically from the rest of the neighborhood and made to relish the “evangelical” manner.

It is upwards of four years now since he was struck by a sudden death in the streets, and a sorrowing community followed him to the grave; still, however, his memory is fresh; his strong sayings and eccentric doings live in affectionate semi-humorous tradition; and, of all the people assembled that day in the new church to hear Scotland's Chalmers, there are perhaps none so eager, or so qualified to appreciate, as those whose lot it had been to sit under old Irish Dr. Kidd.

Of these, it has been said, some are young men touched with the new spirit of intellectual inquiry, and vainly beating the winds for certain things they call “ideas.” Their efforts have been strangely directed. Amid their theological wranglings, musty metaphysics, and miscellaneous readings, the only special tendencies that have spontaneously presented themselves have been towards mathematics. To attack “Newton's Principia,” this is a specific labor, a known difficulty, which the forlorn Hercules, impelled to work at something, may voluntarily prescribe to himself rather than be idle, and in partially overcoming which there is real sweat and exercise. But, if any individual in this close neighborhood shall seek for general enlargement, shall pant after an undefined spiritual course, whence shall direction come? By reading, doubtless, such as is afforded; by contact with life, rich and manifold, even under such local restrictions; by lonely ponderings on river-bank and along the sea-sands; by intimacy and friendship; by mere growth and perseverance anyhow; nay, possibly out of old metaphysics themselves, enlargement may arrive. But this is like striking the flint, kindling the tinder, applying the match, and then finally lighting the candle. What if some torch already lit were to be carried past within reach, at whose flame the operation of lighting might be instantaneous! For our imaginary inquirer in that barren environment such an accident were desirable. This arrival of Dr. Chalmers, could it mean anything from such an one! It is far from unlikely. Nay, in the nature of things, it is certain that the advent in the granite city of the massy Scotchman, an occasion of bustle and excitement as it is, must have a biographic import for many a soul there lodged—must be, as it were, a scattering of fortuitous seeds. That in some life, his advent, to himself a mere insignificant episode and occasion of petty trouble, might even become a real

epoch, is sufficiently probable. The very fact that his greatness is popular and Scottish—that, in his intellectual mode, there is nothing to shock—that he makes no protest against the faiths of the place, but only honorably illustrates them in the proportions of a spirit more colossal than that of common men; all this facilitates such a result. The arrival of a Coleridge might be a failure; his will not. With a presentiment that it will not, many are the young men who have eagerly been looking forward to it. True, his errand is specific—Church-Extension; but it is the sight of the man, and the general sensation of his presence, that they covet more than his views on this or any other point.

One of these auditors let us single out. Sixteen years of age we may imagine him; seated in a crowded pew in the gallery to the left of the pulpit. The church is full in every part, save some vacant seats reserved around the pulpit. At these, and towards the vestry-door behind them, the young man often directs his eye; sometimes also glancing at the stained-glass windows opposite, through which the light is pleasantly streaming. All is tiptoe in the pews and whispering expectancy.

At length those who are waited for enter. Pouring into the church from the hidden vestry, a number of men dressed in black hastily fill the *latern* and the adjacent reserved pews under the pulpit. They are the city-clergy, the elders of some congregations; in short, all those who would naturally on such an occasion form a body-guard to Dr. Chalmers. It is known that Dr. Chalmers himself must be in the midst of them. Which can be he? Happy are those whose familiarity with all the other faces enables them at once to determine. Soon, however, there is a general conviction that that large white head, conspicuous among the others in the *latern*, must be Dr. Chalmers. He looks about him, and examines the church like a stranger. For a little while, indeed, the doubt must remain not entirely dissipated; for he, the well known clergyman of the church in which the meeting is held, forthwith ascends the pulpit, and, in a clear, familiar voice, begins the preliminary services of praise and prayer. These over, there follows, as is proper, a short address, in which the illustrious visitor is introduced to his audience. Here, we are told, is Dr. Chalmers, “a man of more than European fame,” who has come thus far north to advocate a cause in

which other parts of the land have already successfully been stirred. We are not particularly cultured, we northerners; such is not the report of us, at least, in other places; nevertheless, when Dr. Chalmers shall have occasion afterwards to speak of this his first visit to the granite city of the north, may he be able to say, as St. Paul said of the people of Malta, “The barbarians showed us no small kindness.” Goodhumoredly the barbarians acknowledge the compliment; and now for the business of the meeting.

It is the large white head. Rising slowly and heavily, the figure which has been remarked in the *latern* moves into the empty precentor's desk, whence, it appears, and not from the pulpit, he is to address the assembly. A large, broad-chested, old man of middle stature he seems; sixty years of age probably. Something specially there is about the neck and head which attracts attention. The neck thick and powerful, assuming towards the chin and mouth that massive contour seen in the portraits and busts of Luther and Benjamin Franklin, the head turning on it slowly as on a pivot. The features large, rough-hewn, elephantine, yet forming a whole of the noblest beauty, and white as sculptured marble. The forehead white and expansive; the eyes small and far apart; the mouth close and linear, as if the upper lip were drawn forcibly down over the upper teeth. No appearance of baldness; but thin white hair parted from the crown, and clustering about the ears. A noble Scottish patriarchal head, compared by more than one who has seen it, to that of the aged father in “the Cottar's Saturday Night”—

“The lyart haffets wearing thin and bare.”

Nervously, meanwhile, and as if there were something he were looking for, but had forgotten to bring with him, the object of so much attention is arranging pieces of paper on the desk before him, removing his spectacles from their case, sitting down, putting them on, shuffling his papers, rising up again.

It is difficult to say whether he is reading from his papers or not. To few present can it be known that it is his uniform habit to have the entire tenor of his discourse and all the express passages committed *verbatim* to paper either in short hand or long; and that only here and there, as something strikes him, does he interpolate, on the spur of the moment, a homely expository

paragraph, or give instant explosion to some emotion, generated as he speaks. Such, however, is his habit; and hence two varieties in his oratory—the roll and swell, and mighty cadence of his written sentences, borne forth by his voice as excitedly at each repetition, as if then first created; and the short, abrupt, extemporaneous passages, coming difficultly amid much gesticulation, but often rising into phrensy in the fervor of an inspiration.

Strange, uncouth, like some rich thing being crushed, are the first articulations. The words *rich*, *crushed*, or even *speech* itself, convey exactly the impression made on the ear by the voice of Dr. Chalmers issuing first into a still church. Nay, six sentences have not been uttered before it may be discovered that the sound of *sh*, *ch*, and its cognates predominates in his oratory. Rooted in some inner harmony of his being, of which his fondness for words of Latin termination is doubtless also an evidence, is this vocal peculiarity. That very compression of the upper lip along the upper row of teeth looks like an express formation to facilitate a more forcible emission of the favorite sound. Whether this peculiarity distinguished him in youth, or whether it is a compensation of old age, those who remember his youth may tell.

The first general impression over, and as the articulations begin to reach the ear one by one, the next observation is on the rudeness, the perfect barbarism of the pronunciation. *Parish*, *habit* *Adam*, *hōp* (hope), and fifty other ruthlessnesses, all on the tympanum within the same minute. Now, certainly, the granite city is not the school to which English speakers go for a correct enunciation; not even is its Scotch quite classic; still even here there are limits to toleration, and some conformity to a standard is affected. This dialect of Dr. Chalmers seems Gothic. It is the dialect, they are told, of his native Fifeshire. Yet there are hundreds of the men of Fife scattered through Scotland; not one of whom, probably, not even Sir David Wilkie, retains so pertinaciously this broad vernacular. What a picture this suggests—the young Chalmers of Anster village, him the destined orator of the British island, speaking like the farmers and fishers among whom he is moving, a divinity student, in that summer of 1796, while, on the other side of the island, the poet Burns is lying on his death-bed;—not taking lessons he from masters in elocution, that the Scotticisms may be

rooted out of him; not correcting himself even by private reference to pronouncing dictionaries, but working on in a great broad way, a powerful instrument amid facts and thoughts. No chamber under ground in which to practice speaking, nor, though close on the sea-shore, any pebbles for the mouth of this young Demosthenes! Neither, however, was Fifeshire Attica! Strange, too, as it may seem, he probably fares better now for this regardlessness of utterance. Whether it be that between the structure of his mind and his method of articulation there is a secret harmony; that absolutely some of the Scottish enunciations have a more powerful oratorical effect than the corresponding English ones; or finally, that, by his meaning and fervor, he blinds one to his peculiarities of dialect—certain it is that ere he has spoken ten minutes, these are totally forgotten and unheard. Early in the day the elocutionists have been stunned into acquiescence; the genuine auditor is hurried on glowing with enthusiasm. Canning, Robert Hall, and sweet-lipped countesses of England, have listened with delight to this rude man of Fifeshire. Surely then he may please the Vandals.

But about what is he speaking all the while? Oh, as to that, one would require to have been there, in the position of those young “seekers” among the Vandals, to have appreciated all the richness and novelty of that discourse. It is not merely the matter of the discourse that impresses them; the appalling pictures given of the spiritual condition of the land. It is not the eloquence, either, surpassing though it does all preconception, and to which, ever and anon, as the voice of the speaker, rushing and broken at first, gathers itself into fuller volume, the nerves of his hearers thrill electric answer. It is the general heartiness, the intellectual breadth, the large fresh nature of the man, that makes his visit angelic in these parts. Here is not dexterity, cant, commonplace, but manhood, genius, originality. Not in degree of faculty merely does he seem to excel ordinary able men, but in kind and style of being he differs from them. In the first place, as to form: here is not wiry ratiocination, as if it were the chief end of speech to show how long and thin one could draw a thread without breaking it; nor a series of clever remarks, expository or caustic, hung at intervals on a line of nothing; but massive, propositional, unity, clear method,



object, and shape. Then, in manner what passion, what vehemence! how thoroughly the man is in earnest! In mood, too, what variety! Broad humor, pathos, protest, solemn appeal, scowling indignation—into all he is carried by turns. His sympathies are whole and healthy; he is a large-hearted old man.

What strikes, however, as above all characteristic of him is the breadth of his intellectual manner, the sweep and generality of his scientific expression. His very style, the matter of which his sentences are compact, is a rich detritus of thoughts disintegrated from the various sciences, each sentence at the same time vital with a specific meaning. His mode of representing what he means to the imagination is so vivid! "The outfield population," "Excavate the heathen," such expressions in the luminous felicity with which they convey the ideas intended, have an indescribable charm for the young listeners. One seems, by means of one such expression, to be let into a secret in the art of thinking clearly!

On the whole, that in Dr. Chalmers, which, in subordination to the effect of the mere spectacle of him as a man of genius, is perhaps calculated to produce the most salutary effects on those who regard his visit with an eye to their own culture, is this strenuous scientific method. If he could leave this seed in the granite city, it would be well. If, catching from him his example this determination intellectually towards specific propositions, this resolute habit of producing vague thought to some massy verbal shape, a young man were never again to see him, but were to go on afterwards in his own strength, still the benefit received would have been immense. Better far such a gift of method than any surface-layer of actual doctrine laid on by a Coleridge, or other founder of a school. For, with this determination towards clearness and strength once acquired, one may advance according to one's own bent; and in no human being—analyst, poet, or mystic—can this, as a fundamental tendency be misplaced.

It is, indeed, as examples of clearness and strength attained in the expression of anything whatever, and not as radical maxims of any philosophy which he wishes to set up, that Dr. Chalmers's propositions are remarkable. It is not a speculator announcing in an abstract manner the ideas arrived at by any previous critic of all truth, that

Dr. Chalmers appears to the hearer; but as a great, broad mind grappling practically at any moment with whatever object of thought is presented to it, and heaving forth suitable generalizations in the struggle. The intellectual wealth within him has not been reduced to ultimate doctrines like the thousand-pound notes of Kant, Fichte, and other intellectual firms; but exists in the form of general strength, like so much bullion, coinable as needed. And thus, although his generalizations may not be qualified to serve, like those bank-notes, in certain large transactions of the schools; yet, possibly when many such notes are worn out, his good guineas will be serviceable. In this very discourse, for instance, is there not a perennial value in the proposition pervading it, that in the Christianization of society the aggressive principle is more powerful than the attractive. How this antithesis is reiterated; how the truth is illustrated; how quaintly at last it is expressed by the help of mathematical language! In a destitute locality, he says, where a new church was set up, the attractive principle, that is the mere power of the church-bell ringing regularly to allure the people in, only brought a congregation of some 47 persons; while in a case as nearly similar as possible, the aggressive principle, that is the outgoing of the clergyman like a missionary upon the people in household visitations, was rewarded with a congregation of about 480. If this were a decisive experiment, then the power of the aggressive system over that of the attractive might be stated to be as 480 to 47.

In such a proposition, in respect of its mere form, and apart altogether from the noble assertion which it makes of the true nature of the Church, there is an indescribable charm for our young Neo-Northerners. Here is strength, clearness, novel and picturesque effect; a firmer and more efficient handling than one has been accustomed to, of the matter of one's conceptions. So at least it appears to them. True, the whole thing does not amount to much; and among those present, there are doubtless many who receive the felicity with no such sensation of freshness. To these, however, the whole occasion is tame; not so to the others.

Who finished is, is scarce worth looking after,  
The growing one will always thankful be.

At length the discourse is ended, and

the people disperse. Two other opportunities are afforded for hearing Dr. Chalmers ere he takes his departure. Of these our young Neo-Northerns likewise avail themselves, confirming and enlarging their impression of the man. Altogether it is a week of bustle. He is gone at last; and his visit is a thing of remembrance talked over among friends.

November, 1839, in the Southern City of the Hills, the Athens of Scotland, and Queen of beautiful Cities:—The young Neo-Northern whom we saw six months ago, seated in the gallery of the new church in the granite city, circumstances and an east-coast steamer have brought hither. Of the interval what need of record? A summer journey by coach farther north than the granite city; residence in village of Speyside; walks by romantic Craigellachie and wooded Arndilly; pedestrian circuit thence eastward across the country, in a day of drenching rain, to a warm and friendly manse, reached foot-sore late one evening; pleasant hours there, and back to the granite city again—all this is but withered episode in one poor life. Suffice it that, still enthusiastic with recollections of the white-haired old man, our young Northern is at length, as winter begins, whisked away from the granite city to the Scottish capital; and this in circumstances which render it certain that he will there come into frequent personal contact with him, whom, of all its citizens, he has most tried to figure walking its unknown streets. Old associations are parted with, and a new life is begun.

Edinburgh, to a young Northern, who sees it for the first time! O the complex strangeness of the impression! The *reekier* atmosphere; the picturesque outline of the whole built mass against the sky; the heights and hollows; the free-stone houses; the different aspect of the shops; the dialect so new one hears from the children in the streets; the impression of all this is indescribable. Everything is strange; the very dust seems to be blown by the wind in a new and mystic manner. And then, when the town is taken in detail! The Calton Hill; Arthur Seat; the High Street with its closes; the Castle with Mons Meg and the Regalia; John Knox's House; Holyrood Palace; Princes' Street, along which Sir Walter Scott limped; the whole of the New Town, and the great black chasm lamp-studded at night which separates it from the old—all so poetic, so novel! And then,

here to have so many historical facts and incidents visibly bodied forth! Rizzio's blood, the Martyr's Grave, the spot where Mitchell shot at Archbishop Sharpe; one can go and see it all. Surely to be born in this city is a privilege; to have lived in it, and not to love it, is for a Scotchman impossible. "City of my choice," one might say with Richter, "to which I would belong on this side the grave!"

With wandering, exploring footsteps, our visitor spends several days accustoming his eye to the new aspects of street and building. In the nature of the purpose which has brought him to reside in Edinburgh, it is already secured that in a few days he shall see Dr. Chalmers, and commence a course of personal acquaintance with him. Provided, however, with a letter which is previously to be delivered to Dr. Chalmers at his address, No. 7 Inverleith Row, and having no other special business to attract him to one part of the town more than to another, it is natural that he should stroll out in that direction in which his letter guides him. It is early in the afternoon, when having made his way to the foot of Pitt Street, he passes the toll-bar at which the steep northern acclivity of the town declines into the fine level suburb stretching towards the Forth.

This part of the town is now altered. In 1839, there stood over the Water of Leith, after it passes the Canonmills, and joining Brandon Street with Howard Place, an old, narrow, and crooked bridge, which has since been replaced by one straighter, broader, and more convenient for the vehicles which ply to and fro from Granton Pier. There was a quaint air about the old bridge. It rose high in the middle of the arch, and one had, as it were, first to mount and then descend in going over it.

Towards this bridge, looking at the enclosure on the right, and the round towers of Canonmills, yet to be made famous, on the left; sensible, too, of the sea air from the Firth, the young stranger approaches. He has to cross it, he is told, in order to reach Inverleith Row. Crossing it, accordingly, he is, when from the opposite side there heaves in sight the large solitary figure of an old man advancing towards the bridge, and looking about him leisurely and good-humoredly, as if he had plenty of time. The meän, the gait, the black dress, especially the two streaming ends of a loosely-tied white neckcloth, proclaim him some well-known clergyman; and there is something so bland and venerable in his appearance,

that, even if one did not know him, one would regard him with interest. To our young Northern, however, the figure reveals himself at the distance of a few paces as that of the white-haired Dr. Chalmers, seen six months before in the city far away. A thrill of pleasure accompanies the recognition. The two figures meet on the bridge, the young man reverently scanning the person of the patriarch, and he in turn bestowing a kindly glance on his unknown admirer. Thus they pass each other, the one prolonging his walk into Inverleith Row, with its walls and garden spaces, attentively observing No. 7, a square, plain mansion on the left; the other walking slowly on towards town. Such was the first introduction of a young stranger to a new part of the town. That vision of Dr. Chalmers on the old bridge will never be forgotten. Other associations may, possibly, make the same spot yet more familiar to him!

\* \* \* \* \*

The scene is the vestry of Dr. Chalmers's class-room, in the Theological corner of Edinburgh College. There, in hurried, confused manner, Dr. Chalmers enrolls the name of the young stranger among those of others, about a hundred and thirty in all, collected from Scotland, England, and Ireland, to attend the theological lectures during the session 1839-40.

The history of that and the two following sessions, so rich in recollections of Chalmers, who shall relate? Well-remembered by the young Northern, and by others with him, that Theological corner of the College quadrangle—the dark stair by which the ascent was made; the pillar-reared portico where the students used to gather, walking about in twos and threes, or leaning listlessly against the stone-breasting; the swinging library-door leading into the cold and sounding hall called the reading-room; Dr. Chalmer's private door with the narrow passage into his vestry; and, lastly, the great door admitting to the Divinity Hall, and, the labyrinth penetrated a little farther, to the Church History class-room—so called always, notwithstanding that Hebrew was also taught there; as if, somehow, the Church History qualification swamped all thoughts of the Hebrew. How strange all this seemed at first! Crowds of youths, for the most part quite unknown to each other—diverse physiognomies, diverse statures, diverse dresses—all commingled, waiting for the hour, and hastily, as it struck, rushing in to fill the class-room! And then,

the first sensation of the three Professors; their appearance as they came severally on the portico; their entrance into the class-rooms; their manner! Nor here, though the speech is of Chalmers, let him be forgotten, the younger and weaker in body, whom death snatched first away. Distinct to us yet as when we first saw and learned to respect him, the spare figure of classic Welsh; his narrow, severe visage, which yet could smile so well; his thin, fair hair, his high and learned forehead; heard still in recollection the hard voice laboring too deep from the weak chest, hesitating and dry as it spoke casually, sharp and animated, as the keen wit wrinkled round the grey eye, showing the coming repartee, but sounding and strong from a true heart when some hot thing was to be told, as how brave Luther stood alone at Worms, how poor Hugh M'Kail welcomed a Scottish death, or how on cold Alpine heights the Lord's saints were slain by bloody Piedmontese. Man of fine brain and warm heart, thou wert a blessing too; nor, while life lasts, shalt thou ever be forgotten, nor the lessons which thou gavest from the noble past! Fitting, surely, it was, that thou who didst so read History shouldst have a historical position thyself; and that, even 'as thou wouldst tell of men who in old days did things of ecclesiastical note in the land, so it might be told of thee in after times that, when thy Church, aggrieved in conscience, would speak a bold word to scarlet authority, thou wert the man on whom it fell to speak it!

By and bye the aspect of the place and of each other becomes familiar to all. Little knots of acquaintances begin to be formed among the students. Like finds out like; and surname calls unto surname. Anything, however, like a thorough amalgamation never takes place. Of the hundred and more names that are daily called over, some of them so odd to the ear at first that one almost laughs, how few are identified in the general eye of all with the faces to which they correspond!

To Dr. Chalmers himself, only a small proportion ever became personally known. This was not because his intercourse with them individually was stinted. On the contrary, no Professor was known so courteous, or who did so much by Saturday morning hospitality, and other devices, to pass the students individually through his fingers, so as, if not to phrenologize them, at least to particularize them somehow to

his own mind. How, over coffee, and while pressing a stranger student to partake of "the solids," as he would term the accompaniments of a Scottish breakfast, he would interrogate him as to the part of the country he came from, and if fortunately he was himself acquainted with it, discuss its aspects, its scenery—this hill, that loch, the panorama from such and such a point! In scenery and topography, Dr. Chalmers was a perfect enthusiast. What the phrenologists call the organs of Form and Locality, must have been inordinately large in him; sometimes he would talk of some particular part of the country for a whole half-hour like a professed tourist. Of this peculiarity he seemed to be aware himself. "I like," he said once, "to find out new spots in places I am familiar with. The other day I had some time to spare; so I tried if I could not extemporize a new route between Comely Bank and Inverleith Row. I sauntered, rather dubious, I confess, up a sort of cart-lane; and before I was aware, I was involved in the accessories of a farm-house. There I was set upon by a mastiff; so I was obliged to turn back." His relish for the aspects of Scottish nature was extraordinary; his style of describing them was peculiar, and did not so much paint the bare objects themselves, as involve their appearance in an analysis of their aesthetic effects. "Expatiate," was a favorite word of his, and seemed to convey a certain largeness and free scope of feeling afforded to him by the view of a broad open expanse, such as the sea-shore. "Quiet hills" was his fine rendering of the sensation of heights like the Pentlands in the evening horizon. "Is there not something fine, Sir, in seeing an ulterior through an opening?" was his somewhat startling address to a matter-of-fact companion in a country walk, when, through an unexpected gap in a hedge, an extent of green meadow-land beyond suddenly presented itself.

By some such instincts of form and locality as manifested themselves in his peculiar manner of observing and describing scenery, he seemed also to succeed best in particularizing his students. Their form, their stature, their features were easily impressed upon him; it was very difficult for him, however, to recollect their names. "I ought to know this face," he would sometimes frankly say to an old student, who might even have been tolerably well known to him, but whom he had not chanced to see for some months. Or, knowing that

the object of such a salutation would be a little chagrined, he would sometimes cunningly extricate himself from the dilemma thus. The old student is approaching; Dr. Chalmers sees him, recognises his face, but does not recollect his name. Some other student, however, better known to him, chances to be near at the moment. To him, hastily taking him aside, Dr. Chalmers whispers, "Do you know that gentleman's name?" "Mr. —," is the reply. "O, Mr. —, how do you do?" says Dr. Chalmers, cordially shaking hands with the new comer. Two students somewhat alike in figure or stature were very liable to be mistaken by him for each other.

These, however, were but his manipulations of the students individually during the progress of the session. Of the daily meetings in the Divinity Hall, where they were subjected in the mass to the influence of his presence and his eloquence, what memorable things might be told!

First, the appearance of the hall itself, like some dingy, dusty little church; the pulpit almost on a level with the gallery, and high above the ground-seats, where, their papers, &c., uncomfortably placed on the narrow sand-glazed benches (even theological students will cut their names on unprotected wood), sit the mass of the students, some in the more lightsome front seats, others, of melancholy temperament, in the obscure space under the gallery. In the gallery itself there is additional accommodation when required; conspicuous here are several retired military officers who regularly attend the lectures. Here, also, strangers and casual visitors are sometimes seen; once or twice, although this was against rule, even a lady. "Yesterday I was abashed by a bonnet immediately in front of me," was Dr. Chalmers's private remark afterwards on one such occurrence.

Advancing in a hurried manner from his vestry, his gown and bands on, and the great dimensions of his head lengthwise from front to back, particularly manifest on such occasions, Dr. Chalmers would ascend the pulpit stair a minute or two after the hour. A short, appropriate prayer, sometimes written, and ending always with the unvarying formula, "Be with us now and ever," opened the meeting. After this and the calling of the catalogue, the lecture was begun. During these preliminaries stragglers would drop in, some of whom, to prevent noise, would avail themselves of

the passage through the vestry, having an opportunity there, if they chose, to measure heads with Dr. Chalmers by trying on his hat, which usually lay on the table. Here also might be seen a stray volume of Leibnitz, in which (and it seemed to serve no other purpose) he used to deposit his bands when he took them off. These bands were an annoyance to him. Often disarranged by the energy of his speaking, they would move round to the side, making it necessary for him to recall them with his hands.

Dr. Chalmers's *manner* as a lecturer was not, allowance being made for the smallness of the place spoken in, much different from his manner as a preacher. Written passages read sitting, interrupted frequently by extemporaneous expositions and bursts, during which he would usually stand upright or lean over the pulpit—such was the usual form of his prelections. There was no reduction of energy in his manner for his students as compared with his manner for the public; and it is probably questionable if any of his exhibitions of physical excitement in the largest church or on the most express public occasion even surpassed some to which that dingy little mock-chapel was witness. His susceptibility of high emotional manifestation seemed to depend very much on his bodily state. Passages in point from his published works would often recur in his lectures; and the same passage which, read once, told powerfully, might, read at some other time, seem tamer, and might yet, the third time, agitate him so that he would do it justice. He was dependent, also, on the appearance of attention afforded by his hearers. Two students whispering under his eye would disturb him; and he seemed sometimes to single out some one attentive student to work upon as he spoke. His aspect while lecturing was perfectly beautiful; one never became tired of looking at him.

As a theological teacher Dr. Chalmers was a singular phenomenon. His course, not being completed at the time in question, was not then a progressive series of dissertations on a certain routine of points, but rather a rich succession of thoughts and generalizations on many subjects. No man ever so thoroughly produced his whole mind in a course of lectures. All the views that ever in the course of his life he had found occasion to develop, his students were sure in time to have expounded or hinted to them. As he never spoke unless some sci-

entific proposition were at the bottom of his conceptions, and as whatever he had once done in the way of thought remained portable with him in a massy verbal shape, in his lectures one always discerned recurring generalizations. The ideas of his volumes on Natural Theology, those of his "Christian Evidences," those of his miscellaneous volumes of sermons, those of his "Essays on Moral Philosophy," nay even those of his "Treatises on Political Economy," were all liable to be pressed into the service of his theological course. Not that there was not a distinct tenor of express theological matter, but that his ideas on all subjects had taken so firm a hold of him that, on the least opportunity, he would rush off his track to visit some favorite generalization which he remembered to be in the neighborhood, never thinking the time lost. In this manner all his students were indoctrinated in his favorite views, even in those of a social character.

Of his habit of iteration much has been said and written. He was himself aware of it, and in some of his later writings he seems to have endeavored after a more dense and compressed manner. He would rather nauseate the few, he used to say, than fail in impressing the many. This habit of repetition may in part have been self-imposed in early life; in reality, however, it was founded in the native structure of his mind. The truth is, he seemed to rate the standard of general intelligence very low. He never seemed to believe that you could possibly thoroughly understand him; and hence, to one of his students, met privately, he would reiterate his views, as if they were no more familiar to that student than to a stranger. His dealings, in short, with the intellectual world were almost wholly preceptorial—from within outward. To issue his own matured thoughts upon the community at large was his self-recognised function. The reverse exercise of admitting into his mind what was already intellectually complete in the minds of others, he practised much less. It was excessively difficult to explain anything to him orally; he either seemed absent, or he took up a misconception of what you were saying, with which he blocked his mind against your real meaning. The intellectual world without presented itself to him rather as a resisting medium through which he must forcibly disseminate his own ideas, than as an element from which he was to absorb personal nourishment. He lived to

give rather than to receive; to teach rather than to learn. Of learning, in the ordinary sense of the word, he had little; and he confessed it. Sagacious and experienced in the practical world, his constitutional aggressiveness in behalf of his own ideas kept him ignorant of much that other men, his speculative contemporaries, were doing; like some merchant too busy selling to purchase anything for himself, or even to know what other wares were in the market. To this, however, there were exceptions; of which his last years furnished, perhaps, the most striking. That in the world of other men's thoughts with which he did become acquainted, was chiefly what illustrated, corroborated, or was flatly contradictory of his own opinions. In the great sea of other men's thoughts he fished, as it were, with a few hooks. Only in the cases of Bishop Butler, Jonathan Edwards, and one or two others, did he seem to value in the character of a student, the completed results of other men's efforts. That at some period of his life he must have submitted himself in the attitude of a pupil to certain intellectual masters is clear. Malthus's "Treatise on Population," read, we believe, in 1800, he used to mention as having had a powerful effect on his whole mode of thinking. The doctrine of Malthus, received and thoroughly grasped by him as a proposition unassailable and fundamental in all economical speculations, Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and one or two other books, furnished him with all the construction in Political Economy he ever had. And so it was in other subjects. The main elements once received, books were thrown aside, and order, method, and expansion, came from the play of his own mind.

It was a feature of his intellectual aggressiveness, that what delighted him particularly in the writings or discourses of others, was a paraphrase of one of his own opinions. For this he would appreciate a paper beyond its value in other respects. He was always open, however, to an original or pointed saying. Talking of a distinguished English divine, a clerical visitor at his table once remarked, in reply to something which he had been saying, to the effect that this divine yielded too much in a certain discussion to his opponents, "Yes, Dr. — is plagued with a sort of morbid candor." "Ah, morbid candor—morbid candor," said Dr. Chalmers, muttering the expression over to himself in his absent way,

as if to fix it in his memory; and within two days he made use of it in his class.

All this was noble, to the students, in their old teacher. Not a formal commentator, he, on Dutch divines; not a huntsman of Greek particles; not even, although this might have seemed more necessary, an antiquarian in the controversies of other centuries. All this, in fact, although he did not say it, he seemed to regard as mere chopped straw. There was something almost like glee in the manner in which he used to tell of his own old Theological Professor. "He began his course of Theology, good old man, and though it lasted all his life, he never finished it. When he went to the country in the vacation, he took Poole's Synopsis Criticorum with him for light reading; and I remember he spent a fortnight upon the ark of Shittim-wood." For Biblical Criticism, also, he had more lurking contempt than it was easy for him to own. It was, he used to say, quoting a favorite citation of Dugald Stewart from Condorcet's Life of Turgot, "like Achilles's spear, which healed the wounds itself had made." Yet he should be glad, he always said in conclusion, if a few of his students were to become learned in this department. There was diversity of gifts, he said, and if the Church were to be attacked on the ground of a verbal Philology, it was right that there should be within her champions able to ride forth panoplied even in this knowledge to do battle for the faith. Let the mass of the clergy, also, be sufficiently learned to constitute a public for the eminent scholars in their own body. Of learned Theologians Horsley seemed to be his favorite.

That the plain Word of God, as delivered in the authorised version, subject to such emendations as any clergyman, with a good Commentary at hand, could make, should be brought earnestly to bear on the popular understanding and conscience; this was his constant maxim. The popular understanding was to him venerable.

Metaphysics in Theology were distasteful to him. Dr. Samuel Clarke's *a priori* argument, in which the existence of a deity is arrived at over the conceptions of space and time as stepping-stones, was to him, he said, mere verbiage. To metaphysical attempts to reconcile revealed mysteries with the eternal nature of things he was vehemently repugnant. To prop up, for instance, the doctrine of the Trinity, by

mystic analogies of a three-fold action pervading nature, seemed hideous to him ; not even as a song of numbers would he tolerate such poetic fooling. The Baconian Philosophy was his scientific creed ; Sir Isaac Newton its finest human illustration. "For ought we know," was one of his stereotyped phrases. He used to tell of an interview he had with Coleridge. "He entertained me," he said, "with a monologue of two hours. When I was coming away I said to him, 'Well, Mr. Coleridge, with the exception of a few lucid intervals, I have not understood a word you have been saying.' 'I like,' he said, 'to see a bright idea looming through the mist.' 'Well, I don't,' I said, 'I like to get round about it, and round about it, and round about it.' This was perfectly true. Intellectually he confined himself always to the known and the positive ; his whole scheme of thought was upheaved from beneath : only in imagination did he surmount the builded dome of experience and dare into the sky above it. Yet who does not see that in the soul of him, Baconian and positive as he was, that wrote the "Astronomical Discourses," there must have been the same ever-mystic hum from an outer universe that sung through the soul of a Plato ? True, they that walk nightly round the walls of a city may feel oftener the sense how little its lit space is, and may drink more awe from the blackness which girds it ; but even to him, the chance-walker in the silent streets, are there not the stars overhead ? "This garden in which I am told you spend all your time is exceedingly narrow," said a surprised visitor to the Homœopathist Hahnemann. "Ja !" was the reply of the sage, "aber er ist unendlich hoch."

The peculiarities, as they have been described, of Dr. Chalmers' intellectual structure made him the best of teachers to be under. That so necessary tendency to clearness and strength, one inevitably acquired in some degree under the influences of his example. Accustomed to his massy propositions, one's language became infected ; would rather be viscid with ill-dissolved meaning than contain nothing. Thought, thought became the demand of the young souls who heard him ; in everything, in order to satisfy them, there must be thought. The propositions which he gave them, too, were in themselves valuable ; luminous generalisations, which went a great way at the time, and were highly

instrumental afterwards. Add to all this the aspect of the man, his energy, his Divine enthusiasm, his honored grey hairs. Never, never to be forgotten that face, that form gazed on so long ! Cold now he lies by dusky Arthur Seat ; and abroad over the Scottish earth walk those who listened to his words, and who, when they, too, are old, and move heavily amid the village children, will look back, back through the mist of years fondly towards him and the distant time. Ah, and is this young Chalmers of Anster village ; his life all gone, his being among earth's things past, done, and over ? So it is ; so it is ! One generation cometh and another goeth ; and there is a time appointed unto all. Sixteen years old, a manly, hopeful, boisterous youth, was the Chalmers of Anster village when Burns died. That youth lived on, grew old, did much, is dead now ; and him and all that he was, engulfing Time hath over-rolled.

---

STATISTICS OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY. —The *Corsaire-Salan* gives the following statistical account of the new National Assembly :—"It consists of 192 deputies, or old deputies, almost all lawyers ; 87 new lawyers, exercising their profession ; 62 magistrates or ex-magistrates ; 36 proprietors ; 89 commissioners or sub-commissioners of the Government ; 33 military men of all ranks ; 29 medical men ; 26 operatives ; 21 cultivators ; seven public writers ; 83 of various professions, including merchants, notaries, manufacturers, teachers, and *employes* ; and 217 representatives whose profession is in nowise indicated. The number of ecclesiastics is from 10 to 15."

There are now no less than three members of the Bonaparte family in the National Assembly. Besides Lucien Murat, the son of the unfortunate King of Naples, who has been elected for one of the departments in the south, Pierre Bonaparte, the son of Lucien, and Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of Jerome, have been elected representatives for Corsica.

---

POMPEII, A RAILWAY STATION !—Amongst the new enterprises which are encouraged by the Roman Pontiff, is the building of railroads through the principal travelling routes in the Italian States, and the modern tourist is now expedited in his wandering way over some of the most attractive places of the old world by the aid of steam and iron ribbons. The Rev. Frederick Hedge, of Bangor, in a late letter from Naples, contributed to the columns of the *Christian Register*, says, that he arrived at Pompeii by a method never dreamed of by its former inhabitants, to-wit—a railway.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## LITERARY STATISTICS OF FRANCE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

THE condition and character of French literature has for many years past been an interesting subject of inquiry, even for those who are not much in the habit of looking to it for any considerable portion of their mental aliment. Nowhere else, perhaps, are some of the most prominent features of the literature of the present day so strikingly exhibited; nowhere else is the connexion between the literature and the life of a nation so close and intimate; in no other literature is "the age and body of the time, its form and pressure," so vividly reflected; nowhere else does the written word so soon become incarnate in deed as in the capital of France. The direct and most powerful influence of the press in the formation of public opinion, is a fact everywhere obvious enough, but becomes a subject of more anxious observation there, from the tendency of opinion to explode instantaneously into action; there, too, not merely newspapers, but almost every publication that issues from the press, grave or gay, heavy or light, is more or less strongly imbued with the popular feeling of the passing hour, and is representative of some theory that has taken possession, for the time, of the popular mind. The history of literature in France is, therefore, even more than in any other country, indispensable to the history of society.

Since the fountains of the great deep of social existence have been broken up, and the profoundest questions of government and human life have been brought to the surface, and made the subjects of general and daily discussion, the literature of France, if it have lost something in refinement, has gained much in passionate earnestness, compass, and strength of tone. Her writers do not aspire to dwell apart in a "privacy of glorious light," or look to the distant reward of future fame: they take their subjects from the events of the passing day, throw themselves headlong into the arena, where the most agitating conflicts are carried on, and catch the fervid breath of enthusiasm as it rises warm from the passions of the multitude.

It is nothing new to find that the importance of any branch of literature, estimated in its effect on the public mind, may be taken at nearly the inverse ratio of its biblio-

graphical dignity; and in taking, under the guidance of M. Louandre, a glance at some facts concerning the intellectual production of France for the last fifteen years, we pass over the department of theology and abstruse philosophy, for this reason, as well as because it would lead us into regions too high and difficult of access for our present purpose.

Passing these, we come next to where the prospect is, in many respects highly satisfactory—to those departments of literature whose business it is to assist and record the triumphs of physical science. In Natural History, we find, that though production has been very active, the writers, far from sharing in the inordinately eager money-getting spirit, so painfully conspicuous in many cases, have often imposed on themselves heavy sacrifices, and devoted themselves to their pursuit with disinterested passion.

In Geography, we have abundance of great works, relations of voyages, undertaken at the expense of the state, for the observation of astronomical phenomena, and the advancement of science and civilization, to which France has made, or endeavored to make, even her military conquests subservient; and the efforts of individuals have been joined to those of government. Travels, economical, political, archaeological, &c., have increased to an unparalleled extent; and the light troops of "Residences," "Recollections," and "Impressions de Voyage," to the number of about eighty works a year, have helped to dilute the less wholesome ingredients of the circulating libraries. Sacred and ecclesiastical history, the lives of saints, the histories of religious orders, of popes and councils, reach a higher figure than might have been anticipated. In the year 1845 they amounted to no fewer than a hundred and twenty-one works, besides a very large number of religious books of smaller bulk, in the publication of which the convents and religious associations have entered into active competition with "the trade."

Of Historical works we find an imposing mass, some even which were begun under the old monarchy, and which—interrupted by the revolution of 1793—have since 1830 been recommenced. One of these, the



"Recueil des Ordonnances," was undertaken by order of Louis XIV. Besides great collections of historical papers, such as the "Collection des Documents inédits relatifs à l'Histoire de France," published under the auspices and at the expense of government, we have historical works by Messrs. Guizot, Thierry, Salvandy, Mignet, &c., and other less celebrated names.

Unfortunately, the success of these and of various compilations (amongst which the "Tableaux Synoptiques de l'Histoire de France," sold fifty thousand copies in a few months), has attracted the attention of speculators, in whose calculations the interests of literature and science had very little share. Workshops have been organized for the fabrication of histories, general and special, the work being, in the first instance, undertaken by some man of note, or perhaps in an official position, who was to receive a certain amount per sheet, and who then immediately engaged a subordinate to perform the duty for about sixty francs a-sheet less. There are instances even of the latter acting as middle-man, and subletting his job, at, of course, a still further reduction of payment. How the work was done on such a system as this may easily be imagined.

Under the ancient monarchy, most of the provinces had their historians, usually Benedictine monks, who wrote vast books, bristling with names and dates, and of which the affairs of the church, of course, occupied the largest portion. These had been long discontinued, but in 1832 a provincial history, entitled "L'Ancien Bourbonnais," was begun by M. Charles Allier, at Moulins; and this gave the signal for the appearance of various works of a similar character, in different parts of the kingdom, which, it is said, rival, in point of material execution, some of the finest productions of the Parisian press.

Paris, however, could not neglect to work what proved so profitable a vein as that of picturesque illustration; and at one time no less than three "Britannies Illustrated" were in the market. But the most remarkable production of this kind ever undertaken in France, or perhaps in the world, is the "Voyage Pittoresque et Artistique dans l'Ancienne France," which, when it shall be finished, should that day ever arrive, will cost each subscriber, or his heir, no less a sum than thirty-three thousand francs (£1,320).

Memoir-writing, a branch of literature belonging almost exclusively to France, ap-

pears to have, in a great measure, fallen to decay; seldom manifesting itself of late, except as an epidemic among ancient ladies, concerning whom what is most noteworthy is, that they have all received, but disdained, the homage of the Emperors Napoleon or Alexander. Biographies have issued at the rate of about two hundred and fifty a-year, of which many have been pamphlets, and some "Biographies Universelles;" no longer, however, the fruit of the long, patient toil of a single man, but by a variety of *hands* of various degrees of merit, and of every shade of political and religious opinion. Their subjects are often infinitesimally small, descending even to notorious robbers and precocious children.

Periodical literature would of course open too wide a field to be entered on here, we may therefore merely mention, that the total number of regular newspapers occupying themselves with politics, science, literature, manufacturing industry, and scandal, is, or was previous to the late crisis, about five hundred, of which a large proportion was fiercely republican; but of late the word republic had been replaced by that of democracy. During the first years that followed the July revolution, the agitations of party spirit, the passions raised in the struggle, the consciousness that the eyes of Europe were upon them, all helped to sustain the tone of the French journals, and gave them great interests, and important principles to discuss. But subsequently, politics gave way to considerations of trade; they no longer addressed themselves to the convictions, but to the curiosity of the public, and exerted themselves successfully to gain from the idle classes a large addition to their subscribers, by the deplorable introduction of the *feuilleton* romance, to which we shall again have occasion to allude.

These regular newspapers have been for the last twenty-five years flanked by a numerous corps of small papers, whose attacks have not been always less formidable for being made with light weapons, and which bear the same relation to the newspaper, that the *vaudeville* does to the regular high comedy. There are also a few reviews and magazines on the English plan, and another importation from our side of the Channel, the illustrated papers, which hold a prominent place in what M. Louandre aptly calls "the literature of grown children." Pictures, it has been said, are the books of the ignorant. Besides these, there are periodicals specially addressed to various classes,

ages, and sexes,—Children's Journals, Boys and Girls', Ladies' and Bachelors' ditto; and others for lawyers, musicians, soldiers, sailors, national guards, priests, tradesmen in general, and upholsterers in particular, not to mention theatrical journals, and so forth, whose editors are more numerous than their subscribers.

Educational books appear to have been exclusively produced by the members of the educating body, and production in this department has been so active, that we find in a single year (1840) no less a number than five hundred and one works on these subjects presented to the university. Grammars have multiplied from day to day, but are chiefly distinguished by the barbarisms and solecisms, from which even their titles are often not free. Not a few unnatural professors of languages have shown a disposition to attack the syntax on which they have been nurtured; other innovators have wished to abolish orthography (perhaps to save the trouble of learning it); but, in abandoning regular government, it appears they fell into anarchy, and having split into two hostile factions, one of which insisted on writing *moi* with an *i*, another with an *a*—*moa*—the system has fallen to the ground.

Ancient literature, against which, towards 1830, there was a strong reaction, has more recently recovered some favor; extensive collections of classical authors, Latin and Greek, have been well received, and the character of translations has been greatly improved.

In foreign literature, the Parisians have made great progress. Scarcely twenty-five years ago it would have been thought beneath their dignity to admire the *chef d'œuvres* of other nations; they applied to intellectual productions the prohibitive system in all its rigor. They have now proclaimed free trade, "having at length understood that a nation without intellectual commerce, is a link broken from the great chain." This branch of literature divides itself into two; the one erudite and historical, comprising the works of the Oriental nations, the other those of modern Europe. The former works have issued first from the royal presses, and their editors, besides filling that office, have, by translations, made their countrymen acquainted with the poetry of China, Persia, Arabia, and Hindostan, and have, it is said, studied in their minutest details the religion, philosophy, sciences, arts, and manners of those nations. "Let what may be

said of German erudition," says M. Louandre, "that of France has shown itself no less exact, patient, and inventive. Silvestre de Sacy and Abel Remusat have shown themselves true encyclopædists; M. Bur-nouf has reconstructed languages, as Cuvier reconstructed a world."

Whilst Oriental scholars have been traversing Asia, others have been no less busy with their European neighbors. The writers, ancient and modern, of Italy, have long been cordially welcomed; of Dante, there have been published in Paris nine Italian editions, and ten French translations. The literature of Spain has also recently attracted attention, and not only have the heroes of Castile and Andalusia furnished subjects for Parisian dramatists, and her lyrical writers been inspired by the *romancero*, but works previously known in France only by imitations more or less unfaithful, have been familiarized to general readers by accurate translations.

German literature has been also the object of copious criticism and translation, and these peaceful conquests beyond the Rhine have had a marked influence on the intellectual progress of France.

Of all foreign literature, however, the English makes the most important figure in the catalogue. In fifteen years there have been published in Paris, seven editions of the complete works of Byron, and ten of French translations of them; Milton has been reprinted four times in six years. As for the novelists, the appetite of the Parisians for this kind of fodder is, it appears, so insatiable, that, in spite of the incessant activity of their native production, they have still, within the period under consideration, devoured of Cooper, thirty-one English, and forty-two French editions; of Bulwer, fifty-nine French and English; and of Hoffman, Cervantes, Fielding, Stern, Richardson, *quantum suff.*; as to Walter Scott, people have left off counting.

A considerable number of persons subsist entirely on the translation of foreign novels; and of these benefactors to their country, one lately dead, a M. de Fauconpret, had translated no less than 800 volumes.

Next to England in the novel market, comes America, then Germany, Italy, Russia, and lastly, Holland and Sweden. Spain stands on about the same footing as China, each of them having furnished four or five romances in fifteen years.

The poetical harvest in France, during the eleven years from 1830 to 1841, appears to have been enormous. Four thousand three hundred and eighty-three volumes, or pamphlets of poetry, made their appearance, of course without counting fugitive verses scattered through newspapers, &c.

Most of the literary men of Paris, have, it seems, made their *début* by poetry, more or less successful, but the majority have subsequently found their way to prose; and the sentiments of the youthful verses often form an amusing contrast to the prose of more mature age. Thus the first performance of M. Berryer, was a sort of epithalamium on the entrance of Napoleon and Maria Louisa into Paris, which terminates with—

"Vivez, prince! vivez, pour faire des heureux  
Tige en héros seconde, arbre majestueux,  
Déployez vos rameaux, et croissant d'âge en âge,  
Protégez l'univers sous votre auguste ombrage."

Oh Phoebus Apollo! you have much to answer for.

To M. Louis Blanc the world, it seems, is indebted for verses on the Hospital of the Invalides, and for a poem on Mirabeau, in four hundred and twenty *vers libres*; to M. Ortolan, professor, now at the School of Law, for a collection of poems entitled "Les Enfantines." M. Fulchiron has been found guilty of several tragedies and poems, "Saul," "The Siege of Paris," "Argillon," "Pizarro," &c. M. Guerard, one of the most eminent representatives of French erudition, obtained admission to the Academy by a poem called "La Mort de Bayard;" M. Genoud, a political allegory called "The Délivrance d'Israel;" M. l'Abbé de Veypiere, by a volume of sentimental poetry, "that might have been written by one of the elegant abbés of the seventeenth century." But while the prose writers have thus mostly tried the ascent of Parnassus at least once in their lives, the poets who have gained for themselves a permanent settlement at the top of the mountain, have scarcely established themselves there before they *aspire* to descend, and trace their furrow on the humbler fields of prose.

Among the above-named poetical productions we find usually every year three or four epics, whose authors, however, show themselves rather erudite than inventive, and deal more with the facts of history than with the creations of the imagination. Di-

dactic poetry yields annually six or eight volumes; idyls, allegories, and heroic poems, and the grand odes, once so much admired, "beginning with an invocation, and ending with enthusiasm," have departed this life, and are no more seen, even at the Academy. In many of the old-fashioned branches of poetical manufacture, also, such as the epics aforesaid, the producers are supposed to be more numerous than the consumers, and the former may, we are told, esteem themselves fortunate if they sell a dozen copies, after having printed and published at their own expense. Verily great must be the faith of these martyrs in what they sometimes call their mission. Of political poems, such as the "Epiître à Sidi Mahmoud," and the "Villèleiade," eighty thousand copies have been sold in three years. Personal and violent satires have also been very successful; some of these were secretly printed, and dated from *Marathon*, the *first year of the republic*.

Most of the trades have in France their poetical representatives. For the hair-dressers, for instance, there are MM. Jamin Daveau and Corsal; and carpenters and the cabinet-makers, bakers and shoemakers, gardeners and omnibus-owners, masons and embroiderers, all send deputies to the poetical assembly.

The quality and the aspects presented by this poetry have been, of course, very various, and ideas and views the most opposite and inconsistent have come into continual collision. The horizon changes every moment, and the reader is carried, as on the wings of the wind, through antiquity, the middle ages, and the *renaissance*, to the present day. When the revolution of 1830 broke out, the revolution in literature was already at its height, and in 1834 there was perfect anarchy. Each day brought forth new theories and verses transgressing all known rules. All kinds of whims, extravagances, and barbarisms were by turns erected into systems, and temples were raised to all sorts of literary deformities, as by the ancients to all the vices. The once-worshipped names of the past were torn down without mercy, and others, hitherto unknown, resuscitated to receive their apotheosis, and "As it happens in all émeutes, people who desired only wise, enlightened, necessary reforms, could not make themselves heard." The old classics, we are told, looked down on the hosts of innovators with a terror like that of the old emigrants of

'92 looking down from the heights of Coblenz on the triumphant march of the revolution, and proclaimed the chiefs of the new school to be literary Antichrists, whose coming foretold the last day. Four or five years later, however, for things move quickly in France, the partizans of the ancient *régime* had become in a great measure reconciled to the revolutionists, and they on their parts had lightened their vessel of extravagances that might have caused it to founder.

As for the poets themselves, in 1825, they were melancholy and Byronian; in 1830, political, devoted to the cause of humanity, ambitious of ruling the world, and comparing themselves to the pillar of fire that guided the Israelites across the Desert; in 1834, they sung despair and death; in 1838 they sought refuge in "the ancient faith;" in 1844 both despair and religious consolation were forgotten, and they chanted the seductive charms of life, "of the world, the flesh, and the devil."

From the poets, following the bibliographical arrangement, we come to romancists. These form a group of about a hundred writers, of whom about fifteen are women. The average number of their productions, as stated by M. Louandre, falls short of what, from their known fertility, might have been anticipated. But the two hundred and ten new novels published every year would be enormously increased by the addition of the almost countless host of *feuilleton* novels. Their abundance is explained by the nature of the demand, and the character of the readers addressed. Every day something new is required to awaken the curiosity of those who read with the intention of never troubling themselves to think, if they can help it, and the firm resolution of learning nothing. The idle class, which desires only to be amused, always numerous in France, is especially so in Paris, where there are many who esteem themselves rich enough to do nothing, yet who are too poor to take part in expensive pleasures, and who have no other resource against *ennui* than the promenade, the *café*, and novel-reading.

French historical novels have, of course, been mostly imitations of Walter Scott; but the writers seem to have forgotten that to revive in fiction the realities of history, it is at least necessary to know the past,—and this is precisely what was wanting to the disciples of the author of "Ivanhoe;" who, when they ought to have seized the

spirit of past ages, contented themselves with copying their outward forms; and, accordingly, very few of these productions—"Nôtre Dame de Paris," "Cinq Mars," and a few others, have taken permanent rank.

By the side of the historical we find the maritime novel, also, of course imitated from the English; the republican novel, born in 1831 and defunct in 1835; the philanthropical, the religious-legitimist, the Catholic, the anti-Catholic novel, in which the Jesuits play the part of the devil in the old mysteries. And there is also the romance military, the romance communist, the romance conjugal—in which, as it proceeds from a masculine or feminine pen, a husband is the victim of his wife, or a wife the victim of her husband. French novelists have given up apparently the study of character for the study of vices; they have descended to the very lowest steps of the social scale; they have mingled with the degraded, the dangerous, the utterly fallen; they have thrown a kind of glittering gauze over their rags; they have lent these miserable beings arguments to justify their fall, or they have created imaginary and impossible *Fleurs-de-Maries*, as in other classes of society they have produced *femmes incomprises* and *immariables*. Rogues, bullies, sharpers, thieves, assassins, have been described, idealized, and defended against society, so that while philanthropists and economists were occupied with the reform of prisons, the novel-writers were doing their best to people them. Other productions there are whose mere titles are sufficient—"Une Pecheresse," "Une Séduction," "Un Flagrant Délit," "Ce que Vierge ne doit lire," &c.; but of this mournful and scandalous department of literature little more need be said, as a general protest has arisen against it. M. Louandre mentions a species of this genus, which he calls the *physiological*, a revival from the sixteenth century, and "worthy of its audacious predecessors." What is most remarkable, he says, in these productions is, that notwithstanding their defiance of decency, the writers would fain take on themselves the character of social reformers.

From the physiology of individuals, the same writers have passed to that of cities, and obliged the world with "Paris at Night," "Paris at Table," "Paris on Horseback," "Literary Paris," "Married Paris," &c.; and thence to that of nations, with "The English painted by themselves,"

and so on ; and, lastly, "The Physiology of Physiologists." Passing these, we come upon a crowd of ambiguous productions,—pictures of manners, and books of the rose-colored order,—keepsakes and tales, interlaced with verses, and illustrated with vignettes, and others to which the "Livre de Cent et un" has served as a model.

But there was yet another branch of the manufacture which it was thought might be more worked to greater profit. The literature of the nursery might be turned to better account than heretofore, and no sooner was this discovery made than there sprung up a great crop of little books "destined for the amusement and instruction of childhood and youth." Fashionable novelists, and writers of *vaudevilles*, even Messrs. De Balzac, Janin, and Dumas, did not disdain to address an infantine audience, and the book-trade speculated on the small public as it had done on the great one. Juvenile Keepsakes, and gaily decorated works, in which illustration overflowed and almost swallowed up the text—these descended in a golden shower. The so-called religious houses of education have entered into competition with lay-writers in this department, and have sent forth a crowd of *Historiettes*, published under episcopal authority. They have even admitted into their "Little Catholic Libraries," writers pitilessly proscribed some years ago, and *expurgated*, for this purpose, not only Walter Scott, but, what is rather a more difficult matter, Gil Blas! M. l'Abbe Pinard, who has performed many of those literary exorcisms, has even presented his countrymen with an "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," in which the Sultana Scheherazade is transformed into a teacher of a ladies' boarding-school.

The literati of Paris have seized on the principles of association and co-operation, which have been rightly extolled as so advantageous in industrial undertakings connected with the labor of the hands, and applied them also to those of the mind. Companies have been formed among men and women of letters, for the production of works in which the gentlemen charged themselves with the terrible passions, and the ladies with the subtle observations and delicate emotions of the heart ; and these companies have taken into their service editorial clerks, who have been allowed a share in the concern. One writer (M. Alexandre Dumas), has sometimes employed no less than 63 journeymen or collaborators, as they are politely called ; so that the bib-

liographers have been at their wits' end to know to whom a work was to be attributed, and publishers have sometimes stipulated that the whole of a manuscript should be in the author's own hand-writing.

In 1836, the novel-writers made their great irruption into the newspapers, an invasion which has created a disastrous epoch in the literary history of France ; disastrous, first to those who adopted the system, as imposing on them ruinous expenses to secure the co-operation of this or that writer most in fashion at the moment ; disastrous in a literary point of view, as usurping the place of serious criticism ; disastrous, also, in a moral point of view, for the *feuilleton*-romance has attacked and degraded all that is worthy of respect—the family, women, religious faith—it has calumniated human nature, and cast on society the responsibility of the perversity and vices of the individual ; disastrous to the national honor of the French, for it has represented them in the eyes of Europe as a demoralized, enervated people, sincere in no worship but that of pleasure or gold, and with no activity but in evil-doing, and fatal also to the dignity of letters, for the *feuilleton*-romance has mostly one object, that of realizing as speedily as possible a large pecuniary profit.

Is it wonderful that in the pursuit of enormous gains, the interests of art should have been forgotten? "But art avenges herself," says M. Louandre ; "for the mercantile period in an author's life is marked by an evident cessation of growth in his talents, and, not unfrequently, by a rapid decay, so that, singularly enough, we must seek generally in the commencement of an author's career for his best productions."

We have scarcely time to take a hasty glance at the statement of facts connected with the dramatic literature of the period in question, but a few figures will give a general idea of its condition.

The register of the Society of Dramatic Authors presents, it seems, 460 names, but the number of actually living writers, whose names figure from time to time upon the play-bills, amounts to nearly 900 ; and, if we include in the list the authors of tragedies, comedies, and vaudevilles, which have never been acted, it will appear that this branch of industry has never been more active. In the dramatic workshops, also, the principles of co-operation and division of labor, so useful in all manufactures, has been extensively put in practice. Slight little come-

dies and vaudevilles have two or three names appended to them, as for instance, "Scribe & Co.," or the names of the less important junior partners are sunk altogether, and a piece on which he has really bestowed only a few finishing touches, comes forth under the hand and seal of the head of the firm. Not fame, but lucrative success, is the great object aimed at. The number of new pieces produced in fifteen years, exclusive of 150 played only in the provinces, are stated at 3,789, of which the greater part, of course, are of a slight and easy kind. Among dramatists and novel-writers we find the same pretension to touch on every possible subject—history, politics, socialism—and here, as before, exaggeration, disorder, contempt of study, and often of decency; the same use and abuse of the terrible, the criminal, and the odious.

The reprehensible conduct of the authors of these reckless compositions needs no com-

ment. In large cities there must be, or at all events, there always have been, large classes to whom such recreations are as attractive and as poisonous as the liquid fire of a gin-palace; but nowhere can they be more dangerous than among the excitable and highly imitative population of Paris. Fortunately, there have been symptoms observable of the authors in question having become conscious of, and regretting, the mischief they have been doing. From this, one would hope the distance would not be great towards amendment; but now that society and literature are once more plunged into the fiery crater of revolution, it is impossible to foresee what precise form either is next to assume, or what kind of products will issue from that seething cauldron. But whatever strange shapes we may behold, there will, probably, be few or none which have not been seen before, as shadows in the magic glass of the imagination.

---

From the North British Review.

## RECENT FRENCH SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY—ORGANIZATION OF LABOR.

1. *Etudes sur les Réformateurs Contemporains.* Par LOUIS REYBAUD. Paris, 1840.
2. *Organization du Travail.* Par LOUIS BLANC. Paris, 1839. *Cinquième Edition, Augmentée,* 1848.
3. *Letters au Peuple.* Par GEORGE SAND. Paris, 1848.
4. *The NATIONAL—French Newspaper.* March, 1848.
5. *Louis Blanc on the Working Classes, with a Refutation of his destructive Plan.* By JAMES WARD. London, 1848.

THAT the set of opinions brought forth into action by the recent Revolution in France is something totally different from the now common-place Republicanism with which the Revolution of 1789 deluged Europe, must already be sufficiently clear to all who have paid any attention to the accounts that have been reaching us from Paris for the last two months.

This, indeed, is what any well-instructed person will have been prepared to expect. It has never yet been seen that any great social crisis, was a mere repetition of that which preceded it. Always, in every crisis, there are involved new principles, new germs, accumulated in the mind of society since the last epoch of a similar nature, and which, seizing the current opportunity—if indeed they have not created it—spring forth into expanded activity, dominate over the crisis, and give it its special significance

and character. If, then, this new Revolution in France be, as the fears of some, the hopes of others, and the anxieties of all bespeak it—nay, as its train of already achieved consequences proves it to be—a real crisis, for all Europe; it follows, according to all analogy, that it contains new seeds, and that the condition of society which it will ultimately evolve, will be unlike any yet known.

What then are the new seeds contained in this *third*, or as it is now customary, in contempt of the transactions of July 1830, to say, this *second* French Revolution? A mighty question, which the future alone can fully answer, but in connexion with which one or two things may even now be said! It is always possible to infer something regarding the direction which a political movement will assume, by observing what are the speculations abroad in society at

the time, and which, possessing the leading minds, are likely, to some extent at least, to be embodied in the new system of things. What, then, are the ideas at present most powerful in the mind of the French nation? the ideas, that is, which engage in a special manner its most active intellects, and are by them most sedulously diffused among the people? To this question a partial answer has already been furnished in the frequent, but somewhat blind allusions in our newspapers to "Communism," "Communist Doctrines," &c., as being now very prevalent in French society, and as having disciples among the very men who have acted the most prominent part in the Revolution. On examining more closely, it is found that in these newspaper allusions the word "Communism" is used as a vague designation for a variety of political and social theories now abroad in France, all of them characterized, it would appear, by a vehement repugnance, in some cases intellectual, in others sentimental, to the doctrines of Adam Smith and Malthus, and all of them aiming at a grand result, which they term "the Re-organization of Labor," and sometimes also, more generally, "The Re-organization of Society." To expound the more remarkable of these theories, and to collect such facts as may tend to show how far they are likely to affect the course of events in France, are the objects of the present article.

It is now upwards of thirty years since Claude-Henri, Comte de Saint-Simon, began to promulgate in France those views which have since become so famous under the name of *Saint-Simonianism*. Born at Paris, the 17th October, 1760, of a family one of the most distinguished of the old French noblesse, and which traced its descent to Charlemagne, through the Counts de Vermandois, Saint-Simon inherited, as much as any man of his generation, those qualities, which high pedigree confers. His grandfather, the Duc de Saint-Simon, was one of the most noted of those aristocratic figures that moved so gracefully in the court of Louis XIV. His father, however, having lost the ducal title and property, Saint-Simon began life from a somewhat lower elevation than that to which his name entitled. After having received a general education under D'Alembert, and other masters, he followed the course usual at that time for young Frenchmen of family, and in the year 1777 joined the army which

was sent by Louis XVI. to assist the American insurgents against the British crown.

Inheriting in large degree a certain restlessness and eccentricity which was characteristic of his family, Saint-Simon, even in early youth, was buoyed up by a persuasion that he was to play a great part in the world. When he was in his 17th year his servant was instructed to awake him every morning with these words—"Levez-vous, Monsieur le Comte, vous avez de grandes choses à faire." For a young Frenchman bent on "grandes choses," America was scarcely the field; and after having served under Washington and Bouillé, as well as travelled in a private capacity in various parts of the continent, especially in Mexico, where he attempted to interest the Viceroy in a scheme for uniting the two oceans by rendering navigable the river Partido, he was glad to return to France. Here, in the enjoyment of the rank of Colonel, which was at that time conferred on young noblemen as an honorary sinecure, he continued to live at court without seeking any opportunity of active service. "My vocation," he says, "was not to be a soldier; I was inclined to a mode of activity quite different, and, I may say, opposite. To study the march of the human spirit, in order, eventually, to labor for the advancement of civilization; such was the end which I proposed to myself."

In 1785, having been left his own master by his father's death two years before, he visited Holland: and in the following year he went to Spain. Availing himself there of the influence which his position afforded, he pressed on public notice various projects of a practical character. One of these, concerted between him and Cabarrus, then director of the bank of St. Charles, afterwards Minister of Finance, was a project for uniting Madrid with the sea, by means of a canal. This scheme failed for want of encouragement from the Spanish Government; in another scheme, however, for establishing a system of stage-coaches in Andalusia—the first experiment of the kind in Spain—he was more successful. In these attempts at improvement in a foreign country, one sees that passion for rectification at all times and places which is the genuine characteristic of those whom the world call reformers. What Saint-Simon attempted on a small scale in Spain, the celebrated Count Rumford accomplished on a much larger, in Bavaria. Both were men of the

same stamp. In Saint-Simon, however, as was proved by his subsequent career, the passion for rectification was infinitely deeper and more frantic than in Count Rumford. Beginning with proposals for constructing canals, and establishing systems of diligences for the benefit of provincial traffic, it was to go on increasing by exercise, and becoming more and more conscious of itself, until at length it was to grapple expressly, daringly, and even ostentatiously with the wrongs of humanity itself.

Saint-Simon returned to his native country in 1789, immediately before the outbreak of the great Revolution. He took no part, he says, in the stirring events which followed, but stood by as a mere spectator. Nobleman as he was, his sympathies were probably more with the Republicans than with the Royalists in the struggle. At all events, bent on schemes of his own, his interest in which was stronger than any aristocratic regrets of the hour, he did not hesitate, in partnership with a Prussian nobleman, Count de Redern, whose acquaintance he had made in Spain, to purchase a large quantity of the confiscated national lands from the Revolutionary Government. The funds were to be employed on his part in founding "a great scientific school, and a great industrial establishment;" but when, after the fall of Robespierre, the property was at length realized, this project was frustrated by a quarrel between him and his partner, which ended in his accepting from the latter the net sum of 144,000 livres (£6800) in lieu of all his claims. This took place in 1797. "Pecuniarily," said Saint-Simon, commenting on the transaction afterwards, "I was the dupe of Redern."

Upon this little fortune of £6800 as a basis, Saint-Simon, now in his thirty-eighth year, was to build a vast life! His passion for a career had begun to assume a more definite shape. To lead mankind into a new path of activity, the nature of which, however, he could as yet only faintly indicate to himself by the descriptive adjective of "physico-political," applied to it by anticipation—this seemed an enterprise worthy of his toil.

But, first, he must qualify himself for his great task by a course of universal education. Of this education the first part must be technical and theoretical; that is, he must first thoroughly acquire and master all those contemporary scientific generalities in which the entire knowledge of the race

was condensed and formulized. True, he is no longer young; "his brain has lost its malleability;" still, as being rich and resolute, he possesses advantages on the other side; nor in the mind of an old pupil of D'Alembert could the necessary elementary notions be entirely wanting. Accordingly, taking up his residence near the *Ecole Polytechnique*, and cultivating, on purpose, the intimate personal acquaintance of the Professors, he devoted his whole attention for three years, according to his own methods and convenience, and with all the appliances that money could purchase, to the study of the physical sciences—mathematics, astronomy, general physics, and chemistry. Satisfied with his progress in these, he removed in 1801 to the neighborhood of the *Ecole de Médecine*, in order, in a similar manner, to add to his stock of ideas regarding inorganic nature, all the general notions that were attainable regarding organized bodies. Here, accordingly, in the company of eminent intellects, he traversed the whole field of physiological science.

Having thus imbibed and made his own all the contemporary scientific thought of France, it was necessary for him, according to his plan, to visit England and Germany, lest, in either country, any ideas should be lurking, of decided European value, although France had not recognised them. He was disappointed. "From England," he says, "I brought back the certainty, that its inhabitants were not directing their scientific labors to any general end, and had at that time no new capital idea on hand." The Germans, on the other hand, he "surprised in the midst of their mystical philosophy—the true infant-stage of all general science." Thus, seeing that the two great Teutonic countries could furnish him with no idea out of the circle of fundamental scientific principles, which had been accessible to him in France, he considered himself justified in concluding that, in having made those principles fully his own, he had taken in the entire essence of all the contemporary thought of the world.

To the mass of formal or theoretical knowledge which Saint-Simon had acquired by his method of systematic contact with all those of his contemporaries who made thinking or generalization their profession, it behoved him, according to his prescribed plan, to add something else before he could regard his training as complete. This was Experience, properly so called; that is, the



actual realization in his own person of the whole range of human idiosyncrasies and emotions. Now as the former portion of his education had been compassed by study, so this could only be compassed by *experimentation*; that is, by the voluntary assumption, for scientific purposes, of all those situations in which any new set of feelings could be obtained. He resolved, therefore, to lead for several years a life of systematic experimentation, in order that, as by his previous course of universal study he had digested the whole mass of known scientific truths, and as it were placed himself at the point of highest theoretic generality attained by the race, so now, by this other method, he might break down the limitations which circled him in as a nobleman and a Frenchman, fraternize emotionally with all sorts of men, and be able at last to come forth a genuine epitome of all human sensation.

His first experiment—confessed by himself to have been such, was that of marriage. The lady he chose for his wife was Mademoiselle de Champgrand, the daughter of one of his companions in arms during the American War. "I wished to use marriage," he says, "as a means for studying the *savants*; a thing which appeared to me necessary for the execution of my enterprise; for, in order to improve the organization of the scientific system, it is not sufficient merely to know well the situation of human knowledge; it is necessary also, to seize the effect which the cultivation of science produces on those who devote themselves to it; it is necessary to appreciate the influence which this occupation exercises over their passions, over their spirit, over the *ensemble* of their moral constitution, and over its separate parts." The matrimonial relation seems, in the case of Saint-Simon, to have resented the indignity thus put upon it. After a few years he and his wife were separated by a divorce procured by mutual consent. Childless by the first marriage, Madame de Saint-Simon soon afterwards contracted a second.

Both during and after his marriage, Saint-Simon continued to pursue, in the most indefatigable manner, his prescribed career of experimentation. Balls, dinners, and experimental evening-parties followed each other, says his biographer, in rapid succession; every new situation that money could create was devised and prepared; good and evil were confounded; play, discussion, debauch, were alike gone into; the experi-

ence of years was crushed into a short space; even old age was artificially realized by medicaments; and, that the loathsome might not be wanting, this enthusiast for the universal, would inoculate himself with prevalent contagious diseases. It was probably when theorizing retrospectively on this period of his life that Saint-Simon afterwards drew up the following scheme of what he conceived to be a model human existence:—"First, To spend one's vigorous youth in a manner the most original and active possible; 2dly, To gain a knowledge of all human theories and practices; 3dly, To mingle with all classes of society, placing one's self in all possible situations, and even creating situations that do not exist; and, 4thly, To spend one's old age in resuming one's observations and in establishing principles." With regard to the violation of established rules of morality necessarily involved in the reckless experimentation prescribed by this scheme, he observes characteristically, "If I see a man who is not launched on the career of general science frequenting houses of play and debauch, and not shunning with the most scrupulous care the society of persons of notorious immorality, I say, Behold a man going to perdition; he is born under an evil star; the habits which he is contracting will debase him in his own eyes, and will, consequently, render him supremely despicable. But if this man is under the direction of theoretical philosophy; if the object of his researches is to lay down the true line of demarcation which ought to separate actions, and class them into good and bad; if he is compelling himself to discover the means for curing those maladies of the human intelligence which cause us to follow paths that lead us away from happiness; then I say, This man runs the career of vice in a direction which will conduct him necessarily to the highest virtue."

If comment were necessary on this sweeping doctrine, one might point out the vicious confusion, characteristic of the Utilitarian Philosophy, which it involves, of the two distinct categories of the *Quid est* and the *Quid oportet*: the latter, through the transitional equivalent of the *Quid prodest*, being reduced to a mere department of the former, and so made amenable to the ordinary method of scientific induction; a method, according to which, the universal moral law would be a mere generalization from the mass of the accumulated past experience of our race—European, Asiatic,

African, and American. "Do the law, and thou shalt know the doctrine," is the maxim directly antagonistic. Besides, what becomes of the so-called poetic faculty, if thus, in order to know a thing, we must actually go into the midst of it, with hands, eyes, and feet? If this poetic faculty is not a hallucination, what is it but that Shakespearian something implanted in a man, by which, living strongly his own simple course, chalked out for him by his native impulses and his felt duties, he can yet keep company with kings, knaves, heroes, and dead men, and walk wind-like all-licensed over the whole earth?

The prescribed course of experimentation ended about the year 1807, when, having spent all his money, Saint-Simon found himself, at the age of forty-seven, in a condition of abject poverty. This, too, however, was experience; and, in order to earn his bread, the grandson of the proudest courtier of Louis XIV. did not refuse the post of clerk in a *Mont de Piété*, or Government Pawnbroking Establishment, which, with a salary of 1000 francs (£40) a year, was offered him in 1808 by the Comte de Ségur, to whom he had applied for some situation. In this post he continued for about six months, after which he was indebted for lodging and subsistence to the charity of a former acquaintance named Diard. On Diard's death, in 1812, he was again thrown adrift upon Paris. Living in the most miserable manner, often without fire, and with bread and water for his only fare, he was yet upheld, he says, "by his passion for science, and his desire peaceably to terminate the terrible crisis in which European society is involved." Strange spectacle in modern times, a man living on, solitary and poor, in a wretched metropolitan lodging—not maturing a specific scientific discovery, perfecting a mechanical invention, or completing a literary work, for any of which there were not wanting precedents; but nourishing within him, under the form of a French egotism, an almost Oriental belief that somehow or other he was about to accomplish a direct social mission! A belief similar to this is, indeed, usually generated in eminent men by the heat and fever of incessant action among their fellows; but rarely, as in Saint-Simon, has it been seen existing as a purely intuitive egotism, antecedent to all activity, and demanding explicitly its own verification.

Meanwhile, if Saint-Simon was to ac-  
Vol. XIV. No. III.

complish a mission, it was certainly time that he should be setting about it. Already in his fifty-second year, he had surely entered on that stage of life in which, according to his own scheme, he should be resuming his observations. Accordingly, in 1812, precisely at the period when his circumstances were most wretched, he gave to the world his first publication, under the title of "Letters from an inhabitant of Geneva to his contemporaries." The theme of the first of these letters was the social condition of men who, like himself, belonged to the intelligential, as distinguished from the industrial class. "Open," he said, "a subscription before the tomb of Newton; subscribe all indiscriminately, each whatever sum he pleases. Let each subscriber name three mathematicians, three mechanical philosophers, three chemists, three physiologists, three literary men, three painters, three musicians, &c. Renew the subscription every year, and divide the sum raised among the three mathematicians, the three mechanical philosophers, the three chemists, the three physiologists, the three literary men, the three painters, the three musicians, &c., who have obtained most votes; and, by this means, men of genius will enjoy a recompense worthy of themselves, and of you." In these letters, more valuable, it will be perceived, for the general modes of conception which they threw abroad than for any practical recommendations which they contained, Saint-Simon first announced that peculiar distinction between the spiritual and temporal orders which pervades his whole social philosophy. "The spiritual power in the hands of the *savans*; the temporal power in the hands of the men of property; the power of naming the individuals called to perform the functions of leaders, in the hands of the masses; for salary to the governing class, the consideration which they receive." Such was the compendium of the Saint-Simonian politics.

After the "Letters from Geneva," the next work of Saint-Simon was his "Introduction to the Scientific Labors of the Nineteenth Century," written in the form of an answer to Napoleon's famous question addressed to the Institute—"Give me an account of the progress of science since 1789; tell me its present state, and what are the means to be employed for its advancement." In this work Saint-Simon criticizes the existing state of science, denounces the intellectual anarchy prevalent,

and indicates the course by which he thinks clearness and order may be evolved.

The Restoration, favorable as it was on the whole to Frenchmen of old families, brought no increase of prosperity to a dreamer like Saint-Simon. About this time, however, it was, that there began to gather round him as pupils, those men of general views and ardent temperament, most of them then mere youths, in whom his spirit and influence were to survive. His first, and, as it has proved, his most constant disciple, was M. Olinde Rodrigues, a young student of Jewish extraction. To him succeeded two men destined to a still greater celebrity, M. Augustin Thierry, and M. Auguste Comte. The interchange of his ideas with these pupils in private discourse, seems to have assisted Saint-Simon greatly in the task of digesting his system and shaping it for practical purposes. The pupils, too, were no ordinary men, and contributed their labors, each according to his taste and faculty. It was in conjunction with Thierry that Saint-Simon prepared his third work of any consequence, which appeared under the following title: "The Reorganization of European Society; or on the necessity and the means of uniting the Peoples of Europe into one body-politic, preserving to each its own nationality; by Henri Saint-Simon, and Augustin Thierry, his pupil. Paris, 1814."

It was, however, in the year 1819, that Saint-Simon first gave forth, in the form of a small pamphlet, or rather squib, entitled, "*Parabole*," those conceptions regarding the place of the industrial classes in society on which his title, to intellectual originality principally rests. Of this striking *brochure* the following is an abstract:—

"Let us suppose that France suddenly loses her fifty best mechanical philosophers, her fifty best chemists, her fifty best physiologists, her fifty best mathematicians, her fifty best poets, her fifty best painters, her fifty best sculptors, her fifty best musicians, her fifty first literary men, her fifty best mechanicians, her fifty best civil and military engineers, her fifty best artillerymen, her fifty best architects, her fifty best physicians, her fifty best surgeons, her fifty best druggists, her fifty best seamen, her fifty best watchmakers, her fifty best bankers, her two hundred first merchants, her six hundred first agriculturists, her fifty best smiths, &c., &c., &c., in all the 3000 first *savants*, artists, and artisans of France.

"As these men are really the most productive Frenchmen, they are the flower of French society; they are, of all Frenchmen, the most useful to their country, those who gain it most glory, and who most advance its civilization and prosperity. The nation would become an inanimate body the

instant it lost them; it would instantly fall beneath the nations that are its rivals, and it would remain subaltern to them until it had repaired its loss, regained its brain. It would take France at least a generation to make good such a misfortune; for men who distinguish themselves in labors of positive utility are real anomalies, and nature is not prodigal of anomalies, especially those of this kind.

"Let us pass to another supposition. Let us imagine that France retains all the above, but has the misfortune to lose, on one day, *Monsieur*, the King's brother, Monseigneur the Duke d'Angoulême Monseigneur the Duke de Berry, Monseigneur the Duke d'Orléans, Monseigneur the Duke de Bourbon, Madame the Duchess d'Angoulême, Madame the Duchess de Berry, Madame the Duchess de Orléans, Madame the Duchess de Bourbon, and Mademoiselle de Condé; at the same time also, all the great officers of the Crown, all the ministers of State, all the counsellors of State, all the masters of requests, all the marshals, all the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, grand-vicars, and canons, all the prefects, and sub-prefects, all the *employés* in the government-offices, all the judges, and, with them, the 10,000 richest proprietors of those who live sumptuously.

"This accident would certainly grieve the French, because they are a good people, and because they could not see with indifference the sudden disappearance of so great a number of their fellow-countrymen. But this loss of 30,000 individuals, reputed the most important in the State, would cause chagrin only in a point of view purely sentimental; for there would not result therefrom any political evil. It would be easy to replace the persons missing. In the first place, there are a great number of Frenchmen in a condition to execute the functions of the king's brother; many capable of filling the rank of princes as suitably as Monseigneur the Duke d'Angoulême, Monseigneur the Duke de Berry, &c. Then the antechambers of the *Château* are full of courtiers ready to occupy the places of the great Crown-officers; the army possesses hundreds of military men, as good captains as our present marshals. How many clerks there are worth our ministers of State! men of business fitter to manage the affairs of the departments than the prefects and sub-prefects now in office! advocates as good jurisconsults as our judges! *cures* as capable as our cardinals, archbishops, bishops, grand-vicars, and canons! As for the ten thousand proprietors, living sumptuously, their heirs would not require much apprenticeship to enable them to perform the honors of their *salons* as well as themselves."

Paragraphs so pungent as the above, with the conclusion appended to them, that society was in a state of utter confusion and required reorganization, naturally gave offence in high quarters; and a prosecution was instituted against the author, which, however, terminated in an acquittal. The peculiar value of a pamphlet so slight as the *Parabole*, as connected with the history of Saint-Simon is, that in it he first asserted

in language level to the popular apprehension, the superiority of the industrial classes in society, and his idea that their interests should be the peculiar care of the political system.

The doctrines of the *Parabole* were more fully developed and more methodically expounded in subsequent works; particularly in one entitled "*Catéchisme des Industriels*." In this work, he takes a retrospective view of the course of French history, dividing it into several epochs, and showing what interests were predominant in each. Then, having established these two propositions—1st, That the industrial classes (including in that designation all who live by labor of any kind) are the most useful to society; and, 2d, That the proportion of these classes to the rest of society has been continually increasing with the advance of civilization; he proceeds to predict the downfall of the existing military and feudal régime, and the establishment in its stead of a new or industrial régime; that is, of a political system in which not only shall the predominant interests be those of industry, but the administration itself shall be in the hands of the industrial class. It was also announced by Saint-Simon in this *Catéchisme*, that there was in preparation a work in which its views were to be fortified and completed—an exposition, namely, of "the scientific system and the system of education," that were to correspond with the new or industrial era. "This work," he says, "of which we have laid down the basis, and of which we have entrusted the execution to our pupil Auguste Comte, will expound the industrial system *à priori*, while here we expound it *à posteriori*." The fulfilment of the promise came out at length in M. Comte's "*Système de Politique Positive*," a work with which Saint-Simon, however, was only partially satisfied. It expounded the generalities of his system, he said, only as they appeared from the Aristotelian point of view; the religious and sentimental aspect being overlooked. Nevertheless, such as it was, the work, he said, was the best that had been written on general politics. How thoroughly, at all events, M. Comte had imbibed his master's notion regarding the *avenir* of the industrial classes, may be perceived from the large space which this notion occupies in that part of his great independent work, the "*Cours de Philosophie Positive*," which is devoted to sociology.

Saint-Simon's success with the public,

meanwhile, was very disproportionate to the earnestness with which he preached his views. Some new pupils had, indeed, been added to his little college, of whom the most distinguished were MM. Bazard and Enfantin; but beyond this intimate circle of sanguine young men, all society was sluggish and indifferent. Poor, obscure, and neglected, usually, he says, he bore up well; "his esteem for himself always increasing in proportion to the injury he did to his reputation." Once, however, on the 9th of March, 1823, his resolution gave way, and he fired a pistol at his own head. The wound was not fatal; and, with the loss of an eye, Saint-Simon returned to the world, to live yet a little longer in it.

And now came the closing stage of his extraordinary career. Resuming all his general ideas in science and politics, and impregnating the whole mass with a higher and warmer element than he had yet been master of, he, the one-eyed and disfigured valedudinarian, was to bequeath to the world as the total result of his life and labors, a New Religion! This he did in his "*Nouveau Christianisme*," which may be regarded as the summary of Saint-Simonianism by Saint-Simon himself. In this work the ruling idea is that Christianity is a great progressive system, rolling, as it were, over the ages, acting at all times on the thoughts and actions of men, but continually imbibing in return fresh power out of the mind of the race, and retaining only as its eternal and immutable germ this one adage, "Love one another." Of this great progress in Christianity, the first stage, according to Saint-Simon, had been the Catholic system, which had rendered great services to humanity, especially by its recognition of the distinction between the spiritual and temporal powers, but which had also failed in essential respects. After it, came the Protestantism of Luther, which, doing less for humanity, had failed still more grossly. Luther, St. Simon said, was a heretic, against whom this charge might be alleged—that, having Europe as a *tabula rasa* before him, he did not make a good use of his splendid opportunity, but threw down among the hungry nations a mass of low and prosaic sentiments. Lastly, he himself, Saint-Simon, was the harbinger of a new and triumphant stage—the Saint-Simonian phase of Christianity. Of this Saint-Simonianism the fundamental peculiarity was to consist in an expansion or modification of the permanent maxim of Christianity into the fol-

lowing formula:—"Religion ought to direct society towards the great end of the most rapid possible amelioration, physical and moral, of the condition of the class the most numerous and poor." No longer was there any necessity for keeping up the distinction between the religious and the social, the spiritual and the material, the welfare of the individual soul and the interests of the mass; the two were to be united; and religion was to consist, expressly and definitively, in the reorganization of society according to the foregoing formula.

What then, more closely considered, was the Saint-Simonian religion practically to consist in? Plainly in this—the raising of the sunken industrial classes, and their thorough and equable diffusion through the entire mass of society, so that the whole might move freely within itself. Were this all, however, the result would be mere chaos and bewilderment. A principle of order, of government, must be introduced. This, accordingly, was supplied in the principle of the Saint-Simonian hierarchy, asserted by Saint-Simon himself, and thus expressed by his followers:—"To each man a vocation according to his capacity; to each capacity a recompense according to its works." In this, the second fundamental principle of the Saint-Simonian system, there is, it will be perceived, a direct denial of the theory of absolute equality. It asserts the radical, inexplicable fact of the difference of capacities and dispositions between man and man; and even deifies this fact so as to make it furnish the supreme principle of social order. All privileges of birth being abolished, and each generation being thus left an independent aggregation of freely moving social atoms, there is to result in each a spontaneous government by a hierarchy of functionaries designated by nature herself. These functionaries again are to be animated by the fundamental Saint-Simonian principle of administration, that of "the most rapid possible amelioration of the condition of the class the most numerous and poor;" and thus on these two principles the world is to revolve, moving forward in majestic harmony, towards its unseen consummation.

Reconstructed according to the two fundamental Saint-Simonian principles, society would assume the form of a church-universal. Men of industry, employed in material occupations; *savans* employed in scientific speculation; and priests, uniting both capacities—this would be all society;

chiefs of industry, chiefs of savans, chiefs of priests—this would be all government. And thus from the supreme pope or pontiff of the race as the apex, down through an infinite number of sections towards the base, each generation of mankind would constitute an independent self-formed triangular solid, of which priests, thinkers, and laborers would be the atoms.

Thus, in the year 1825, did this singular and egotistic Frenchman compile the generalizations of his life, and give them to the world as a New Christianity. The divinity of the former Christianity he admitted, but he also, he was convinced, had a divine mission to supersede it. He had even had French supernatural intimations to that effect. "In the prison of the Luxembourg," he said, "I saw a vision. My ancestor Charlemagne appeared to me, and said, 'Since the world was, no family has had the honor to produce a hero and a philosopher both of the first rank. This honor is reserved for my house. My son, thy successes as a philosopher will equal mine as a warrior and a statesman.'"

To promulgate his views now completed, Saint-Simon, in conjunction with his pupils, founded a journal, to be called, "*Le Producteur*." The project of this paper may be said to have been formed on his death-bed. Having already suffered much from pain and ill-health, he breathed his last on the 19th of May 1825, in the presence of his favorite disciples, Comte, Thierry, Rodrigues, Bazard, and Enfantin. To them his last words were addressed:—"It has been imagined," he said, speaking in an especial manner to Rodrigues, although with a prophetic reference, one might think, to Comte, "that all Religion whatever ought to disappear, because we have succeeded in proving the decrepitude of that which exists. But Religion cannot disappear from the world; it can only change its form. Do not forget this, Rodrigues, and remember that, in order to do great things, one must be enthusiastic, (*pour faire de grandes choses il faut être passionné.*) My whole life sums itself up in a single thought:—"To assure to all mankind the freest possible development of their faculties." \* \* \* "The future is ours," he said, after a pause; and laying his hand to his head, died.

On M. Olinde Rodrigues, as the earliest disciple and special legatee of his master, it devolved to conduct the *Producteur*, and generally to superintend the diffusion of that mass of miscellaneous notions, for

the most part merely critical and destructive, but in part, also, organic and positive, which he had bequeathed to the world. His associates were MM. Bazard, Enfantin, Cerdet, Buchez, and one or two others, who had recently joined the little College. M. Comte seems already to have schemed for himself that path which was to carry him, like a solitary luminary, out of the Saint-Simonian cluster.

The position of public affairs in the year 1825, was such that it was deemed advisable by the Associates not to attempt a wholesale promulgation of the Saint-Simonian faith, but to confine themselves to an exposition of the Saint-Simonian doctrines regarding the Reorganization of Industry, the coming Industrial Régime, &c. This restriction had its advantages; for it secured the co-operation of many men of liberal tendencies, who, at that period of reaction towards absolutism, were willing to use such an organ as the *Producteur*, although they had no affection for the more esoteric Saint-Simonian theories. Accordingly, the *Producteur* reckoned among its contributors Armand Carrel, and other young chiefs of the growing Republicanism. For pecuniary reasons, however, the publication was ultimately abandoned.

It was now imagined by some that Saint-Simonianism was defunct. This, however, was a mistake. Ardent spirits throughout France had been seized with enthusiasm; correspondences had been carried on; and individual disciples, debarred the utterance of their special opinions in the *Producteur*, had found a voice for them in occasional independent publications. Suddenly a new outburst took place under the auspices of M. Bazard. Advertising a course of lectures which were to be delivered in the Rue Taranne, and were to contain "a complete exposition of the Saint-Simonian faith," he rallied round him the scattered Saint-Simonians. Associated with him as colleagues, were MM. Rodrigues and Enfantin; and to this triumvirate many new men of ability and education attached themselves, among whom may be mentioned MM. Hypolite Carnot, Michel Chevalier, Fournel, Barrault, Dugied, Charles Duveyrier, and Talabot.

As in the *Producteur* the Associates had been obliged by considerations of prudence to restrict themselves to the exposition of certain doctrines of immediate consequence, so now they revelled at pleasure in all the higher speculations of Saint-Simonianism.

Now for the first time was the Saint-Simonian creed filled out and formulized. "God," said the Associates, "is all that is; all is in Him; all communicate through Him." He manifests Himself in two sets of aspects; on the one hand, as spirit, intelligence, wisdom; on the other, as matter, force, beauty. The true action of this Pan or Deity upon the human race has been through gifted human spirits born at intervals. Moses, Numa, Orpheus, these men, representing, as it were, that aspect of the Divinity whose type is matter, force, beauty, had organized the *material* efforts of the race, they were chiefs of Worship; the founders of Christianity, representing the Divine Spirit, intelligence, wisdom, had organized the *spiritual* efforts of the race, and were chiefs of Doctrine; for Saint-Simon it had been reserved to unite the flesh and the spirit, and organize the *religious* efforts of the race—he was the Head of the Church. The systems of Moses, Orpheus, and Numa had been systems of national ceremonial; Christianity seized on the individual soul; the system of Saint-Simon pointed to a theocratic association of all under the highest *savans* and the highest chiefs of industry; whose administration was to be regulated by the two fundamental principles—"L'Amelioration," &c., and "A chacun," &c. Hitherto all societies had been presided over by merely dead laws; that is, by the letter of laws established at some point of the past time by the legislator whose name they bore—as the Mosaic law by Moses, the laws of Numa by Numa, and so on. The law of the Saint-Simonian constitution of society, however, was to be a living law; that is, it was to consist in a perpetual succession of commands issued on occasion by a perpetual series of living men. Or, in the words employed by M. Bazard himself, "In the future all the law that shall exist will consist in the declaration by which he who presides over an office shall make known his will to his inferiors, sanctioning his prescriptions with punishments and rewards."\* Cohering

\* As little as possible have we interrupted our exposition with comments of our own; at this point, however, we would bid our readers again observe that implied annihilation, in the Saint-Simonian system, of the moral sense as an ultimate thing in man, which we formerly remarked in the language of Saint-Simon himself. Right and wrong, according to the Saint-Simonians, are but generalizations like the laws of astronomy; and as it belongs to the *savans* of one class to decree what the more ignorant of the race are to believe concerning the moon

in virtue of this law, society will move on under one impulse towards one goal; there will be a million of arms but only one head; arranged in a descending hierarchy, and paid according to a tariff of salaries, all the men of each generation will depend upon him who for the time shall occupy the place of supreme king or pontiff of the globe, the strongest, the most sympathetic, the most generalizing (le plus généralisateur) of living beings. Such in gamboge and vermillion, is the Saint-Simonian millennium.

While revelling for their own private gratification in these apocalyptic anticipations, the Associates were not neglecting the humbler task of disseminating ideas critical of the existing state of things. An immediate corollary of the Saint-Simonian system which they occupied themselves with asserting to the public, was the necessity of the abolition of the law of inheritance. Maintaining, as we have seen, the natural inequality of men in point of capacity, the Saint-Simonians nevertheless were adherents of the political equality proclaimed in 1789, and the full development of which, according to M. Chevalier, "will consist in the obliteration of all the political inequalities founded on the right of birth." That a man should inherit property from his father they considered one of these inequalities. Therefore, in the Saint-Simonian constitution of society, the property of deceased persons should return immediately to the State. All children would be taken care of and educated by a Supreme college in a congenial professional direction; furnished with whatever was necessary, and then launched on life to fare according to their own merits.

As an organ for the promulgation of this and other Saint-Simonian doctrines, the Associates, in 1830, founded a weekly Journal, called "L'Organisateur." About the same time, also, in order to furnish a nucleus, as it were, round which the Saint-Simonian crystallization of society might commence, they formed themselves into a family living in common in a house in the Rue Monsigny. Of this establishment MM. Bazard and Enfantin assumed the co-ordinate supremacy. Of these two men M. Louis Reybaud presents an elaborate contrast. Bazard, he says, who before his

adhesion to Saint-Simonianism had taken an active interest in revolutionary politics, was still apt to assume the profane point of view, and accommodate his expositions to circumstances; he was a man of logic, and delighted in details; Enfantin, on the other hand, was an enthusiast, continually forging ideas in the laboratory of his own thoughts, and seeking points of contact with the world only in the Saint-Simonian future. Together they complemented each other—Enfantin urging on his colleague, whose disposition it was to look round at every step, so as to ascertain his environment. Left to himself, the chances were that Enfantin would bring on a crash by his too hardy experimentation; in similar circumstances Bazard would probably hesitate, abdicate his dictatorship, and sink into an ordinary *philosophe*.

Scarcely had the establishment of the Rue Monsigny been formed, when Paris was shaken, and the prospects of the country changed by the Revolution of July. The Associates seized the opportunity to make a demonstration; and for several days all Paris was laughing at a strange placard signed "Bazard-Enfantin," which was seen posted on the walls beside the proclamations of Lafayette. After the restoration of order, and the accession of Louis-Philippe, it was deemed proper to take some notice of the Saint-Simonian demonstration; and in the Chamber of Deputies MM. Dupin and Mauguin denounced the Associates as a sect preaching doctrines subversive of order, viz., the Community of Property and the Community of Women. This drew forth a reply from Bazard and Enfantin, dated the 1st of October 1830, in which both imputations were denied. As for the doctrine of the Community of Property, they declared that it was directly contrary to the fundamental maxim of their system—that every man should be placed according to his capacity, and recompensed according to his works. Nevertheless, they admitted that they desired the abolition of the law of inheritance. On the subject of the rights of women, they professed that what they aimed at was the complete emancipation of the sex, so that woman might reveal her powers, whatever they are, to the utmost, and perform her full part in the social evolution. The law of marriage, however, by which one man was conjoined with one woman, so as to form a social unit, they regarded as holy; and all the modification they would make of it would be for

and the stars, so it belongs to the *savans* of another class to decree the duty of man. If we mistake not M. Comte, in his "Cours de Philosophie Positive," expressly affirms this.

the facilitation, in certain cases, of divorce.

Never was Saint-Simonianism more prosperous than in 1830 and 1831. At the beginning of the latter year especially, the Confederates were able to congratulate themselves on a special piece of good fortune—the accession, namely, of M. Pierre Leroux, a man of the highest character, who had raised himself from the situation of a common printer to the reputation of being one of the most profound of French thinkers and writers. M. Leroux brought with him into the service of Saint-Simonianism the *Globe* daily newspaper, of which at that time he was editor. On the 18th of January 1831, this paper appeared, for the first time, as a professed journal of Saint-Simonian opinions. The proselytism which followed was past belief. Dreamers, thinkers, artists, poets, all caught the contagion. Among the more prominent converts were MM. Raynaud Hoart, Emile Pereire, Mesdames Bazard and St. Hilaire, MM. Lambert, Saint Chéron, Guérault, Charton, Cazeaux, Dugueit, and Flachet-Mony. The establishment in the Rue Monsigny was enlarged, and to prevent the too rapid influx of new members, two probationary schools were instituted, from which it was to be recruited. Meanwhile, all the Associates were active, each according to his peculiar tastes; some, as Carnot and Dagied, in popularizing the Saint-Simonian doctrines by means of lectures; others, as Leroux, in methodizing the metaphysics of their creed; and others, as Chevalier and Barrault, in more immediate literary and social applications. Enfantin, too, striking hard blows at the existing economy of society, came forth with a modification adapted for temporary use, of the general Saint-Simonian demand for the abolition of the privileges of birth—a proposal, namely, for the abolition, in the first place, of the law of collateral succession. "Abolish collateral succession," he said, "and thus not only will the Novelist be deprived of his standing device of rich uncles dying in the Indies, but the State will gain possession of an annual income for useful purposes." Preaching such doctrines over the length and breadth of France, the *Globe* produced powerful effects. At Toulouse, Montpellier, Lyons, Metz, and Dijon, there arose branch establishments, connected with the Saint-Simonian Church of the metropolis.

Soon, however, the Saint-Simonian Church

was torn by a schism. The seeds of disunion had already long existed in the different tendencies of the two leaders—Bazard and Enfantin. Bazard, the man of logic, who wished to convince his hearers; Enfantin, who would always appeal to the heart, holding that "the most prompt, the most decisive, the most triumphant way of acting on the human organization is infatuation." The two questions on which they had come to differ were those of the emancipation of the working classes and the emancipation of women: with regard to each Enfantin went far beyond Bazard. On the second question especially his opinions were extreme. "Christianity," said Enfantin, "had declared the emancipation of women; but still, in European society, she occupied a subaltern position, and it was the part of Saint-Simonianism to raise her to complete equality, in all social respects, with man. Every man," he said, "who pretends to impose a law on women, is not a Saint-Simonian. The only position of the true Saint-Simonian with regard to woman, is to declare his incompetence to judge her. The woman must reveal to us for herself all that she thinks, all that she desires, all that she wishes for the future."

These differences, which Bazard did not long survive, led to a disruption of the Saint-Simonian camp; and at a general meeting on the 19th of November 1841, Leroux, Raynaud, Cazeaux, Pereire, and others seceded, leaving Enfantin to organize the remainder, with Rodrigues as his subordinate. Enfantin continued to carry on the Society. As might be expected, his favorite topics now were those on which the schism had taken place. Acting on his own maxim—that it was incompetent for the man to legislate for the woman—and yet at the same time maintaining, that until the new feminine code should be given, the work of social regeneration could be considered as only attempted in half, he occupied himself chiefly with speculations as to the advent of some woman of genius, whose business it would be to supply what was wanted. To this "coming woman" alone it belonged to indicate the *avenir* of her sex. Might she not even then be on earth? What if she were in Paris! In that case possibly she might be discovered, and even illuminated as to the fact of her own mission! In a perpetual succession of balls, *fêtes*, and *réunions*, therefore, let her be sought for! Let all Paris be invited;



the giddy pretty ones will slip through the meshes, the golden fish will remain in the net.

Hundreds of fair *Parisiennes*, says M. Louis Reybaud, attended the brilliant Saint-Simonian reunions of the winter of 1832. They danced, laughed, and enjoyed themselves—still the expected woman came not. Money began to fail the Associates; and at length their establishment was brought to a sudden close by a prosecution instituted against them by the legal authorities. Enfantin and Rodrigues had also begun to quarrel on the old question; Rodrigues demurring from certain opinions of Enfantin of an extreme nature regarding the law of Saint-Simonian marriage. Accordingly the Family of the Rue Monsigny was dissolved, and the publication of the *Globe* abandoned.

On the dissolution of the general association, Enfantin, who possessed a house with large grounds at Menilmontant, near Paris, removed thither with about forty of his adherents, of whom the chief were MM. Barrault, Michel Chevalier, Lambert, Eichthal, Fournel, Charles Duveyrier, and Talabot. Here they constituted a sort of Saint-Simonian monastery on Communist principles; dividing their time between manual labor and intellectual speculations. They all wore a dress of the same fashion: "a blue close coat with short flaps, a belt of varnished leather, a red cap, white trousers, a handkerchief round the neck, hair thrown back and glossy behind, moustachios and beard *à l'orientale*." All acknowledged Enfantin as their Father and Superior.

The lucubrations of the Associates at Menilmontant assumed a higher and more mystic form than the Saint-Simonians had yet pretended to. "*Le Livre Nouveau*," as they called the manuscript in which they entered their meditations, is described as having contained a sort of rhythmical metaphysics, or, as M. Reybaud terms it, "an algebra of Religion," expressed in Biblical language. In August 1832, however, this new phase of Saint-Simonianism was also brought to a close. To defend a second action which had been brought against them, the Associates appeared, on the 27th of that month, before the *Cours d'Assises*. Enfantin, Duveyrier, and Chevalier were condemned; and the first subjected to a term of imprisonment. This was the signal for a general dispersion; the more enthusiastic disciples exiled them-

selves from France; the remainder, laying aside the special badge of their sect, and only retaining, more or less diluted, the general ideas of the school, diffused themselves through society.

Precisely at the time when Saint-Simonianism, as an established faith, was thus suppressed in France, another system, resembling it in certain respects, and upon the whole still more curious, if not so powerful, began to attract public attention. This was the system of *Fourierism*, as it was called, after the founder, Fourier.

François-Charles-Marie Fourier was born at Besançon, the 7th April 1768, seven years and a half after Saint-Simon. His father was a small woollen-draper; and Fourier, whose earliest years were spent in the shop, was destined for a similar mercantile employment. A dreamy, singular, awkward youth, with an insatiable appetite for all kinds of information, and a great difficulty of expressing himself—he seems all the while that he was earning his bread by labors in the shop and the counting-house, to have lived intellectually in a world of his own. That he must have been an assiduous student in private of the mathematical and physical sciences, and indeed of all descriptions of knowledge whatever, is clear from the enormous mass of miscellaneous notions which he has left heaped up in his writings. The direction of his labors, however, came from within; for some singular superfetation or mal-organization of spirit, which made him different from other men, rendered him independent of their opinions or society, and placed him out of *rappor*t as it were with surrounding things, so that between what he saw existing, and what he schemed within himself, there was perpetual discord. In short, he was a man of one idea, as the phrase is; one of those men, the exact opposite of the Poet in their constitution, who, instead of holding the mirror up to Nature, explore her with a lamp. How strong and intense in Fourier was this innate conception of things which he had brought into the world with him, is illustrated by an account he gives of two circumstances which, he says, made an ineffaceable impression on him in his early years. The one was, that when a boy of five he had been reprimanded in his father's shop for contradicting some one who had told a lie in his presence; the other, that, when nineteen years of age, he had assisted, in his capacity as a merchant's

clerk, at a submersion of corn with a view to keep up high prices. In the one he received his first experience of the fact that falsehood is tolerated; in the other he was present at one of the results of monopoly.

Possibly, from the very fact that his discord with the world about him was so thorough and radical, Fourier, up to a comparatively late period, lived a life of calm observation, amounting, in appearance, to acquiescence. That society, as it existed, was one complex system of fallacy and suffering seems to have become in his mind a settled fact, which one must just accept as such, and endure. All that one could do was to exhibit to the world a model, constructed out of one's own thoughts, of a new and perfect system of society; if such a model were duly set forth, the world would doubtless strive towards conformity with it, and in process of years would attain to it. One need be in no hurry, however; it was more essential to build up the scheme completely in one's mind so as ultimately to place a finished and perfect model on the table, than to come forth immediately as a mere critic. Indeed, the evil of the existing system was so great, that to strike a blow or indicate a change here and there would not do; the entire edifice must be pulled down and rebuilt, and one's best occupation, therefore, were leisurely, and, apart from all ephemeral politics, to prepare the new plan.

Full of such strange thoughts regarding the world about him, the eccentric and taciturn merchant's clerk was slowly building up in his own head a mass of uncouth forms of language, descriptive to himself of his ideal system of society. He was one of those minds, apparently, who accept the mere conceptions that arise arbitrarily in the understanding itself, as of equal value, as regards truth, with those revelations concerning the external world, which come through experience. That he was by no means destitute of the power of observation is clear, from the allusions in his writings to existing wrongs and defects; and that he did not undervalue those general ideas in which thinkers have summed up, as it were, in literary forms the past experience of the race, is proved by his fondness for study. But the views and ideas thus derived from contact with the world, and with other intellects, he seemed to flood and drench with others that welled up in his mind from some internal source. Half the mesmeric-seer, and half the scientific analyst in his constitution,

he seemed, if we may so express it, to live intellectually in an apartment of which one window fronted the actual world, while the other looked back into the region of supernatural conditions, out of which all things have sprung. Seated at this back window, he would woo out of the darkness all sorts of conceptions regarding God, the Creation, and other transcendental matters, about which no man can possibly know anything by his own strength; then, removing to the other window, he would derive from the bustle without, accurate conceptions regarding the actual world; and finally mingling the two heaps of notions together, he would proceed to organize the mass as if it were homogeneous.

That this is a correct representation of Fourier's mind and habits, will appear when we describe the nature of his system, as developed in his "*Théorie des Quatre Mouvements, et des Destinées Générales*," published anonymously at Lyons in 1808, and which, with the exception of an article on the state of European politics published five years before in a newspaper of the same town, was, it is believed, his first attempt to communicate with the world through the press. In this bizarre and singular work—all the more singular as being the production of an obscure clerk who had attained his thirty-eighth year without doing anything to reveal himself out of the counting-house—are contained the germs of all that Fourier ever wrote. Here, therefore, it may be as well to present a general outline of his entire system, as first promulgated in 1808, and afterwards, only filled out and expounded.

In religion Fourier was a Pantheist; in other words, God, the world, and man, were all blended and confused in his idea of existence as a whole. Using formal language, however, he viewed the world as an evolution of three eternal co-existing principles—God, matter, and justice, or mathematical truth. God or will is the cause of the destinies of things; justice is the reason of them. The universal will manifests itself in the form of a law of universal attraction, by which all that exists is regulated. This universal attraction distinguishes itself into five species, or, as Fourier called them, *movements*—1st, material attraction, which was discovered by Newton; 2d, organic attraction, pervading the inner constitution of bodies; 3d, aromal attraction, or the attraction of imponderables; 4th, instinctual attraction, or the attraction of instincts and passions;

5th, social attraction, or the attraction of man to his future destinies. Of these five movements only four were announced, as appears from the title in Fourier's first work; the asexual attraction was afterwards added. Pervaded by this universal law of attraction, all nature was full of analogies, and in every part one might discern the rhythm of the whole. Friendship, for instance, was symbolically represented in the circle; love in the ellipse.

The entire duration of the world, as it now is, will be 80,000 years; half will be a period of ascendance and half of descendance. The world, as yet, is only in its 7000th year; consequently young and foolish, and far from being what it will be. God peopled the world originally with sixteen distinct races of men, nine of which were placed in the Old, and seven in the American hemisphere. All these, however, were made with the same fundamental dispositions; and hence their mingled progeny forms but one species. God has also reserved for himself the power of eighteen supplementary creations of men. In the act of creation there is a conjunction of Austral and Boreal Fluids; hence, as the supplementary creations come to take place, the earth will gradually become a beautiful garden; the masses of polar ice will be melted away, the whole sea will become navigable, and, the salt having been disengaged, will at length consist of excellent fresh water, which sailors may drink.

The soul of man is immortal; and is subject to reproduction in new forms—not, however, as the Hindoos say, in forms either nobler or viler, according to circumstances, but always in forms nobler than those already passed through. For each soul there will be one hundred and ten transmigrations in all. The various planets, also, will, at the periods when respectively they have attained their full developments, exchange their spiritual burthens—each planet, as it were, emptying itself into the one immediately above it in the scale of importance.

Human nature is a compound of twelve distinct passions:—five sensitive, which together make up the desire of individual enjoyment; four affective (love, friendship, ambition, and family feeling), which lead to the formation of groups; and three governing or distributive (the *cabaliste*, or love of intrigue, the *alternante*, or craving for variety, and the *composite*, or inspiration of art), which produce series. As group is the association of individuals, so

series is the association of groups. The ultimate tendency of series, again, is towards unity; and thus the passion for unity expresses the aim and longing of the whole human being, and is the result of the free play of all the twelve component passions, as light is the result of all the prismatic tints. Conformity, therefore, to this passion for unity, or in other words, submission to the law of passional attraction (attraction passionnée), is the true theory of conduct. Duty is entirely a human idea; attraction only—i. e. physical tendency, comes from God. The distinction between certain passions as good, and others as bad, is a fallacious mode of speaking; all are good; it is impious to resist any of them; and true wisdom consists in entire abandonment to their impulses. What we call *evil* or *wrong*, has no real existence; all misery has its origin in misconception. The passions are not to be denounced or struggled against; they are to be *utilized*. If the medium in which the passions act, offers resistance to their free play, then that medium must be modified.

The present medium, that is, society as it now exists, *does* offer resistance to the free play of the passions. All is confusion, irregularity, compulsion, misconception. "Between the Creator and the creature there have been five thousand years of misunderstanding." How shall this condition of things be remedied? How shall the present confused medium, in which the passions are restrained, be made to evolve a new medium in which they shall be able to act freely? By what means shall riches be made to succeed to poverty, truth to deceit, mutual respect to oppression and revolt, happiness to misery? Philanthropists had renounced and attempted various schemes having this object in view. All had failed. The scheme which he proposed, however, could not fail, being accordant with the eternal mechanism of nature. This was a system for the association of mankind in industrial bodies, on the principle that each individual, while forming a part of a whole, should yet be at liberty to follow his own tendencies and inclinations. "The disease which devours industry is industrial anarchy or incoherence." The cure, therefore, must consist in organization, association, harmonious co-operation. But this can only be secured by allowing, in the first place, perfect individual freedom. Labor is not of itself naturally repugnant to man; nay, man is so constituted

as to find his only true happiness in labor; but the happiness to be found must actually lie in the labor in which it is sought; in other words, the labor in which a man is called to engage ought to be of the kind which is of itself agreeable to him. This idea of labor, pleasurable for its own sake (*travail attrayant*), was one on which Fourier laid immense stress. As the English squire toils hard in a fox-chase, and yet likes the labor; so, if the world were as it should be, all human beings would do as they felt inclined, and in so doing, would enjoy the toil.

In order to realize this picture of a world busy and at the same time happy, the present distribution of mankind over the globe, in cities, towns, villages, hordes, and hamlets, must be entirely abandoned; and mankind must associate themselves anew in little masses called *phalanxes*. A group, that is, the little association formed by the operation of the sensitive and affective passions, would number usually from seven to nine persons; from twenty-four to thirty-two groups, associated by the play of the distributive passions, would constitute a series; and, lastly, an association of several such series, representing in itself the supreme tendency to unity, would form a phalanx. A phalanx, therefore, would consist of about 1800 persons of both sexes, associated together for all the purposes of life, and forming in effect a complete little community. Each phalanx would occupy a vast barracks or system of buildings called a *Phalangstère*, which would include within itself a church, a theatre, dining-rooms, picture galleries, an observatory, a library, work-rooms, sleeping apartments, and, in short, every possible accommodation that comfort would require or taste suggest. Every *phalangstère* would stand in the midst of its own gardens and grounds. How cheaply even splendor might be attained in all the arrangements of the *phalangstère*—in the architecture, in the style of furnishing, and also in the *cuisine*; the success of the modern system of clubs might show—of the principle of which the Phalanx-system would in some respects be but an extension. In the life of the *phalangstère* all would be at liberty to follow their own bent—to work, or be idle; to work at one trade or at several; to be sociable or retiring in their habits. The women would naturally, according to the affective instincts of their sex, dominate in the relations of family, &c., while the men

would pursue the career of ambition; nevertheless, no restraint would be put upon the liberty of the women exceptional in their tastes and inclined to follow a profession—that of medicine, for instance. As for the children; for them, too, the system would be one of attraction. They would be allowed to sing, romp, read, or even gourmandize; only all these manifestations would be carefully watched, and the passions, which they indicated, utilized. From all this life of freedom, some might say, nothing but confusion would result. The contrary, however, would be the case. Labor, ceasing to be repugnant, would organize itself beautifully; there would be the most admirable classification and subdivision of employments; all sorts of machines for abridging labor would be introduced, and their invention encouraged; and among the inhabitants of the *phalangstère* there would operate the most wholesome emulation. Every member would be secured a *minimum* of income, sufficient to supply his ordinary wants; and over and above this there would be a distribution of the surplus profits among the efficient members, according to the three categories of Labor, Capital, and Talent. Of these, Labor would have the preference, its share being as five, while the shares of Capital and Talent would be respectively as four and three—that of Talent, therefore, being lowest.

The Phalanx-system would naturally first be introduced into the field of agricultural labor. There, gradually and simply, without disturbing a single established relation, it would succeed by its own merits. Radiating thence into all trades and professions, it would ultimately prevail over the whole globe. Then would arise a new set of relations, associating the separate phalanxes one with another, according to the most beautiful series. In all there would probably be about 500,000 phalanxes on the earth. The governor of a single phalanx would be called a Unarch; the governor of four phalanxes a Duarch; the governor of twelve phalanxes a Tetrarch; the governor of forty-eight phalanxes a Douzarch; and so on, up to the governor of the whole world, or Omniarch. This association of the phalanxes by series would supersede the present arrangements into provinces, nations, &c., performing all that is good in the functions of such arrangements. Certain phalanxes would stand related to one designated as the capital of their common

district ; and the associated districts again would recognise in one established spot the central phalanx of the nation. Finally, there would be one golden-domed phalangstère, towards which, as the metropolis of the world, all the railways and all the telegraphic wires would converge ; and here receiving the letters of all nations, and issuing his despatches—east, north, south, and west, would sit the Omniarch with his clerks. This phalangstère should be somewhere on the Bosphorus. All general planetary business would be transacted in the office of the Omniarch. Thus, in the case of a great discovery in the arts, such as that of the steam-engine by Watt, or of the publication of a book deserving a place among the world's classics, the Omniarch would decree a tax for the benefit of the author upon all the phalangstères. A tax of five francs each on all the phalangstères would have secured to James Watt £100,000 for his steam-engine. Again, in the case of a sudden physical calamity in any part of the world, as, for example, an earthquake or inundation, the Omniarch would instantly despatch an industrial army to the spot to repair the damage.

Such, described as literally as we have been able from our authorities, was the extraordinary system which Fourier gave to the world. Expounded first in his "*Théorie des Quatre Mouvements*," published in 1808, it was enlarged and completed in his "*Traité de l'Association Domestique-Agricole*," published at Paris in 1822 ; in his "*Nouveau Monde Industriel et Sociétaire*," published in 1829 ; and in a work which he published in 1835, entitled "*False Industry, Fragmentary, Repugnant, Deceitful ; and the Antidote, Natural Industry, Combined, Attractive, Truthful, giving Quadruple Profit*." All these works are in form the reverse of methodical or artistic ; and they abound in uncouth words and phrases, invented by the author to express his meaning. Fourier was incapable himself of the task of popular exposition ; this he left to his followers. In another respect he was peculiar. Most men of his class have been contented with giving to the world a few pregnant aphorisms containing the gist of their system ; in his writings there is a perfect deluge of the most rigidly reasoned and ingenious details.

The sincerity of Fourier has never been questioned. He always talked of his own theory, says M. Reybaud, as of a fact dominant in the world. Living in a state of

isolation, and dealing only with the symbols which in his mind had come to stand for things themselves, he had solved, as he fancied, a gigantic equation ; and the solution must ultimately be accepted. In short, as we have already said, his mind was, in some respect or other, abnormal in its structure, so as to be out of connexion with everything about it. Such dogmas, for instance, as those which we have described, relating to the creation and duration of the world, indicate a total breaking down in the mind which produced them, of all separation between the organs of conception and belief. According to the same method one has only to think anything whatever, like a Hindoo poet ; and then assert it to be true. One might assert, for instance, that there was a ball of fresh butter at the centre of the earth ; and in such a case, if the assertion were gravely made, there would be little probability that it would be contradicted. Now, there are many minds, Scotch and English, into which such an odd fancy might enter ; but the difference between them and Fourier is, that whenever he conceived such a thing, he ran a great risk of believing it. Hence the gravity with which he could talk of the analogy between love and the ellipse, of the eighteen supplementary creatures, of the austral and boreal fluids, of the future omniarch of the globe, &c.—conceptions which in other minds only serve as a sort of intellectual snuff, to tickle the faculties and keep them awake. He himself seemed to be aware of some such difference between himself and other men. "My three systems, cosmology, psychology, and analogy," he said, "are one thing ; another thing is my fourth, that of passional attraction. While you examine it, leave the others alone. If in them I have been extravagant, Newton also has written a commentary on the Apocalypse."

It will have been observed, that between the publication of Fourier's first work and that of his second, there was an interval of fourteen years. During this interval, or from 1808 to 1822, the author remained in the same obscure position that he had previously held. His "*Theory of the Four Movements*" fell dead upon the public ; probably not twenty persons read it. It was exactly at this time, as we have seen, that Saint-Simon, with considerably greater success, was maturing his views. In every country, however, there are minds magnetically responsive to each other

through their very singularities; and as Saint-Simon found converts in ardent young men such as Comte, Rodrigues, and Thierry; so in 1814, Fourier, narrower and more repulsive as his system was, found an adherent in a person named M. Just Muiron. It was only, however, after the adhesion to Fourier of M. Victor Considérant, a young man of energy and high scientific acquirements, who had been educated at the "Ecole Polytechnique," that his system began decidedly to make way. Seizing on the social philosophy of Fourier, to the neglect of his cabalistic science, M. Considérant devoted himself, with far happier talents for exposition than his master possessed, to the task of diffusing the Fourierist ideas of "Pleasurable Labor," "Industrial Co-operation," &c. Between 1820 and 1830, Fourier's own works also—his "Traité de l'Association," &c. and his "Nouveau Monde" were making his system better known. Before this time Fourier had come to live in Paris, in the capacity of a clerk in an American mercantile house; and here, accordingly, about the year 1829, he might be seen, a little thin man of sixty, with a profound, severe, and sad old face, plodding along the streets, nobody speaking to him.

It was after the Revolution of 1830, and precisely when Saint-Simonianism was on the decline, that Fourierism burst on public notice. Some members of the Saint-Simonian school attached themselves to Fourier, among whom were MM. Jules Lechevalier and Abel Transon; he likewise gained a very efficient advocate in a lady, Madame Clarisse Vigoreux. By the instrumentality of this lady, assisted by M. Considérant and others, an attempt was made to exemplify the system in a model Phalanstère and agricultural colony, to be founded at Condé-sur-Vesgres. The attempt, however, failed; and the Confederates were obliged to content themselves with the propagation of their views through the press. In 1836, they founded a journal called "La Phalange," the success of which was such that Fourier, before his death, in October 1837, was able to count a number of disciples in whom he could be sure that his views would survive. Since that period, chiefly by the exertions of M. Considérant, who succeeded to the vacant chieftainship of the sect, Fourierism, or at least the social philosophy of Fourier, has continued to make progress.

The promulgation in France almost con-

temporaneously of two such social systems as those of Saint-Simon and Fourier could not fail to produce immense effects. These effects, began, as we have seen, to manifest themselves most decidedly between the years 1830 and 1840. The Saint-Simonians, indeed, cohering chiefly in virtue of a common enthusiasm for progress, and a common attachment to a few very large general ideas, had been destroyed as a sect; but only to be dispersed through society as separate missionaries, each in his own way, of doctrines in which they had been too well trained ever to forget them. Among the highest names in French literature, between 1830 and 1840, were men who had been educated in the Saint-Simonian school. M. Comte, early as his separation from the Saint-Simonians had been, even yet, in his self-selected positions as the champion of a powerful Atheistic philosophy, retained many of the specific ideas of his old master. Uniting more of piety and sentiment with the Saint-Simonian creed, M. Pierre Leroux founded the sect of "the Humanitarians." From him as her speculative master, the celebrated authoress, George Sand, derived the propositions which constitute the diadactic ingredient in her novels. Duveyrier, Carnot, and Chevalier, entered the lists as political and economical writers. Lastly, gathering round him the relics of the party, M. Olinde Rodrigues continued, in a humble way, to defend the memory and publish the opinions of his master. Thus of the Saint-Simonian school it may be said that it was disintegrated, only to be dissolved the better through society. Fourierism, on the other hand, more precise in its scheme, and demanding in its disciples a more narrow conformation of mind, has maintained its nominal existence and organization. With M. Considérant as its head, it now commands the services of a number of inferior expositors who acknowledge themselves to be Phalangsterians; it also possesses various periodical organs of greater or less note. Meanwhile, its doctrines, thus diffused, and mingling with those which were more purely Saint-Simonian, have descended into all classes of society, have seized all descriptions of minds, and have been varied, modified, and expanded into all conceivable forms, from the most rank and thorough-going Communism, to the mildest advocacy of the extension of the co-operative principle.

Upon a whole, the result of the labors of Saint-Simon and Fourier may be summed

up in this, that their systems deposited in the mind of the French nation two great ideas, which were not there before—the *first*, that European society was approaching a crisis the peculiarity of which, as compared with former ones, would consist in this, that it would be an industrial revolution—in other words, a revolution by which not only would industrial interests come to predominate in politics, but the industrial mind itself would be admitted to the mastery in the administration; the *second*, that the instrument in this change, or at least its accompaniment, would be an organization of the laboring classes into compact bodies on the principle of co-operation and common responsibility. The first of these ideas is more peculiarly Saint-Simonian; it is the summary expression of Saint-Simon's two fundamental principles, "L'Amélioration," &c., and "A Chacun," &c. The other is more peculiarly Fourierist, involving as it does all that is general, and possibly all that is valuable, in Fourier's bewildering system of Phalanxes. In neither idea, simply expressed and divested of the rubbish attached to it, is there anything absolutely repugnant to good sense, or irreconcilable with Christian belief. Indeed, by some influential men in our own country both ideas have already been accepted—so far, at least, as to form subjects of incessant meditation. In Mr. Cobden, for instance, we see the first idea, or at least a fraction of it developed almost to the pitch of bigotry; hence his laughter at the Duke's Letter, and his denunciation of the ships in the *Tagus*.

Both ideas, however, must rest for credence upon their own proofs and merits. Whether it be true that society is approaching a crisis in which the industrial classes shall assume a higher position than they have yet held, and if so, by what means the transition is to be most easily and peacefully effected—are questions, to answer which one must diligently observe the current of the times. Whether, again, the co-operative principle be safe, practicable, or advantageous in the management of business; and if so, what form or modification of it is the best—are questions to yield an answer to which experiment must assist reflection. Meanwhile, it is to France that we must look for our arguments and illustrations. There first have the questions been formally asked; and there first have they been put to the rough issue of events. It is our part to watch and profit by what

we see. Let us attempt accordingly to present here in a condensed and collected form such facts as may tend to show on what precise footing the questions of the enfranchisement of the industrial classes, and the organization of labor through the co-operative principle, now stand, in France. And first we shall allude to a very interesting experiment made some years ago by a private individual, and which, although undertaken for purely private ends, and on a very small scale, has already acquired historical importance.

There is in Paris, now or lately occupying the house, 11, Rue Saint Georges, a master house-painter, named Leclaire. On an average M. Leclaire employs two hundred workmen. For some time after commencing business, he proceeded on the same system with regard to his workmen which he saw others practising—"a system which consists," to use his own language, "in paying the workman as little as possible, and in dismissing him frequently for the smallest fault." Finding this system unsatisfactory, he altered it; adopted a more liberal scale of wages; and endeavored, by retaining good and tried workmen permanently in his service, to produce some stability in the arrangements of his establishment. The result was encouraging; but still, from causes which were inevitable—among which he specifies the listlessness of even the best workmen, and the waste of material occasioned by their carelessness—his profits by no means answered his expectations; while his position as a master was one of continual anxiety and discomfort. He resolved, therefore, on a total change of system. A reading and intelligent man—he had heard of the speculations regarding the applicability of the co-operative principle to business; a firm and enterprising man—he was willing to try the experiment at his own risk. Accordingly, having made certain necessary preparations, he announced to his workmen, in the beginning of the year 1842, that, during that year he was to conduct his establishment on the principle in question; in other words, he was to assume them all, for that year, into partnership with himself, and form of his establishment a little industrial association, of which he should be chief.

The details of his scheme were as follows:—All the *employés* of the establishment—M. Leclaire himself included—were to be allowed regular wages as in other establishments, each according to his

rank and position—M. Leclaire a salary for the year of 6000 francs (£240), which was about the sum to which he considered himself entitled by his services; his journeymen the ordinary wages of about four francs a-day (a pound a-week) in summer, and three francs a-day (fifteen shillings a-week) in winter; the foremen and clerks proportionably more; the apprentices proportionably less. These fixed allowances were to be totally independent of the success of the experiment; as regarded his men, M. Leclaire guaranteed their payment. But if the experiment should succeed, then, after the sum-total thus expended in wages had been deducted, and after all the other expenses of the establishment had been paid—such as rent, taxes, material, as well as the interest of the capital invested, there would still remain some surplus of clear profit. Now this surplus, whatever it was, M. Leclaire undertook to distribute faithfully among all the members of the establishment, each sharing in the ratio of his fixed allowance—that is, receiving exactly that proportion of the profits that he received of the total wages expenses. Thus, supposing the business of the year to yield in all £4200; supposing the total wages-expenses to be £2000, and the outlay in rent, taxes, material, interest, bad debts, &c., to be £2000 more; then there would remain £200 of surplus profits, to be divided among all concerned. Of this sum each would receive that proportion which he received of the wages-expenses; consequently, M. Leclaire's own share (£2000:£200::£240:£24) would be £24. In the same way the share of a journeyman, whose total amount of wages during the year had been £40, would be £4; of a clerk or foreman, whose wages had been £60, the share would be £6; of an apprentice, whose wages had been £4, the share would be 8s. Even those workmen who should have been but a few weeks in the establishment were to receive in the same equitable proportion; the value of every man's services, and consequently his title to a share in the profits, being always measured by the amount he had earned in wages.

These arrangements having been agreed to, and some other stipulations having been made, the chief of which was that M. Leclaire was still to retain the usual rights which belong to a master—was, for instance, to have the sole charge of the purchase of materials, the undertaking of commis-

sions, &c., the experiment was fairly and faithfully tried. The result was most satisfactory. "Not one of his journeymen," we are told, "that had worked as much as three hundred days obtained less 1500 francs (£60) and some considerably more." According to a table now before us, the average wages per day of a journeyman house-painter in Paris is 3 1-2 francs; for 300 days at this rate the return would be 1050 francs (£42); therefore it would appear that a steady journeyman in M. Leclaire's establishment earned that year about 450 francs, or £18, more than his brethren in other establishments. On the supposition, which also seems the correct one, that M. Leclaire paid his workmen, in respect of their fixed wages, at the usual rate, this sum of £18 would represent exactly what the workmen gained by the change of system. For M. Leclaire, himself, the gain was of course proportionate. To the £240 which he had allowed himself as his personal salary, he would add about £100 as his proportion of the profits; besides which, it is to be remembered, he drew the interest of his invested capital. Even as a private speculation, therefore, the experiment was successful—a success which is to be accounted for by the superior zeal and carefulness produced among the workmen by the sense of common interest and responsibility, or, as the French express it, *solidarité*. Every boy, for instance, who emptied a pot of paint into the kennel, injured himself and his comrades; and although he might not care for his own loss, his comrades would take him to task for theirs; hence an advantage in the system not possessed by that of piece-work. Morally, also, the effects of the experiment were admirable; and, upon the whole, so decided was the success, that M. Leclaire continued the system on trial during the following year, and, so far as we are aware, has kept it up ever since.\*

While private individuals were thus putting in practice in their own affairs, ideas derived from the mass of Utopian opinions that had been set forth by Saint-Simon and Fourier, it was impossible but that some of these opinions should begin also to find acceptance with those public men whose position as leaders of what was called the liberal party rendered them open to all new

\* A fuller account of M. Leclaire's experiment than we have had room for here is given in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. New Series. No. 91.



ideas of a political tenor. Precisely as the Whig and Radical parties in this country have derived many of their working-propositions from Bentham, without accepting his views in the mass, so the Republican party, which has now attained to power in France, has derived much of its vital sap from the speculations of Saint-Simon and Fourier. Even so early as 1823, there was a section of the Republican party which had expressly embraced many of the ideas of the Saint-Simonians; as if the suppression of the Saint-Simonian sect in 1832 had not really destroyed its vitality, but only occasioned its metempsychosis into the world of politics. At the head of this body of extreme Republicans was M. Cavaignac—the brother of the M. Cavaignac whom the present Provisional Government appointed Governor-General of Algeria. Forming themselves into an association, and entering into correspondence with the discontented among the laboring classes, they became objects of fear and suspicion to the Government of Louis Philippe. One of their overt acts was the publication of a manifesto, in which, indicating rather than declaring their opinions, they reprinted a *Declaration of the Rights of Man*, which had been written by Robespierre, and proposed by him to the National Convention, but rejected by that body as subversive of admitted principles. In this document of Robespierre, perhaps the most remarkable clause was a definition of property which it contained. "Property," said Robespierre, "is that portion of goods which is secured to a man by the laws." To this definition of property, all the more startling from its clearness and Demosthenic precision, the Associates expressed their adhesion. It tallied exactly with a certain portion of their creed as Saint-Simonians—that, namely, which proposed the abolition of the Rights of Inheritance. According to Robespierre's definition, property varied as the law; that is, as the general sense of the community investigating its own wants; and if the law chose to decree, for instance, that no man should be entitled to bequeath upwards of £10,000, or even that no man should be entitled to dispose of his possessions at all after his death, then society would conform to those conditions, and new ideas of property would arise. In these views, audacious and destructive as they are, one sees only an immense extension of the principle of the Roman Agrarian law.

The promulgation of such views by Ca-

vaignac and his associates produced a schism—if a friendly private controversy can be called such—between them and the more moderate and practical Republicans, of whom Armand Carrel was the chief and representative. Carrel, who, although speculatively he believed much that the Associates had set forth in their manifesto, was yet led by his instincts as a man of action, to select the immediate and practicable in preference to the remote and Utopian, had a difficult part to act. On the one hand, he had to avoid an open breach with men whom he respected; on the other, he had to clear himself in the eyes of the public. He effected both with great skill; and, after the attempt of Fieschi, in 1835, had brought down on the Republican party the crushing hand of the Government, in the shape of individual prosecutions for treason, and the famous September laws against the Press, he was able to retain his position as editor of the *National*, while Cavaignac and his associates were either silenced in prison or driven into exile.\*

It was now thought that Republicanism was at an end in France. Even Carrel, still clinging with a sort of chivalrous sorrow to his Republican opinions, believed the cause to be hopeless; for to him, says his biographer, M. Nisard, "a cause deferred was a cause lost." In this belief he continued till his death, in a duel, by the pistol-shot of M. Girardin. He died without hope—his party ruined, France abject, and Louis Philippe still on the throne.

Carrel, however, was mistaken. Republicanism was to revive in France; and this not in that moderate form in which he had advocated it, but rather in the extreme and Utopian form from which he had dissented. Precisely at the period when its prospects were gloomiest, it received an adherent in a young man of literary talent—M. Louis Blanc. Born in Spain, of a Corsican mother, and described as being of extremely small stature, and very juvenile appearance, he threw himself, with precocious ardor, into the element of revolutionary politics. The result was his "History of the Ten Years," a work which had made him tolerably well known in this country, even before the thirty hours of February had ele-

\* As some of the facts here given are even yet not generally known, it is right to state that we are indebted for them to the author of the article on Armand Carrel in No. XI. of the London and Westminster Review—who chanced at the time to be at Paris, and so circumstanced as to become intimately acquainted with the affair.

vated him to so conspicuous a place as that which he now occupies in the eyes of the French nation and of Europe. It is only now, however, that another work of his—a little volume on the “Organization of Labor”—begins to attract attention among us insular folks. In this volume, published originally in 1839, he expounds a scheme of his own for Industrial Reform, in which, hasty and crude as it is, one sees the amiable enthusiasm of a youth who, having mastered the prevailing generalities of the Saint-Simonians and of Fourier, undertakes to cast these into a form which shall take effect in the world in spite of Adam Smith.

“Wherever,” says M. Louis Blanc, “the certainty of being able to live by labor does not result from the very essence of the established social institutions, there iniquity reigns.” This is his fundamental maxim as a Revolutionist; the end at which he aims as a Reformer is expressed in language partly Saint-Simonian, and partly Fourierist, as follows:—“The moral and material amelioration of the condition of all, by means of the free concurrence of all, and their fraternal association.” More especially, that which he attacks in the existing constitution of society, is the system of competition, or, as he sometimes names it, of individualism—that “atrocious mercantile spirit,” as he considers it, by which, remorselessly and selfishly using his own means and opportunities, every man in business tries to grow richer than his neighbor. For the mass of the people, he says, this system of competition is a system of extermination; for the middle classes it is an incessant cause of bankruptcy and ruin; in England, which is its hotbed and peculiar seat, it has produced disaster and apoplexy; if it is persisted in, war between England and France is inevitable;—therefore, at once and for ever, for the good of man, and the peace of Europe, let it be done away. The means by which this great end is to be achieved he thus expounds:—

“Let Government be considered as the supreme regulator of production, and, as such, invested with the necessary powers. Its task will then consist in making use of the weapon of competition, in order to destroy competition.

“Let Government raise a loan of which the product shall be employed in the creation of *social workshops*, in the most important branches of the national industry. This creation requiring a considerable expenditure, the number of such workshops shall at first be limited; in virtue of their very nature they will possess an expansive power. Government being considered as the sole founder of

the *social workshops*, will have the right to draw up the rules and regulations, which shall, accordingly, possess the force of law. Into the *social workshops* shall be admitted, as far as the capital collected for the purchase of materials and tools will go, all workmen who shall offer certificates of good conduct. Notwithstanding that the false and anti-social education given to the present generation renders it difficult to find any other motive of emulation than an increase of pay, *the salaries will be equal*; as a totally new education will necessarily change ideas and manners. For the first year Government will regulate the hierarchy of functions. After the first year it shall no longer be so. The workmen having had time to appreciate one another, and all being equally interested in the success of the association, the hierarchy shall be arranged on the principle of election. Every year there shall be rendered an account of the net profit, of which a partition shall be made into three parts;—the *first* to be divided in equal portions among the members of the association; the *second* to be employed, 1st, in the maintenance of the old, the sick, and the infirm; 2dly, in the mitigation of such distresses as may fall on other trades; all trades owing such help to each other; and the *third*, to furnish tools to such new members as choose to join the association. Into each association formed for trades carried on by large numbers together, may be admitted also persons belonging to trades which, by their very nature, must be scattered and confined to separate spots; so that, in this way, each social workshop may consist of different professions, grouped around one great trade, as so many parts of one whole, obeying the same laws, and partaking of the same advantages. Every member of the social workshop should have the right to dispose of his income at his own pleasure, but the evident economy and incontestable excellence of the system of life in common, would not fail to produce out of the association of labors, the voluntary association also of wants and pleasures. Capitalists could be invited to join the association, and would draw the interest of the capital they had embarked in it, which interest would be guaranteed to them on the budget; but they should not partake of the profits except in the quality of workmen.

“The social workshop once set a-going on these principles, one may see what would be the result. In every important branch of trade, that of machine-making for example, or that of silk-manufacture, or cotton-manufacture, or that of printing, there would be a social workshop competing with the private trade. Would the struggle be long? No; because the social workshop would have over every private workshop the advantage that results from the superior economy of the system of life in common, and from a mode of organization in which the laborers without exception are interested in producing fast and well. Would the struggle be subversive? No; because the Government would always have it in its power to deaden its effects by hindering the produce of its own workshops from reaching too low a level.”

Now, although these views were the private speculations of M. Louis Blanc, and were even contravened by some of the most liberal politicians and economists of France—as, for instance, by M. Lamartine, and most powerfully of all, by the former Saint-Simonian, M. Michel Chevalier, yet, upon the whole, it may be said, that from the year 1840, such views of an indefinite industrial reform to be achieved through the co-operative principle, have, in one shape or other, tinged all the thinking and all the writing of the high French Republicans. It was the knowledge of this fact, doubtless, and the knowledge also how deeply Communist ideas had taken root among the industrial classes, in all the large towns of France, that enabled Louis Blanc, when republishing his “*Organization du Travail*,” a few months ago, to make a most striking prediction. “We are called Utopians,” he said, “by practical men, because in the midst of a *régime* so corrupt as the present, we indulge in such dreams of industrial reform. But what would have been said of a man who, during the last years of Louis XV., had enumerated the changes that were actually to take place within a few years? Well, the partisans of the new social order are this day precisely in the position of such a man. And, assuredly, between the existing regime, and the application of our ideas, the distance is infinitely less than was that between the condition of society that subsisted on the eve of 1789, and that which subsisted on the morrow.”

In all respects, the Revolution of February last was an industrial Revolution—a Revolution in the name of the industrial classes, and in behalf of their interests as understood or misunderstood by themselves. This is its peculiarity. This also is what it professes and asserts itself to be. Not only has it conferred on every living Frenchman a vote, and on every Frenchman above twenty-five a right to be elected into the Legislature; but it has proclaimed its determination that a large proportion of the future legislators of France shall be workmen. “Elect workmen largely,” said the *National*; “the education of the college is not favorable, nor that of the workshop unfavorable, for the produce of the eminent function of a Deputy to the National Assembly. To use a figure, the admitted ideas obtained by the common course of education are a paper money which has no longer any value on the political *bourse*. Old political knowledge consists of mere prejudices acquired

under former *régimes*.” They err greatly who consider these official declarations of the wishes of the Provisional Government as originating in mere vulgar contempt for knowledge. To this the fact, that while demanding the return of workmen as Deputies they have also largely encouraged the election of artists and men of philosophic reputation, above all social philosophers, is a sufficient contradiction. Daring as the language of the Provisional Government with regard to the elections has been, and mischievous as may be its effects, it is deliberate, and proceeds on a deep principle. The new *régime*, they say, is to be an industrial one; it is necessary, above all, then, that the industrial classes be allowed to reveal themselves and all that is in them, even though for months the revelation should consist in mere clamor and vociferation. The transition must be made, they say, some time or other; as well have it now.

Again, with regard to that modified Communism which builds itself on the co-operative principle, the Revolution has in a manner adopted it. Scarcely were the three days of February over, when two important companies, viz., the proprietors of the *Presse* newspaper, and the directors of the Northern Railway, announced their intention to conduct the businesses over which they respectively presided on the Leclaire system. Various other private companies, we believe, have followed their example; in one case, that of an establishment at Havre, the operatives are said to have demanded the privilege of partnership. Nor has Government been idle. Under the auspices of the sanguine Louis Blanc, four great social workshops have been set on foot in Paris, to which barracks are to be attached when the scheme is complete, for the accommodation of the operatives and their families. And, lastly, in order as it were to sow the whole soil of France with so many Communist centres, from which the change may spread over society, the intention is to empower Government to undertake, or as it were buy up, by the device of a sinking-fund, bankrupt concerns, which it shall stock with workmen associated on the co-operative principle. By the competition of these State workshops with the private ones, Louis Blanc expects that the system will extend itself. Meanwhile, fortunately, the other side is not unrepresented. M. Michel Chevalier, in particular, has again come forward as an opponent of the schemes of M. Louis Blanc, and a defender of

the interests which he attacks. The services of such a man, an ardent devotee as he is of social amelioration, and yet competent as he is by his long and intimate acquaintance with political economy, to expose what is Utopian in these speculations of the Communists, cannot fail to be valuable. On the other hand, however, M. Louis Blanc himself, and his associates in the more violent section of the Provisional Government, MM. Ledru Rollin, Albert, and Flocon, occupy an almost conservative position, as compared with certain popular leaders not in the Government. At the head of the Communists, specially so called, who carry the ideas of life in common and equality of conditions, to their utmost lengths, are two men of great influence with the working classes, MM. Cabet and Blanqui; and even as we write, these leaders are attempting to overthrow the Provisional Government, and force on the Revolution a stage farther.

To what crashes these experiments may lead no one can tell. Dreamy enthusiasm is destined, we fear, to be cruelly disappointed. Capital will hasten away out of a country where the natural laws by which it seems to expand itself are violated. In the vain endeavor to share equally out among the producers the profits of their labor, the stimulus to production will everywhere be lessened—in some quarters will altogether be destroyed. In ridding himself of the tyranny of his employer, the poor laborer will rid himself also of the means of his employment. Nor can any State step in to supply the place of that grand body of capitalists by whom the industry of the country has been hitherto sustained. It does so at extremest peril. We should care comparatively little, if all that these experiments were to end in was a simple disappointment; if, after having tried and failed, industry cheerfully returned to its old channels; but what if the failure shall come amid the cries of a famishing population—what if crime shall follow quick in the wake of want—and what if the vexed chagrin of the needy shall cry for vengeance on the heads of their rulers who may not make good what they promised—and what if their rulers shall try to turn off from themselves the vengeance by opening up for it the vent of war? What if disorganization at home, and bloodshed abroad, shall be the fruit of their Utopian and unchristian attempts to re-organize? We wait to see the issues—in fear, we acknowledge, more

than in hope; but, meanwhile, let us look on, and be ready to appropriate the lessons which Paris shall be teaching us. If out of the social chaos which its vehement and susceptible inhabitants are preparing, almost of design, for their country, any idea good and practical, with proofs and corroborations attached to it, shall emerge, let us give it at once due welcome, nor quarrel with it because of the quarter from whence it comes. And surely, even already, there is one lesson clearly enough written out in the light of this great outbreak. Let us try now all the more earnestly, through the neglected multitudes of the lower class among ourselves, to spread the spirit of an intelligent and healthful Christianity; for had such a spirit pervaded, to any extent, the population of Paris, it had been saved all the horrors of the past and of the future. The hope of the neglected children of toil had found better and more satisfying objects to rest upon, and their sense of injury had made other and more legitimate manifestations.

UNIVERSITY OF FRANCE.—In France the University has been completely remodelled, at least in its law faculty. In the name of the French people the Provisional Government has decreed, in order to give political and administrative instruction the development necessary for the Republic, that there shall be a series of Professorships established in the College of France, under the following denominations:—1. French political law and general political law compared. 2. International law and the history of treaties. 3. Laws relating to private property. 4. Criminal law. 5. General economy and statistics of the population. 6. General economy and statistics of agriculture. 7. General economy and statistics of mines, forges, arts, and manufactures. 8. General economy and statistics of public works. 9. General economy and statistics of finance and commerce. 10. Administrative law. 11. History of French and foreign administrative institutions. Several professorships regarded as unnecessary, in consequence of their object being otherwise provided for, have been abolished. It is a significant enough circumstance that so many of the Provisional Government have got themselves nominated to these new chairs—Lamartine to that of International law; Garnier Pages to that of Finance and Commerce; Armand Marrast, Civil Law, individual and social; and Ledru Rollin History of French and Foreign Administrative Institutions. It is necessary perhaps to explain that the University of France, having the control of the whole subject of education throughout the kingdom, consists of twenty-seven academies. The Academy of Paris consists of five Faculties—Sciences, Letters, Theology, Law, and Medicine. The first three are established at the Sorbonne.—*Lowe's Magazine.*

From Tait's Magazine.

## POPULAR LECTURERS.—NO. II.—GEORGE DAWSON, A. M.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

SINCE writing our last paper, we have had the opportunity of hearing Emerson the lecturer, as well as of meeting Emerson the man. In answer to various inquiries, which have reached us from highly respectable parties who have not been equally favored, we shall begin our present paper by a few jottings on him. Of Emerson the private individual, it were indelicate to say much; suffice it that he has neither tail nor cloven foot, has indeed nothing very remarkable or peculiar about him, but is simply a mild and intelligent gentleman, with whom you might be hours and days in company, without suspecting him to be a Philosopher or a Poet. His manners are those of one who has studied the graces in the woods, unwittingly learned his bow from the bend of the pine, and his air and attitudes from those into which the serviceable wind adjusts the forest trees, as it sweeps across them. His conversation is at times a sweet rich dropping, like honey from the rock. He is a great man, gracefully disguised under sincere modesty and simplicity of character, is totally free from those go-ahead crotchets and cant which disgust you in many Americans, and it is impossible for the most prejudiced to be in his society, and not be impressed with respect for the innocence of his life, and regard for the unaffected sincerity of his manners. Plain and homely he may be as a wooden bowl, but not the less rich and ethereal is the nectar of thought by which he is filled. A lecturer, in the common sense of the term, he is not; call him rather a public monologist, talking rather to himself than to his audience—and what a quiet, calm, commanding conversation it is! It is not the seraph, or burning one that you see in the midst of his wings of fire—it is the naked cherubic reason thinking aloud before you. He reads his lectures without excitement, without energy, scarcely even with emphasis, as if to try what can be effected by the pure, unaided momentum of thought. It is soul totally unsheathed that you have to do with; and you ask, is this a spirit's tongue that is sounding on its way? so solitary and severe seems its harmony. There is no betrayal of emotion,

except now and then when a slight tremble in his voice proclaims that he has arrived at some spot of thought to him peculiarly sacred or dear, even as our fellow-traveller along a road sometimes starts and looks round, arrived at some land-mark of passion and memory, which to us has no interest; or as an earthly steed might be conceived to shiver under the advent of a supernal horseman—so his voice must falter here and there below the glorious burden it has to bear. There is no emphasis, often, but what is given by the eye, and this is felt only by those who see him on the side view; neither standing behind, nor before can we form any conception of the rapt living flesh which breaks forth athwart the spectator. His eloquence is thus of that highest kind which produces great effects at small expenditure of means, and without any effort or turbulence; still and strong as gravitation, it fixes, subdues, and turns us around. To be more popular than it is, it requires only two elements—first, a more artistic accommodation to the tastes and understandings of the audience; and, secondly, greater power of personal passion, in which Emerson's head as well as his nature seems deficient. Could but some fiery breath of political zeal or religious enthusiasm be let loose upon him, to create a more rapid and energetic movement in his style and manner, he would stir and inflame the world.

His lectures, as to their substance, are *portable essences* of the subject or character to which they refer. In small compass masses of thought, results of long processes, lie compact and firm; as 240 pence are calmly enclosed in one bright round sovereign, so do volumes manifold go to compose some of Emerson's short and Sibylline sentences. In his lecture on Napoleon, he reduces him and the history of his empire to a strong jelly. Eloquence, that ample theme, in like manner he condenses into the hollow of one lecture—a lecture for once which proved as popular as it was profound. His intellectual tactics somewhat resemble those of Napoleon. As he aimed at, and broke the heart of opposing armies, Emerson loves to grasp and tear out the

trembling core of a subject, and show it to his hearers. In both of these lectures we admired his selection of instances and anecdotes; each stood for a distinct part of the subject, and rendered it at once intelligible and memorable. An anecdote thus severely selected answers the end of a bone in the hand of an anatomical lecturer: it appeals to sense as well as soul. We like, too, his reading of a passage from the *Odyssey*, descriptive of the eloquence of Ulysses. It was translated into prose—the prose of his better essays—by himself, and was read with a calm classical power and dignity, which made a thousand hearts still as the grave. For five minutes there seemed but two things in the world: the silence, and the voice which was passing through it.

If men, we have often exclaimed, would but listen as attentively to sermons, as they do to the *intimations* at the end! Emerson generally commands such attention; especially, we are told, that during his first lecture in Edinburgh on Natural Aristocracy, it was fine to see him, by his very bashfulness, driven not out of, but *into* himself, and speaking as if in the forest alone with God and his own soul. This was true self-possession. The audience, too, were made to feel themselves as much alone as their orator. To give a curdling sense of solitude in society, is a much higher achievement than to give a sense of society in solitude. It is among the mightiest acts of spiritual power, thus to insulate the imagination or the conscience of man, and suggest afar off the proceedings of that tremendous day, when in the company of a universe each man will feel himself alone.

In the three lectures we heard from Mr. Emerson, there did not occur a single objectionable sentence. But there was unquestionably a blank in all, most melancholy to contemplate. We have no sympathy with the attempts which have been made to poison the popular mind, and to rouse the popular passions against this gentleman, whether by misrepresenting his opinions or by blackening his motives. He does not believe himself—whatever an ignorant and conceited scribbler in the “United Presbyterian Magazine” may say—to be God. He is the least in the world of a proselytizer. He has visited this country solely as a literary man, invited to give literary lectures. Whatever be his creed, he has not, in Scotland at least, protruded it; and even if he had, it would have done little harm; for as easily

transfer and circulate Emerson’s brain as his belief. But, when we think of such a mind owning a faith seemingly so cold, and vague, and shadowy; and when, in his lectures, we find moral and spiritual truths of such importance robbed of their awful sanctions, separated like rays cut off from the sun—from their parent system and source—swung from off their moorings upon the Rock of Ages—the Infinite and the Eternal—and supported upon his own authority alone—when, in short, the Moon of genius comes between us and the Sun of God, we feel a dreariness and desolation of spirit inexpressible; and, much as we admire the author and love the man, we are tempted to regret the hour when he first landed upon our shores. Our best wishes, and those of thousands, go with him on his homeward way; but coupled with a strong desire that a better, clearer, and more definite light may dawn upon his soul, and create around him a true “Forest Sanctuary.” Long has he been like Jacob, dreaming in the desert; surely the ladder cannot be far off.

The office of an interpreter, if not of the highest order, is certainly very useful, honorable, and, at certain periods, particularly necessary. There are times when the angle at which the highest minds of the age stand to the middle and lower classes is exceedingly awkward and uncertain. Their names and their pretensions are well known; even a glimmer of their doctrine has got abroad; some even of their books are read with a maximum of avidity, and a minimum of understanding; but a fuller reflection of their merits and their views—a farther circulation of their spirit, and a more complete discharge of their electric influences, are still needed. For these purposes, unless the men will condescend to interpret themselves, we must have a separate class for the purpose. Indeed, such a class will be created by the circumstances. As each morning we see a grand process of interpretation, when the living light leaps downwards from heaven to the mountain summits, and from these to the low-lying hills, and from these to the deep glens—each mountain and hill taking up in turn its part in the great translation, till the landscape is one volume of glory—so mind after mind, in succession, and in the order of their intellectual stature, must catch and reflect the empyrean fire of truth.

Chief among the interpreters of our time stands Thomas Carlyle. He has not added

any new truth to the world's stock, nor any artistic work to the world's literature, nor is he now likely to do so; but he has stood between the British mind and the great German orbs, and flung down on us their light, with a kind of contemptuous profusion, colored, too, undoubtedly, by the strange rugged idiosyncrasy on which it has been reflected. This light, however, has fallen short of the middle-class, not to speak of the masses of the community. This translation must itself be translated. For some time it might have been advertised in the newspapers—"Wanted, an interpreter for Sartor Resartus." Without the inducement of any such advertisement, but as a volunteer, has Mr. George Dawson stepped forward, and has now for two years been plying his profession, with much energy, and very considerable success.

It were not praise—it were not even flattery—it were simply insult and irony, to speak of Mr. Dawson in any other light than as a clever, a very clever, translator, or, if he will, interpreter, of a greater translator and interpreter than himself. In all the lectures we have either heard or read of, his every thought and shade of thought was Carlyle's. The matter of the feast was, first course, Carlyle; second, do.; dessert, do.;—*toujours* Carlyle: the dishes, dressing, and sauce only, were his own. Nor do we at all quarrel with him for this. Since the public are so highly satisfied, and since Carlyle himself is making no complaint, and instituting no hue and cry, it is all very well. It is really, too, a delightful *hachis* he does cook, full of pepper and spice, and highly palatable to the majority. Our only proper ground of quarrel would be, if he were claiming any independent merit in the thought, apart from the illustrations, the wit, and the easy vigorous talk of the exhibition. We have again and again been on the point of exclaiming, when compelled to contrast description with reality—We shall henceforth believe nothing till we have seen it with our eyes, and heard it with our ears. The most of the pictures we see drawn of celebrated people seem, after we have met with the originals, to have been painted by the blind. One has to hand them aside, like letters mis-directed. So very many determinedly praise a man for qualities which he has not—if a man is tall, they make him short; if dark, they give him fair hair; if his brow be moderate in dimensions, they call it a great mass of placid marble; if he

be an easy, fluent speaker, they dignify him with the name, orator; if his eye kindle with the progress of his theme, they tell us that his face gets phosphorescent, and as the face of an angel. Hence the mortifying disappointments which are so common—disappointments produced less by the *inferiority* than by the *unlikeness* of the reality to the description. A distinguished painter who visited Coleridge was chagrined to find his forehead, of which he had read ravings innumerable, of quite an ordinary size. We watched Emerson's face very narrowly, but could not, for our life, perceive any glow mounting up its pale and pensive lines. We had heard much of Dawson's eloquence, but found that while there was much fluency, there was little fire, and no enthusiasm. Distance and dunces together had metamorphosed him, even as a nobler cause of deception sometimes changes a village steeple into a tower of rubies—and plates a copse with gold.

To call this gentleman a cockney, Carlyle a transcendental bagman, were to be too severe; to call him a combination of Cobbett and Carlyle, were to be too complimentary. But while there is much in the matter which reminds you of Carlyle, as the reflection reminds you of the reality, there is much in his style and manner which recalls William Cobbett. Could we conceive Cobbett by any possibility forswearing his own nature, converted to Germanism, and proclaiming it in his own way, we should have had George Dawson anticipated, and forestalled. The Saxon style; the homely illustrations; the conversational air; the frequent appeals to common sense; the broad Anglicanisms; and the perfect self-possession—are common to both, with some important differences, indeed; since Dawson is much terser and pointed, since his humor is dry, not rich; and since he is, as to substance, rather an echo than a native, though rude voice.

To such qualities as we have now indirectly enumerated, we are to attribute the sway he has acquired over popular, and especially over English audiences. They are not, while hearing him, called profoundly either to think or feel. They are not painfully reminded that they have not *read*. Enthusiastic appeal never warms their blood. A noble self-contempt and forgetfulness is never inculcated. Of reverence for the ancient, the past, and the mysterious, there is little or none. They are never excited even to any fervor of destructive zeal. A strong, somewhat rough voice is heard pour-

ing out an even, calm, yet swift torrent of mingled paradoxes and truisms, smart epigrammatic sentences, short, cold, hurrying sarcasms, deliberate vulgarisms of expression, quotations from Sartor Resartus and Scripture, and from no other book—never growing, and never diminishing in interest—never suggesting an end as near, nor reminding us of a beginning as past—every one eager to listen, but no one sorry when it is done; the purpose of the whole being to shake, we think too much, respect for formulas, creeds, and constituted authorities; to inculcate, we think too strongly, a sense of independence and individualism, and to give to the future, we think, an undue preponderance over the past.

Mr. George Dawson has read with considerable care and accuracy the signs of his time. He has watched the direction and the rate of the popular tide, and has cast himself on it with an air of martyrdom. His has been the desperate determination at all hazards to sail with the stream. He sees, what only the blind do not, that a new era is begun, in which, as Napoleon said, "there shall be no Alps," when they threatened to impede his march; our young mind has in like manner sworn there shall be no past, no history, no Bible, no God even, if such things venture to stand across our way, and curb our principle of progress, and is rushing on heroically with this daring multitude. One is amused at the cry of persecution which he raises on his way. The term, to us, in such cases as his, sounds supremely ludicrous. What, in general, does persecution for conscience-sake now mean? It means, if the subject be a clergyman, the trebling of his audience and the doubling of his income; if an author, the tenfold sale of his works; if a man in business, three customers instead of one—not to speak of the pleasures of notoriety, lecturing engagements, gold watches, and pieces of plate. Pleasant and profitable persecution! even when it is diversified by a little newspaper abuse—the powerless hatred of the deserted party—and some strictures, such as ours, in the magazines! What comparison between this species of persecution and the treatment which a Wordsworth or a Shelley received? or what comparison between it and the neglect, contempt, and poverty which now befall many a worthy and conscientious supporter of the *Old*? We knew an elderly neglected clergyman, who came to a brother minister and said, "I wish you would preach against me; it might bring

me into notice." Mr. Dawson has been preached, placarded, and prayed into notice—a notice in which he has expanded and bourgeoned like a peach tree in the sunshine, and yet of which he thinks proper to complain as persecution! Pretty exchange! an elegant pulpit for a barrel of burning coals—fifteen hundred admiring auditors for a thousand exulting foes—the "Church" instead of the "Cross" of the Saviour. We really cannot, in this world of wo, find in our hearts one particle of pity to spare for Mr. Dawson, nor for any such mellifluous martyrs.

No eagle soaring and screaming in the teeth of the storm—no thunder-cloud moving up the wind, do we deem our hero; but, on the whole, a most complacent and beautiful peacock's feather, sailing adown the breeze, yet with an air as if it had created and could turn it if he chose; or, shall we say, a fine large bubble descending with dignity, as if it were the cataract? or, shall we try it once more? a straw, imagining that because it shows the direction, it is directing the wind. If these figures do not give satisfaction, we have fifty more at the service of Mr. Dawson's admirers; for, after all, we must blame his admirers and his enemies more than himself. He has much about him that is frank, open, and amiable. A clever young man, endowed with a rare talent for talk, he began to talk in a manner that offended his party. Many, on the other hand, of no party, were struck with surprise at hearing such bold and liberal sentiments uttered from such a quarter. Pure, unmixed Carlylism coming from a Baptist pulpit sounded in their ears sweet and strange, as a "voice from a loftier climate." The rest might have been expected. Between the dislike of his foes, the wild enthusiasm of his friends, the ill-calculated pounce of the Archbishop of York, the real, though borrowed merit of many of his sentiments, and the real native force of his speech—he found himself all at once on a giddy eminence which might have turned stronger heads; for here was the *rarissima avis* of a liberal Baptist—a Carlylistic clergyman, a juvenile sage, and a transcendentalist talking English—there was no bird in all Knowlesley Park that could be named in comparison. Here, besides, was positively the first Dawson (except Peel's friend) that had, as an intellectual man, been known beyond his own doorway. Such circumstances, besides a felt want in the public mind, which he professed to supply, ac-



count for the rapid rise of one who had written and done nothing, except a few lectures and sermons, to the summit of notoriety.

So far as Dawson is a faithful renderer or doer into English of Thomas Carlyle's sentiments, we have, we repeat, no quarrel with him. But in some points we dislike his mode of expounding and illustrating these, or if he be in all things an accurate expounder of his principal, why, then, we must just venture to question his principal's infallibility.

Mr. Dawson, for instance, sets himself with all his might to inculcate the uselessness of the clergy, as teachers of truth, and the superiority of the lecturing class, or prophets, as he modestly calls them. Samuel, he told us, was a much greater personage than the priests of his day. We do not, in all points, "stand up for our order." We are far from thinking that the clergy, as a whole, are awake to the necessities of the age, or fully alive to all its tendencies. We know that Dr. Tholuck, when in this country, was grieved at the want of learning he found in some of our greatest men, and especially at their ignorance of the state of matters in Germany. We know that he advised two eminent Doctors of different denominations to read Strauss's life of Christ; and that, while one of them declined, in very strong language, the other, Dr. Chalmers (how like him!) said, "Well I will read it, Dr. Tholuck; *is't a big book?*" Strauss, of course, he recommended, not from sympathy with its theory, but because it is a book as necessary to be read now by the defenders of Christianity as was Gibbon's history fifty years ago. But while granting much to Mr. Dawson, we are far from granting all. Ministers do not profess to be prophets, except in so far as they are declarers—*προφηται*—of the divine will, as exhibited in the Scriptures, or as they may be endowed with that deep vision of truth and beauty which is now, by courtesy, called prophetic sight. But who are prophets, pray, in any other sense? Who can now pretend to stand to ministers in the relation in which that Samuel, who had, in his youth, been awakened by the voice of God, and who, in his manhood, had, by his call, aroused the slumbering thunder, and darkened the heavens by the waving of his hand, stood to the priesthood of Israel? Not surely George Dawson, Esq. A. M., nor yet Thomas Carlyle—no, nor Fichte nor Goethe themselves. Alas! may we not now,

all of us, take up the complaint of the Psalmist?—

"Our signs we do not now behold,  
There is not us among  
A Prophet more, nor any one  
That knows the time how long."

It is, as it was at the close of Saul's guilty and inglorious reign, when God refused to answer by dreams, by Urim, or by prophets; and when, in defect of the true vision, he went to consult with wizards and *quack salvers*. We are, indeed, rather more favored—we have still among us wise and gifted men; but if we would find prophets, in the highest sense of the word, we must just go back and sit at the feet of those awful Bards of Israel—those legislators of the future—whose words are full of eyes, and the depth of whose insight communicates with the omniscience of God. As poets, as seers, as teachers, as truthful and earnest men, not to speak merely of their august supernatural pretensions, they still tower alone unsurmounted and unapproached, the Himalayan mountains of mankind.

It is easy for a popular lecturer, primed and ready with his three or his six polished and labored efforts, to sneer at the ministers of Jesus. But it is not so easy for one of this now, calumniated class, to keep up for long years a succession of effective appeals to the conscience and to the heart, in season and out of season, through good report and through bad report. And it is not particularly kind or graceful in a gentleman, who must have experienced the peculiar difficulties of the order to which he still belongs, to turn again and rend them; enjoying, as he does, even yet, some of the immunities of the class, it is mean in him to shirk its responsibilities, and, meaner still, to try to shake its credit in the estimation of his countrymen.

He draws, to be sure, a distinction between a preacher and a man preaching, a distinction as obvious nearly as that between a fiddling man and a man fiddling, a barking puppy and a puppy barking. He is not a preaching man, but a man preaching. What a miserable quibble! Who means by a preacher anything else than a man who has voluntarily assumed the task of declaring the truth of God to his fellows? Does one necessarily cease to be a man in becoming a preacher? Or does one necessarily become a man by ceasing to be, or wishing it to be thought that he has ceased to be, a preacher? Nay, verily. In

fact, a considerable share of Mr. Dawson's popularity, with a certain class at least, springs from the preacher's air and the preacher-phrases, which still cling to his delivery and style. He is little else than a clever lecturer, made out of the elements or ruins of a second-rate preacher.

In Mr. Dawson's lectures we find no variety of thought. Two or three ideas, imported into his mind, are rattled like peas over and over, into a thousand different sounds or discords. The same terms, too, such as subjective and objective, dynamical and mechanical, are perpetually repeated, with a parrot-like iteration. There is in some minds, and in some styles, a gigantic monotony, as in the ocean surges, or in the beams of the sun. But there is also a small mannerism arising from the mimicry of a model—itself, in part, a copy, which can with difficulty be endured for a few nights, and for no more.

Of course, he proclaims warfare against conventionalisms of speech and of thought: to call in prayer, a woman a handmaiden, the sea the great deep, &c., is with him a grave offence. Words are things. Things ought to be called by their right names. A spade should be a spade; and not, with Dr. Johnson, a "broad, semi-wooden, semi-iron, instrument for tearing the bosom of *terra firma*, the pioneer of the advenient seed." Shade of Dr. Johnson! then, art thou not provoked to ask, "what, in the name of wonder, George Dawson, art thou? what callest thou thyself? Art thou infidel, pagan, or Christian, or anything more than a man preaching? I know not how to entitle thee, positively; but, negatively, depend on it, I shall never call *thee*, by any accident, "a great deep."

Too often in Mr Dawson's prelections what is new is not true, and what is true is not new. In proclaiming the stern truth that there is something higher than happiness—namely, blessedness—he only repeated the finest sentence in that abysmal volume, Sartor Resartus. But who instructed him for once to go beyond his master, and ridicule the phrase, "luxury of doing good?" Because duty can play its high part at times, without public fee or reward, has it not always, in its own exercise, "a joy beyond the name of pleasure?" Does not Scripture often appeal to the desire and to the prospect of happiness as stimulants to duty? Has not the Divine Being annexed even to sacrifice and to martyrdom a feeling which we may appropriately term

"luxury," if luxury mean something at once delicious and rare? "To be good, for good's sake," is the noblest reach of man; but what does good imply in its very conception? Surely some severe but real delight, partly in present feeling, and partly in future prospect. We know, right well, the tendency of Mr. Dawson's sneer—it is an attempt to scoff out the golden candlestick of celestial blessedness, as the reward of the good; although, as well might he seek to puff away to-morrow's sun.

We notice in connexion with all his allusions to religion, a want of moral reverence for the subject. Suppose it were true, what he so often intimates, that God has abandoned our present forms of worship, in what spirit should he tread the deserted shrine? In what spirit did (we beg pardon for the reference) the Son of Man walk in the desecrated and doomed temple of Jerusalem? It was not, certainly, with contemptuous disregard, any more than with the cry on his lips, Raze, raze it to its foundation? It was, doubtless, with tears in his eyes, as he remembered, "Here God once dwelt." With what coolness, with what propensity to sneer, with what ill-suppressed joy, at these long desolations, do some now walk through what they call a ruin, as forsaken as the temple of Jupiter Palatinus. Shame to thee, George Dawson, if this be thy feeling, as we fear it is! This is not, rely on it, the feeling of thy Master, though he never took the vows of the ministry upon his soul. If we have not totally misconstrued the nature of Thomas Carlyle, he passes through the sanctuary, which he deems now forsaken, nay, a den of thieves, with emotions of profoundest sorrow, because the broken arches, the mouldering inscriptions, and the extinct fire, seem to him but too plainly to testify that the Great Inhabitant is gone.

Mr. Dawson's *forte* lies, unquestionably, in his lively and amusing illustrations. His is a species of proverbial philosophy. He abounds both in "old saws and modern instances." He accommodates the results of philosophy to every-day life, and translates its technicalities into the loose conversation, almost into the slang, of every-day language. It may be questioned whether in this he does men much service; for in the first place, in such a process a great deal that is most valuable necessarily escapes. There are thoughts in every high philosophy

which will not bear translation into ordinary speech. Our English vernacular will only look ludicrous as it attempts to girth their greatness; and these thoughts are, of course, the deepest and noblest. Secondly, apart from this aboriginal difficulty, the translator, when also a popular lecturer, is under strong temptation to dilute what truth he does tell too much, and to give his babes, instead of milk, milk and water. And, thirdly, those babes will be exceedingly apt to fancy, after a few such diluted preparations, that they have suddenly shot up into men of full age. In the short space of four or five amusing hours they are quite qualified to chatter Carlylese—to dogmatize on the characteristics and tendencies of the age; and to look with sovereign contempt on ministers, and on all who are weak enough to put their trust in them. We met last summer, in a London omnibus, a good-natured, amusing, old lady, at whom we inquired if she had ever been in Edinburgh. She answered, "no; but I saw a *panoramar* of it, which gave me a very good *hidear* of it." Such a satisfactory *panoramaric hidear* does Mr. Dawson give his auditors of the German philosophy, and of Plato.

When I hear such a preacher, said one, I go home well pleased with him; when I hear such another, I go home ill-pleased with myself. Mr. Dawson sends home most of his audience well-pleased with him and with themselves, and thinking more of him and of themselves than of his theme. They carry away no stings with them, none of that fine humility, of that divine despair, which contemplation of nature's vastness, and of man's littleness, inevitably produces; and yet which never fails afterwards to excite genuine aspiration. From hearing Professor Nichol, you come home with but one thought, the grandeur of his subject; in which almost the thought of the lecturer has been lost, to which he has but served meekly to point like the rod which he holds in his hand. In hearing Samuel Brown you have a similar feeling, blended, however, with more of a personal interest, more admiration for the enthusiasm and genius of the man, who at such an age, seems conversant with mysteries so profound, as if he had commenced his studies in an anti-natal state of being. The masterly ease, self-possession, clearness, interest, and fluency of Mr. Dawson's talk, give you an hour's, or perchance a night's pleasure, and that is all; for, indeed, he is rather a talker than a teacher. To those

who have read Carlyle's Miscellanies and other works, he tells nothing new; and those who have not, are in general more amused by the novel and vivid illustrations, than impressed and subdued by what to them ought to be the startling truths. The enthusiast alone can teach, because he alone can feel up to that point where feeling overflows, burning, and sometimes scalding into other minds. Mr. Dawson may be, we trust is, at heart a sincere man, but he is not an enthusiast; he has no self-forgetfulness, no rapt emotion of any kind; he manages his instrument but too dexterously, and too consciously well. We have no conception what he can have made of Switzerland, what shape its rocks, torrents, and glaciers, have assumed in his mind—what *gingerbread cast* of the Alps he has contrived to form, or how his essentially cold and clever style has managed to rise to cope with the magnificent field. Were there any barn-fowl flutterings, any ghastly contortions of imaginative penury and weakness? or did he, as we rather suspect, with his wonted tact, avoid the grander features of his subject, and turn aside into paths equally pleasing, less hackneyed, and for him less dangerous? Let our Glasgow friends, who heard him on this subject, answer the question. Altogether, Mr. Dawson's mission seems to us exceedingly uncertain, both as to its purpose and its probable results. We do not see any distinct reason or call why he should have separated himself to that gospel of negations which he preaches. We have asked him already, what is he? we ask him now what he wishes us to be? A man who has started from the ranks, who has done so as if in obedience to a voice, "Come out, and be thou separate," ought to be able to tell with some explicitness what he would give us in exchange for what we are in effect required to resign. But "story," like the knife-grinder, "he has none to tell, sir." He offers, it is true, relief to doubters—nay, builds a chapel for them, and calls it by the *unpretending* name, the "Church of the Savior;" but in truth his teaching only adds fire to fever, and seems to us a masterly machinery for creating or confirming doubt. We grant him readily that doubters—the most interesting and one of the most numerous of classes of men in the present day, including, not now, as formerly, merely the vain and the vicious, but many of the sincere, the intelligent, the virtuous, and the humble—including, especially, so

many of the young and rising spirits of the time—are not sufficiently attended to in the daily ministrations. Their feelings are not respected, their questions are not fairly answered, their motives and characters are misrepresented, their doubts are flung back unresolved, contemptuously, in their face; and hence, many of them are carrying their questions to other oracles, and getting their Gordian knots cut by other swords than that of the Spirit.

But let those who have done, repair the injury. Let the various churches of the country set to work with greater zeal, with greater unanimity, and, above all, with greater intelligence, and greater charity, to attend to this most important and neglected class. Let them not dream that merely to abuse Germanism is to answer it. Let them no longer waste their strength and breath in calling Carlyle or Emerson by hard names. Let them demonstrate that their charges against Christianity as dead, are untrue, by showing that its ancient spirit is still alive. Let them remember that the front of sceptical battle is changed since the days of Voltaire and Volney—that the character of the leaders is changed too—and that there must be a corresponding change in the tactics of Christian defenders. Such books as Paley, Watson, Hall on Modern Infidelity, or Olinthus Gregory—the leviathan of German scepticism takes up but as straw or rotten wood. They split upon his adamantine scales. The onset of Paine and of Volney was from below—from the hell of mean passions, politics, and low conceptions of man; the onset of the German philosophers is from above—from the height of transcendental thought. From a higher eminence ought their onset to be repelled. Dr. Chalmers, from that lofty watch-tower which he occupied, and round which, alas! the shades of evening were gathering fast, saw the big bulking danger—and it was his all but last act to set the trumpet to his mouth, and blow an alarm to the Christian world. Would it had been more widely echoed and obeyed! Such a tender, general, and enlightened attention to the doubting Thomases of the day, would produce numerous good consequences. It would show religion in her most amiable aspect—having compassion upon the ignorant, and upon those that are out of the way. It would arrest the doubts of many, ere they were hardened into a fierce and aggressive infidelity. It would change every church into a refuge for those

who are tossed with tempest, and not comforted—a true “Church of the Savior;” and it would proclaim to those officious “flatterers,” who would rid men of their burdens elsewhere than at the Cross and the Sepulchre, that their occupation was gone. We are not, however, at all sanguine of such results as near. Our wretched divisions and party-isms—the bigoted battle we are still disposed to do for the smallest minutiae of our different creeds, while its main pillars are so powerfully assailed—our general deadness and coldness, seem to augur that some mighty regenerating process is needed by all churches ere they can fully meet wants which are yearly becoming more and more imperious. “Good religious people,” writes to us one of the most eminent evangelical ministers in a sister country, “have a great deal to learn, and some of them will never learn anything. They are unconscious of the new world in which they live. They do not know what a different thing the pulpit is, and how different the preacher ought to be, since the new and mighty preacher in the form of the Press has risen up, and occupied so much of the preacher’s old ground. The Press and the Pulpit might, and ought to understand each other better than they do.” Coinciding in such views, we do not, however, expect that Mr. Dawson’s pulpit will do much to promote the reconciliation of those two rival powers. He is verily not a preacher, but a man preaching magazine articles, sprinkled with Scripture texts. He belongs to an amphibious order of beings, neither in nor out of the church. We cannot conceive himself long to remain at ease in such an ambiguous position, nor that the public can continue to place much confidence in him as a clergyman. It is whispered already that he is sinking as rapidly as he rose. We are not afraid that he will ever be totally overlooked. He is young, ready, fluent, ambitious, with much power of mental assimilation, a fertile, teeming brain, and a tongue and pair of lungs perfectly first-rate. Such qualities in bustling times can never fail of their reward, although we should imagine that the lecture-room, instead of the chapel, will by-and-bye become the favorite field for their exhibition.

We venture to conclude this from the perusal of his sermon—the opening one of his new chapel—entitled, *The Demands of the Age upon the Church*. If this be an average specimen of Mr. Dawson’s writing

or preaching powers, we must warn the public that they are not to expect him to become a Hall in the pulpit, or a Foster at the desk. As a composition, it is loose, careless, even vulgar. Think of an expression like this, occurring in a discourse on such a solemn occasion: "*We do not unite on the sly.*" The style is an odd compound of Carlylisms and Pickwickisms. The bond of union it proposes is no bond at all. A union of common doubts and disbeliefs may form a vast moral infirmary, but not a church. We forewarn him, that it is difficult now as of old to make bricks without straw, and build a house without cement. That the doubters deserve special tending, he proves satisfactorily. He does not prove the adaptation of his chapel to their case. The spirit of Christianity he would divorce from its eternal principles and facts—an attempt as hopeless as to separate the life of a tree from its leaves, branches, and trunk. The only part of the discourse at all valuable is its statement of the admitted fact, that vital religion is at a low ebb; but even this he exaggerates, and his notion, that it has passed over to the free-thinkers, is simply not true. We would just beg the public to compare this specimen of the new style of preaching with some of Dr. Croly's recently-published sermons, where they will find vast and varied erudition, burning genius, an eloquence severe, classical and grand, Scriptural sentiment—all the qualities, in short, which Dawson's writing has not—in order to learn what exchange they are required to make, and to be convinced that although his Church be called the Church of the Savior, he is not destined to be the savior of the Church.

We know full well that such a frank expression of our sentiments will, as did recently our strictures on Macaulay and Burns, create against us a number of opponents. We are perfectly indifferent. Whenever the trigger of the gun, Truth, is drawn, by however feeble a hand, and a report follows, multitudes of timorous or stupid creatures are sure to be alarmed or enraged, and to rend the air with their screams. It will be said that we are actuated by some *animus* against Mr. Dawson, just as a few blockheads accused us of hating a man who had been dead for half a century, and whose genius we had taken fifty opportunities of landing in terms little short of downright idolatry. We must simply disown any such feeling. We gave Mr. Dawson constant attendance and earnest attention. We

were occasionally delighted, and testified it by no feeble or niggardly applause. We saw much about him in private that was pleasing. But a sense of duty, coupled, we grant, with a certain feeling of indignation at the undue prominence which is partly given him, and which in part he assumes, and to which no man possessed merely of mechanical gifts, however extraordinary, is entitled, have urged us to write as we have written. "It is intolerable," said one, "to think of the literary coteries of London being over-crowded in the accent of an Ecclefechan carter." This may be, and is, and ought to be borne, when that accent stirs, warbles, and inflames, under the words of genius. But it is intolerable, that a glib and flowing tongue, conveying borrowed sentiments, in the language of the Pickwick papers, should be listened to as if behind it were flashing the eye of a Burns, or towering the brow of a Shakespeare. And it is still more intolerable, that a man without depth, learning, originality, or enthusiasm, should be swaying opinion, or shaking the faith of any in the great Inspirations of the Past.

If Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel are to be blotted out, let the blank be filled up with names of a somewhat higher calibre—and mighty to start a nobler spirit—than that of George Dawson.

Our faith in popular lecturing has never been great, and has been lessened by the experiences of the past winter. In the course of it, we have heard five or six of the most distinguished of the class, and have not only listened carefully to them, but have watched the effects of their prelections on their audiences. So far as the lecturers are concerned, our expectations have been exceeded rather than the reverse. All, in different styles, were excellent. All, through very different avenues, found their way to the attention and to the applause of their hearers. One, by a rich anecdotalage, and the clear and copious detail of facts, nailed the ears of his audience to his lips. Another gathered them around him, talking though he was in an unknown tongue, through the cloudy grandeur of his speculation. Another took them captive by the enthusiasm which shone in his face and quivered on his lips. Another passed across them, like a rapid snow-drift, showering on their passive spirits a thick succession of clear cold sentences. All exerted power, all gave a certain amount of pleasure. Did any much more? Was any permanent

elevation given, or lasting effect produced? Had Scotland, England, and America, been ransacked for their choicest spirits, only to produce a certain tickling gratification, at most amounting to a high intellectual treat? We do not wish to speak dogmatically on the point, but it is our distinct impression that in a spiritual, not in a pecuniary sense, the cost outwent the profit. The great ends of teaching were not, and in the space, and in the circumstances, could hardly have been answered. Multitudes, unprepared

by previous reading and training, were brought out by curiosity, or in some cases by a better principle, to hear some of the first men of the age, listened with most exemplary attention, were thrilled or tickled, but we fear not *fed*. We are convinced that steady attendance upon one plain single month's course on geology, or modern history, would have done more good than whole years spent in hearing such brilliant birds of passage.

---

From the North British Review.

### LIFE OF GOLDSMITH.

*The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith. A Biography.* In Four Books. By JOHN FORSTER. London, 1848.

THIS book accomplishes a retribution which the world has waited for through seventy and odd years. Welcome at any rate by its purpose, it is trebly welcome by its execution, to all hearts that linger indulgently over the frailties of a national favorite once wickedly exaggerated—to all hearts that brood indignantly over the powers of that favorite once maliciously undervalued.

A man of original genius, shown to us as revolving through the leisurely stages of a biographical memoir, lays open, to readers prepared for sympathy, two separate theatres of interest; one in his personal career; the other in his works and his intellectual development. Both unfold together; and each borrows a secondary interest from the other: the life from the recollection of the works—the works from the joy and sorrow of the life. There have, indeed, been authors whose great creations, severely preconceived in a region of thought transcendent to all impulses of earth, would have been pretty nearly what they are under any possible changes in the dramatic arrangement of their lives. Happy or not happy—gay or sad—these authors would equally have fulfilled a mission too solemn and too stern in its obligations to suffer any warping from chance, or to bend before the accidents of life, whether dressed in sunshine or in wintry gloom. But generally this is otherwise. Children of Paradise, like the Miltons of our planet, have the privilege of stars—to “dwell apart.” But

the children of flesh, whose pulses beat too sympathetically with the agitations of mother-earth, cannot sequester themselves in that way. They walk in no such altitudes, but at elevations easily reached by ground-winds of humble calamity. And from that cup of sorrow, which upon all lips is pressed in some proportion, they must submit, by the very tenure on which they hold their gifts, to drink, if not more profoundly than others, yet always with more peril to the accomplishment of their earthly mission.

Amongst this household of children too tremulously associated to the fluctuations of earth, stands forward conspicuously Oliver Goldsmith. And there is a belief current—that he was conspicuous, not only in the sense of being constitutionally flexible to the impressions of sorrow and adversity, in case they had happened to occur, but also that he really *had* more than his share of those afflictions. We are disposed to think that this was not so. Our trust is, that Goldsmith lived upon the whole a life which, though troubled, was one of average enjoyment. Unquestionably, when reading at midnight, and in the middle watch of a century which *he* never reached, this record of one so amiable, so guileless, so upright, or seeming to be otherwise for a moment only in the eyes of those who did not know his difficulties, nor could have understood them; when recurring also to his admirable genius, to the sweet natural gaiety of his oftentimes pathetic humor, and to the

varied accomplishments from talent or erudition, by which he gave effect to endowments so fascinating—one cannot but sorrow over the strife which he sustained, and over the wrong by which he suffered. A few natural tears one sheds at the rehearsal of so much contumely from fools, which he stood under unresistingly as one bareheaded under a hail storm;\* and worse to bear than the scorn of fools, was the imperfect sympathy and jealous self-distrusting esteem which he received to the last from friends. Doubtless he suffered much wrong; but so, in one way or other, do most men: he suffered also this special wrong, that in his life-time he never was fully appreciated by any one friend—something of a counter-movement ever mingled with praise for him—he never saw himself enthroned in the heart of any young and fervent admirer, and he was always overshadowed by men less deeply genial, though more showy than himself:—but these things happen, and have happened to myriads amongst the benefactors of earth. Their names ascend in songs of thankful commemoration, but not until the ears are deaf that would have thrilled to the music. And these were the heaviest of Goldsmith's afflictions: what are likely to be thought such, viz., the battles which he fought for his daily bread, we do not number amongst them. To struggle is not to suffer. Heaven grants to few of us a life of untroubled prosperity, and grants it least of all to its favorites. Charles I. carried, as it was thought by a keen Italian judge of physiognomy, a predestination to misery written in his features. And it is probable that if any Cornelius Agrippa had then been living, to show him in early life the strife, the bloodshed, the triumphs of enemies, the treacheries of friends, the separation for ever from the familiar faces of his hearth, which darkened the years from 1642 to 1649, he would have said—"Prophet of woe! if I bear to live through this vista of seven years, it is because at the further end of it thou showest me the consolation of a scaffold." And yet our persuasion is, that in the midst of its

\* We do not allude chiefly to his experience in childhood, when he is reported to have been a general butt of mockery for his ugliness and his supposed stupidity; since, as regarded the latter reproach, he could not have suffered very long, having already at a childish age vindicated his intellectual place by the verses which opened to him an academic destination. We allude to his mature life, and the supercilious condescension with which even his reputed friends doled out their praises to him.

deadly agitations and its torments of suspense, probably enough by the energies of hope, or even of anxiety which exalted it, that period of bitter conflict was found by the king a more ennobling life than he *would* have found in the torpor of a prosperity too profound. To be cloyed perpetually is a worse fate than sometimes to stand within the vestibule of starvation; and we need go no farther than the confidential letters of the court ladies of this and other countries to satisfy ourselves how much worse in its effects upon happiness than any condition of alarm and peril, is the lethargic repose of luxury too monotonous, and of security too absolute. If, therefore, Goldsmith's life *had* been one of continual struggle, it would not follow that it had therefore sunk below the standard of ordinary happiness. But the life-struggle of Goldsmith, though severe enough (after all allowances) to challenge a feeling of tender compassion, was not in such a degree severe as has been represented.\* He enjoyed two great immunities from suffering that have been much overlooked; and *such* immunities that, in our opinion, four in five of all the people ever connected with Goldsmith's works, as publishers, printers, composers (that is, men taken at random), have very probably suffered more, upon the whole, than he. The immunities were these:—1st, From any *bodily* taint of low spirits. He had a constitutional gaiety of heart; an elastic hilarity; and, as he himself expresses it, "a knack of hopping"—which knack could not be bought with Ormus and with Ind, nor hired for a day with the peacock-throne of Delhi. How easy was it to bear the brutal affront of being to his face described as "*Doctor minor*," when one hour or less would dismiss the *Doctor major*, so invidiously contradistinguished from himself, to a struggle with scrofulous melancholy; whilst *he*, if returning to solitude and a garret, was returning also to habitual cheerfulness. *There* lay one immunity, beyond all price, from a mode of strife to which others, by a large majority, are doomed—strife with *bodily* wretchedness. Another immunity he had of almost equal value, and yet almost equal

\* We point this remark not at Mr. Forster, who upon the whole, shares our opinion as to the tolerable comfort of Goldsmith's life; he speaks indeed elsewhere of Goldsmith's depressions; but the question still remains—were they of frequent recurrence, and had they any constitutional settlement? We are inclined to say *no* in both cases.

ly forgotten by his biographers, viz., from the responsibilities of a family. Wife and children he had not. They it is that, being a man's chief blessings, create also for him the deadliest of his anxieties, that stuff his pillow with thorns, that surround his daily path with snares. Suppose the case of a man who has helpless dependants of this class upon himself summoned to face some sudden failure of his resources: how shattering to the power of exertion, and, above all, of exertion by an organ so delicate as the creative intellect, dealing with subjects so coy as those of imaginative sensibility, to know that instant ruin attends his failure. Success in such paths of literature might at the best be doubtful; but success is impossible, with any powers whatever, unless in a genial state of those powers; and this geniality is to be sustained in the case supposed, whilst the eyes are fixed upon the most frightful of abysses yawning beneath his feet. He is to win his inspiration for poetry or romance from the prelusive cries of infants clamoring for daily bread. Now, on the other hand, in the case of an extremity equally sudden alighting on the head of a man in Goldsmith's position, having no burthen to support but the trivial one of his own personal needs, the resources are endless for gaining time enough to look around. Suppose him ejected from his lodgings: let him walk into the country, with a pencil and a sheet of paper; there sitting under a haystack for one morning, he may produce what will pay his expenses for a week: a day's labor will carry the sustenance of ten days. Poor may be the trade of authorship, but it is as good as that of a slave in Brazil, whose one hour's work will defray the twenty-four hours' living. As a reader, or corrector of proofs, a good Latin and French scholar (like Goldsmith) would always have enjoyed a preference, we presume, at any eminent printing-office. This again would have given him time for looking round; or, he might perhaps have obtained the same advantage for deliberation from some confidential friend's hospitality. In short, Goldsmith enjoyed the two privileges, one subjective—the other objective—which, when uniting in the same man, would prove more than a match for all difficulties that *could* arise in a literary career to him who was at once a man of genius so popular, of talents so versatile, of reading so various, and of opportunities so large for still more extended reading. The sub-

jective privilege lay in his buoyancy of animal spirits; the objective in his freedom from responsibilities. Goldsmith wanted very little more than Diogenes: now Diogenes *could* only have been robbed of his tub:\* which perhaps was about as big as most of poor Goldsmith's sitting-rooms, and far better ventilated. So that the liability of these two men, cynic and non-cynic, to the kicks of fortune, was pretty much on a par; whilst Goldsmith had the advantage of a better temper for bearing them, though certainly Diogenes had the better climate for soothing his temper.

But it may be imagined, that if Goldsmith were thus fortunately equipped for authorship, on the other hand the position of literature, as a money-making resource, was in Goldsmith's days less advantageous than in ours. We are not of that opinion; and the representation by which Mr. Forster endeavors to sustain it seems to us a showy, but untenable refinement. The outline of his argument is, that the aristocratic patron had, in Goldsmith's day, by the progress of society, disappeared; he belonged to the past—that the mercenary publisher had taken his place—he represented the ugly present—but that the great reading public (that true and equitable patron, as some fancy) had not yet matured its means of effectual action upon literature: this reading public virtually, perhaps, belonged to the future. All this we steadfastly resist. No doubt the old full-blown patron, *en grand costume* with his heraldic bearings emblazoned at the head of the Dedication, was dying out, like the golden pippin. But he still lingered in sheltered situations. And part of the machinery by which patronage had ever moved, viz., using influence for obtaining subscrip-

\* Which tub the reader may fancy to have been only an old tar-barrel: if so, he is wrong. Isaac Casaubon, after severe researches into the nature of that tub, ascertained to the general satisfaction of Christendom that it was not of wood, or within the restorative powers of a cooper, but of earthen ware, and once shattered by a horse's kick, quite past repair. In fact, it was a large oil-jar, such as the remnant of the forty thieves lurked in, when waiting for their captain's signal from Ali Baba's house; and in Attica it must have cost fifteen shillings, supposing that the philosopher did not steal it. Consequently a week's loss of house-room and credit to Oliver Goldsmith, at the rate of living then prevalent in Grub Street, was pretty much the same thing in money value as the loss to Diogenes of his crockery house by burglary, or in any nocturnal lark of young Attic wine-bibbers. The underwriters would have done an insurance upon either man at pretty much the same premium.



tions, was still in capital working order—a fact which we know from Goldsmith himself (see the *Enquiry*); for he tells us that a popular mode of publication amongst bad authors, and certainly it needed no publisher's countersign, was by means of subscription papers: upon which, as we believe, a considerable instalment was usually paid down when, as yet, the book existed only by way of title-page, supposing that the whole sum were not even paid up. Then as to the publisher (a nuisance, we dare say, in all stages of his *Natural History*), he could not have been a weed first springing up in Goldsmith's time, but must always have been an indispensable broker or middleman between the author and the world. In the days even of Horace and Martial the book-seller (bibliopola) clearly acted as book-publisher. Amongst other passages proving this, and showing undeniably that Martial, at least, had sold the copyright of his work to his publisher, is one arguing pretty certainly that the price of a gay drawing-room copy must have been hard upon £1, 11s. 6d. Did ever any man hear the like? A New York newspaper would have been too happy to pirate the whole of Martial had he been three times as big, and would have engaged to drive the bankrupt publisher into a mad-house for twopence. Now, it cannot be supposed that Martial, a gay light-hearted, fellow, willing to let the public have his book for a shilling, or perhaps for love, had been the person to put that ridiculous price upon it. We may conclude that it was the publisher. As to the public, that respectable character must always have presided over the true and final court of appeal, silently defying alike the *prestige* of patronage and the intriguing mysteries of publishing. Lordly patronage might fill the sails of one edition, and masterly publishing of three. But the books that ran contagiously through the educated circles, or that lingered amongst them for a generation, must have owed their success to the unbiassed feelings of the reader—not overawed by authority, not mystified by artifice. Varying, however, in whatever proportion as to power, the three possible parties to an act of publication will always be seen intermittingly at work—the voluptuous self-indulging public, and the insidious publisher, of course; but even the brow-beating patron still exists in a new *seatar*. Formerly he made his descent upon earth in the shape of Dedicatee; and it

is true that this august being, to whom dedications burned incense upon an altar, withdrew into sunset and twilight during Goldsmith's period; but he still revisits the glimpses of the moon in the shape of author. When the *auctoritas* of a peer could no longer sell a book by standing at the head of a dedication, it lost none of its power when standing on a title-page as the author. Vast catalogues might be composed of books and pamphlets that have owed a transient success to no other cause on earth than the sonorous title, or the distinguished position of those who wrote them. Ceasing to patronize other people's books, the grandee has still power to patronize his own. All *celebrities* have this form of patronage. And, for instance, had the boy Jones\* (otherwise called Inigo Jones) possessed enough of book-making skill to forge a plausible curtain-lecture, as overheard by himself when concealed in Her Majesty's bed-room, ten steam-presses working day and night would not have supplied the public demand; and even Her Majesty must herself have sent for a large-paper copy, were it only to keep herself *au courant* of English literature. In short, first, the extrinsic patronage of books; secondly, the self-patronage of books in right of their merits; and thirdly, the artificial machineries for diffusing the knowledge of their existence, are three forces in current literature that ever *have* existed and must exist in some imperfect degree. Horace recognises them in his

"Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ."

The *Di* are the paramount public, arbitrating finally on the fates of books, and generally on some just ground of judgment, though it may be fearfully exaggerated on the scale of importance. The *homines* are the publishers; and a sad *homo* the publisher sometimes is, particularly when he commits insolvency. But the *columnæ* are those pillars of state, the grandees of our own age, or any other patrons, that support the golden canopy of our transitory pomps,

\* It may be necessary to explain, for the sake of the many persons who have come amongst the reading public since the period of the incident referred to, that this was a boy called Jones, who was continually entering Buckingham Palace clandestinely, was as regularly ejected by the police, but with respectable pertinacity constantly returned, and on one occasion effected a lodgment in the royal bed-chamber. Some happy wit, in just admiration of such perseverance and impudence, christened him, *In-I-go Jones*.

and thus shed an alien glory of colored light from above upon the books falling within that privileged area.

We are not therefore of Mr. Foster's opinion, that Goldsmith fell upon an age less favorable to the expansion of literary powers, or to the attainment of literary distinction, than any other. The patron might be tradition—but the public was not therefore a prophecy. My lord's trumpets had ceased to sound, but the *vox populi* was not therefore muffled. The means indeed of diffusive advertisement and of rapid circulation, the combinations of readers into reading societies, and of roads into iron net-works, were as yet imperfectly developed. These gave a potent stimulus to periodic literature. And a still more operative difference between ourselves and them is—that a new class of people has since then entered our reading public, viz. —the class of artisans and of all below the gentry, which (taken generally) was in Goldsmith's day a cipher as regarded any real encouragement to literature. In our days, if *The Vicar of Wakefield* had been published as a Christmas tale, it would have produced a fortune to the writer. In Goldsmith's time, few below the gentry were readers on any large scale. So far there really was a disadvantage. But it was a disadvantage which applied chiefly to novels. The new influx of readers in our times, the collateral affluents into the main stream from the mechanic and provincial sections of our population, which have centupled the volume of the original current, cannot be held as telling favorably upon literature, or telling at all, except in the departments of popularized science, of religion, of fictitious tales, and of journalism. To be a reader, is no longer, as once it was, to be of a meditative turn. To be a *very* popular author is no longer that honorary distinction which once it might have been amongst a more elevated, because more select body of readers. We do not say this invidiously, or with any special reference. But it is evident that writers and readers must often act and react for reciprocal degradation. A writer of this day, either in France or in England, to be *very* popular, must be a story-teller; which is a function of literature neither very noble in itself, nor, secondly, tending to permanence. All novels whatever, the best equally with the worst, have faded almost with the generation that produced them. This is a curse written as a superscription above the whole.

The modes of combining characters, the particular objects selected for sympathy, the diction, and often the manners,\* hold up an imperfect mirror to any generation that is not their own. And the reader of novels belonging to an obsolete era, whilst acknowledging the skill of the groupings, or the beauty of the situations, misses the echo to that particular revelation of human nature which has met him in the social aspects of his own day; or too often he is perplexed by an expression which, having dropt into a lower use, disturbs the unity of the impression, or is revolted by a coarse sentiment, which increasing refinement has made unsuitable to the sex or to the rank of the character. How bestial and degrading at this day seem many of the scenes in Smollett! How coarse are the ideals of Fielding!—his odious Squire Western, his odious Tom Jones. What a gallery of histrionic masqueraders is thrown open in the novels of Richardson, powerful as they were once found by the two leading nations of the earth. A popular writer, therefore, who, in order to be popular, must speak through novels, speaks to what is least permanent in human sensibilities. That is already to be self-degraded. *Secondly*, because the novel-reading class is by far the most comprehensive one, and being such, must count as a large majority amongst its members those who are poor in capacities of thinking, and are passively resigned to the instinct of immediate pleasure—to these the writer must chiefly humble himself; he must study *their* sympathies, must assume them, must give them back. In our days, he must give them back even their own street slang; so servile

\* Often but not so uniformly (the reader will think) as the diction, because the manners are sometimes not those of the writer's own age, being ingenious adaptations to meet the modern writer's conjectural ideas of ancient manners. These, however, (even in Sir Walter Scott), are precisely the most mouldering parts in the entire architecture, being always (as, for instance, in *Ivanhoe*) fantastic, caricatured, and betraying the true modern ground gleaming through the artificial tarnish of antiquity. All novels, in every language, are hurrying to decay; and hurrying by *internal* changes—were those all; but, in the meantime, the everlasting life and fertility of the human mind is for ever accelerating this hurry by *superstating* them, i. e., by an external change. Old forms, fading from the interest, or even from the apprehension, have no chance at all as against new forms embodying the same passions. It is only in the grander passions of poetry, allying themselves with forms more abstract and permanent, that such a conflict of the old with the new is possible.

is the modern novelist's dependence on his *canaille* of an audience. In France, amongst the Sues, &c., it has been found necessary to give back even the closest portraits of obscene atrocities that shun the light, and burrow only in the charnel-houses of vast manufacturing towns. Finally, the very principle of commanding attention only by the interest of a tale, which means the interest of a momentary curiosity that is to vanish for ever in a sense of satiation, and of a momentary suspense that, having once collapsed, can never be rekindled, is in itself a confession of reliance upon the meaner offices of the mind. The result from all which is—that to be popular in the most extensive walk of popularity, that is, as a novelist, a writer must generally be in a very considerable degree self-degraded by sycophancy to the lowest order of minds, and cannot (except for mercenary purposes) think himself advantageously placed.

To have missed, therefore, this enormous expansion of the reading public, however unfortunate for Goldsmith's purse, was a great escape for his intellectual purity. Every man has two-edged tendencies lurking within himself, pointing in one direction to what will expand the elevating principles of his nature, pointing in another to what will tempt him to its degradation. A mob is a dreadful audience for chafing and irritating the latent vulgarisms of the human heart. Exaggeration and caricature, before such a tribunal, become inevitable, and sometimes almost a duty. The genial but not very delicate humor of Goldsmith would in such circumstances have slipped, by the most natural of transitions, into buffoonery; the unaffected pathos of Goldsmith would, by a monster audience, have been debauched into theatrical sentimentality. All the motions of Goldsmith's nature moved in the direction of the true, the natural, the sweet, the gentle. In the quiet times, politically speaking, through which his course of life travelled, he found a musical echo to the tenor of his own original sensibilities—in the architecture of European history, as it unfolded its proportions along the line of his own particular experience, there was a symmetry with the proportions of his own unpretending mind. Our revolutionary age would have unsettled his brain. The colossal movements of nations, from within and from without; the sorrow of the times, which searches so deeply; the grandeur of the times, which aspires so loftily; these forces, acting for the last fifty

years by secret sympathy upon our fountains of thinking and impassioned speculation, have raised them from depths never visited by our fathers, into altitudes too dizzy for their contemplating. This generation and the last, with their dreadful records, would have untuned Goldsmith for writing in the key that suited him; and as they would have untuned for understanding his music, had we not learned to understand it in childhood, before the muttering hurricanes in the upper air had begun to reach our young ears, and forced them away to the thundering overhead, from the carolling of birds amongst earthly bowers.

Goldsmith, therefore, as regards the political aspects of his own times, was fortunately placed; a thrush or a nightingale is hushed by the thunderings which are awakening to Jove's eagle. But an author stands in relation to other influences than political; and some of these are described by Mr. Forster as peculiarly unfavorable to comfort and respectability at the era of Goldsmith's novitiate in literature. Will Mr. Forster excuse us for quarrelling with his whole doctrine upon this subject—a subject and a doctrine continually forced upon our attention in these days, by the extending lines of our own literary order, and continually refreshed in warmth of coloring by the contrast as regards *social* consideration, between our literary body and the corresponding order in France. The questions arising have really a general interest, as well as a special one, in connexion with Goldsmith; and therefore we shall stir them a little, not with any view of exhausting the philosophy that is applicable to the case, but simply of amusing some readers, (since Pliny's remark on history is much more true of literature or literary gossip, viz., that "*quoquo modo scripta delectat*;" ) and with the more ambitious purpose of recalling some other readers from precipitate conclusions upon a subject where nearly all that is most plausible happens to be most untrue.

Mr. Forster, in his views upon the *social* rights of literature, is rowing pretty nearly in the same boat as Mr. Carlyle in his views upon the rights of labor. Each denounces, or by implication denounces, as an oppression and a nuisance, what *we* believe to be a necessity inalienable from the economy and structure of our society. Some years ago, Mr. Carlyle offended us all (or all of us that were interested in social philosophy) by enlarging on a social affliction,

which few indeed needed to see exposed, but most men would have rejoiced to see remedied, if it were but on paper, and by way of tentative suggestion. Precisely at that point, however, where his aid was invoked, Mr. Carlyle halted. So does Mr. Forster with regard to his grievance; he states it, and we partly understand him—as ancient Pistol says—“we hear him with ears;” and when we wait for him to go on, saying—“well, here’s a sort of evil in life, how would you redress it? you’ve shown, or you’ve made another hole in the tinkettle of society; how do you propose to tinker it?”—behold! he is suddenly almost silent. But this cannot be allowed. The right to insist upon a well known grievance cannot be granted to that man (Mr. Carlyle, for instance, or Mr. Forster) who uses it as matter of blame and denunciation, unless at the same time he points out the methods by which it could have been prevented. He that simply bemoans an evil has a right to his moan, though he should make no pretensions to a remedy; but he that criminalises—that imputes the evil as a fault—that charges the evil upon selfishness or neglect lurking in some alterable arrangements of society, has no right to do so, unless he can instantly sketch the remedy; for the very first step by which he could have learned that the evil involved a blame, the first step that could have entitled him to denounce it as a wrong, must have been that step which brought him within the knowledge (wanting to everybody else) that it admitted of a cure. A wrong it could not have been even in *his* eyes, so long as it was a necessity, nor a ground of complaint until the cure appeared to him a possibility. And the over-riding motto for these parallel speculations of Messrs. Carlyle and Forster, in relation to the frailties of our social system, ought to have been—“*Sanabilibus ægrotamus malis.*” Unless with this watchword they had no right to commence their crusading march. *Curable* evils justify clamorous complaints; the incurable justify only prayers.

Why it was that Mr. Carlyle, in particular, halted so steadily at the point where his work of love was first beginning, it is not difficult to guess. As the “Statutes at large” have not one word against the liberty of unlicensed hypothesis, it is conceivable that Mr. C. might have indulged a little in that agreeable pastime: but this, he was well aware, would have brought him in one moment under the fire of Political Econo-

nomy, from the whole vast line of its modern batteries. These gentlemen, the economists, would have torn to ribbons, within fifteen minutes, any *positive* speculation for amending the evil. It was better, therefore, to keep within the trenches of the blank negative, pointing to everything as *wrong*—horribly wrong, but never hinting at the mysterious *right*: which, to this day, we grieve to say, remains as mysterious as ever.\*

Passing to Mr. Forster, who (being capable of a splendor so original) disappoints us most when he reminds us of Mr. Carlyle, by the most disagreeable of that gentleman’s phraseological forms; and, in this instance, by a speculation twin-sister to the economic one just noticed—we beg to premise, that in anything here said, it is far from our wish to express disaffection to the cause of our literary brothers. We grudge them nothing that they are ever likely to get. We wish even that the House of Commons would see cause for creating *majorats* in behalf of us all; only whispering in the ear of that honorable House to appoint a Benjamin’s portion to ourselves—as the parties who suggested the idea. But what is the use of benevolently bequeathing larks for dinner to all literary men, in all time coming, if the sky must fall before they can bag our bequest? We shall discuss Mr. Forster’s views, not perhaps according to any arrangement of his, but according to

\* It ought, by this time, to be known equally amongst governments and philosophers—that for the State to promise with sincerity the absorption of a surplus labor, as fast as it accumulates, cannot be postulated as a duty until it can first be demonstrated as a possibility. This was forgotten, however, by Mr. C., whose vehement complaints, that the arable field, without a ploughman, should be in one county, whilst in another county was the stout ploughman without a field; and sometimes (which was worse still), that the surplus ploughmen should far outnumber the surplus fields, certainly proceeded on the secret assumption that all this was within the remedial powers of the State. The same doctrine was more openly avowed by various sections of our radicals, who (in their occasionally insolent petitions to Parliament) many times asserted that one main use and function of a government was—to find work for everybody. At length [February and March, 1848], we see this doctrine solemnly adopted by a French body of rulers, self-appointed, indeed, or perhaps appointed by their wives, and so far sure, in a few weeks, to be answerable for nothing; but, on the other hand, adopting it as a practical *undertaking*, in the lawyer’s sense, and by no means as a mere gaiety of rhetoric. Meantime, they themselves will be “broken” before they will have had time for being reproached with broken promises; though neither fracture is likely to require much above the length of a quarantine.

the order in which they come back to our own remembrance.

Goldsmith's period, Mr. F. thinks, was bad—not merely by the transitional misfortune (before noticed) of coming too late for the patron, and too soon for the public, (which is the compound ill-luck of being a day after one fair, and a month too soon for the next)—but also by some co-operation in this evil destiny through misconduct on the part of authors themselves (p. 70). Not “the circumstances” only of authors were damaged, but the “literary character” itself. We are sorry to hear that. But, as long as they did not commit murder, we have a great indulgence for the frailties of authors. If ever the “benefit of clergy” could be fairly pleaded, it might have been by Grub Street for petty larceny. The “clergy” they surely could have pleaded; and the call for larceny was so audible in their condition, that in *them* it might be called an instinct of self-preservation, which surely was not implanted in man to be disobeyed. One word allow us to say on these three topics: 1. The condition of the literary body in its hard-working section at the time when Goldsmith belonged to it. 2. Upon the condition of that body in England as compared with that of the corresponding body in France. 3. Upon the condition of the body in relation to patronage purely *political*.

1. The pauperized (or Grub Street) section of the literary body, at the date of Goldsmith's taking service amongst it, was (in Mr. Forster's estimate) at its very lowest point of depression. And one comic presumption in favor of that notion we ourselves remember; viz., that Smart, the prose translator of Horace, and a well-built scholar, actually *let* himself out to a monthly journal on a regular lease of ninety-nine years.\* What could move the rapacious publisher to draw the lease for this monstrous term of years, we cannot conjecture. Surely the villain might have been content with threescore years and ten. But think, reader, of poor Smart two years after, upon another publisher's applying to him vainly for contributions, and angrily demanding what possible objection could be made to offers so liberal, being reduced to answer—“no objection, sir, whatever, except an unexpired term of ninety-seven years yet to

run.” The bookseller saw that he must not apply again in *that* century; and, in fact, Smart could no longer let himself, but must be sublet (if let at all) by the original lessee. Query now—was Smart entitled to vote as a freeholder, and Smart's children (if any were born during the currency of the lease) would they be serfs, and *ascripti prelo*? Goldsmith's own terms of self-conveyance to Griffiths—the terms we mean on which he “conveyed” his person and {free agency to the uses of the said Griffiths (or his assigns)}—do not appear to have been much more dignified than Smart's in the quality of the *conditions*, though considerably so in the duration of the *term*; Goldsmith's lease being only for one year, and not for ninety-nine, so that he had (as the reader perceives) a clear ninety-eight years at his own disposal. We suspect that poor Oliver, in his guileless heart, never congratulated himself on having made a more felicitous bargain. Indeed, it was not so bad, if everything be considered; Goldsmith's situation at the time was bad; and for that very reason the lease (otherwise monstrous) was *not* bad. He was to have lodging, board, and “a small salary,” *very* small, we suspect; and in return for all these blessings, he had nothing to do, but to sit at a table, to work hard from an early hour in the morning until 2 P. M. (at which elegant hour we presume that the parenthesis of dinner occurred), but also—which, not being an article in the lease, might have been set aside, on a motion before the King's Bench—to endure without mutiny the correction and revisal of all his MSS. by *Mrs.* Griffiths, wife to Dr. G. the lessee. This affliction of Mrs. Dr. G. surmounting his shoulders, and controlling his pen, seems to us not at all less dreadful than that of Sinbad when indorsed with the old man of the sea; and we, in Goldsmith's place, should certainly have tried how far Sinbad's method of abating the nuisance had lost its efficacy by time, viz., the tempting our oppressor to get drunk once or twice a day, and then suddenly throwing Mrs. Dr. G. off her perch. From that “bad eminence,” which she had audaciously usurped, what harm could there be in thus dismounting this “old woman of the sea?” And as to an occasional thump or so on the head, which Mrs. Dr. G. might have caught in tumbling, that was *her* look-out; and might besides have improved her style. For really now, if the candid reader will believe us, we know a case, odd certainly, but very true, where a young man, an author by

\* When writing this passage, we were not aware, (as we now are) that Mr. Forster had himself noticed the case.

trade,\* who wrote pretty well, happening to tumble out of a first-floor in London, was afterwards observed to grow very perplexed and almost unintelligible in his style; until some years later, having the good fortune (like Wallenstein at Vienna) to tumble out of a two-pair of stairs window, he slightly fractured his skull, but on the other hand, recovered the brilliancy of his long fractured style. Some people there are of our acquaintance who would need to tumble out of the attic story before they could seriously improve their style.

Certainly these conditions—the hard work, the being chained by the leg to the writing-table, and above all, the having one's pen chained to that of Mrs. Dr. Griffiths, *do* seem to countenance Mr. F.'s idea, that Goldsmith's period was the purgatory of authors. And we freely confess—that excepting Smart's ninety-nine years' lease, or the contract between the Devil and Dr. Faustus, we never heard of a harder bargain driven with any literary man. Smart, Faustus, and Goldsmith, were clearly overreached. Yet, after all, was this treatment in any important point (excepting as regards Dr. Faustus) worse than that given to the whole college of Grub Street, in the days of Pope? The first edition of the *Dunciad* dates from 1727; Goldsmith's matriculation in Grub Street dates from 1757—just thirty years later; which is one generation. And it is important to remember that Goldsmith, at this time in his twenty-ninth year, was simply an usher at an obscure boarding-school; had never practised writing for the press; and had not even himself any faith at all in his own capacity for writing. It is a singular fact, which we have on Goldsmith's own authority, that until his thirtieth year (that is, the year spent with Dr. and Mrs. Griffiths) it never entered into his head that literature was his natural vocation. That vanity, which has been so uncandidly and sometimes so falsely attributed to Goldsmith, was compatible, we see, if at all it existed, with the humblest estimate of himself. Still, however much this deepens our regard for a man of so much genius united with so much simplicity and unassumingness—humility would not be likely to raise his salary; and we must not forget that his own want of self-esteem would reasonably operate on the terms of-

fered by Griffiths. A man, who regarded himself as little more than an amanuensis, could not expect much better wages than an undergardener, which perhaps he had. And, weighing all this, we see little to have altered in the lease—that was fair enough; only as regarded the execution of the lease, we really must have protested, under any circumstances, against Mrs. Doctor Griffiths. That woman would have broken the back of a camel, which must be supposed tougher than the heart of an usher. There we should have made a ferocious stand; and should have struck for much higher wages, before we could have brought our mind to think of a capitulation. It is remarkable, however, that this year of humble servitude was not only (or, as if by accident) the epoch of Goldsmith's intellectual development, but also the occasion of it. Nay, if all were known, perhaps it may have been to Mrs. Doctor Griffiths in particular, that we owe that revolution in his self-estimation which made Goldsmith an author by deliberate choice. Hag-ridden every day, he must have plunged and kicked violently to break loose from this harness; but, not impossibly, the very effort of contending with the hag, when brought into collision with his natural desire to soothe the hag, and the inevitable counter-impulse in any continued practice of composition, toward the satisfaction at the same time of his own reason and taste, must have furnished a most salutary *palestra* for the education of his literary powers. When one lives at Rome, one must do as they do at Rome; when one lives with a hag, one must accommodate one's self to haggish caprices; besides, that once in a month the hag might be right; or, if not, and supposing her *always* in the wrong, which perhaps is too much to assume even of Mrs. Dr. G., that would but multiply the difficulties of reconciling her demands with the demands of the general reader and of Goldsmith's own judgment. And in the pressure of these difficulties would lie the very value of this rough Spartan education. Rope-dancing cannot be very agreeable in its elementary lessons; but it must be a capital process for calling out the agilities that lumber in a man's legs.

Still, though these hardships turned out so beneficially to Goldsmith's intellectual interests, and consequently so much to the advantage of all who have since delighted in his works, not the less on that account they were hardships, and hardships that

\* His name began with A, and ended with N; there are but three more letters in the name, and if doubt arises upon our story, in the public mind, we shall publish them.

imposed heavy degradation. So far, therefore, they would seem to justify Mr. Forster's characterization of Goldsmith's period by comparison with Addison's period\* on the one side, and our own on the other. But, on better examination, it will be found that this theory is sustained only by an unfair selection of the antithetic objects in the comparison. Compare Addison's age generally with Goldsmith's—authors, prosperous or unprosperous, in each age taken indiscriminately—and the two ages will be found to offer "much of a muchness." But, if you take the paupers of one generation to contrast with the grandes of another, how is there any justice in the result? Goldsmith at starting was a penniless man. Except by random accidents he had not money enough to buy a rope, in case he had fancied himself in want of such a thing. Addison, on the contrary, was the son of a tolerably rich man; lived gaily at a most aristocratic college (Magdalen), in a most aristocratic university; formed early and brilliant connexions with the political party that were magnificently preponderant until the last four years of Queen Anne; travelled on the Continent, not as a pedestrian mendicant, housing with owls, and thankful for the bounties of a village fair, but with the appointments and introductions of a young nobleman; and became a secretary of state not by means of his "delicate humor," as Mr. Forster chooses to suppose, but through splendid patronage, and (speaking *Hibernicé*) through a "strong back." His bad verses, his Blenheim, his Cato, in later days, and other rubbish, had been the only part of his works that aided his rise; and even these would have availed him little, had he not originally possessed a *locus standi*, from which he could serve his artilleries of personal flattery with commanding effect, and could profit by his successes. As to the really exquisite part of his writings, that did him no yeoman's service at all, nor could have done; for he was a made man, and had almost received notice to quit this world of prosperous whiggery before he had finished those exquisite prose miscellanies. Pope, Swift, Gay, Prior, &c., all owed their social positions to early accidents of good connexions and sometimes

of luck, which would not indeed have supplied the place of personal merit, but which gave lustre and effect to merit where it existed in strength. There were authors, quite as poor as Goldsmith in the Addisonian age; there were authors quite as rich as Pope, Steele, &c., in Goldsmith's age, and having the same social standing. Goldsmith struggled with so much distress, not because his period was more inauspicious, but because his connexions and starting advantages were incomparably less important. His profits were so trivial because his capital was next to none.

So far, as regards the comparison between Goldsmith's age and the one immediately before it. But now, as regards the comparison with our own, removed by two generations—can it be said truly that the literary profession has risen in estimation, or is rising? There is a difficulty in making such an appraisement; and from different minds there would proceed very different appraisements; and even from the same mind, surveying the case at different stations. For, on the one hand, if a greater breadth of social respectability catches the eye on looking carelessly over the body of our modern literati, which may be owing chiefly to the large increase of gentlemen that in our day have entered the field of literature, on the other hand, the hacks and handicraftsmen whom the shallow education of newspaper journalism has introduced to the press, and whom poverty compels to labors not meriting the name of literature, are correspondingly expanding their files. There is, however, one reason from analogy, which may incline us to suppose that a higher consideration is now generally conceded to the purposes of literature, and consequently, a juster estimate made of the persons who minister to those purposes. Literature—provided we use that word not for the mere literature of knowledge, but for the literature of power—using it for literature as it speaks to what is genial in man, viz.—to the human spirit, and not for literature (falsely so called), as it speaks to the meagre understanding—is a fine art; and not only so, it is the supreme of the fine arts; nobler, for instance, potentially, than painting, or sculpture, or architecture. Now, all the fine arts, that popularly are called such, have risen in esteem within the last generation. The most aristocratic of men will now ask into his own society an artist, whom fifty years ago he would have transferred to the house-

\* If Addison died (as we think he did) in 1717, then, because Goldsmith commenced authorship in 1757, there would be forty years between the two periods. But, as it would be fairer to measure from the centre of Addison's literary career, i. e., from 1707, the difference would be just half a century.

steward's table. And why? Not simply because more attention having been directed to the arts, more notoriety has gathered about the artist; for that sort of *eclat* would not work any durable change; but it is because the interest in the arts having gradually become much more of an enlightened interest, the public has been slowly trained to fix its attention upon the *intellect* which is pre-supposed in the arts, rather than upon the offices of *pleasure* to which they minister. The fine arts have now come to be regarded rather as powers that are to mould, than as luxuries that are to embellish. And it has followed that artists are valued more by the elaborate agencies which they guide, than by the fugitive sensations of wonder or sympathy which they evoke.

Now this is a change honorable to both sides. The public has altered its estimate of certain men; and yet has not been able to do so, without previously enlarging its idea of the means through which those men operate. It could not elevate the men, without previously elevating itself. But, if so, then, in correcting their appreciation of the fine arts, the public must simultaneously have corrected their appreciation of literature: because, whether men have or have not been in the habit of regarding literature as a fine art, this they must have felt, viz., that literature in its more genial functions, works by the very same organs as the liberal arts, speaks to the same heart, operates through the same compound nature, and educates the same deep sympathies with mysterious ideals of beauty. *There* lies the province of the arts usually acknowledged as fine or liberal: *there* lies the province of fine or liberal literature. And with justifiable pride a *littérateur* may say—that *his* fine art wields a sceptre more potent than any other; literature is more potent than other fine arts, because *deeper* in its impressions according to the usual tenor of human sensibilities; because more *extensive*, in the degree that books are more diffused than pictures or statues; because more *durable*, in the degree that language is durable beyond marble or canvass, and in the degree that vicarious powers are opened to books for renewing their phoenix immortality through unlimited translations; powers denied to painting except through copies that are feeble, and denied to sculpture except through casts that are costly.

We infer that, as the fine arts have been rising, literature (on the secret feeling that

essentially it moves by the same powers) must also have been rising; that, as the arts will continue to rise, literature will continue to rise; and that in both cases the men, the ministers, must ascend in social consideration as the things, the ministrations ascend. But there is another form in which the same result offers itself to our notice; and this should naturally be the last paragraph in this section 1; but, as we have little room to spare, it may do equally well as the first paragraph in section 2, viz., on the condition of our own literary body by comparison with the same body in France.

2. Who were the people amongst ourselves that throughout the eighteenth century chiefly came forward as undervaluers of literature? They belonged to two very different classes—the aristocracy and the commercial body, who agreed in the thing, but on very different impulses. To the mercantile man the author was an object of ridicule, from natural poverty; *natural*, because there was no regular connexion between literature and any mode of money-making. By accident the author might *not* be poor, but professionally or according to any obvious opening for an income he *was*. Poverty was the badge of all his tribe. Amongst the aristocracy the instinct of contempt or at least of slight regard towards literature was supported by the irrelation of literature to the *state*. Aristocracy itself was the flower and fruitage of the state; a nobility was possible only in the ratio of the grandeur and magnificence developed for *social* results; so that a poor and unpopulous nation cannot create a great aristocracy; the flower and foliage must be in relation to the stem and the radix out of which they germinate. Inevitably, therefore, a nobility so great as the English—that not in pride but in the mere logic of its political relations, felt its order to be a sort of heraldic shield, charged with the trophies and ancestral glories of the nation—could not but in its public scale of appreciation estimate every profession and rank of men by the mode of their natural connexion with the state. Law and arms, for instance, were honored, not because any capricious precedent had been established of a title to public honor in favor of those professions, but because through their essential functions they opened for themselves a permanent necessity of introsusception into the organism of the state. A great law-officer, a great military leader, a popu-



lar admiral, is already, by virtue of his functions, a noble in men's account, whether you gave or refused him a title; and in such cases it has always been the policy of an aristocratic state to confer, or even impose, the title, lest the disjunction of the virtual nobility from the titular should gradually disturb the estimate of the latter. But literature, by its very grandeur, is degraded socially; for its relations are essentially cosmopolitan, or, speaking more strictly, not cosmopolitan, which might mean to all other peoples considered as national states, whereas literature has no relation to any sections or social schisms amongst men—its relations are to the race. In proportion as any literary work rises in its pretensions; for instance, if it works by the highest forms of passion, its *misus*—its natural effort—is to address the race, and not any individual nation. That it found a bar to this *misus*, in a limited language, was but an accident: the essential relations of every great intellectual work are to those capacities in man by which he tends to brotherhood, and not to those by which he tends to alienation. Man is ever coming nearer to agreement, ever narrowing his differences, notwithstanding that the interspace may cost an eternity to traverse. Where the agreement is, not where the difference is, in the centre of man's affinities, not of his repulsions, *there* lies the magnetic centre towards which all poetry that is potent, and all philosophy that is faithful, are eternally travelling by natural tendency. Consequently, if indirectly literature may hold a patriotic value as a gay plumage in the cap of a nation, directly, and by a far deeper tendency, literature is essentially alien. A poet, a book, a system of religion, belongs to the nation best qualified for appreciating their powers and not to the nation that, perhaps by accident, gave them birth. How, then, is it wonderful that an intense organ of the social principle in a nation, viz., a nobility, should fail, in their professional character, to raise highly, or even to recognise as having any proper existence, a fine art which is by tendency anti-social (anti-social in this sense, that what it seeks, it seeks by transcending all social barriers and separations)? Yet it is remarkable that in England, where the aristocracy for three centuries (16th, 17th, 18th) paid so little honor, in their public or corporate capacity, to literature, privately they honored it with a rare courtesy. That same grandee, who would have looked upon

Camden, Ben Jonson, Selden, or Hobbes, as an audacious intruder, if occupying any prominent station at a State festival, would have received him with a kind of filial reverence in his own mansion; for in this place, as having no national reference, as sacred to hospitality, which regards the human tie, and not the civic tie, he would be at liberty to regard the man of letters in his cosmopolitan character. And on the same instinct, a prince in the very meanest State would, in a State-pageant commemorating the national honors, assign a distinguished place to the national high-admiral, though he were the most stupid of men, and would utterly neglect the stranger Columbus. But in his own palace, and at his own table, he would perhaps invert this order of precedence, and would place Columbus at his own right hand.

Some such principle, as is here explained, did certainly prevail in the practice (whether consciously perceived or not in the philosophy) of that England which extended through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. First in the eighteenth century all honor to literature under any relation began to give way. And why? Because expanding politics, expanding partisanship, and expanding journalism, then first called into the field of literature an inferior class of laborers. Then first it was that, from the noblest of professions, literature became a trade. Literature it was that gave the first wound to literature; the hack scribbler it was that first degraded the lofty literary artist. For a century and a half we have lived under the shade of this fatal Revolution. But, however painful such a state of things may be to the keen sensibilities of men pursuing the finest of vocations—carrying forward as inheritors from past generations the eternal chase after truth, and power, and beauty—still we must hold that the dishonor to literature has issued from internal sources proper to herself, and not from without. The nobility of England have for three and a half centuries personally practised literature as an elevated accomplishment: our royal and nobler authors are numerous; and they would have continued the same cordial attentions to the literary body, had that body maintained the same honorable composition. But a *littérateur*, simply as such, it is no longer safe to distinguish with favor; once, but not now, he was liable to no misjudgment. Once he was pretty sure to be a man of some genius, or at the least, of unusual scholarship. Now,

on the contrary, a mob of traitors have mingled with true men; and the loyal perish with the disloyal, because it is impossible in a mob, so vast and fluctuating, for the artillery of avenging scorn to select its victims.

All this, bitter in itself, has become *more* bitter from the contrast furnished by France. We know that literature has long been misappreciated amongst ourselves. In France it has long been otherwise appreciated—more advantageously appreciated. And we infer that therefore it is in France more wisely appreciated. But this does not follow. We have ever been of opinion that the valuation of literature in France, or at least of current literature, and as it shows itself in the treatment of literary men, is unsound, extravagant, and that it rests upon a basis originally false. Simply to have been the translator from the English of some prose book, a history, or a memoir, neither requiring nor admitting any display of mastery over the resources of language, conferred, throughout the eighteenth century, so advantageous a position in society upon one whom we English should view as a literary scrub or mechanic drudge, that we really had a right to expect the laws of France and the court ceremonies to reflect this feature of public manners. Naturally, for instance, any man honored so preposterously ought in law to have enjoyed, in right of his book, the *jus trium liberorum*, and perpetual immunity from taxes. Or again, as regards ceremonial honors, on any fair scale of proportions, it was reasonable to expect that to any man who had gone into a fourth edition, the royal sentinels should present arms; that to the author of a successful tragedy, the guard should everywhere turn out; and that an epic poet, if ever such a difficult birth should make its epiphany in Paris, must look to have his approach towards a *soirée* announced by a salvo of a hundred and one guns.

Our space will not allow us to go into the illustrative details of this monstrous anomaly in French society. We confine ourselves to its cause—as sufficiently explaining why it is that no imitation of such absurdities can or ought to prosper in England. The same state of things under a different modification, takes place in Germany; and from the very same cause. Is it not monstrous, or *was* it not until within recent days, to find every German city drawing the pedantic materials, and the pedantic interest of its staple conversation

from the systems and the conflicts of a few rival academic professors? Generally these paramount lords of German conversation, that swayed its movements this way or that, as a lively breeze sways a corn-field, were metaphysicians; Fichte, for instance, and Hegel. These were the arid sands that bibulously absorbed all the perennial gushings of German enthusiasm. France of the last century and the modern Germany were as to this point on the same level of foolishness. But France had greatly the advantage in point of liberality. For general literature furnishes topics a thousand times more graceful and fitted to blend with social pleasure than the sapless problems of ontological systems meant only for scholastic use.

But what then was the cause of this social deformity? Why was literature allowed eventually to disfigure itself by disturbing the natural currents of conversation, to make itself odious by usurpation, and thus virtually to operate as a mode of pedantry? It was because in neither land had the people any power of free discussion. It was because every question growing out of religion, or connecting itself with laws, or with government, or with governors, with political interests or political machineries, or with judicial courts, was an interdicted theme. The mind sought in despair for some free area wide enough to allow of boundless openings for individualities of sentiment—human enough to sustain the interests of festive discussion. That open area was found in books. In Paris to talk of politics was to talk of the king; *l'état c'est moi*; to talk of the king in any spirit of discussion, to talk of that *Jupiter optimus maximus*, from whom all fountains flowed of good and evil things, before whom stood the two golden urns, one filled with *lettres de cachet*—the other with crosses, pensions, offices, what was it but to dance on the margin of a volcano, or to swim cotillions in the suction of a maelstrom? Hence it was that literature became the only safe colloquial subject of a general nature in old France; hence it was that literature furnished the only “open questions;” and hence it is that the mode and the expression of honor to literature in France has continued to this hour tainted with false and histrionic feeling, because originally it grew up from spurious roots, prospered unnaturally upon deep abuses in the system, and at this day (so far as it still lingers) memorializes the political bondage of the nation. Cleanse

therefore—is our prayer—cleanse, oh, unknown Hercules, this Augéan stable of our English current literature, rich in dunghills, rich therefore in precipitate mushroom and fraudulent fungus, yet rich also (if we may utter our real thoughts)—rich pre-eminently at this hour in seed-plots of immortal growths, and in secret vegetations of volcanic strength;—cleanse it (oh coming man!) but not by turning through it any river of Lethe, such as for two centuries swept over the literature of France. Purifying waters were these in one sense; they banished the accumulated depositions of barbarism; they banished Gothic tastes; yes, but they did this by laying asleep the nobler activities of a great people, and reconciling them to forgetfulness of all which commanded them as duties, or whispered to them as rights.

If, therefore, the false homage of France towards literature still survives, it is no object for imitation amongst us; since it arose upon a vicious element in the social composition of that people. Partially it *does* survive, as we all know by the experience of the last twenty years, during which authors, and *as* authors, (not like Mirabeau or Talleyrand in spite of authorship), have been transferred from libraries to senates and privy councils. This has done no service to literature, but, on the contrary, has degraded it by seducing the children of literature from their proper ambition. It is the glory of literature to rise as if on wings into an atmosphere nobler than that of political intrigue. And the whole result to French literature has been—that some ten or twelve of the leading literati have been tempted away by bribes from their appropriate duties, whilst some 5000 have been made envious and discontented.

At this point, when warned suddenly that the hourglass is running out, which measures our residuum of flying minutes, we first perceive on looking round, that we have actually been skirmishing with Mr. Forster, from the beginning of our paper to this very line; and thus we have left ourselves but a corner for the main purpose (to which our other purpose of “arglebargling” was altogether subordinate) of expressing emphatically our thanks to him for this successful labor of love in restoring a half-subverted statue to its upright position. We are satisfied that many thousands of readers will utter the same thanks to him, with equal fervor and with the same sincerity. Admiration for the versatile ability with which he has pursued his ob-

ject is swallowed up for the moment in gratitude for his perfect success. It might have been imagined, that exquisite truth of household pathos, and of humor, with happy graces of style plastic as the air or the surface of a lake to the pure impulses of nature sweeping them by the motions of her eternal breath, were qualities authorized to justify themselves before the hearts of men, in defiance of all that sickly scorn or the condescension of masquerading envy could avail for their disturbance. And so they are: and left to plead for themselves at such a bar as unbiassed human hearts, they could not have their natural influences intercepted. But in the case of Goldsmith, literary traditions have *not* left these qualities to their natural influences. It is a fact that up to this hour the contemporary falsehoods at Goldsmith's expense, and (worse perhaps than those falsehoods), the malicious constructions of incidents partly true, having wings lent to them by the levity and amusing gossip of Boswell, continue to obstruct the full ratification of Goldsmith's pretensions. To this hour the scorn from many of his own age, runs side by side with the misgiving sense of his real native power. A feeling still survives, originally derived from his own age, that the “inspired idiot,” wherever he succeeded, ought *not* to have succeeded—having owed his success to accident, or even to some inexplicable perverseness in running counter to his own nature. It was by shooting awry that he had hit the mark; and, when most he came near to the bull's eye, most of all “by rights” he ought to have missed it. He had blundered into the Traveller, into Mr. Croaker, into Tony Lumpkin: and not satisfied with such dreadful blunders as these, he had consummated his guilt by blundering into the Vicar of Wakefield, and the Deserted Village; atrocities over which in effect we are requested to drop the veil of human charity; since the more gem-like we may choose to think these works, the more unnatural, audacious, and indeed treasonable, it was in an idiot to produce them.

In this condition of Goldsmith's traditional character, so injuriously disturbing to the natural effect his inimitable works (for in its own class each of his best works is inimitable), Mr. Forster steps forward with a three-fold exposure of the falsehood inherent in the anecdotes upon which this traditional character has arisen. Some of these anecdotes he challenges as *life-*

rally false; others as virtually so; they are true perhaps, but under such a version of their circumstances as would altogether take out the sting of their offensive interpretation. For others again, and this is a profounder service, he furnishes a most just and philosophic explanation, that brings them at once within the reader's toleration, nay, sometimes within a deep reaction of pity. As a case, for instance, of downright falsehood, we may cite the well-known story told by Boswell—that, when Goldsmith travelled in France with some beautiful young English women (meaning the Miss Hornecks), he was seriously uneasy at the attentions which they received from the gallantry of Frenchmen, as intruding upon his own claims. Now this story, in logical phrase, proves too much. For the man who *could* have expressed such feelings in such a situation, must have been ripe for Bedlam. Coleridge mentions a man who entertained so exalted an opinion of himself, and of his own right to apotheosis, that he never uttered that great pronoun "*I*," without solemnly taking off his hat. Even to the oblique case "*me*," which no compositor even honors with a capital *M*, and to the possessive pronoun *my* and *mine*, he held it a duty to kiss his hand. Yet this bedlamite would not have been a competitor with a lady for the attentions paid to her in right of her sex. In Goldsmith's case, the whole allegation was dissipated in the most decisive way. Some years after Goldsmith's death, one of the sisters personally concerned in the case, was unaffectedly shocked at the printed story when coming to her knowledge, as a gross calumny; her sorrow made it evident that the whole had been a malicious distortion of some light-hearted gaiety uttered by Goldsmith. There is little doubt that the story of the bloom-colored coat, and of the puppet-show, rose on a similar basis—the calumnious perversion of a jest.

But in other cases, where there really *may* have been some fretful expression of self-esteem, Mr. Forster's explanation transfers the foible to a truer and a more pathetic station. Goldsmith's own precipitancy, his overmastering defect in proper reserve, in self-control, and in presence of mind, falling in with the habitual under-valuation of many amongst his associates, placed him at a great disadvantage in animated conversation. His very truthfulness, his simplicity, his frankness, his hurry of feeling, all told against him. They betrayed him into in-

considerate expressions that lent a color of plausibility to the malicious ridicule of those who disliked him the more, from being compelled, after all, to respect him. His own understanding oftentimes sided with his disparagers. He *saw* that he had been in the wrong; whilst secretly he *felt* that his meaning—if properly explained—had been right. Defrauded in this way, and by his own co-operation, of distinctions that naturally belonged to him, he was driven unconsciously to attempt some restoration of the balance, by claiming for a moment distinctions to which he had no real pretensions. The whole was a trick of sorrow, and of sorrowing perplexity: he felt that no justice had been done to him, and that he had himself made an opening for the wrong: the result, he saw, but the process he could not disentangle; and, in the confusion of his distress, natural irritation threw him upon blind efforts to recover his ground by unfounded claims, when claims so well founded had been maliciously disallowed.

But a day of accounting comes at last—a day of rehearing for the cause, and of revision for the judgment. The longer this review has been delayed, the more impressive it becomes in the changes which it works. Welcome is the spectacle when, after three-fourths of a century have passed away, a writer—qualified for such a task, by ample knowledge of things and persons, by great powers for a comprehensive estimate of the case, and for a splendid exposition of its results, with deep sensibility to the merits of the man chiefly concerned in the issue, enthusiastic, but without partisanship—comes forward to unsettle false verdicts, to recombine misarranged circumstances, and to explain anew misinterpreted facts. Such a man wields the authority of heraldic marshals. Like the Otho of the Roman theatre, he has power to raise or to degrade—to give or to take away precedence. But, like this Otho, he has so much power, because he exercises it on known principles, and without caprice. To the man of true genius, like Goldsmith, when seating himself in humility on the lowest bench, he says—"Go thou up to a higher place. Seat thyself above those proud men, that once trampled thee in the dust. Be thy memorial upon earth—not (as of some who scorned thee) 'the whistling of a name.' Be thou remembered amongst men by tears of tenderness, by happy laughter, untainted with malice, and by the

benedictions, of those that, reverencing man's nature, see gladly its frailties brought within the gracious smile of human charity, and its nobilities levelled to the apprehension of simplicity and innocence."

Over every grave, even though tenanted by guilt and shame, the human heart, when circumstantially made acquainted with its silent records of suffering or temptation, yearns in love or in forgiveness to breathe a solemn *Requiescat!* how much more, then, over the grave of a benefactor to the human race! But it is a natural feeling, with respect to such a prayer, that, however fervent and sincere, it has no perfect faith in its own validity so long as any unsettled feud from ancient calumny hangs over the buried person. The unredressed wrong seems to haunt the sepulchre in the shape of a perpetual disturbance to its rest. First of all, when this wrong has been adjudicated and expiated, is the *Requiescat* ut-

tered with a perfect faith in itself. By a natural confusion we then transfer our own feelings to the occupant of the grave. The tranquillization to our own wounded sense of justice seems like an atonement to *his*; the peace for *us* transforms itself under a fiction of tenderness into a peace for *him*: the reconciliation between the world that did the wrong and the grave that seemed to suffer it, is accomplished; the reconciler in such a case, whoever he may be, seems a double benefactor—to *him* that endured the injury—to *us* that resented it; and in the particular case now before the public, we shall all be ready to agree that this reconciling friend, who might have entitled his work *Vindiciæ Oliverianæ*, has, by the piety of his service to a man of exquisite genius, so long and so foully misrepresented, earned a right to interweave for ever his own cipher and cognisance in filial union with those of OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE SIX DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD

BY PROFESSOR CREST.

Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes.—HALLAM.

### No. V.—THE BATTLE OF TOURS.

THE broad tract of champaign country which intervenes between the cities of Poitiers and Tours, is principally composed of a succession of rich pasture-lands, which are traversed and fertilized by the Cher, the Creuse, the Vienne, the Claine, the Indre, and other tributaries of the river Loire. Here and there the ground swells into picturesque eminences; and occasionally a belt of ferest land, a brown heath, or a clustering series of vineyards breaks the monotony of the widespread meadows; but the general character of the land is that of a grassy plain, and it seems naturally adapted for the evolutions of numerous armies, especially of those vast bodies of cavalry, which principally decided the fate of nations during the centuries that followed the downfall of Rome, and preceded the consolidation of the modern European powers.

This region has been signalized by more than one memorable conflict; but it is prin-

cipally interesting to the historian by having been the scene of the great victory won by Charles Martel over the Saracens, A. D. 732, which gave a decisive check to the career of Arab conquest in Western Europe, rescued Christendom from Islam, preserved the relics of ancient, and the germs of modern civilization, and re-established the old superiority of the Indo-European over the Semitic family of mankind.

Sismondi and Michelet have underrated the enduring interest of this great Appeal of Battle between the champions of the Crescent and the Cross. But, if French writers have slighted the exploits of their national hero, the Saracenic trophies of Charles Martel have had full justice done to them by English and German historians. Gibbon devotes several pages of his great work\*

\* Vol. vii. p. 17, & sq. Gibbon's sneering remark, that if the Saracens' conquests had not then been checked, "Perhaps the interpretation of the Koran

to the narrative of the battle of Tours, and to the consideration of the consequences which probably would have resulted if Abderrahman's enterprise had not been crushed by the Frankish chief. Schlegel\* speaks of this "mighty victory" in terms of fervent gratitude; and tells how "the arm of Charles Martel saved and delivered the Christian nations of the West from the deadly grasp of all destroying Islam;" and Ranke† points out as "one of the most important epochs in the history of the world the commencement of the eighth century; when on the one side Mahomedanism threatened to overspread Italy and Gaul, and on the other the ancient idolatry of Saxony and Friesland once more forced its way across the Rhine. In this peril of Christian institutions, a youthful prince of Germanic race, Karl Martel, arose as their champion; maintained them with all the energy which the necessity for self-defence calls forth, and finally extended them into new regions."

Arnold‡ ranks the victory of Charles Martel even higher than the victory of Arminius "among those signal deliverances which have affected for centuries the happiness of mankind." But by no writer has the importance of the battle of Tours been more emphatically or more eloquently recognised than by Hallam. I quote with peculiar gratitude that great historian's expressions, because it was by them that I was first led to the consideration of the present subject, and first induced to apply to the great crisis of military events the test of the Media Scientia of the schoolmen, which deals not only with the actual results of specific facts, but also with the probable consequences of an imagined change of antecedent occurrences.

Hallam's words are, § "The victory of Charles Martel has immortalized his name, and may justly be reckoned among *those few battles, of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes*; with Marathon, Arbela, the Metaurus, Chalons, and Leipsic."

Those who have honored with perusal the

would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelations of Mahomet," has almost an air of regret.

\* Philosophy of History, p. 331.

† History of the Reformation in Germany, vol. i. p. 5.

‡ History of the late Roman Commonwealth, vol. ii., p. 317.

§ Middle Ages, vol. i., p. 8, note.

preceding numbers of this series of papers, will observe that its list of decisive battles of the world differs in two instances from that of Hallam's, so far as regards ancient and mediæval history. Nor will the great battle of modern times, with which this series will conclude, be the battle of Leipsic. I hope at another time and place, when these papers will be laid before the public in a collected and ampler form, to explain fully the negative tests which have led me to reject Arbela, Chalons, Leipsic, and many other great battles, which at first sight seemed of paramount importance, but which, when maturely considered, appeared to be of secondary interest; inasmuch as some of them were merely confirmatory of an already existing bias; while the effects of others were limited to particular nations or particular periods; and of others, again, we may safely predicate that, had they terminated differently, only temporary checks would have been given to an inevitable current of events.

But, the more we test the importance of the battle, which is our present subject of consideration, the higher we shall be led to estimate it; and, though all authentic details which we possess of its circumstances and its heroes are but meagre, we can trace enough of its general character to make us watch with deep interest this encounter between the rival conquerors of the decaying Roman Empire. That old classic world, the history of which occupies so large a portion of our early studies, lay, in the eighth century of our era, utterly exanimate and overthrown. On the north the German, on the south the Arab was rending away its provinces. At last the spoilers encountered one another, each striving for the full mastery of the prey. Their conflict brings back upon the memory the old Homeric simile, where the strife of Hector and Patroclus over the dead body of Cebriones is compared to the combat of two lions, that in their hate and hunger fight together on the mountain-tops over the carcass of a slaughtered stag; and the reluctant yielding of the Saracen power to the superior might of the Northern warriors may not inaptly recal those other lines of the same book of the Iliad, where the downfall of Patroclus beneath Hector is likened to the forced yielding of the panting and exhausted wild boar, that had long and furiously fought with a superior beast of prey for the possession of the scanty fountain among

the *Franks*, in which each turned to *Franks*.

Although three centuries had passed away since the Germanic conquerors of Rome had crossed the Rhine river to possess that frontier stream, no settled system of institutions or government, no amalgamation of the various races into one people, no uniformity of language or laws had been established in the country at the time when Charles Martel was called in to repel the menacing tide of Saracenic invasion from the South. Gaul was not yet France. In fact, as in other provinces of the Roman Empire of the West, the dominion of the Caesars had been shattered as early as the fifth century, and barbaric kingdoms and principalities had promptly arisen in the ruins of the Roman power. But few of these had any permanency, and none of them consolidated the rest, or any considerable number of the rest, into one coherent and organized civil and political society. The great bulk of the population still consisted of the nomadic provincials, that is to say, of Romanized Celts, of a Gallic race which had long been under the domination of the Caesars, and had acquired, together with no slight infusion of Roman blood, the language, the literature, the laws, and the civilization of Latium. Among these, and dominant over them, reared or bred the German tribes: some retaining nearly all the rude independence of their primitive national character; others softened and disciplined by the impact and contact of the manners and institutions of civilized life. For it is to be borne in mind, that the Roman Empire in the West was not crushed by any sudden avalanche of barbaric invasion. The German conquerors came across the Rhine not in enormous hosts, but in bands of a few thousand warriors at a time. The progress of a province was the result of an infinite series of partial local invasions, carried on by little armies of this description. The victorious warriors either retired with their booty, or fixed themselves in the invaded district, making use to keep sufficiently concentrated for military purposes, and

ever ready for some fresh foray, either against a civil Germanic band, or some inferior nomadic city of the provincials. Occasionally, however, the conquerors acquired a desire for permanent settled possessions. They lost somewhat of the restless thirst for novelty and adventure which had first made them strong beneath the banner of the boldest captains of their race, and leave their native forests for a strong military life in the last bank of the Rhine. They were converted to the Christian faith, and gave to their land good much of the coarse fertility which must have been fostered in the spirit of the nomadic warriors of the north by a nomadism which provided, as the reward of the hunt in mortal and mortal series of fighting and frankness in heaven.

But, although these and other nomadic influences operated powerfully upon the Germans in Gaul, and although the *Franks* who were originally a nomadic nation of the Teutonic tribes that dwelt between the Rhine, the Maine, and the Weser, established a decisive superiority over the other conquerors of the province, as well as over the nomadic provincials, the country long remained a chaos of intermingled and struggling elements. The early provinces of the Mediterranean Empire were generally torn down in wars against other provinces of their house, torn down by the frequent subdivisions of the Frank monarchy; and the kings and dukes of them had found all their energies turned to the making or defending the banner of the Rhine against the pagan Germans, who strove to pass that river and gather their share of the spoils of the empire.

The weakness which the Saracens discovered over the southern and eastern provinces of Rome was far more rapid than those achieved by the Germans in the north, and the new organizations of society which the Muslims introduced were summarily and uniformly enforced. That a century passed between the death of Mohammed and the date of the battle of Tours. During that century the followers of the Prophet had torn away half the Roman empire: besides their conquests over Persia, the Saracens had overrun Syria, Egypt, Armenia, and Spain, in an unintermitted and apparently irresistible series of victories. But, at the commencement of the eighth century of our era, was the Mohammedan world divided against itself, as it subsequently became. All these vast regions received the Caliph: throughout them all, from the

\* Land of the *Franks*.  
\* The name *Franks* was the common name.  
\* Land of the *Franks*, and the name of the province.

\* The *Franks* were the common name.  
\* The *Franks* were the common name.  
\* The *Franks* were the common name.  
\* The *Franks* were the common name.

Pyrenees to the Oxus, the name of Mohammed was invoked in prayer, and the Koran revered as the book of the law.

It was under one of their ablest and most renowned commanders, with a veteran army, and with every apparent advantage of time, place, and circumstance, that the Arabs made their great effort at the conquest of Europe north of the Pyrenees. The victorious Moslem soldiery in Spain,

"A countless multitude;  
Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade,  
Persian, and Copt, and Tartar, in one bond  
Oferring faith conjoined—strong in the youth  
And heat of zeal—a dreadful brotherhood,"

were eager for the plunder of more Christian cities and shrines, and full of fanatic confidence in the invincibility of their arms.

"Nor were the chiefs  
Of victory less assured, by long success  
Elate, and proud of that o'erwhelming strength  
Which, surely they believed, as it had rolled  
Thus far uncheck'd, would roll victorious on,  
Till, like the Orient, the subjected West  
Should bow in reverence at Mahommed's name;  
And pilgrims from remotest Arctic shores  
Tread with religious feet the burning sands  
Of Araby and Mecca's stony soil."

SOUTHEY'S *Roderick*.

It is not only by the modern Christian poet, but by the old Arabian chroniclers also, that these feelings of ambition and arrogance are attributed to the Moslems who had overthrown the Visigoth power in Spain. And their eager expectations of new wars were excited to the utmost on the re-appointment by the caliph of Abderrahman Ibn Abdillah Alghafeki, to the government of that country, A.D. 729, which restored them a general who had signalized his skill and prowess during the conquests of Africa and Spain, whose ready valor and generosity had made him the idol of the troops, who had already been engaged in several expeditions into Gaul, so as to be well acquainted with the national character and tactics of the Franks, and who was known to thirst, like a good Moslem, for revenge for the slaughter of some detachments of the True Believers, which had been cut off on the north of the Pyrenees.

In addition to his cardinal military virtues, Abderrahman is described by the Arab writers as a model of integrity and justice. The first two years of his second administration in Spain were occupied in severe reforms of the abuses which under his predecessors had crept into the system

of government, and in extensive preparations for his intended conquest of Gaul. Besides the troops which he collected from his province, he obtained from Africa a large body of chosen Berber cavalry, officered by Arabs of proved skill and valor; and in the summer of 732, he crossed the Pyrenees at the head of an army which some Arab writers rate at eighty thousand strong, while some of the Christian chroniclers swell its numbers to many hundreds of thousands more. Probably the Arab account diminishes, but of the two keeps nearest to the truth. It was from this formidable host, after Eudes, the Count of Aquitaine, had vainly striven to check it, after many strong cities had fallen before it, and half the land been overrun, that Gaul and Christendom were at last rescued by the strong arm of Prince Charles, who acquired a surname,\* like that of the war-god of his forefathers' creed, from the might with which he broke and shattered his enemies in the battle.

The Merovingian kings had sunk into absolute insignificance, and had become mere puppets of royalty before the eighth century. Charles Martel, like his father, Pepin Heristal, was Duke of the Austrasian Franks, the bravest and most thoroughly Germanic part of the nation, and exercised, in the name of the titular king, what little paramount authority the turbulent minor rulers of districts and towns could be persuaded or compelled to acknowledge. Engaged with his national competitors in perpetual conflicts for power, and in more serious struggles for safety against the fierce tribes of the unconverted Frisians, Bavarians, Saxons, and Thuringians, who at that epoch assailed with peculiar ferocity the Christianized Germans on the left bank of the Rhine, Charles Martel added experienced skill to his natural courage, and he had also formed a militia of veterans among the Franks. Hallam has thrown out a doubt whether, in our admiration of his victory at Tours, we do not judge a little too much by the event, and whether there was not rashness in his risking the fate of France on the result of a general battle with the invaders. But, when we remember that Charles had no standing army, and the independent spirit of the Frank warriors who followed his standard, it seems most probable that it was not in his power to adopt the cautious policy of watching the

\* Martel—The Hammer. See the Scandinavian Sagas for an account of the favorite weapon of Thor.



invaders, and wearing out their strength by delay. So dreadful and so wide-spread were the ravages of the Saracenic light cavalry throughout Gaul, that it must have been impossible to restrain for any length of time the indignant ardor of the Franks. And, even if Charles could have persuaded his men to look tamely on while the Arabs stormed more towns and desolated more districts, he could not have kept an army together when the usual period of a military expedition had expired. If, indeed, the Arab account of the disorganization of the Moslem forces be correct, the battle was as well-timed on the part of Charles, as it was, beyond all question, well-fought.

The monkish chroniclers, from whom we are obliged to glean a narrative of this memorable campaign, bear full evidence to the terror which the Saracen invasion inspired, and to the agony of that great struggle. The Saracens, say they, and their King, who was called Abdirames, came out of Spain, with all their wives, and their children, and their substance, in such great multitudes that no man could reckon or estimate them. They brought with them all their armour, and whatever they had, as if they were thenceforth always to dwell in France.\*

"Then Abderrahman, seeing the land filled with the multitude of his army, pierces through the mountains, tramples over rough and level ground, plunders far into the country of the Franks, and smites all with the sword, insomuch that when Eudo came to battle with him at the river Garonne, and fled before him, God alone knows the number of the slain. Then Abderrahman pursued after Count Eudo, and while he strives to spoil and burn the holy shrine at Tours, he encounters the chief of the Austrasian Franks, Charles, a man of war from his youth up, to whom Eudo had sent warning. There for nearly seven days they strive intensely and at last they set themselves in battle array, and the nations of the north standing firm as a wall, and impenetrable as a zone of ice, utterly slay the Arabs with the edge of the sword."†

\* "Lors issirent d'Espagne li Sarrazina, et un leur Roi qui avoit nom Abdirames, et ont leur femmes et leur enfans et toute leur substance en si grand plente que nus le prevoit nombrer ne estimer: tout leur harnois et quanques il avoient amenement avec entz, aussi comme si ils deussent toujours mes habiter en France."

† Tunc Abdirrahman multitudinem sui exercitus repletam prospiciens terram, &c. *Script. Gest. Franc.* p. 785.

The European writers all concur in speaking of the fall of Abderrahman as one of the principal causes of the defeat of the Arabs; who, according to one writer, after finding that their leader was slain, dispersed in the night, to the agreeable surprise of the Christians, who expected the next morning to see them issue from their tents, and renew the combat. One monkish chronicler puts the loss of the Arabs at 375,000 men, while he says that only 1,007 Christians fell:—a disparity of loss which he feels bound to account for by a special interposition of Providence. I have translated above some of the most spirited passages of these writers; but it is impossible to collect from them anything like a full or authentic description of the great battle itself, or of the operations which preceded and followed it.

Though, however, we may have cause to regret the meagerness and doubtful character of these narratives, we have the great advantage of being able to compare the accounts given of Abderrahman's expedition by the national writers of each side. This is a benefit which the inquirer into antiquity so seldom can obtain, that the fact of possessing it in the case of the battle of Tours makes us think the historical testimony respecting that great event more certain and satisfactory than is the case in many other instances, where we possess abundant details respecting military exploits but where those details come to us from the annalists of one nation only, and we have consequently, no safeguard against the exaggerations, the distortions, and the fictions which national vanity has so often put forth in the garb and under the title of history. The Arabian writers, who recorded the conquests and wars of their countrymen in Spain, have narrated also the expedition into Gaul of their great Emir, and his defeat and death near Tours, in battle with the hosts of the Franks under King Chlodua, the name into which they metamorphose Charles Martel.\*

They tell us how there was war between the count of the Frankish frontier and the Moslems, and how the count gathered together all his people, and fought for a time

\* The Arabian Chronicles were compiled and translated into Spanish by Don Jose Antonio Conde, in his "Historia de la Dominacion des los Arabos en Espana," published at Madrid in 1820. Conde's plan, which I have endeavored to follow, was to preserve both the style and spirit of his oriental authorities, so that we find in his pages a genuine Saracenic narrative of the wars in Western Europe between the Mahometans and the Christians.

with doubtful success. "But," say the Arabian chroniclers, "Abderrahman drove them back; and the men of Abderrahman were puffed up in spirit by their repeated successes, and they were full of trust in the valor and the practice in war of their Emir. So the Moslems smote their enemies, and passed the river Garonne, and laid waste the country, and took captives without number. And that army went through all places like a desolating storm. Prosperity made those warriors insatiable. At the passage of the river, Abderrahman overthrew the count, and the count retired into his stronghold, but the Moslems fought against it, and entered it by force, and slew the count, for everything gave way to their scymetars, which were the robbers of lives. All the nations of the Franks trembled at that terrible army, and they betook them to their King Calvus, and told him of the havoc made by the Moslem horsemen, and how they rode at their will through all the land of Narbonne, Toulouse, and Bourdeaux, and they told the King of the death of their count. Then the King bade them be of good cheer, and offered to aid them. And in the 114th year\* he mounted his horse, and he took with him a host that could not be numbered, and went against the Moslems. And he came upon them at the great city of Tours. And Abderrahman and other prudent cavaliers saw the disorder of the Moslem troops, who were loaded with spoil; but they did not venture to displease the soldiers by ordering them to abandon everything except their arms and war-horses. And Abderrahman trusted in the valor of his soldiers, and in the good fortune which had ever attended him. But (the Arab writer remarks) such defect of discipline always is fatal to armies. So Abderrahman and his host attacked Tours to gain still more spoil, and they fought against it so fiercely that they stormed the city almost before the eyes of the army that came to save it; and the fury and the cruelty of the Moslems towards the inhabitants of the city was like the fury and cruelty of raging tigers. It was manifest, adds the Arab, that God's chastisement was sure to follow such excesses; and fortune thereupon turned her back upon the Moslems.

"Near the river Owar† the two great hosts of the two languages and the two creeds were set in array against each other. The hearts of Abderrahman, his captains, and

his men were filled with wrath and pride, and they were the first to begin the fight. The Moslem horsemen dashed fierce and frequent forward against the battalions of the Franks, who resisted manfully, and many fell dead on either side until the going down of the sun. Night parted the two armies; but in the grey of the morning the Moslems returned to the battle. Their cavaliers had soon hewn their way into the centre of the Christian host. But many of the Moslems were fearful for the safety of the spoil which they had stored in their tents, and a false cry arose in their ranks that some of the enemy were plundering the camp: whereupon several squadrons of the Moslem horsemen rode off to protect their tents. But it seemed as if they fled; and all the host was troubled. And while Abderrahman strove to check their tumult, and to lead them back to battle, the warriors of the Franks came round him, and he was pierced through with many spears, so that he died. Then all the host fled before the enemy, and many died in the flight. This deadly defeat of the Moslems, and the loss of the great leader and good cavalier Abderrahman, took place in the hundred and fiftieth year."

It would be difficult to expect from an adversary a more explicit confession of having been thoroughly vanquished, than the Arabs here accord to the Europeans. The points on which their narrative differs from those of the Christians,—as to how many days the conflict lasted, whether the assailed city was actually rescued or not, and the like,—are of little moment compared with the admitted great fact that there was a decisive trial of strength between Frank and Saracen, in which the former conquered. The enduring importance of the battle of Tours in the eyes of the Moslems, is attested not only by the expressions of "the deadly battle" and "the disgraceful overthrow," which their writers constantly employ when referring to it, but also by the fact, that no more serious attempts at conquest beyond the Pyrenees were made by the Saracens. Charles Martel, and his son and grand-son, were left at leisure to consolidate and extend their power. The new Christian Roman Empire of the West, which the genius of Charlemagne founded, and throughout which his iron will imposed peace on the old anarchy of creeds and races, did not indeed retain its integrity after its great ruler's death. Fresh troubles came over Europe; but Christendom,

\* Of the Hegira. † Probably the Loire.  
VOL. XIV. NO. III.

though disunited, was safe. The progress of civilization, and the development of the nationalities and governments of Modern Europe, from that time forth, went forward in not uninterrupted, but, ultimately, certain career.

From Howitt's Journal.

## GERMAN STUDENT-LIFE, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON POPULAR MOVEMENT.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

At a time when the continental students have once more shown themselves so conspicuously in the van of the recent great revolutionary movements, it can not but be interesting to the general reader to be made acquainted with the causes of the constant appearance of this class of youths on all such occasions. These causes prevail more or less all over the continent, and produce a spirit amongst the students there as opposite to that of our English universities as possible. Our students springing, for the most part, from the aristocratic class, and seeking only aristocratic favor and advantages, are distinguished for nothing so much as their opposition to all popular reform and advance. They are the unflinching, unhesitating, and we might almost say unreflecting champions of Church and State. They are ready to assault the Anti-Corn-Law lecturer, break the benches of his audience, and chase him from the city; to petition against any admission of Catholics or Jews to the merest civil rights, or to clamor against the smallest reform in the profitable trade of the established church. For the rest, boat racings and guzzlings, running into debt, and threatening the creditors, if they press for payment, to ruin them—are the chief features of our English student-life.

formed into a code. On this code grew the spirit of what is called Academical Freedom. For this every academician, whether teacher or scholar, naturally became a zealous advocate. In time, owing to aggressions and contests with encroaching rulers, this freedom came to possess also a political character, and the universities, especially among the youthful members, became the seats and nurseries of national liberty. The young men came to regard with pride this sacred deposit of the maintenance of the spirit of freedom, and celebrated it in their songs, and paraded it in their customs. It was a spirit peculiarly fascinating to the spirit of youth. At the time of life when every noble and generous emotion is, if ever, predominant, when the inspiring sentiments of the patriots, poets, and historians of the greatest nations of antiquity—Greece and Rome—republican Greece and Rome, were the peculiar study of these young men, it was natural that such sentiments sanctioned and invigorated by the very charters and customs of the schools, should acquire extraordinary power. In fact this Academical Freedom on the continent has grown into a singular pre-eminence and has produced the most important national effects.

On the contrary, on the continent, whether the students are of aristocratic or plebeian origin, the spirit of popular liberty has, from times almost immemorial, or at least from the very first establishment of such schools, been the grand characteristic of the foreign high schools.

In order to encourage learning in times semi-barbarous, the Princes who founded universities, granted them certain privileges—a certain constitution of their own. They were allowed their own courts of justice, and the laws which regulated and defended their privileges were ultimately

been referred to in this country for its singular features. Those features, however, which have been most noticed are the customs of drinking and duel fighting. These have been given an undue prominence, and the German students have been represented as a wild, lawless, drunken, fighting and hectoring class, something more than half-savage. If this were their real character it would be one of the most remarkable circumstances in the world that out of these wild and lawless youths are made the most sober officers, the most domestic clergy, the most refined poets, and the most profound

philosophers in the world. Having lived ourselves for some years in the midst of these students, admitted them freely to our house, and studied their characters and customs, we were at some pains to make our countrymen cognizant of the fact.\*

What these facts are we will now endeavor to show in as small a space as possible, and being once in possession of them our countrymen will not be so likely as they have been to be imposed upon by the ignorant mistakes of mere passing travellers. One of the commonest mistakes is that of confounding the university students with the journeymen artisans. Into this mistake Mr. Laing fell when he assured his readers that he saw students begging on the German highways. The same mistake Sergeant Talfourd fell into when passing up the Rhine to Switzerland, and unable to speak either French or German, he still thought fit to write a book, and assured us that he did not find the students quite such gentlemanly fellows as Howitt had represented them. It was, to say the least, rather wonderful that Mr. Talfourd, who only sailed up the Rhine in a steamboat utterly ignorant of the language of the country, should be able immediately to correct one who had resided three years in it, and made its life and habits a study. I however was all the time talking of *students* in my work, and poor Talfourd was talking of the travelling artisans and imagined them students! When either he or Mr. Laing meets with a German student begging on the highway, he may be quite sure of being able to meet with Oxford and Cambridge students doing the same in England.

Not less are the mistakes as to the great objects and spirit of continental student-life. This life is regarded not only as a season of study but of enjoyment. To it every youth looks forward as to that period in his existence in which, whatever may be the despotism of the country at large, he shall by charter and precedent enjoy the fullest freedom, combined with all the social pleasures of youthful brotherhood. When song, music, social parties, new friendships, and perhaps loves, and the mutual excitement of the spirit of liberty and patriotism shall throw over life an enchantment the feeling and the memory of which shall con-

tinue to gild all his after existence, whether it shall be passed in the distant solitude of some rural official post, or in the obscure village, amid the storms of misfortune or the shoals of poverty. Everywhere in the works of poets and philosophers do we find traces of the enthusiasm with which they regard their student years. "How shall I call thee," says Hauff, "thou high, thou rough, thou noble, thou barbaric, thou loveable, unharmonious, song-full, repelling, yet refreshing life of the Burschen years? How shall I describe you, ye golden hours, ye choral songs of brotherly love? What tone shall I give to you to make myself understood? I shall describe thee? Never! Thy ludicrous outside lies open; the layman can see that, one can describe that to him, but thy inner and lovely ore, the miner only knows who goes singing into the deep shaft . . . . Old grandfather, now I know what thou undertook when thou held thy annual solitary, intercalary days. Thou too hadst thy companions in the days of thy youth, and the water stood in thy grey eyelashes when thou mocked me in thy stambook as instructed."

The youth in Germany then looks forward to the days of his University life, as to the very heart and flower of his juvenescence. It is a period not merely of dry study, it is a season in which he is to meet with the youth of all the surrounding district, and in which one common bond of customs, one common enjoyment of a peculiar social life, is to open up to him everything which earth can offer of friendship, of the community of sentiment, and aspiration, of music, song, frolic, whim, excursions into the loveliest scenery, and compacts for the advancement of the liberties of the great Fatherland.

The time arrives; he quits the paternal home with a beating heart, he enters the university town, often a small one, seated amid mountains and forests, and what does he first observe? Troops of those who are to be his fellow students—of those with whom he is to form the closest intercourse, with whom he is to fight, to carouse, to study, to pledge eternal friendship, and to pass through a score of ceremonies and processions in the cause of Freedom. They are a strange generation to look on. They affect a quaint and somewhat antique costume. None of your gowns with hanging sleeves, and tile caps, but surtouts of singular cut, often belted, spurs frequently on the heel, on the head little caps of shapes and

\* See the Student Life of Germany, by William Howitt, from the unpublished MS. of Dr. Cornelius, containing nearly forty of the most famous student songs, with the original music, &c. Longman's, 1841.

benedictions of those that, reverencing man's nature, see gladly its frailties brought within the gracious smile of human charity, and its nobilities levelled to the apprehension of simplicity and innocence."

Over every grave, even though tenanted by guilt and shame, the human heart, when circumstantially made acquainted with its silent records of suffering or temptation, yearns in love or in forgiveness to breathe a solemn *Requiescat!* how much more, then, over the grave of a benefactor to the human race! But it is a natural feeling, with respect to such a prayer, that, however fervent and sincere, it has no perfect faith in its own validity so long as any unsettled feud from ancient calumny hangs over the buried person. The unredressed wrong seems to haunt the sepulchre in the shape of a perpetual disturbance to its rest. First of all, when this wrong has been adjudicated and expiated, is the *Requiescat* ut-

tered with a perfect faith in itself. By a natural confusion we then transfer our own feelings to the occupant of the grave. The tranquillization to our own wounded sense of justice seems like an atonement to *his*; the peace for *us* transforms itself under a fiction of tenderness into a peace for *him*: the reconciliation between the world that did the wrong and the grave that seemed to suffer it, is accomplished; the reconciler in such a case, whoever he may be, seems a double benefactor—to *him* that endured the injury—to *us* that resented it; and in the particular case now before the public, we shall all be ready to agree that this reconciling friend, who might have entitled his work *Vindiciæ Oliverianæ*, has, by the piety of his service to a man of exquisite genius, so long and so foully misrepresented, earned a right to interweave for ever his own cipher and cognizance in filial union with those of OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE SIX DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes.—HALLAM.

### No. V.—THE BATTLE OF TOURS.

THE broad tract of champaign country which intervenes between the cities of Poitiers and Tours, is principally composed of a succession of rich pasture-lands, which are traversed and fertilized by the Cher, the Creuse, the Vienne, the Claine, the Indre, and other tributaries of the river Loire. Here and there the ground swells into picturesque eminences; and occasionally a belt of ferest land, a brown heath, or a clustering series of vineyards breaks the monotony of the wide-spread meadows; but the general character of the land is that of a grassy plain, and it seems naturally adapted for the evolutions of numerous armies, especially of those vast bodies of cavalry, which principally decided the fate of nations during the centuries that followed the downfall of Rome, and preceded the consolidation of the modern European powers.

This region has been signalized by more than one memorable conflict; but it is prin-

cipally interesting to the historian by having been the scene of the great victory won by Charles Martel over the Saracens, A. D. 732, which gave a decisive check to the career of Arab conquest in Western Europe, rescued Christendom from Islam, preserved the relics of ancient, and the germs of modern civilization, and re-established the old superiority of the Indo-European over the Semitic family of mankind.

Sismondi and Michelet have underrated the enduring interest of this great Appeal of Battle between the champions of the Crescent and the Cross. But, if French writers have slighted the exploits of their national hero, the Saracenic trophies of Charles Martel have had full justice done to them by English and German historians. Gibbon devotes several pages of his great work\*

\* Vol. vii. p. 17, *et seq.* Gibbon's sneering remark, that if the Saracen conquests had not then been checked, "Perhaps the interpretation of the Koran

to the narrative of the battle of Tours, and to the consideration of the consequences which probably would have resulted if Abderrahman's enterprise had not been crushed by the Frankish chief. Schlegel\* speaks of this "mighty victory" in terms of fervent gratitude; and tells how "the arm of Charles Martel saved and delivered the Christian nations of the West from the deadly grasp of all destroying Islam;" and Ranke† points out as "one of the most important epochs in the history of the world the commencement of the eighth century; when on the one side Mahomedanism threatened to overspread Italy and Gaul, and on the other the ancient idolatry of Saxony and Friesland once more forced its way across the Rhine. In this peril of Christian institutions, a youthful prince of Germanic race, Karl Martel, arose as their champion; maintained them with all the energy which the necessity for self-defence calls forth, and finally extended them into new regions."

Arnold‡ ranks the victory of Charles Martel even higher than the victory of Arminius "among those signal deliverances which have affected for centuries the happiness of mankind." But by no writer has the importance of the battle of Tours been more emphatically or more eloquently recognised than by Hallam. I quote with peculiar gratitude that great historian's expressions, because it was by them that I was first led to the consideration of the present subject, and first induced to apply to the great crisis of military events the test of the *Media Scientia* of the schoolmen, which deals not only with the actual results of specific facts, but also with the probable consequences of an imagined change of antecedent occurrences.

Hallam's words are,§ "The victory of Charles Martel has immortalized his name, and may justly be reckoned among *those few battles, of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes*; with Marathon, Arbela, the Metaurus, Chalons, and Leipsic."

Those who have honored with perusal the would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelations of Mahomet" has almost an air of regret.

\* *Philosophy of History*, p. 331.

† *History of the Reformation in Germany*, vol. i. p. 5.

‡ *History of the late Roman Commonwealth*, vol. ii., p. 317.

§ *Middle Ages*, vol. i., p. 8, *note*.

preceding numbers of this series of papers, will observe that its list of decisive battles of the world differs in two instances from that of Hallam's, so far as regards ancient and mediæval history. Nor will the great battle of modern times, with which this series will conclude, be the battle of Leipsic. I hope at another time and place, when these papers will be laid before the public in a collected and ampler form, to explain fully the negative tests which have led me to reject Arbela, Chalons, Leipsic, and many other great battles, which at first sight seemed of paramount importance, but which, when maturely considered, appeared to be of secondary interest; inasmuch as some of them were merely confirmatory of an already existing bias; while the effects of others were limited to particular nations or particular periods; and of others, again, we may safely predicate that, had they terminated differently, only temporary checks would have been given to an inevitable current of events.

But, the more we test the importance of the battle, which is our present subject of consideration, the higher we shall be led to estimate it; and, though all authentic details which we possess of its circumstances and its heroes are but meagre, we can trace enough of its general character to make us watch with deep interest this encounter between the rival conquerors of the decaying Roman Empire. That old classic world, the history of which occupies so large a portion of our early studies, lay, in the eighth century of our era, utterly exanimate and overthrown. On the north the German, on the south the Arab was rending away its provinces. At last the spoilers encountered one another, each striving for the full mastery of the prey. Their conflict brings back upon the memory the old Homeric simile, where the strife of Hector and Patroclus over the dead body of Cebriones is compared to the combat of two lions, that in their hate and hunger fight together on the mountain-tops over the carcass of a slaughtered stag; and the reluctant yielding of the Saracen power to the superior might of the Northern warriors may not inaptly recal those other lines of the same book of the *Iliad*, where the downfall of Patroclus beneath Hector is likened to the forced yielding of the panting and exhausted wild boar, that had long and furiously fought with a superior beast of prey for the possession of the scanty fountain among



ly consequential, since it is the first time that they have been privileged to present themselves to the eyes of the astonished world in such a procession. The Pawk-doctor, that is, the surgeon who regularly attends them at their duels, is invited to this festivity, and frequently honors the Chore with his presence; and they have generally some devoted and often eccentric follower like the Red Fisherman at Heidelberg, who, arrayed in the oddest style, is posted as servant behind the last carriage.

Be sure that the jocund students are bound to the most delightful spot in the neighborhood, there to enjoy themselves. From Heidelberg, where we have so often witnessed these extraordinary processions, they ascend the beautiful valley of the Neckar for about six miles to Neckarsteinach, a village situated in a most lovely scene with the ruins of several castles peeping from the hill-tops. If the reader were on such a day already at Neckarsteinach, so might he, from the little pavilion in the garden of the Harp Inn, right commodiously observe the approach of such a train, as it emerges from the windings of the road which follows the serpentine course of the Neckar, and permits him even from afar, to see the flashing of the drawn swords, and the shimmering of the colored caps and chore-bands. Or he sees the new guests approaching in a large barge which they have mounted at Neckargemund, the next village where they cross the Neckar by the ferry; and where they have left their horses and carriages. The barge is hung with garlands and festoons, pennons stream from the mast; the sons of the Muses, as the students term themselves, in their many-colored costume, are picturesquely grouped, and some of them are singing in the overflowing of their spirits to the sound of jocund music!

The inhabitants see gladly these guests arrive in the place, as the Burschen in one day make a greater expenditure, or in common parlance, moult more feathers than as many humble inhabitants of the little place do in a year. On this account their approach is first announced by the firing of small cannon from Dielsberg, a hamlet opposite, situated on a lofty conical hill, and showing, with its old high enclosing wall and antique towers, like some city of ancient Palestine in old Bible pictures. The barge comes up, and the garden of the inn and banks now swarm with the lively Bur-

schen, who here play off all sorts of pranks and whims.

But within, the whole house is in a bustle. Servants and waiters run to and fro. Above, in the great hall is a long table covered. The windows are all adorned with green and flowery garlands and festoons, and at that end of the hall where the seat of honor is placed, there is emblazoned on the wall the great painted coat of arms of the *Verbindung*, or Chore, embellished with ribbons and flowers. The musicians now take their places in the orchestra above; the sons of the Muses appear in the hall, and the feast is opened. After the cloth is drawn, the proceedings at table are such as we have described in the General Commers, except that at this Commers no beer is drunk, but wine, and you soon hear the report of out-flying champagne corks as the toasts of the Chore are given, or the health of the land-Prince, when the feast is held on his birthday.

As they do not return from such a Commers, at the earliest, till the noon or evening of the next day, all kinds of mad-cap frolics and playfulness are resorted to to make the time pass merrily. They act and sing the Prince of Fools; and the next day they sally forth and engage in all kinds of youthful merriment amongst the hills and valleys round, and their songs resound over the whole country. Their gambols and outbreaks of youthful spirits, full of life, strength, and enjoyment, and ready to over-leap all bounds in the excitement of leaving behind for a day or so all study, and giving themselves up to fine weather and beautiful scenery, have always characterized the students, and an old ballad of 1650, shows us that they were the same then, with far less refinement than at the present time.

Queer chaps are these students, say folks everywhere,

Although you should have them but once in the year;  
They make in the village such riot and reek  
There's nought else left for us but plague for a week.

Their frolics being ended, the songs sung, and thus the Commers concluded, they generally, if on the banks of a river, return to the city by a boat. If this is in the evening the barge is illuminated, and when they approach the city fireworks are played off. As they land they proceed to their kneip, and so wind up the feast.

As we have said, the students march in long processions, bearing each a torch to do



honor to their professors on some popular occasion, or to distinguished strangers. On New Year's Eve they go round with torches, and guns which they fire off, and shout *vivas*, beneath the windows of the favorite professors. Now and then they are called upon to engage in a great "Marching Forth," but this can be only rare—and the departure of some of their comrades gives opportunity for a farewell procession or *Comitat*; but by far the most poetical and impressive of their ceremonies is the celebration of the funeral of one of their number. We more than once saw this in Heidelberg.

A numerous band of music came at the head of the procession, lighted by torch-bearers, for these funerals always take place in the evening. Then followed the funeral car, covered with black cloth and drawn by black horses. Upon the car lay the *Choreband*, the *Chore-caps* of the deceased, and two crossed swords, all covered with mourning crape, and surrounded with mourning wreaths. We remarked also one smaller garland; it was formed of white roses, and was, we were told, from the sorrowing hand of some unknown fair one.

Immediately before the car went two of the beades carrying fasces wreathed with crape. On each side and behind the car, walked the companions of the *Chore*, all in simple black mourning with hats. Immediately behind the *Chore* walked two clergymen in black costume. This whole group was surrounded by torch-bearers. Then came all the other students who were acquainted with the deceased. Before them marched the leader of the procession with two attendants or marshals. The leader was clad in the buckskins and great jack boots—the large storm or two-cocked hat, bordered with black and white crape, with sweeping feathers—the great leathern gauntlets—the sword trailing in its sheath; and his two attendants were similarly attired, but without the storm-hat. Then followed the students, two and two, in divisions according to their *Chores*, amounting to some six or seven hundred, each bearing a torch. In two lines they advanced slowly on each side of the street, and from time to time we observed an officer marching between these lines, distinguished by his senior's cap and ribbon, while he carried in his hand his sword, its colors all veiled in crape, and its sheath hanging from his left side.

Thus moved slowly the procession through the streets to the churchyard where

the body was interred. There the students assembled round the grave, the clergyman stepped forth, pronounced his address, and closed it with a benediction. Then advanced one of the young friends of the deceased, and pronounced an oration, calling to the remembrance the true friendship of the departed, his manly worth, and genuine German mind. A few stanzas were sung from the beautiful hymn—"From high Olympus," in which he had so often joined them. The coffin was lowered into the grave, and every student pressed forward in turn to fling a handful of earth into the grave. Lastly, the lowered swords were crossed over the grave, and their clash was the signal for returning.

Then no longer solemnly and silently trod back the throng; as in the case of soldiers, they marched briskly away to lively airs. In going they had mourned the friend and fellow-mortal cut off in the early hopes of youth—*now*, they rejoiced only in his advent to a second and more glorious life. This rejoicing music was the recognition of the immortality of man.

Arrived in one of the large squares, the train marched round it, and turning towards the centre, at a given signal, let their torches fly up into the air, and fall on a heap in the midst. They whirled up, describing many a fiery circle and convolution ere they reached the flaming pile; and now, while this one huge pyre lit up all around with a dazzling radiance, and the dark and giant clouds of smoke rolling up, mixed with the many-colored flames, spread themselves to the heavens, the voices of the assembled students burst forth in a startling and most solemn chorus of the music-accompanied song of

Gaudiamus igitur  
Juvenes dum sumus.

Finally, the torch-pile having nearly consumed itself in its splendid light—the senior stood forth, and wielded his sword as in defiance. The rest rushed together, and with wild cries clashing their swords above their heads, there was a shout—"Quench the fire!" and the whole of the students at once dispersed. The crowd then closed in; water was thrown on the flames; the dense black column of smoke changed into a white one, and all was over.

Such is the Student's Life. Full of gaiety, frolic, and romance, kindling a vivid sentiment of friendship, and by that strong union, preparing its actors for an exalted devotion to liberty and country, which on

all occasions is ready to show itself. One of its most beautiful features is, that it is a system of "LIBERTY—EQUALITY—FRATERNITY!" Every one is held to be equal, be he prince or peasant—and they unite into what they call "*Du bruderschaft!*" Thou-brotherhood, in which they address each other, both then and at any future period of life with *thou*, and many are the instances in which these friendships between those of very dissimilar stations in life have, in years long after, shown themselves most nobly unshaken.

The most objectionable parts of their system are their drinking and duelling—yet it is but just to say, that these features have been much exaggerated, and the blame laid on the wrong shoulders. The drinking is really that of *small beer*. The duelling, again, is merely fencing under another name. The youths might be better employed, that is certain, but they are so defended with a sort of leathern armor, that they rarely can be hurt, except they get a cut on the cheek as a mark of their folly. Such a thing as a death is rarely known. More Englishmen, and men of mature years, and with families too, shoot one another with pistols in any one year than there are German students killed in their duelling in any one century.

But who, in fact, are really to blame for the continuance of these customs? It is a black fact in the history of the governments of the different German states—that it is their act and work. The students have repeatedly endeavored to clear their club-life of these practices, and the governments have in every instance prevented it. The students have desired to set up reading-rooms instead, but the governments have forbidden them, and forced them back on their drinking, singing, and duelling, lest they should read themselves into politics.

But amid all the outward show of student life, the spirit of liberty has burned inwardly as its genuine principle. On all occasions and in all ages the German students have stood for liberty. They stood by John Huss; they stood by Luther. They stood by the Protestant cause in the Thirty Years' War to the death. When the whole land was an amphitheatre of martyrdom, when the horrible bigot Ferdinand of Austria, crushed out the people's lives by his troops, the people fought, and often conquered, but in vain. Then issued forth that strange apparition—the Unknown Student! What a singular episode is his ad-

vent in the history of this war! His real name and origin were unknown, and will remain so for ever. He had all the reckless enthusiasm of the student, the zeal of the hero, or the saint; and the eloquence which tingles in the ears of wronged men, and runs through the quick veins like fire. Solemn and mysterious, he stood forth in the hour of need, like a spirit from heaven. The wondering people gathered round him, listened, and followed with shouts to victory. They stood on the field of Gmunden, in the face of the magnificent Salzburg Alps. The Unknown Student was in the midst of them; and pointing to the lakes, the forests, the hills, and the glittering Alpine summits above and around them, he asked if they would not fight for so glorious a land, and for the simple and true hearts in those rocky fortresses? In the camp of the Austrian General, Pappenheim, could be heard the fiery words of his harangue. They heard the vows which burst forth, like the voice of the sea, in reply, and the hymn of faith which followed. From rock, ravine, and forest, rushed forth the impetuous peasant thousands, and even the victorious army of Pappenheim could not sustain the shock. The right wing scattered and fled; the peasant army, with the Unknown Student at their head, pursuing and hewing them down. There was a wild flight to the very gates of Gmunden. Then came back the fiery Unknown with his flushed thousands. He threw himself on the left wing of Pappenheim with the fury of a lion. There was a desperate struggle; the troops of Pappenheim wavered; victory hung on the uplifted sword of the Unknown Student, when a ball struck him and his rôle was played out. His head, hoisted on a spear, was the sign of shivering dismay to his followers. They fled, leaving on the field four thousand of their fellows dead; Pappenheim and extermination in the rear.

True to their ancient spirit, the students stood by their country in the expulsion of Napoleon and the French. Were it not for the youthful effervescence of their spirit of freedom, freedom itself would long ago in that country have ceased to exist; to have lost its only living evidence of ever having existed. In the last War of Liberation, in the last grand rising to expel the enemy from their native land, they were amongst the most ardent and beautiful of the deliverers. At the Battle of the Nations before Leipsic, they fought like lions,

and in the front. On the great march after the retreating foe, when the whole population seemed to pour itself out after it, there were none so fleet, so alert, so joyous, and so gallant, as the students. They proved then that all their songs and toasts to liberty were not the mere noise and foam of idle and boasting hours. They did deeds worthy of the heroes of the most heroic ages. They fought and fell as freely, and as exultingly, as they had sung the song of the Fatherland. Far a-head of millions, hanging on the closest rear of the hated enemy, was seen one brave and devoted band—it was the gymnastic troop of the dauntless, the patriotic Jahn. Long before, long ere the spirit of Germany was roused, when the proud foot of Napoleon stood on the heart of the empire, and on the very necks of the fallen princes, where he picked out with searching eye, every prominent patriot for disgrace or death,—then had Jahn, preached from his school-chair resistance to the tyrant, and freedom or death to the empire. He had gathered into his school every brave beating heart of the youth around him. He had told them that if ever they meant to achieve the freedom of Germany, and retrieve its lost honor, they must arouse themselves from sloth and effeminacy. They must practice temperance, moral purity, and physical exercises, to endow them with vigor and activity. He had erected his gymnastic school; and while he gave to their freaks pliancy and hardihood, he breathed into their spirits the most imperishable love of liberty, of honor, and of native land. By his “*Teutsches Volksthum*,” he sounded abroad, from end to end of Germany, the same great and indomitable spirit. The flame caught and spread—it kindled in every German University; and morals, religion, patriotism, and gymnastics, became everywhere the sacred practice of the youth, founded on their ardent hope of working out the salvation of their country.

The great day of opportunity came. The battle of Leipsic was fought. There was a loud call from the Princes to arms. Gloriously did the students answer to the cry. They were promised by all the Princes, as the price of victory over their foe—a liberty—a constitutional liberty worthy of Germany and Christianity. From every university poured forth the youth in glowing enthusiasm—far a-head of them went Jahn and his band. The armies returned to Germany with shouts and the pealing music of

trumpets. The band of Jahn had shrunk into a mere shadow—into a little, very little troop—it had been cut to pieces in its daring onslaughts on the foe. The greater portion of the young heroes, of the *inspired boys* of Jahn, had fallen in the field; and yet happy indeed were they, compared with those who returned. These returned to the bitterest fate. They came back with hearts burning with the victories achieved, and the reward of liberty to come. But it never did come! The traitor Princes who promised, never performed. They had got rid of *one* tyrant, and now resolved to erect themselves into a *legion*. They refused all demands for constitutional rights. They even trampled on the very hearts of their rescuers. They flung cold water on the flames of patriotism, which had consumed their oppressors. Everywhere the noblest spirits were treated as the worst of men. Instead of freedom, they were provided with chains and dungeons as their reward.

Never, in the history of mankind, did a more beautiful and Christian spirit animate the whole student youth of a nation. They maintained everywhere their gymnastic schools; they practised the strictest morality; they formed associations to put down all duelling and drinking; they breathed the most religious spirit. But their grand institution was that of the *Burschenschaft*, a union of the youths of all the Universities of Germany to restore the unity and freedom of the German empire; and they adopted as their colors those of the old empire—black, red, and gold. This union, which was founded at Jena in 1815, was persecuted with the utmost bitterness by the Princes. It was made a capital offence to wear these colors. The very words printed in their *Commers*, or *Student Song Books*, caused them to be seized—blanks were left, and may yet be seen in plenty of these books. Yet these are the colors which the King of Prussia the other day paraded in the bloody streets of Berlin. If he had a conscience, how it must have smitten him at the thought of all the persecutions which these colors had brought on the patriotic youth of Germany. Did the memory of the Wartburg, of Tübingen, Frankfort, and the Castle of Hambach never for a moment flit across his soul?

The songs sung by the *Burschenschaft* are not more distinguished for their great poetical power, and their ardent spirit of patriotism, than for their fine religious

faith. In their "Great Song"—Das Grosse Lied—they exclaim—

Yes! liberty in love  
Shall yet be glorified;  
Faith shall approve itself  
In glorious deeds:  
*As the free cloud from ocean rises  
Humanity shall from the people rise;  
Where right and liberty prevail,  
In human nature the divine unfold.*  
*Free Translation by Mrs Follen.*

When these glad hopes were crushed by the perjured princes, they dissolved their Burschenschaft with the same Christian spirit. They say, alluding to this union—and singing this song on the occasion—

We builded ourselves a house stately and fair,  
And there in God confided, spite tempest, storm and care.

What God laid upon us was misunderstood;  
Our unity excited mistrust e'en in the good.  
Our ribbon is severed of black, red, and gold,  
Yet God has it permitted, who can his will unfold?  
Then let the house perish! what matters its fall?  
The soul yet lives within us, and God's the strength of all!

The spirit which animated the foresworn Princes was as despicable as that of the youth was noble. They put down the schools of gymnastics, seized the very machinery, even that of Jahn himself, who had played so conspicuous a part in the drama of their liberation, and never allowed him a penny for it. They imprisoned and persecuted him. They have done it to this very day, when the old man, ruined by the government, is, if living, maintained by a subscription amongst the better spirits of his country. But they persecuted not him alone, but the whole host of patriots who had aided them to drive out the French. These were pursued from city to city, wherever they took refuge, by the orders of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. They fled to Switzerland, to France—nowhere were they safe. Some escaped to America, some to England, and other countries. What a constellation of noble spirits was thus dispersed by the breath of despotism into a scattered remnant of unhappy fugitives; Arndt, the Follens, Börne, Forster, etc., etc. Many were crushed into indigent indifference—many were swallowed up by secret dungeons, such as those of Austria, which Silvio Pellico has described.

When the oaks and flowers wither  
In the wasting, parching sun,  
When the people are but shadows,

And the land a grave for men;  
When tyrannic power presses  
Like a nightmare on the land,  
Then no little bird can sing  
His heartsome freedom-song.  
When the streams are changed to marshes,  
And when all the hills and fountains  
Send forth only poisonous vapors,  
And the merry fishes die,  
And the toads and vermin fatten,—  
THEN, the lightnings must descend  
And the angry tempests roar,  
That mankind may rise from shadows,  
That the day may dawn from night!

THE GREAT SONG.

And behold! the day is come. All that the Burschenschaft planned, all that the patriotic students of Germany longed for, prayed for, lived and suffered for—is come! The traitor Princes are fallen—the representatives of the great German people are met in Frankfort,—met on the very spot where the Burschenschaft met in 1831—to carry into effect the sacred object of their most sacred desires—THE UNION AND LIBERTY OF THE FATHERLAND!

So heaven concedes in its own time the long deferred yet righteous purpose! So it teaches us to trust, and work on in certain faith! Arndt, long an exile for his participation in the Burschenschaft, has lived to see the day of the desired freedom. He stood, the octogenarian veteran of liberty, the other day at Cologne, beneath the great Germanic Banner of black, red, and gold—so long proscribed, yet now flaunted abroad by the very princes who proscribed it as the symbol of popular union and power. The author of the celebrated national song, "What is the German Fatherland?" and of many another stirring lyric written in days of despotism to quicken the blood of his nation—there he stood and saw not only his own hopes fulfilled, but those of thousands of his contemporaries who are passed away.

When the German students, then, in Berlin, led the bloody fight, when in every part of the country they were at the head of the people, proclaiming the revolution accomplished—we may comprehend, after what is here written, what was passing in their hearts. Those hearts have been fed and strengthened on the memory of past glories, aspirations, and martyrdoms, and by their perpetual songs, the compositions of the first poets of their nation, Luther, Schiller, Goethe, Burgen, Lessing, Voss, Chamisso, Herder, Korner, Arndt, Uhland, and of younger and not less illustrious names. Never, on any former occasion,

have they been more entitled, than on this last, to sing their noble lyric.

WO MUTHE UND CRAFT.

Are German hearts with strength and courage beating?

There to the clang of breakers gleams the sword,  
And true and steadfast in our place of meeting,

We peal along in song the fiery word!

Though rocks and oak trees shiver,

We, we will tremble never!

Strong like the tempest, see the youths go by  
For Fatherland to combat and to die!

Red, red as true love be the brother-token,  
And pure like gold the soul within imprest,  
And that in death our spirits be not broken,  
Black be the ribbon bound about the breast.  
\* \* \* \* \* Though rocks, &c.

And now, since fate may tear us from each other,  
Let each man grasp of each the brother-hand,  
And swear once more,—O, every German brother,  
Truth to the bond, truth to the Fatherland!

Though rocks and oak-trees shiver,

We, we will tremble never!

Strong like the tempest, see the youths go by  
For Fatherland to combat and to die!

However differing in other respects, the students of nearly the whole continent, and especially France and Italy are equally animated with the spirit of freedom and true patriotism, and they have accordingly won the highest distinction in the late glorious victories of the people, as in Paris, Berlin, Milan, while they fell bravely the other day, resisting the Danish invader of Holstein, and are equally active at this moment in Poland.

It is with a feeling of melancholy mortification, that, turning home, we ask where are the patriotic laurels of our students? On what occasion did Oxford or Cambridge, Westminster or Eton youths stand forth for the common liberties against the oppressor? Alas! they are part and parcel of the old obstructive system. They live only to gather the golden fruits of the great aristocratic tree. They are moulded from the cradle into props of old abuse, conservators of the profitable church and state machinery. From them the nation hopes for no regeneration, no bursts of noble patriotism, no trophies of achieved progress. They are born, merely to eat up the corn, and to be swept away with the rest of the antiquated lumber of feudality in the appointed hour when God shall behold their measure full and their places—empty. That fulness and that emptiness are of deep significance to this nation. It is of the highest import that the enormous wealth of its academic endowments, shall cease to

be expended in the production of moral death and despotism, and be converted into the sources of national life, onward and upward zeal—zeal for the land, for the people, and for liberty—a teeming fountain of all those great Christian and social truths which are becoming the governmental laws, and the constitutional life's blood of the nations around us.

**VISIT TO LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.**—Dr. Robinson lately gave an interesting account, to the Royal Dublin Academy, of the present condition of Lord Rosse's telescope. The figure of the speculum not being quite perfect, it was resolved to repeat the polishing process, which requires to be performed at a temperature of 55°, whilst the artificial heat, by means of which this has to be effected, in winter occasions a dryness in the air in consequence of which the polishing material will not remain on the speculum. This difficulty was ingeniously obviated by a jet of steam. The result was admirable. The telescope is to receive a movement in right ascension from the ground, connected with clock-work; an eyepiece of large field, but capable of being replaced by the usual one in an instant, to obviate the difficulty of finding objects; and a peculiar micrometer of parallel glass with a position circle attached. Unfavorable weather had prevented much being done with the telescope. But in one good night Dr. Robinson observed in the moon the large flat bottom of the crater covered with fragments, and became satisfied that one of the bright stripes so often discussed had no visible elevation above the general surface. In the belts of Jupiter, streaks like those of Pyrrhus' cloud were seen, evidently through a considerable and imperfectly transparent atmosphere. The nebula of Orion, even with the imperfect mirror and in bad nights, was seen to be composed of stars in that part which presents the strange flocculent appearance described by Sir John Herschel. But in addition to the two stars of the trapezium discovered by the telescopes of Dorpat and Kensington, the six feet showed other two at the first glance after its polish was completed. The planetary nebula situated in the splendid cluster Messier was seen to be a disc of small stars uniformly distributed and surrounded by the larger. The most remarkable nebular arrangement which the instrument has revealed is that where the stars are grouped in spirals, one of which Lord Rosse described in 1845. Dr. Robinson has now discovered others—h. 604, seen by Herschel as a bicentral nebula—Messier 99, in which the centre is a cluster of stars—Messier 97 looking with the finding eye-piece like a figure of 8, but shown by the higher powers to be star spirals, related to two centres, appearing like stars with dark spaces around them. Struve, in computing the limit of the milky-way, assumes it in its greatest extent "unfathomable by the telescope." Dr. Robinson is certain that its remotest stars are very far within the limit of the 6-feet, and very much larger than those of the nebula of Orion.

**NEW TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.**—The Netherlands Bible Society intend sending a profound orientalist, Mr. Matthes, to Macassar and the neighboring countries, with a view to translating the Bible for the inhabitants of Sumatra and Celebes.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## LITERARY IMITATIONS AND SIMILARITIES, &amp;c.

"ONE of the most elegant of literary recreations," says D'Israeli, "is that of tracing poetical or prose imitations and similarities. . . . There are few men of letters who have not been in the habit of marking parallel passages, or tracing imitation in the thousand shapes it assumes; it forms, it cultivates, it delights taste to observe by what dexterity and variation genius conceals, or modifies, an original thought or image, and to view the same sentiment or expression, borrowed with art, or heightened by embellishment."\*

Writing on the same subject, the same author, after observing that "resemblance, or coincidence, or similarity, may often occur, even peculiar expressions may catch the eye, when no real imitation exists," beautifully adds (I know not whether the passage exists in print), "However, at all events, the labor will always please which puts in juxtaposition the same thought or expression. One delights to discover the fine variations of congenial minds, as one does the melting hues of the rainbow; they show the secrets of genius, and serve as the exercises of taste."

Sheltered by so high an authority, I am "free to confess,"—not indeed that I am "a man of letters," which were a somewhat presumptuous style of confession, but—that I "have been in the habit of marking parallel passages, or tracing imitation." Widely, indeed, do I differ from the great literary veteran whose words I have borrowed, as to the quantity of materials on which I have exercised myself, and the skill and judgment wherewith I have worked them up; but I can at least most truly profess, like him, that such notices as I may set forth in print from my little collection of "Literary Imitations and Similarities, &c." "are not given with the petty malignant delight of detecting the unacknowledged imitations of our best writers." I have no ambition for the office of a mere policeman on Parnassus, peeping after stray goods, and apprehending suspicious characters. I trust, therefore, that I am not likely to be counted as one of those of whom Coleridge asserts, that "verily, there be amongst us a set of critics who seem to

hold that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing from a perforation made in some other man's tank."\*

I will not dilate into an Essay what is simply meant as a brief introduction, which may give the reader some notice of what he is to expect in the miscellaneous scraps that follow, and some intimation of the spirit in which I have made and in which I would wish him to read my collections.

## I.

"As precious gums are not for lasting fire,  
They but perfume the temple and expire:  
So was she soon *exhaled*, and vanish'd hence,  
A short sweet odor, of a vast expense.  
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she died;  
For but a *now* did heaven and earth divide."

DRYDEN. *Eleonora*.

Dryden was so fond of this quaint distinction between "dying" and being "*exhaled*," &c. that he has introduced it in connexion with another simile—

"Thus then he disappear'd, was rarified;  
For 'tis improper speech to say he died:  
He was *exhaled*; his great Creator drew  
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew."

On the Death of a very young gentleman.

This latter passage seems to have furnished Young with his conceit—(full is he of conceits, though generally far from "miserable conceits")—respecting Narcissa:—

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,  
She sparkled, was *exhaled*, and went to heaven."

Night Thoughts, b. v.

Had Wordsworth in view the labors of his poetic predecessors when writing the charming lines to H. C.? If he had, they "come mended from his" pen:—

"What hast thou to do with sorrow,  
Or the injuries of the morrow? [forth,  
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings  
Ill fited to sustain upkindly shocks,  
Or to be trail'd along the soiling earth;  
A gem that glitters while it lives,  
And no forewarning gives;  
But at the touch of wrong without a strife,  
Slips in a moment out of life."

To H. C. six years old, 1802.†

\* Poetical Imitations and Similarities: Curiosities of Literature, p. 205. Eleventh edition.

\* Quoted from Note in Vol. II. of Tales, by Lord Byron. Murray, 1837.

† Compare Dickens: "In shady spots the morning dew sparkled on each young leaf and blade of grass;

It were, perhaps, too ludicrous to inquire whether the idea of "exhalation" is derived from ancient Pistol's rant—

"The grave doth gape, and doting death is near,  
Therefore *exhale*."—*K. Hen. V. Act. ii. sc. 1.*

On which I have read the following comment: "*Exhale*, perhaps, here signifies *draw*, or, in Pistol's language, *hale* or *lug out*; but more probably it means, therefore *breathe your last*, or *die*; a threat common enough among dramatic herges of a higher rank than Pistol, who only expresses this idea in the fantastic language peculiar to his character." It may be added that Scott, in the last chapter of "*Kenilworth*," makes Varney sneeringly report the death of Alasco with the phrase, "Our friend had *exhaled*."

And, once again, let me add an example of the word under notice (which I chanced to observe after arranging the preceding quotations), from Burton's "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," (1651), "How we were affected here in England for our Titus, 'deliciæ humani generis,' Prince Henrie's premature death, as if all our dearest friends' lives had *exhaled* with his!"—p. 237, 16th edition.

## II.

"To-day the French,  
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they  
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood.  
Show'd like a mine."—*K. Hen. VIII. Act i. sc. 1.*

"What a rich mine of jewels above ground, all so brave, so costly!"—[at a court masque.]—*Fuller; Holy State. IV. 13.*

"The whole a labor'd quarry above ground."  
POPE, *Moral Essays. Ep. iv.*

The resemblance (imitation or not) between Shakspeare and Fuller is obvious. Had Pope in view Fuller's addition, "above ground," when he converted a kindred image to the purposes of satire?

## III.

"That strain again!—it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor."  
*Twelfth Night, Act i. sc. 1.*

## Contrast—

"These words, like south winds through a fence  
Of Kerzrah flowers, came fill'd with pestilence."  
MOORE, *Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

and where the sun was shining, some diamond drops yet glistened brightly, as in unwillingness to leave so fair a world, and have such brief existence."—*Barnaby Rudge, chap. xxix.*

## IV.

"The accusing spirit who flew up to Heaven's Chancery with Uncle Toby's oath," &c. is a serio-ludicrous bit of Sterne, well known to most readers who have read even a book of elegant extracts. A kindred image to that of "Heaven's Chancery" seems yet more quaint in the devotional poetry of the saintly Herbert:—

"How happy were my part,  
If some kind man would thrust his heart  
Into these lines; till in *Heaven's Court of Rolls*  
They were by winged souls  
Enter'd for both, far above their desert!"

*Obedience.*

And in the "Meditations and Vowes" of Jos. Hall (1621), "I acknowledge no *Master of Requests in Heaven*, but one; Christ my Mediator." And Cowley, as he often does, runs into perfect burlesque when he says that

"Bacon at last, a mighty man, arose,  
(Whom a wise king, and Nature chose  
*Lord Chancellor of both their Laus*)  
And boldly undertook the injured pupil's\* cause."  
*To the Royal Society.*

## V.

'Ιδὸν, αἰωνῶν ἀνταράϊς ὁ δὲ, ὦ παῖρ.  
"Behold, this boy silently supplicates thee, O  
Father!"  
EURIPIDES, *Iphigenia in Aulis*, 1140.

"Speak thou, boy,  
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our reasons."—*Coriolanus, Act v. sc. 3.*

## VI.

"*Second Citizen.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?"

"*First Citizen.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for it, but that he pays himself with being proud."—*Coriolanus, Act i. sc. 1.*

"There are many good things which are wholly spoiled if they do but touch the tongue; . . . the doing favor, and acts of kindness. If you speak of them, *you pay yourself*, and lose your kindness."—*JER. TAYLOR, Sermon on the Good and Evil Tongue.*

"To John I owed great obligation;  
But John unhappily thought fit  
To publish it to all the nation:  
Sure John and I are more than quit!"—*PRIOR.*

"Fame . . . . ."

'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;  
But if *you pay yourself*, the world is free."

YOUNG, *Satire IV.*

A kindred subject is amusingly illustrated in the following passages:—

"It was an ill sign when he (Jehu) said to Jonadab, 'Come with me and see my zeal for the Lord.' Bad inviting guests to feed their eyes on our goodness. But hypocrites rather than they will lose a

\* The "old minor . . . captived philosophy."

drop of praise will lick it up with their own tongue."  
FULLER, *Holy and Profane State*, V. 9.

"Still the compliment had not sauce enough for the lady's sated palate; so, like a true glutton of praise, she began to help herself with the soup ladle."—SCOTT, *St. Roman's Well*.

Another variation by Scott, on the same theme, runs thus:—

"I think I make no habit of feeding on praise, and despise those whom I see greedy for it, as much as I should an under-bred fellow who, after eating a cherry tart, proceeded to lick the plate."—*Diary*, 1826.

## VII.

"We see many children fairly planted, whose parts of nature were never dressed by art, nor called from the furrows of their first possibilities by discipline and institution, and they dwell for ever in ignorance, and converse with beasts; and yet, if they had been dressed and exercised, might have stood at the chairs of princes, or spoken parables amongst the rulers of cities."—JER. TAYLOR, *Holy Dying*, iii. 6.

Compare this poetry, for splendid poetry it is, with the (intentionally or not) similar passage in Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard:"—

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul."

## VIII.

"These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite."

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. sc. 6.

"Joy has her tears, and Transport has her death."  
Young, *Night VII*.

"All now was sober certainty; the joy  
That no strong passions swell till they destroy:  
For they, like wine, our pleasures raise so high,  
That they subdue our strength, and then they die."  
CRABBE, *Tales of the Hall. The Brothers*.

## IX.

"Thou see'st the world, Voluminius, how it goes;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:  
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us."

*Julius Caesar*, Act v. sc. 5.

When Cowper's flock of sheep, in "The Needless Alarm," are huddled about the pit (not a metaphorical one), listening in huge consternation to the huntsman's horn, and all the music of "ruthless joy" attendant on the unseen chase, a ram sums up an harangue to the woolly assembly with

"I hold it therefore wisest and most fit  
That, life to save, we leap into the pit."

This sentiment, however, though not in this case the dictate of utter despair, is stoutly and successfully controverted by

"his loving mate and true,  
But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe."

Assuredly "no" such "orator as Brutus is," she answers—

"How leap into the pit our life to save?  
To save our life, leap all into the grave?"

Come fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast  
From Earth or Hell, we can but plunge at last."

## X.

"Unskilled and young, yet something still I writ,  
Of Ca'endish beauty join'd to Cecil's wit."  
PRIOR, *To the Countess of Exeter playing on the Lute*.

"A Calmuck beauty with a Co'sack wit."  
BYRON, *Age of Bronze*.

## XI.

"Here," (at Glefinnan,) "Charles Edward, as a conquered fugitive, looked for the last time upon his native country and hereditary kingdom, before he re-embarked to leave it for ever. They were bitter tears shed by the last of the Stuarts near this very spot, when, surrounded by more than a hundred Highland gentlemen whom his enterprise had ruined, he drew his sword with princely dignity to begin an animating speech, but on turning to the brave men following him to banishment, he was struck to the heart with grief, suddenly sheathed it, and wept in silence."—MISS SINCLAIR, *Scotland and the Scotch*, p. 181, *Second Thousand*.

"Behold the picture! Is it" not  
"like" . . . this—descriptive of an incident in a widely different career from that of "the young Chevalier?"

"The Spanish commander there dismounted from his jaded steed, and sitting down on the steps of an Indian temple, gazed mournfully on the broken files as they passed before him. What a spectacle did they present! The cavalry, most of them dismounted, were mingled with the infantry, who dragged their feeble limbs along with difficulty; their shattered mail and tattered garments, with the salt ooze, showing through their rents many a bruise and ghastly wound; their bright arms soiled, their proud crests and banners gone, the baggage, artillery, all, in short, that constitutes the proud panoply of glorious war, for ever lost. Cortes, as he looked wistfully on their thinned and disordered ranks, sought in vain for many a familiar face, and missed more than one dear companion who had stood side by side with him through all the perils of the conquest. Though accustomed to control his emotions, or, at least, to conceal them, the sight was too much for him. He covered his face with his hands, and the tears which trickled down revealed too plainly the anguish of his soul."—W. H. Prescott's *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, b. v. ch. 3.

Any one conversant with the "Paradise Lost" can hardly fail to be reminded, when reading either of the above anecdotes, of the beautiful passage—



"He now prepared  
To speak: wherewith their double ranks they bend  
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round,  
With all his peers: attention held them mute,  
Thrice he essay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last  
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way."  
*Paradise Lost*, b. i.

Ovid does not allow his gods to weep:—

"Neque enim cœlestia tingi  
Ora decet lacrymis." *Metam.* vii. 213.

Moore speaks of

"Tears  
Pure as they weep, if angels weep in heaven!"  
*Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*.

Shakespeare, no less than Milton, has attributed tears to angels:—

"Man, proud man,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As make the angels weep."  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii. sc. 2.

On which passage Theobald's annotation is, that "the notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is rabbinical: 'Ob peccatum flentes angelos inducunt Hebræorum magistri.'—*Grot. ad S. Lucam*. But Shakespeare probably knew and thought right little of the "masters of the Hebrews." Milton, who both knew and thought far more of such matters, has not, however, it should seem, represented the angelic host as weeping over "man's first disobedience:"—

"Dim sadness did not spare  
That time celestial visages,\* yet mixed  
With pity violated not their bliss."<sup>†</sup>  
*Paradise Lost*, b. x. 2.

A description thus rendered by Wordsworth:—

"Thus, after Man had fallen  
Throngs of celestial visages  
Darkening like water in the breeze,  
A holy sadness shared."  
*Introductory Sonnets*, xxi.

Compare also with the elder bard's language this of Wordsworth:—

"I saw, and Fancy sped  
To scenes Arcadian  
Where pity, to the mind convey'd  
In pleasure, is the darkest shade

\* Is this a translation of Ovid's "cœlestia ora?"

† It may be added, that Milton, in his Ode upon the Circumcision, addressing the "flaming powers and winged warriors bright," supposes it probable that their "fiery essence can distil no tear:" with an allusion to the (supposed) Hebrew etymology of the name "seraph," שֵׁרָפִים, "to burn."

That Time, unwrinkled grandsire, flings  
From his smoothly gliding wings."  
*The Gleaner*. (*Suggested by a Picture*.)

## XII.

The heart of many a reader of "Marmion" has throbbed when, in the course of that awful scene of judgment and condemnation in the convent canto,

"The blind old Abbot rose  
To speak the Chapter's doom  
On those the wall was to enclose  
Alive within the tomb;"

giving at last that fearful exemplification of the "suaviter in modo, fortiter in re," contained in those words of fate, words "smoother than oil,"

"Sister, let thy sorrows cease,  
Sinful brother, part in peace!"

"The Edinburgh Reviewer suggested that those awful words which were the signal for immuring the criminal," (see Scott's note), "is 'Vade in pacem,'—not '*part in peace*,' but '*go into peace* or into eternal rest, a pretty intelligible mittimus to another world.'"

The "Hebræorum magistri," alluded to in the last article, had a curious superstition connected with the formula, "Go in [or to] peace!" In Bartolucci's "Bibliotheca Rabbinica," vol. i. p. 419, we find recorded this singular rabbinical distinction:—

"R. Levi, the son of Chitha, said, Let him who departs from a dead person say not, 'Go to peace!' (לְשָׁלוֹם) but 'Go in peace,' (בְּשָׁלוֹם). And when any one departs from a living person, let him say not 'Go in peace,' but 'Go to peace!' This distinction he supports by the texts, 'And thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace,' Gen. xv. 15; David said to Absalom, 'Go in Peace,' 2 Sam. xv. 9; he went and perished: Jethro said to Moses, 'Go to peace;' he went and prospered."

The Edinburgh Reviewer would probably have been somewhat amused with this rabbinical illustration.

## XIII.

"The party, consisting of the Antiquary, his nephew, and the old beggar, now took the sands towards Musselcrag,—the former in the very highest mood of communicating information, and the others, under a sense of former obligation, and some hope for future favors, decently attentive to receive it. The uncle and nephew walked together, the mendicant about a step and a half behind, just near enough for his patron to speak to him by a slight inclination of the neck, and without the trouble of

\* For the substance of this paragraph, I am indebted to an editorial note in an edition of Scott's poetical works, 1833.

turning round.\* Petrie, in his Essay on Good-breeding, dedicated to the magistrates of Edinburgh, recommends, upon his own experience, as tutor in a family of distinction, this attitude to all led captains, tutors, dependants, and bottle-holders of every description."—SCOTT. *The Antiquary*.

Curiously enough, a most venerable antiquity may be found for the lesson of good-

breeding so judiciously delivered by Petrie. Buxtorf, in his Talmudical Lexicon (p. 1887), has recorded some rabbinical directions bearing on this subject :—

"He who walks right beside his rabbi is a clown : he who walks behind his rabbi is a blockhead :—he ought to walk partly beside, partly behind him."

From Fraser's Magazine.

## A CHARMING FRENCHWOMAN.

At a period like the present, when the inventive faculty seems as if its general sterility were only varied by monstrous abortions, and when, with rare exceptions, the novelists and romance-writers of the day have lost their hold upon readers by losing their hold upon truth and reality, it may be well if the wearied reader turn his attention to some of the romances of real life contained in the French Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century, of which a cheap, compact, handsomely-printed, well-edited selection is now in course of publication by Messrs. Didot and Co.†

We merely throw out the hint to readers desirous of amusement and instruction. They will find the *Memoirs* certainly as amusing, if not more so, than the volumes sent them from the library ; for they have the variety and incident of romances, with qualities to which romances make very slender pretensions. Where, for instance, are we to seek for better elements of a novel than in those pages, wherein Mademoiselle de Staël, otherwise called Madame de Staël, has unrolled before us the panorama of her strange existence ? It has all the charm of a novel, the piquancy of a biography, and the utility of a picture of the epoch. With its literary merits, all well-

read persons are sufficiently familiar ; but if any one wishes—and the point is not without interest—to see how incomparably superior it is to ordinary romance, he need only compare it with the *Chevalier d'Harmental* of Alexandre Dumas. The characters painted by Mademoiselle de Launay are introduced by Dumas into his romance, which is founded on that celebrated piece of political buffoonery, the Conspiracy of Cellamare, "cette Catilinade dont M. d'Argenson fut le Ciceron," in which Mademoiselle de Launay was involved. Now Dumas is not a bungling writer ; his pen is not leaden ; his power of pictorial presentation, and of enchainning the interest, is not by any means, contemptible ; and one may, without exaggeration, look upon him as the *facile princeps* of contemporary romance. Having Mademoiselle de Launay's book before him, what has he done with it ? With the characters, incidents, and *bon mots* ready to hand, he has made use of the romancist's license to pervert facts and jumble incidents together ; but he has, nevertheless, fallen miserably short of his original. We do not speak of literary or historical inferiority ; we speak simply of the effectiveness, clearness, and interest of the narrative, and even in that respect we say that Dumas is greatly inferior to the charming memoir-writer.

\* In the memorable scene of the interview between Caroline and Jeanie Deane, in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," Scott makes Lady Suffolk observe the same rule :—

"Jeanie saw persons approaching them. They were two ladies ; one of whom walked a little behind the other, yet not so much as to prevent her from hearing and replying to whatever observation was addressed to her by the lady who walked foremost, and that without her having the trouble to turn her person."

† Bibliothèque des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France pendant le 18<sup>ème</sup> Siècle ; avec Avant-propos et Notices, par M. F. Barrière. London, 1846-48. Didot.

How should it be otherwise ? Mademoiselle de Launay is describing her experience ; Dumas is worrying his imagination to titillate that of his exhausted reader. The one gives us the truth ; true, at least, as far as her impressions go, the other only seeks to excite our astonishment and suspense.

There is one distinction, however, which must not be left out of sight, when we compare novels with memoirs ; and it is, that in novels the writer's imagination supplies

all the details for the reader, leaving him thus a passive recipient—the mere instrument upon which the writer tries his skill; in memoirs, on the contrary, much is left to the imagination to fill up for itself; the outline is given, the situation indicated, and the reader must actively co-operate, or the effect will be comparatively meagre. This demand upon the exercise of the imagination will rebut the mere novel-reader; we cannot help it; we are addressing another class, and hope that such a peculiarity will be properly appreciated by those who are not intellectual sloths.

Bring only a willing imagination, and you will find the *Memoirs* of Madame de Staël one of the most interesting books you can place your hand upon in a day's search. In the singular existence of that woman, whom, by a *bizarre* privilege, history designates by three names,—Mademoiselle Cordier, Mademoiselle de Launay, and Madame de Staël,—the names of her father, mother, and husband, to whom she was almost equally a stranger,—in her existence we find all the incidents, characters, passions, and piquant contrasts which can be demanded in a novel.

On the threshold we are met with one little bit of historical scepticism which may materially interfere with the romance of the memoir, and that is nothing less than the question of the writer's age. Was she born in 1693 or in 1684? A most ungallant question; but, like many other ungallantries, not without its utility. *Evekua* Burney, for instance, was suddenly shorn of the marvellous *nimbus* which surrounded her, when Mr. Croker, prying into parish registers, was ungallant enough to expose the fabrication which had for so long gulled the gullible world respecting the extreme youth of the authoress of that remarkable work. In some such over-curious spirit has ungallantry in the gallantest nation of Europe ventured to record a discrepancy of ten years between registers and narratives, and to destroy the perfume which hovered around Mademoiselle de Launay's love affairs. If Mademoiselle de Launay was born in 1693, she was only fourteen or fifteen when she first saw and loved the Marquis de Silly, eighteen when she entered the service of the Duchess de Maine, twenty-six when she was imprisoned in the Bastille and there loved the Chevalier de Menil, forty-two when she married the complaisant Baron de Staël. If we throw on an additional ten years, and make these

figures twenty-four, twenty-eight, thirty-six, and fifty-two, we make sad havoc with the romance: all the grace and charm of youth—that loveliest of lovely things!—disappear; all the marvel of precocity vanishes. We have nothing but a very clever woman before us, and we exclaim with Voltaire:—

“On court, hélas, après la vérité.  
Ah! croyez moi, l'erreur à son mérite!”

Sturdy believers will look with suspicion on all such insolent application of dates. Truly, dates are desperate things! With what remorseless cruelty they scatter our pretty hypotheses and prettier romances;—so pedantic, too!

This much of comfort remains;—there is a certain obscurity about the birth of our charming heroine, which all readers will do well to wrest to their advantage. We have no satisfactory evidence respecting the right of M. Cordier to be considered her father. He was in England, for some unknown reasons; his wife, obeying the advice of her confessor, crossed the Channel to join him. “Mais,” it is Mademoiselle de Launay who speaks, “s'étant bientôt déplue dans un climat étranger, elle revint en France grosse de moi, dont elle accoucha à Paris.” There is a mythic air about this narrative. The affectionate wife crossing the Channel from a sense of duty, and driven back again by our climate, is not, perhaps, so very suspicious in itself; but when to it is added the fact that Madame Cordier did *not* give her child her husband's name, we confess to a little suspicion. It was not for a daughter to pry critically into such narratives, but does not the truth peer through her vague and rapid phrase? Among the many charming *mots* which are constantly cited from her *Memoirs* is this: “Je ne me peindrai qu'en buste.” It would seem as if her mother's portrait needed still greater reserve.

Her mother, seems to have availed herself of the first opportunity to place the burden of the child's existence on other shoulders; and our little orphan was received by Mesdames de Griefu in the convent of St. Louis at Rouen, as if she had been their own relation. They had, indeed, early taken a great fancy to the sprightly child, and petted her as women will pet children they fancy. One trait of her humor will render this intelligible. When little more than two years old she lived with the old Abbess of St. Savior's—Madame de la Rochefou-

could, the mad sister of the maxim-writer—who, among other eccentricities, had a sort of hospital for sick and disabled dogs! Misfortune in the canine shape always touched her, and her rooms were filled with yelping, one-eyed, limping, mangy curs; the healthy and pretty found no hospitality in her house. The little child toddled about among her mangy companions, and one day happened to tread on the foot of one of these incurables, who set up a howl, which made the abbess look so angry that the child was advised, in an under tone, to “beg pardon.” With the natural logic of childhood she supposed that as the dog was the offended party, to the dog she was to beg for pardon; accordingly, toddling into the middle of the room, she knelt before the injured animal, and made her excuses. This so charmed the abbess that it disarmed her.

Living among grown-up people, the child naturally acquired a certain sedateness of manner and quickness of judgment which precociously developed her; and, being accompanied by great vivacity, petulance, and cleverness, these “old-fashioned manners” were inexpressibly charming. She was the pet of the convent; and was spoiled by all the nuns very much in the same way as the parrot in Gresset’s delightful *Ver-Vert*. Of course she was the tyrant of that little kingdom, and ruled over willing slaves. But although despotic in her use of power, she did not, like other spoiled children, shun the drudgery of education. On the contrary, her quick intelligence was fortified by great study; somewhat miscellaneous, it is true, but, on the whole, vigorous enough. Before reaching her eighth year, so advanced was her religious instruction that she was admitted “à la participation des plus saints mystères.” She devoured the works contained in the convent library, and when not reading, passed the greater part of her time in prayers and meditations. *Ver-Vert* himself was not more devout. Her passion for study alarmed her friends, and they endeavored to repress it; the consequence, of course, was, that restraint only increased her ardor. So absorbing had this religious fever become, that she grew impatient at the moments wasted on other things, and actually cut off her beautiful hair that she might be sooner *côffée*. The sacrifice completed, repentance began; and the remark with which she closes this anecdote is singularly suggestive and profound:—“*Les femmes tiennent à leurs agréments*

encore plus qu’à leurs passions; celle que j’avais pour la lecture ne put m’empêcher de sentir vivement le regret de ce sacrifice. *J’appris par là qu’on pouvait se repentir. Cette connaissance ralentit mon ardeur pour être religieuse.*” Is it not curious? The young girl is willing to relinquish the world with all its pomps and vanities,—willing, nay, passionately desirous of doing so; the heart is yearning for the sacrifice; and, lo! the first blow to her self-love shatters all those dreams. She who could renounce the world, cannot look at herself in the mirror and behold her shorn head: all her religious ardor, all the mystic “vocation” has fled, and the disenchanted novice only frets because her hair grows again so slowly.

Is there not a philosophical explanation of this paradox? Let us try our hands at one. To say that her religious ardor was a factitious thing, the enthusiasm of an ignorant girl, the mere passion of a passionate nature not knowing how to expend itself; and that this uneasy enthusiasm, this factitious sentiment, could not be of long duration: to say all this will not explain the matter. It lies deeper than that. It lies, we believe, in the difference between the way in which we are affected by an *abstraction* and by a *reality*. The world she was called upon to relinquish, what was it but an abstraction to her? Its pomps and vanities so easily despised when out of sight, its temptations so easily avoided when afar, its passions and its enjoyments were all to her in a sort of shadowy, incomprehended obscurity, which could not strike vividly upon her mind. Besides, it was such a grand thing to give up the world; so grand and so easy, so flattering to self-love, so slight a deprivation to self! Her hair, on the contrary, was no abstraction, but a reality she could not avoid: the loss of it made her less agreeable in her own eyes, made her self-love wince, and made her feel that if she thus regretted one of the details of life she might regret them *all*. From that moment the world began to be less of an abstraction to her; from that moment her desire to take the veil abated, till at length it was entirely subdued.

The transition from “divine love” to “profane love,” from religious ardor to human passion, is very slight and easy, as the history of fanaticism plainly shows. It was so with Mademoiselle de Launay. From her books of piety she turned to those very mundane works which every one reads and almost every one abuses,—novels. OF

course she carried the same enthusiasm into her new study, and became, she says, "more violently agitated by the fabulous adventures of the personages, than she was ever afterwards by her own." Strong as her passion for novel-reading was, she had firmness enough to conquer it when her friends pointed out to her the danger of such studies; and here she exhibited that strength of character which enabled her to battle with the difficulties of her subsequent career. "I have seldom done anything which cost me more," she says. "Nevertheless, I began to conceive what the passions were; and the sentiments which form them insinuated themselves into my soul, though without any determinate object."

After religion and novels came science; and our charming De Launay began her scientific studies with the same ardor she had formerly thrown into other subjects. Do not misunderstand her, however. She was no terrific Dacier, dirty and pedantic; she was no Madame du Chatelet, querulous and mathematical; she was no modern "strong-minded woman" attending Friday evenings at the Royal Institution, and seasoning a *tête-à-tête* with the "delightful new discoveries" she learned there. No, the De Launay of whom Chaulieu wrote,—

"Launay, qui souverainement  
Possède le talent de plaire;  
Qui sait de tes défauts te faire un agrément,  
Et des plaisirs du changement  
Jouir sans être légèr,"—

was neither a dissertator nor a twaddler: she was a charming woman, whose learning was only a grace the more. The reader may imagine something very unlike the reality, when he learns that Cartesianism was the philosophy to which she attached herself; but Descartes was then fashionable, and, ponderous as he may now appear, his formidable quartos were then turned over by very delicate fingers. Indeed, it is one of the characteristics of the eighteenth century that science and metaphysics were discussed as eagerly in the *salon* and *boudoir*, as in the professor's chair or lonely study. Philosophy was the rage, and *rouged* cheeks grew somewhat paler in bending over the august pages of some austere thinkers. No woman was pedantic then who discussed topics of political economy, of astronomy, chemistry, "fate, foreknowledge, free-will absolute;" geometry was a feminine accomplishment. Fontenelle had made science graceful and attractive. Mademoiselle de Launay, with her thirst for knowledge, was

not likely to remain behind; and to a smattering of Latin she added a reasonable mastery over geometry, a tincture of science, and no inconsiderable amount of metaphysics. While touching upon this subject of her knowledge, let us not forget the *propos naïf* of the famous anatomist Duverney, who, after a conversation with her, declared she was "*la fille de France qui connaît le mieux le corps humain*,"—a phrase which, accepted in its equivocal sense by a giddy duchess, was circulated all over Paris.

But we are anticipating, and must return to the convent. The study of Descartes and Malebranche occupied her restless mind, but she had a restless heart also to occupy. In society, occupation of that kind is easily found; not so in a convent, where males are so scarce as to justify the remark of La Bruyère, that to a nun even a gardener is a man; and our heroine had, therefore, only a vague instinct without an object.

Soon an object presented itself in the person of the Chevalier de R——, who was in love with the niece of Madame de Grieu. Could anything be more tempting to a young girl than to fall in love with her friend's lover? The mere spectacle of two lovers was a novelty to her, and a singularly interesting novelty. Of course she felt her own little heart beat emulously. How could it be otherwise? Was he not a young man, a lover, and an accomplished performer on the lute? It was enough to make any little heart beat. Fortunately, her great friend and companion, Mademoiselle de Silly, more experienced in such matters, detected the state of her feelings, and adroitly contrived to change their current. It was a factitious passion, more a *besoin d'aimer* than a veritable passion, and quickly subsided. It only left in her a singular taste for the lute.

Next came M. Brunel, who was not a musician, but, as a compensation, could turn a couplet with some skill. He first saw her in the convent parlor, and seems to have been greatly struck with her charms and accomplishments. His admiration, of course, flowed into verses; an interchange of couplets took place. There was an epistle to Doris; then a reply to that epistle; finally, a portrait of Doris;—all as innocently as possible. It was a mere intellectual flirtation, and ended in a real friendship.

M. Brunel presented to her the Abbé Vertot, known by his historical works, who

fell in love with her at first sight. Such a man-killer was this witty, piquant, little girl! The abbé, learning how gloomy were her prospects, generously offered to settle an annuity on her. Although counselled by her friends to accept this offer, she declined it; and herein displayed the rectitude of her judgment no less than her firmness of will. "*Je m'étais résolue de bonne heure,*" she says, "*à l'indigence, et j'y trouvais moins d'inconvénient qu'à me charger de quelque obligation suspecte.*" It is saying a great deal for her that the abbé, as well as M. Brunel, in relinquishing the idea of gaining her affection, did not cease to be her firm and excellent friend.

It would seem that there was a sort of fascination about our heroine which peculiarly affected Plutus, for her friends seem excessively prompt to offer her money. M. Rey, a married man, and a great admirer, hearing of her distress, very delicately proposed to assure her a sum which would enable her to live honorably,—adding, as a proof that he wished to take no advantage of the obligation, that he would consent, if she required it, never to see her again. This, also, she declined,—perhaps wisely, for one has an uneasy feeling that the condition would not have been fulfilled on his side. He, also, continued her friend. The gradual cooling of his love is calculated by Mademoiselle de Launay, as a geometrical ratio, in a style very characteristic of the age;—"I often visited," she says, "Mademoiselle d'Epinay, where M. Rey was almost daily. As they lived close to the convent I usually returned on foot, and M. Rey always accompanied me. There was an open square to pass in our way, and during the early part of our acquaintance he always took me round by the side; he now traversed it through the centre, from which I concluded that his love was diminished by the difference of the diagonal and the two sides of a square."

Of the Chevalier de Herb—we have only a touch, but it is done with a master's pencil. Here was a new sort of man, one who had *l'air du monde*,—a well-dressed, well-spoken, good-looking nonentity. On interrogating her memory she found that, during a whole evening, she had heard him say nothing but the terms of his game at cards, and she was disenchanted. She confesses, however, to have felt great jealousy at seeing him pay his addresses to another, and wrote some verses, in which she said,—

"Je rougis de ma faiblesse,  
Encor plus de mon amant."

Aware of how this confession may be turned against her, she delightfully remarks,—"I would have suppressed this had I been writing a novel. I know a heroine ought to have but one passion; that it must be for some one quite perfect, and never die. But truth is truth, and has only the merit of being what it is."

"Le vrai est comme il peut, et n'a de mérite que d'être ce qu'il est:" is not that an admirable aphorism? It not inaptly characterises the whole of these *Memoirs*, written as they are in a style as subdued as it is clear and truthful; with no want of wit or wisdom, there is no striving after either.

We have lingered on these first flutterings of the heart because they formed, as it were, the preparations for a deeper feeling: Love was trying his young wings before encountering the noble perils of a true passion. The Marquis de Silly, the conqueror of this heart, like Cæsar, conquered the moment he appeared. Novelists in search of a situation, or novel-readers in search of an emotion, cannot do better than accompany our charming De Launay to the Château de Silly. There is nothing very attractive in it at first sight: it is sombre with the shadow of centuries; it is grand, but with a grandeur derived from faded splendor rather than from present prosperity. There is nothing gay about it: no riotous hospitality lights up its halls; no echoes of many mirthful voices cheer its solitude. On the whole, however, it is not without its charm. An old marquis, poor, and, like most country gentlemen, inclined to avarice; a rigid marquise mumbling her devotions; a lively daughter and her lively friend;—and when that friend bears the name of De Launay, cannot the reader, with a little indulgence of his imagination, make out the *personnel* of a drama? Not yet, perhaps; but, patience! the lover arrives, and then the circle is complete. They have been talking of him daily; he is expected from England, where he has been detained a prisoner of war. Fond father, proud mother, proud sister, and inquisitive friend,—they have all daily discussed his merits; and now he arrives.

The "coming man," when long expected, long talked of, appears under incalculable advantages, if he have not the misfortune to create a decidedly unfavorable disappointment. Our idea of him from the de-

scriptions of others is sure to be false,—perhaps ludicrously so. And not only have we to recover from that first disappointment, but also from another, and that other far more cruel,—the discrepancy between the actual march of events and our imagined scheme for them. We arrange little dramas in our head; we settle what we shall say, what we shall do, what he will reply, and how he will act. He arrives quite unaware of the scheme laid down and the part assigned to him. He acts his own part instead of ours, and all our little dreams are blown away “into thin air.” But it may happen that, owing to the very intensity of our disappointment, the impression he creates is greatly deepened; such appears to have been the case with the Marquis de Silly.

Had she imagined a dashing young officer, gay, sprightly, gallant; with easy manners and incomparable moustachios; anxious to please, and, above all, to please the sex? The marquis was the reverse of all this. Cold, haughty, and reserved, he scarcely spoke but to command; kept himself to his own room in company with his books; or walked alone, and was scarcely visible but at meals. Had he adopted such a part on mature calculation, he could not have chosen one more effective: the ardent imagination of our heroine was at once inflamed, and the less he seemed to notice her, the more she thought of him. Consider! They were in a country-house; he was the only young man; he was a soldier, a hero, and mysterious; she was young, romantic, sensitive: if your invention cannot weave out a romance with such materials, it must be beggarly indeed. Just read these simple passages, so brief, yet so pregnant with meaning, and see what a little world of feeling they enclose:—

“His attractions and his disdainfulness piqued me keenly. His sister, who had seen him more sociable, was hardly less mortified than myself; and it was the usual topic of our conversation. One day, as we were walking in a wood, where we thought ourselves alone, we gave utterance to our feelings of resentment. He came close up to us without our perceiving him, and, as he found we were talking of him, stopped to hear us. We had seated ourselves; he concealed himself behind some trees, and lost none of our conversation, which was animated by divers passions. He found it worthy of his attention, and felt that we had reason to complain of a contempt which we did not deserve. He did not show himself; but when we returned to the chateau, he told us that he had heard himself spoken of, that a great deal

of harm had been said of him, and that it had not been said jestingly. ‘One has no wish to jest,’ I said to him, ‘when complaining of you.’ This naïve answer pleased him. ‘I did not expect,’ he replied, looking at me, ‘to find what I do in the valley of Auge.’ He then confessed the pleasure he had felt in listening to our conversation, although he had not been spared in it. From that time he thought us worthy of his, and never left us. Our walks and reading were all in common. So I passed the whole day with some one who pleased me immensely, and whom I yet never dreamed of pleasing. It appeared to me impossible that a man, accustomed to live with and be loved by the most charming women, could pay me the least notice, wanting as I did both beauty and the charms which the knowledge of the world alone confer. I wrote some verses, which I did not show, which well expressed this disposition of my mind, for, after drawing his portrait, I ended by saying,

“Hélas! je l’aimerais si j’étais plus aimable.

“I was youthful in experience rather than in years, for I had as yet loved nothing; the first fancy I had felt at fourteen or fifteen was but the effect of romantic ideas, which made me desire to have a passion in order to become, as it seemed to me, a more important personage. The fit of jealousy that I had afterwards suffered was but the mortification of pride humbled on every point. It in no wise resembled the feelings which now seized me. I do not know how it was that I never thought of resisting them; it seemed to me that they were without danger because they would be unreturned, and I thought I had nothing to do but to conceal them carefully.

“The fear of entangling himself with me, or of giving me an opportunity of explaining myself, made M. de Silly careful not to be alone with me. I was fully determined to say nothing to him, yet I passionately longed for the meeting he so carefully avoided. On discovering the motive of his circumspection, I wished more strongly than ever to have some private conversation with him which should reassure him, and let him know how far I was from forgetting what I owed to myself. I had, at last, that satisfaction one day, as we went our usual walk. Mademoiselle de Silly, not being well, excused herself. The mother, who thought only of her son’s amusement, told me to go with him. There was no possibility of escape. We went to some distance in the fields. He walked along in silence far more embarrassed than I was. This little triumph gave me courage to speak. It was, at first, on the beauty of the fields; but that not being distant enough from the subjects I wished to avoid, from earth I ascended to heaven, and dashed into the midst of the system of the universe, I kept firmly up in that exalted region until we joined the rest of the party on our return to the chateau.

“M. de Silly, free from all anxiety, had gracefully joined in the conversation, of which the subject, though grave, had been lightly treated. I derived this advantage from it, that he saw that I knew both

now to talk and how to be silent. Moreover, I enjoyed that delightful sensation unknown to those who are unable to resist the impulses of their hearts.

"Henceforth M. de Silly no longer shunned me. I did not avoid him, and we often met. He appeared pleased to converse with me and made me conscious of the most flattering esteem. He added to this a tender interest in all concerning me. I found a proof of this in the little bits of advice he was fond of giving me. Their success was infallible. In fact I found in him all that I could desire, except the love which I fancied I did not desire. It was pleasant to love without fear and without struggle, safe from all weakness, and with no other care than that of dissembling my feelings; but, as I have already said, I did this badly, and I make no doubt that a man so sharp and so well versed in gallantry as the Marquis de Silly, must have been perfectly aware, perhaps even more so than I was myself was, of what I felt for him. It is true that he never let me perceive that he had noticed it, not even when in after times we lived in an intimate confidence. I only knew from his sister, a long while afterwards, that he had been tempted to attach himself to me; but that foreseeing the attachment would not be eternal, he had been withheld by the esteem with which I inspired him, and pity for the sad fate he would be preparing me. He sometimes said to me with excitement, 'I should hate any one wretched enough to deceive you.'"

Having thus expressed his feelings for her, he began to pay attention to a certain Mademoiselle D——, who had neither grace nor talent, but who seemed, at any rate, to have more charm for our haughty, pedantic marquis, though she failed to excite any jealousy in the breast of our heroine.

He departed, leaving Mademoiselle de Launay hopelessly in love, and obliged to find a consolation in writing stories and romances in which her own feelings and adventures were depicted. One figure was constantly appearing, as if her pencil lovingly dwelt upon every feature; that figure was of course the portrait of the marquis, such as it had impressed itself upon the excitable imagination of the writer. We insist upon the last point, for in spite of the glowing colors of her palette, he has left a very different impression upon our minds. To us he appears morose, selfish, reserved, pedantic, and wholly unworthy of her regard.

This little romance had no *dénouement*: like many other romances of real life, it fades away into prosaic insignificance. She remains his firm friend, and continues an active correspondence with him when she is at Paris; her letters serve to lighten the

ensui of a camp, and she became in his eyes, to use her own energetic expression, nothing more than *une vieille gazette*.

Let us turn from these amours to the more stirring events of her life; let us quit the convent she is forced to quit on the death of her protectress, and follow her to Paris, where she is penniless and almost friendless. The style of the romance changes, but the interest increases. There we see the clever, strong-willed, unhappy girl, surrounded with perils, and bravely surmounting them; and the sight is interesting in many aspects. Few books are more agreeable than these *Memoirs*, containing as they do the portrait of one human being, and the brilliant sketches of a strange and interesting epoch; but we have no time to dwell long on their riches, and must e'en bid the reader seek them out for himself. All we can do is to select a few piquant extracts by way of a whet to the appetite.

When she arrived at Paris her hopes were by no means high; with all her talents and instruction, she saw but little chance of honorably obtaining a livelihood; but the giddy, foolish Duchesse de la Ferté, having warmly espoused her cause, and having been immensely astonished by her talents, spoke glowingly of what she would do for her. She began by settling that Mademoiselle de Launay should be the instructress of the royal infant, whose birth was then expected. Madame la Dauphine could not refuse the Duchesse the *politesse* of bringing forth a daughter; and that daughter should be the pupil of Mademoiselle de Launay. Meanwhile the duchess took her about with great pride, to display her as a prodigy; and in one of these visits — But we must let our heroine speak for herself:—

"Le lendemain, étant allée chez la Duchesse Noailles, elle me manda d'y venir: j'arrive; 'Voilà,' dit-elle, 'voilà, madame, cette personne dont je vous ai entretenue, qui a un si grand despit, qui sait tant de choses. Allons, Mademoiselle, parlez. Madame, vous allez voir comme elle parle.' .... Elle vit que j'hésitais à répondre, et pensa qu'il fallait m'aider comme une chanteuse qui prélude, à qui l'on indique l'air qu'on désire d'entendre— 'Parlez un peu de religion,' me dit-elle, 'vous direz ensuite autre chose.'"

Is not that exquisite? It was the same duchess who one day said to her, "Tiens, mon enfant, je ne vois que moi qui a toujours raison:" what a naïve avowal of an almost universal feeling! It was she, also, who in the country used to amuse herself



with playing cards with her domestics and the neighboring tradesmen, adding, "Je les triche; mais c'est qu'ils me volent."

It is somewhat painful, at first, to find a woman so gifted with a powerful mind, brilliant wit, and unusual calmness and prudence, as Mademoiselle de Launay indubitably was, obliged to accept the place of a mere *femme-de-chambre* to the Duchess de Maine, and condemned to functions she was ill-fitted to execute, while so many other offices would have profited by her talents: yet this only makes her subsequent triumph more striking. Power must manifest itself; expel it with a fork and it still returns; place it at the plough, and even the coarse environments of field labor will not prevent its upward flight; place it in the stable, and even the company of ostlers and grooms will not stifle it; place it on a lonely moor, in the bosom of a shepherd boy, and even there the irresistible impulse will burst all bonds, and make a pathway for itself through all obstacles. Never was there a more erroneous opinion than, that which, soundingly and epigrammatically expressed by the poet in one line, has been caught up as an oracular utterance coming from the very depth of things, by all whose strivings are out of proportion with their powers, and who proudly echo that

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

It is true that the world does not always, if it does ever, know the greatest to be the greatest; but it is the condition of whatever is strong to realise itself, and whatever is realised must be recognised. On this subject no little confusion exists, owing to the shiftiness with which "the world" is employed as a general term. If it be meant that the world of Smith and Jones, the world of crowded thoroughfares and heated manufactories, knows nothing of the great geometer, the great thinker, or even the great poet, until Time has consecrated the opinion of the few, and consolidated into a monument the vapory breath of reputation, no one will dispute the position; but then the aphorism about the world knowing nothing of its greatest men falls to the ground: the world *does* know: that is to say, the world of geometers, of thinkers, of poets, the men who are capable of recognising this greatness recognise it; the crowd not being capable has no eyes to see. It is idle to rave about genius being neglected, when genius itself rarely appeals to any very extended circle; to be neglected by the crowd,

to find inferior intellects more popular, because more adapted to the comprehension of the crowd, is not failure, is not a cause of complaint, but lies in the very nature of things.

We emphatically repeat, therefore, that power of every kind must manifest itself, and its manifestations must be recognised. We find an humble illustration in the remarkable woman whose *Memoirs* now occupy us. She is in, perhaps, the very worst position that could be chosen for the display of those talents which she possessed—*femme-de-chambre* to a dissipated and not very discerning duchess, she feels herself imprisoned by the circumstances of her office, yet accident opens a small issue for her, and at once her cleverness is revealed. The duchess carelessly tells her to write to Fontenelle respecting a pretended miracle which then occupied Paris. She writes, and her letter is so piquant, so clever, and so well expressed, that Fontenelle, who was a connoisseur, shows it to every one. It is copied, circulated, passes the frontier; and its author attracts universal attention. From that moment she becomes the duchess's secretary, and an important personage. Her talents are called forth and acknowledged. The *femme-de-chambre* changes at once into the *femme-d'esprit*; and all the clever men of the kingdom are her friends and admirers. What follows the *grandes nuits* at Sceaux?—the conspiracy of Cellamare; her imprisonment in the Bastille, with her amour there with the Chevalier de Menel; and the touching unrequited love of Maison Rouge, the governor of the Bastille, must be sought in her *Memoirs*: we can do no more than allude to them. They will not bear abridgement, she has told them so well; and, moreover, our own limits are nearly touched.

To conclude this account, which will have fulfilled its object if it set the reader in quest of Madame de Staël's *Memoirs*, we will give the portrait she has drawn of herself. Every one is acquainted with the pleasant little practice which was then common in France, for persons to write descriptions of themselves,—an agreeable exercise of egotism and cleverness. It was Madame du Deffend, the witty blind old friend of Horace Walpole, who first, we believe, set the fashion; and this is Mademoiselle de Launay's contribution:—

"De Launay is of the middle height, thin,

bony, and plain. Her disposition and mind are like her face; there is nothing disagreeable, but there is no charm. Her ill fortunes have a good deal contributed to her being so well thought of. The prejudice which exists, to the effect, that people of neither good birth nor fortune are uneducated, causes the little they may know to be overvalued; yet she has had an excellent education, and from it has derived all that is good in her, such as the virtuous principles, noble sentiments, and rules of conduct, which habit has rendered natural to her. Her folly has always been to be reasonable; and, like those women who fancy they have fine figures because their stays are tight, her reason having greatly troubled her, she fancies she has a great deal. Yet she has never been able to triumph over the hastiness of her temper, nor even subject it to some appearance of equality, which has often rendered her disagreeable to her superiors, a burden in society, and perfectly insupportable to those dependent on her: happily fortune has not placed her in a situation to have many in that relation. With all her faults she has not failed to acquire a sort of reputation which she owes solely to two fortuitous occasions: one of which brought into evidence what talent she had; and the other displayed her discretion and firmness. These events having been much known, made her known likewise, notwithstanding the obscurity in which her condition had placed her, and induced for her a consideration beyond her station: she has tried to be none the vainer; but the satisfaction she feels in thinking herself free from vanity, is a vanity in itself.

"She has filled up her life with serious occupations, more to strengthen her reason than to ornament her mind, for which she has little regard. No opinion presents itself to her with sufficient clearness for her to cling to it, or to prevent her being as ready to reject as to receive it; which is the cause of her arguing but rarely, unless from ill-humor. She has read a great deal, and yet only knows enough to understand what is said on any subject, and not to say anything *mal à propos*. She has sought carefully a knowledge of her duties, and has respected them at the expense of her tastes. She has felt authorized, from the little allowance she makes for herself, to make none for other people; in which she follows her inflexible nature, which her position has cramped without depriving of its elasticity.

"The love of liberty is her predominant passion,—a most unfortunate passion for her, who has passed the greater portion of her life in servitude; therefore, her position has always been unbearable to her, notwithstanding the unhopd-for pleasures she may have found there.

"She has always been very sensible to friendship, yet more touched by the merits and virtues of her friends, than by their feelings for herself; indulgent when they are only wanting to her, provided they are not wanting to themselves."

This portrait is, of course, to be accepted with the proper reserves: she does not paint herself in the most glowing colors; but the lineaments are correctly given.

---

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

### JOHN KEATS.

"A POET is born, not made," says Cicero, by which remark he means that the gift or faculty of song is a primary endowment, and not acquired artificially or by teaching and training. Nearly at the head of such true "born" poets of nature, in whom "the inspiration and the faculty divine" are developed so early in life, and so strikingly, as to leave no doubt of their proper vocation on earth, stands John Keats, the subject of our present sketch. Indeed, among all those whom Shelley beautifully styles "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown," no other name in English literature, save that of Chatterton, can claim for a moment even to rank on an equality with that of Keats. Michael Bruce, Henry Kirke White, and others cut off, like them, in their opening promise, must be assigned a much lower, though still most honorable place in the

poetical scale. Not dissimilar were the fates of the two youthful sons of genius for whom we have thus claimed especial pre-eminence. The story of "the marvellous boy who perished in his pride," shadowed forth but too closely the career of his equally unfortunate successor, on whose high spirit the injustice of the world produced nearly the same disastrous effects; and, yet, short as was the existence here of the subject of the present notice, he lived long enough to ensure an immortality of fame. Grievous it must always be, nevertheless, to reflect on the brevity of his course, and the more so, as his last fragmentary composition was indubitably the grandest of all his works, exhibiting few or none of those blemishes, arising from youth and inexperience, which marred here and there the perfectness of his previous productions. In the poem al-

luded to, the "Hyperion," he rises into a style of sustained power, which makes us regret its unfinished state almost as much as Milton lamented that Chaucer should have

"Left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold."

Byron, by no means inclined to over-rate the peculiar effusion of a genius like that of Keats, yet records his opinion, that "the fragment of Hyperion seems actually inspired by the Titans (early giants), and is as sublime as Æschylus. It may in truth be well compared to one of those wonderful torsos of antiquity, whose incompleteness cannot hide the grandeur of the original conception, or the beauty of the execution, and only rouses the fancy to imagine what the work would appear in a state of entirety. Had Keats written nothing else, his name must have gone down to posterity as a genuine child of the muses. Yes! Coming ages will not allow the applicability of the words of the young bard himself, uttered in a moment of physical weakness, and when yearning for the repose of the grave, "Here lies one whose name was written in water!" Touching language, but not just or true.

John Keats was born on the 29th of October, 1796. His parents were of humble station comparatively, but well situated in the world as regarded pecuniary circumstances. Very early in life did the "divine *afflatus*" descend, apparently, upon his spirit, for his teachers at Enfield School became soon cognisant of his poetical tendencies, and encouraged him to cultivate them in his academic exercises. He was destined by his relations to the medical profession, though whether in the ambiguous English character of an apothecary or dispenser of medicine, or of a regular surgeon or physician, does not clearly appear. He was bound apprentice, however, to a surgical practitioner at the age of fifteen, and continued for a year or two to go through the ordinary drudgery attendant on such a position. When we think of the spirit thus trammelled, we cannot but entertain a strong (though perhaps very foolish) feeling of regret, every hour of that young life expended on the mortar and pestle being to all seeming a loss to the poetical literature of his country. However, the soul of song was in him, and long before he had reached manhood, he had both cultivated his mind highly by poetical reading, and had himself attempted to em-

balm his maturer thoughts in verse. The model which he chiefly loved and followed among the works of the mighty dead, was the minor poetry of Shakspeare; and, among the moderns, his great favorite was Leigh Hunt. This is scarcely to be wondered at, or at least will be no matter of marvel to those who have particularly noted certain characteristics common to the poets in question, far apart as they may stand otherwise. *Eye-painting* is their especial and predominant feature; that is, painting (in words) either from a close and minute observation of actual objects in nature, or from fancy-subjects not less vividly presented to the mental apprehension. Keats seems to have felt this style of composition most congenial to him, and adopted it so completely, that even where he describes objects entirely supernatural, and not to be seen with the eyes of the body, he pictures them forth with as much point and force as if they had lain directly before his actual vision. One cannot help feeling, in truth, as if they must have been virtually if not really palpable to his sight, however impalpable to that of others. He was, indeed,

"One of the inmost dwellers in the core  
Of the old woods, when Nymphs and Graces  
lived—  
Where still they live, to eyes, like theirs, divine."

The partiality of Keats for the writings of Leigh Hunt led him to select the "Examiner," then conducted by that gentleman, as the vehicle for the conveyance of his first published pieces to the world. One sonnet was printed originally in the periodical in question; and subsequently a number of other small poems were laid before Mr. Hunt by a mutual friend (Charles Cowden Clarke, we believe). Himself a true poet, the editor of the "Examiner" possessed too fine a taste not to discover at once that a new planet was here struggling to rise above the literary horizon, and he gave all the encouragement in his power to Keats. This incident occurred in the middle of 1816, and, in the course of a few subsequent months, various successive specimens of the young poet's powers were presented to the public by Mr. Hunt, accompanied, in the December of the year mentioned, by a warm eulogy, in which their author was classed with another youthful bard, Percy Bysshe Shelley, whose career and works by no means disgraced the editorial prognostications. Keats was induced to print a small volume of occasional pieces in May,

1817, and his keenly sensitive nature was much gratified with the applause bestowed on it by those whose judgment he most valued. In that early publication appeared one of the most masterly sonnets in the English language—a perfect specimen, indeed, of what the sonnet should be. Though often quoted, yet *decies repetita placebit* (repeat it ten times o'er, it will but please the more).

#### ON READING CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

"Much have I travell'd in the realms of old,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been,  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold,  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,  
Which deep brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene,  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold,  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

We had intended to mark such lines and passages in this little piece as struck us most forcibly, but we desisted on recollecting Sheridan's remark when presented with the Beauties of Shakspeare in one volume. "Very good," said he, "but where are the other nine?" There is an equality of power about this sonnet which, in like manner, renders it vain to specialize single beauties. Let the reader look at it as a whole, and mark with what force and congruity the comparison of poetry to a continent is carried out primarily, and then how appropriate and noble are the two similes at the close, elevating the dawning of Homer's greatness on the mind to the discovery of new hemispheres on earth, new worlds in heaven. The isolation too, as it were, of the last line is in the very perfection of this style of composition, exemplifying, to use the words of Keats himself—

"The sonnet swelling loudly  
Up to its climax, and then dying proudly."

Yet, as it stands recorded in "Blackwood's Magazine," certain critics could find nothing in this sonnet worthy of note, saving as it afforded room for a sneer at the implied confession of a want of knowledge of Greek. The present editor of the "Quarterly" forgot, seemingly, what Ben Jonson has told us of Shakspeare himself, namely, that he could boast of "small Latin and less

Greek." But, as we shall notice more particularly afterwards, to be a friend of Leigh Hunt was to carry "the mark of the beast," in the estimation of the partizan critics of those days.

In the year 1818, Keats again came before the public, producing his poem of "Endymion," the longest ever composed by him. Most readers will recollect the fable connected with this mythological name, and which forms the ground-work (a very slight one) of the piece. A youth of Mount Latmos, when sleeping on its slopes by night, becomes the object of a most fervent passion to Diana or Phœbe, the imaginary divinity of the Moon; and he is fancied ultimately, after much coy delay on the part of the innamorata, to have been rapt up by her into the heavens to enjoy there a wedded immortality. Never was there theme more congenial to the imagination of a bard, than this story of "Endymion" proved to that of Keats. He says, at the outset, "The very music of the name has gone into my being." And the whole poem is one long moon-lit dream, like its subject, or, perhaps, it may be better compared to a wild fantasia on the Æolian harp, played by a fitful breeze on a lovely summer night. There are in it whole lengthened passages of consummate beauty—passages exquisite in point of thought, and melodious exceedingly in regard of expression. Individual similes, again, of the happiest description are scattered up and down profusely; and from no poem in the language, perhaps, could more perfect single lines be produced. Keats here shows himself, indeed, to be a complete master of *rhythm*, making, without any visible effort, the sound to echo completely the sense. For example, is not the very noise of the waters heard in this line?

"The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea."

But without positively echoing the sense in this manner, there are multitudinous single lines in the "Endymion," which, while perfectly expressive of the intended sense, are so harmoniously constructed as to gratify the ear like the finest music. For example:

"Ere yet the bees  
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas."

"Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain."

"Prone to the green head of a misty hill."

"Like old Deucalion mountain'd o'er the flood,  
Or blind Orion hungry for the morn."

"While tiptoe Night holds back her dark grey head."

"A dusky empire and its diadems;  
One faint eternal even-tide of gems."

"No old power left to steep  
A quill immortal in their joyous tears."

"Ethereal things, that, unconfined,  
Can make a ladder of the eternal wind."

We quote these lines almost at random, for the poem is rich in such to excess; and we quote them chiefly to point out how completely either a fine natural ear, or observation, had taught to Keats the secret of composing melodious verse. Let young cultivators of the art mark how freely the *vowels are varied* in the above lines, particularly where the emphasis is laid, and they will find the real explanation of the musical effect of the verse. Milton, also, knew this secret well, and if the opening of "Paradise Lost," and others of his finest passages be examined, the variety of vowels introduced will be found to be the main source of their melody.

Let us now select a few of the similitudes interspersed through the poem of "Endymion," that we may justify the warm praises bestowed already on its author on this score. The sister of Endymion watches him sleeping—

"And as a willow keeps  
A patient watch over the stream that creeps  
Windingly by it, so the quiet maid  
Held her in peace."

#### MISSPENT TIME.

"Yet it is strange, and sad, alas!  
That one who through this middle earth should pass  
Most like a sojourning demigod, and leave  
His name upon the harp-string."

#### ADONIS ASLEEP.

"Sideway his face reposed  
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,  
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth  
To slumbry pout; just as the morning south  
Disparts a dew-lipped rose."

#### LOVERS' TALK.

"Then there ran  
Two bubbling strings of talk from their sweet lips."

#### DROWNED MAID.

"Cold, oh! cold indeed  
Were her fair limbs, and like a common weed  
The sea-swell took her hair."

"Those dazzled thousands veil their eyes  
Like callow eagles at the first sunrise."

"There she lay,  
Sweet as musk-rose upon new-made hay."

But we might go on endlessly with the selection of such images, so rich in them is the "Endymion." We shall only notice further the beautiful way in which the poet

marks time and space, not prosaically measuring them by the minute and inch, but indicating what he wishes in a mode truly poetic and original.

"And now as deep into the wood as we  
Might mark a lynx's eye."

"Ere a lean bat could plump its wintry skin."

"Far as the sunset peeps into a wood."

"Counting his wo-worn minutes by the strokes  
Of the lone wood-cutter."

"About a young bird's flutter from a wood."

These images, while sufficiently accurate for poetical purposes, are at the same time highly original and finely expressed. Indeed, originality is the most marked feature in the writings of Keats; and what feature may rank above originality in poetry?

We can only afford space for a short continuous passage from the poem of "Endymion," and shall select an address to the moon, its divine heroine:

"Oh Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees  
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:  
Oh Moon! old boughs hie forth a holier din  
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.  
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip  
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,  
Couch'd in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:  
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,  
Ambitions for the hallowing of thine eyes;  
And yet thy benediction passeth not  
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot  
Where pleasure may be sent: the nested wren  
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,  
And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf  
Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief  
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps  
Within its pearly house; the mighty deeps,  
The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!  
Oh Moon! far spooming ocean bows to thee,  
And Tellus feels her forehead's cumbrous load."

Hitherto we have expended commendations only on the poem of "Endymion," and such as it well deserves; but, with all its beauties, it has also many faults. Perhaps these could not be better characterized than in the opening words of the author's own brief preface "Knowing within myself the manner in which this poem has been produced," he says, "it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public. What manner I mean will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive *great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished.*" He continues to remark that he would not have published, could castigation have done the poem good, but that its foundations were too sandy, and that he must be content to see it die away, sustained only by the hope that, while it was dwindling, he might be "fitting him-

self for verses worthy to live." Disclaiming the wish to forestall criticisms, he adds, however, that, if he deserves punishment for presumption, "no feeling man will be forward to inflict it, but will leave me alone, with the conviction that there is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object." He was misled here by the heightened sincerity of his own nature. Closing their eyes, or blind to the fact that the very wildest extravagances of the poem were but the evident offspring of a fancy poetically rich to excess, the Editor of the "Quarterly Review" described the "Endymion" as a piece of "drivelling idocy," and its author as next thing to a raving madman. As Leigh Hunt observes, with a gentleness characteristic of him, but ill merited in the case, "Mr. Gifford, whose perceptions were all of the commonplace order, had a good commonplace judgment, which served him well enough to expose errors discernible by most people. He only betrayed his own ignorance and presumption when he came to speak of such a poet as John Keats." It may be that Mr. Hunt could not speak the whole truth with propriety, but the following sonnet addressed to himself on his leaving prison (where he had been confined one year for calling the Prince Regent "a fat Adonis of fifty") more justly indicates, in our opinion, the cause of the hireling vituperation of Keats in the "Quarterly Review."

WRITTEN ON THE DAY THAT MR. LEIGH HUNT LEFT PRISON.

"What though, for showing truth to flatter'd state,  
Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,  
In his immortal spirit been as free  
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.  
Minion of grandeur! think you he did wait?  
Think you he nought but prison-walls did see,  
Till, so unwilling, thou didst turn the key?  
Ah, no! far happier, nobler was his fate!  
In Spencer's halls he stray'd, and bowers fair,  
Culling enchanted flowers; and he flew  
With daring Milton through the fields of air:  
To regions of his own, his genius true  
Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair  
When thou art dead, and all thy wretched crew?"

We do not like, even at this time of day, to speak our free mind respecting the motives which led to the attacks on Keats in a noted Scottish periodical, holding the same politics with the English review. One of the parties implicated has since deeply regretted, we believe, the injustice committed in the reckless wantonness of youth, and in the flow of high animal spirits. Well may such be the case; since the main basis of the sneers at Keats was the profession

which he for a time followed; and such sneers came very ill from the son of a Paisley weaver. Penitence makes amends for much, however; but the harsh and unjust treatment which he received inflicted a deep if not deadly blow on the sensitive mind of the young author of "Endymion." This has been doubted, and his early decline has been wholly ascribed to hereditary consumption. Without denying that the ailment in question might have been the ultimate cause of death, it is yet indubitable that he was so painfully affected, on perusing Mr. Gifford's critique, as to burst a blood-vessel in the lungs, and that these organs never regained the same sound strength afterwards. Nay, he required to be carefully watched for a time, having even threatened his own life. A kindly, judicious, and just criticism, in the "Edinburgh Review," proceeded afterwards from the pen of Lord Jeffrey; and it is interesting to know, that time has only strengthened the admiration of his lordship for Keats. So we find from his lately collected essays. In a recent piece, Leigh Hunt also alludes prettily to this fact:

"Lo! Jeffrey, the fine wit, the judge revered,  
The man beloved, what spirit invokes he  
To make his hasty moments of repose  
Richest and farthest off?—The muse of Keats."

The generous praises of Lord Jeffrey came too late, however, to soothe the wounded sensibilities of the poet, not being published until two years after "Endymion" appeared, and when another volume had been given to the world by Keats. It was his last, pulmonary disease having then laid upon him its fatal hand, and that unmistakably. The volume referred to contained the poems entitled "Lamia," "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," the "Eve of St. Agnes," and "Hyperion," with several minor pieces. Of the larger compositions here named, "Isabella," which is founded upon a story of Boccaccio, is the one most distinguished by the same defects visible in "Endymion," but its occasional extravagances are amply counterpoised by touches of profound pathos, and images of great beauty, scattered liberally throughout the narrative. "Lamia" is a piece of much more equal merit; but the two gems of this final volume of the youthful bard are the "Eve of St. Agnes" and the fragment of "Hyperion." The first is one continuous strain of melody, gentle and pure as the theme. A young and lovely

lady has been told that, by observing certain ceremonies on the eve of St. Agnes, her lover and destined husband will be presented to her in her dreams; and the true living lord of her affections, assisted by an aged crone, visits her couch in reality, and persuades her finally to fly with him from her cruel kindred to become his bride. It is amazing with what delicacy Keats has touched on the points in this story most difficult to handle. For example, observe the richness of the picture when she has reached her chamber. The taper goes out as "she hurries in," and the whole light is finely described as falling through a casement stained with innumerable "splendid dyes."

"Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,  
And threw warm gules on Madaline's fair breast,  
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;  
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,  
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:  
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,  
Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew faint;  
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

"Anon his heart revives; her vespers done,  
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;  
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;  
Loosens her fragrant boddy; by degrees  
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;  
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,  
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,  
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

"Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,  
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,  
Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppress'd  
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;  
Flown like a thought, until the morrow-day;  
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;  
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;  
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,  
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again."

The last similitude is one to which it would not be easy to find a superior in the whole range of English poetry.

Lofty, dignified, and in parts sublime, is the fragment of "Hyperion," wherein the poet once more enters on his favorite field—that of Greek mythology. It is written in blank verse; and, since the time of Milton, no one has imparted to that form of composition so much of the Miltonic stateliness and harmony. The characters introduced into the poem are the early gods, the Titanic brood who ruled the universe under the supreme governance of Saturn; and allusions are likewise made to their successors, Jupiter, and his brothers, Saturn's sons and dethroners. The Titans

are pictured at the outset as having already fallen before the new deities, all save one Hyperion, "the giant of the sun;" and the transference of his golden empire to Apollo, the son of Jove, seems to have been the proposed subject of the poem, so unfortunately left fragmentary. One fine passage depicts the visit of Hyperion to Saturn and the defeated Titans, where they lay in a gloomy and rocky retreat,

"Like a dismal cirque  
Of Druid stones upon a forlorn moor."

Hyperion, still a form of undiminished brightness, leaves his solar throne for the craggy den of woe where his brethren are:

"Like to a diver in the pearly seas,  
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,  
And plunged all noiseless into the deep night."

The gradual approach of his radiant shape gives occasion for a poetical picture, which might have given a hint to Michael Angelo, and may yet do so to our own Etty. At first, there shone in the face of the Titans

"A gleam of light,  
But splendor in Saturn's, whose hoar locks  
Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel  
When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove,  
In pale and silver silence they remain'd,  
Till suddenly a splendor, like the morn,  
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,  
All the sad spaces of oblivion,  
And every gulf, and every chasm old,  
And every height, and every sullen depth,  
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams:  
And all the everlasting cataracts,  
And all the headlong torrents far and near,  
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,  
Now saw the light and made it terrible.  
It was Hyperion. A granite peak  
His bright feet touch'd, and there he staid to view  
The misery his brilliance had betray'd  
To the most hateful seeing of itself.  
Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,  
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade  
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk  
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun  
To one who travels from the dusking East;  
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp,  
He utter'd, while his hands, contemplative,  
He press'd together, and in silence stood.  
Despondence seized again the fallen gods  
At sight of the dejected King of Day."

This sketch, embodied in the canvass, would certainly form a magnificent picture. But, in truth, as observed formerly, eye-painting is the most striking quality in the poetry of Keats.

We must at length quit our critical observations to notice the scanty facts which have been recorded respecting the last days of the poet. As a final resource, when his

health declined more and more, he was ordered by his physicians to visit Italy, which he did in the summer of 1820. After passing a short time at Naples, he proceeded to Rome, accompanied by but one friend, Mr. Severn, the artist, who left profession and home to devote himself to the care of Keats. It is painful to learn, as we do through a friend of Mr. Severn, that the temper of the invalid was sadly soured in his closing days, as well by the unmerited contumely cast upon his writings, as by the base ingratitude of parties whom he had deeply obliged. He longed earnestly for death, and used wistfully to watch the looks of his physician at every visit, not to draw thence a favorable augury, but the reverse. Sometimes his passions became excited to a violent degree, and tested the friendship of Mr. Severn severely; but speedily he would melt into self-accusations and sincere remorse. His life came finally to a close on the 27th of December, 1820, when he had just completed his twenty-fourth year. Shortly before his decease, he remarked beautifully, "I feel the daisies growing over me;" and true it is, that the spot where he lies, according to Shelley, is "covered in winter with violets and daisies." It is an open space under the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, which forms the cemetery of the Protestants at Rome.

Critical suggestions have been so largely intermingled with the preceding sketch of the career of John Keats that there is little occasion for any further remarks of the kind here. His main poetical characteristic was a splendid endowment of fancy, as contradistinguished from imagination. The one, it may be explained, deals chiefly with the imagery of external nature, animate or inanimate, and the other with the internal passions of the human breast. Perhaps no one, since the time of Shakspeare, has possessed the gift of pure fancy in a higher degree than Keats. Shelley, who had a mind of congenial cast, was a warm admirer of the subject of our notice, and, when drowned at sea, held the poems of the latter in his hands. But before that unhappy event took place, he had poured forth a lament for his brother in the muses, more tenderly impassioned than ever bard uttered for bard before. In the same piece, called "Adonais," Shelley also showers down bitter maledictions on those who persecuted in life the departed child of genius.

Keats was handsomely formed in person, and had a finely-shaped head, resembling

in mould the heads of Milton and Wordsworth. His hair was of a beautiful auburn tint, and fell upon his neck in rich natural curls. Altogether, Leigh Hunt tells us his aspect was that of a poet, and if ever poet lived he was one.

Much as we have already quoted from the works of Keats, we venture yet to give an entire specimen of his odes, which, like his sonnets, are wonderfully finished productions. In both cases his exuberant fancy seems to have been checked by the restraints of space, and to have benefited by such necessity.

#### ODE TO A GRECIAN URN.

- "Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!  
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme;  
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
What men or gods are these? What maidens  
loath?  
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? What wild  
ecstasy?"
- "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not  
grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!"
- "Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;  
More happy love, more happy, happy love!  
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
For ever panting and for ever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd.  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue."
- "Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, oh mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
What little town by river or sea-shore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?  
And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return."
- "O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
Of marble mein and maidens' overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity. Cold pastoral!  
When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."



From the People's Journal.

## "IT IS POSSIBLE."

OR, THE VALUE OF "SELF-DEPENDENCE."

Translated from the German of Zschokke.

### CHAPTER I.

#### CIRCUMSPECTION.

THE late M. Stryk, counsellor of state, was accustomed to pronounce the following words on almost every occasion—*It is possible*. They had become a sort of proverb in his mouth. He often happened to utter them, even in the reports which he had to make to the ministry, in full council. Then you might observe a smile on the countenances of his colleagues, as when you feel pity for some weakness of your neighbor.

However, the counsellor was a man who was justly esteemed and honored. The different governors of the country, as they succeeded each other, usually appreciated and employed him, because his varied knowledge, and his talents for business enabled him to render them great services. All were agreed that he was a man of abilities and dexterity; he was even thought more clever than he really was: there was an awe of his penetration, though he was acknowledged to be frank, open, and conscientious, and had never been accused of a culpable action. But his *finesse* was universally admitted; and this belief even went so far that he was looked upon as a profound politician, an absolute prophet. And all this reputation was simply owing to the words, *It is possible*.

We have collected a few anecdotes of this man, so remarkable in the history of his country. They will not be thought unworthy of notice. We are chiefly indebted for them to one of his relations, who drew them from a diary which the counsellor had kept from his youth. The most remarkable thing in this manuscript was the phrase everywhere occurring—*It is possible*.

### CHAPTER II.

#### LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Though his habitual phrase often fell from him involuntarily, there was always

some thought connected with it in his mind; and when the words had once escaped him, he considered himself bound to act in accordance with them. Thus they came to exercise the greatest influence on his opinions, his habits, and all the events of his life.

He was not himself ignorant of this influence; and yet he not only remained faithful to his three words, but he wished his only son to be habituated to a perception of their vast importance. The young man, who, like other young folks, thought himself wiser, in many things, than his old father, looked upon this fancy as a very droll one.

"This little singularity is easily pardoned in you, my dear father," said he; "but in me it would be thought very absurd, for it would only be an affected imitation; a manner of speaking adopted on purpose and copied without taste."

"*It is possible*, my dear Frederic," replied the counsellor of state; "but what matters people's laughing, provided these three words can give you peace, prudence, security, and happiness? The advantage is manifest. If the fear of being laughed at hinders you from pronouncing these words aloud, I conjure you at least to repeat them to yourself on every occasion."

"But what good will that do me, father? your fondness for the expression is really carried too far."

"My child, I am not so fond of this expression as I am of you; and therefore I wish to bequeath it to you, and with it the tranquillity and happiness which it has afforded me. Do not suppose that this axiom has become so familiar to me from the mere effect of chance. No; it was at first a phrase that I only pronounced after mature reflection, and which experience has recommended to me. I owe to it all that I have—all that I am."

"Then, what first led you to adopt it?"

"The misfortunes of my youth. It was by these three words alone that I recovered my losses and triumphed over adversity. Your grandparents were honest people, and fear-

ed God ; but they had not a large patrimony. What I inherited from them was hardly sufficient to defray my expenses at the university, and to procure me the means of living for a few years afterwards. I was a young man of good principles. I had pursued my studies conscientiously, and even too ardently, for I only lived amidst ideal types of virtue and magnanimity. This illusion cost me dear; for I mistook the world, and fancied it by turns, and according to circumstances, peopled with angels or with devils."

"That happens to me sometimes, in spite of myself," said Frederick.

"*It is possible*," answered the counselor ; "for a young man who is not liable to that error cannot have received from nature a pure heart or an amiable disposition. We must all go through that. I was long obliged to work without emolument in the courts of justice before I could obtain an unimportant post with a slender salary. So things are managed. I knew it before hand. I knew likewise that I must not let it be known that I was poor, otherwise I should never have obtained the esteem that I might have merited. I therefore dressed myself with a richness which was then called fine, and is now called elegant. I inhabited a handsome apartment ; I appeared in the most fashionable circles ; I was not even afraid occasionally to give rather expensive parties. Notwithstanding, I kept clear of debts ; and that is not a little to say for a young man of my condition and my age. I everywhere represented myself as richer than I was ; and this I was enabled to do without much money. Nobody knew that I lived throughout the year worse than the lowest mechanic. Bread and milk composed my constant nourishment ; and yet I was very happy, for I had a thousand pleasures. I was well received and loved ; the women saw me with pleasure—the men held me in esteem. Nevertheless I had only found a single friend—a precious and tried friend : he was a lawyer named Schneemuller. We had but one heart, one soul. At the university he had already been wounded in a duel, on my account, and I knew that I might depend upon him. Of all the women, one alone occupied my thoughts. She was the daughter of General Van Tuten ; her name was Phillipine. I loved her for several years in silence. It was almost an idolatry, but my whole life was sanctified by this love. Nobody knew the state of my heart ; I durst not confide it to any one."

"What ! not to your friend ?"

"No, not even to him ; for, in the first place, my slender fortune, obscure origin, and precarious situation, forbade me seriously to aspire to the hand of the daughter of the noble general. Besides, it was from Schneemuller that I first learned that I was generally regarded as the successful admirer of Phillipine ; she loved me, he affirmed, with an exalted passion, and several altercations had occurred between her mother and her on my account. I was soon convinced of the truth of my friend's words ; for, when circumstances again brought Phillipine and me together, we made a mutual discovery of our secret ; we vowed an eternal attachment to each other ; and declared, as is usual in similar cases, that death alone should separate us. At this time fortune seemed desirous of overwhelming me with her favors. I became chamberlain to the duchesse dowager, and obtained a considerable salary. The distance between me and Phillipine was no longer so difficult to pass. The general required my services ; he gave me his confidence, and his wife had no longer so many objections to make to her daughter's passion. A few months after, a cousin dying at Batavia left me a rich inheritance. His fortune was deposited at Amsterdam, and would be at my disposal as soon as I should have established my claim. I might now almost consider myself a rich man ; and I was happy beyond expression, not indeed on account of my fortune, but of my Phillipine. A young count, the favorite of the sovereign, aspired to her hand. She then desired me to ask her of her parents. This was an effort for me. However, I prepared to make it ; but it was absolutely necessary that I should first repair to Amsterdam, and this journey was a source of uneasiness to me—first, because I could not bear the thoughts of leaving Phillipine, and she was as much distressed at my departure ; and then because the presence of the count, young, rich, and powerful, failed not to torment my imagination. At last we found an expedient, and my friend Schneemuller set out for Amsterdam, with all the certificates and necessary powers."

"But you have hardly ever mentioned this friend to me," said Frederick.

"That may be," replied the counselor, "and shall soon be explained. Weeks, months, passed away, and my friend and deputy did not write. I sent letter after letter to him. It struck me that he might be ill ; friendship triumphed over love, and

I departed for Amsterdam. Phillipine was overwhelmed with grief on my leaving her, though but for a few weeks; and when we parted, she fainted in the arms of her mother. Throughout my journey, I made enquiries about Schneemuller; I found his name inscribed on the registers of all the inns. I reached Amsterdam; he had stayed there a considerable time. He had collected all the sums that had been left to me, and had converted them into bills of exchange; but I could nowhere meet with him. At last I learned, to my surprise, that a man, like my friend, had embarked on board of an American vessel, about two months before the period at which he had concluded the affair of the succession. I exclaimed, "It cannot be; it is impossible!" As last, I was convinced of the reality of my misfortune. It was, in fact, quite possible; my best friend had deceived me."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Frederic.

"I returned with my heart lacerated. I could have forgotten the loss of my money, but I could not forget the treachery of my friend. He had deprived me of all confidence in mankind. On my arrival, I should have hastened at once to General Tyten's, to see Phillipine, and talk over my misfortune with her, as I had already informed her of it by letter; but the evening was too far advanced.

"My host received me with joy. 'Is there any news?' asked I.

"Not much. You know that Mademoiselle Van Tyten has been married a month?" said he.

"Impossible! married! The daughter of General Van Tyten? to whom? to the Count?"

"Certainly!" replied he; and related to me all that had occurred.

"My Phillipine had not hesitated to accept the hand of the Count—young, rich, and in favor at court; and the marriage had taken place very shortly after I had written from Amsterdam, to inform the General of the villany of Schneemuller. I knew not how to believe my host, and could not refrain from again crying—impossible! But on the following day, every one confirmed the news."

"Frightful! shameful!" exclaimed Frederic, pressing his two hands upon his heart, as if to prevent it from bursting from his breast.

The old counsellor of state answered him:

"There! there! that is just as I myself did."

"I had now no confidence in anything on earth. I believed not in the love of any maiden; the friendship of any man; the duration of any happiness; for that which I had called impossible, had actually happened. From that time, I thought that everything that was bad, was possible; and when any one mentioned the most improbable case to me, I said, *it is possible*. These three words contained my system of practical philosophy. I proposed to repeat them on every occasion; and in so doing, I found some consolation in the midst of my sorrow; these words forbade me to despair. I learned that I must depend upon nothing but myself. 'Canst thou ever,' said I sometimes to myself—'canst thou ever expect to be happy on earth? It is possible.' This was my motto, and the sequel justified it. The opportunities of which I availed myself with success did not elate me. I considered the instability of fortune, and the mortifications which await ambition, and I always said, *it is possible*. I never felt more pleasure than on the day of your birth, dear Frederic; but I moderated my transports, when I reflected, that death might tear you from me; or that you might, perhaps, turn out ill. I said to myself, 'It is possible!' and I prepared for every evil."

"Thank God, my dear father, nothing of all that has happened."

"Happily it has not, my son; but might have happened. Since I have adopted this maxim, I accept every moment of happiness as a present from heaven, without presuming on its continuance; and no misfortune takes me by surprise, for I am prepared for everything. Everything is possible: and I would have you deeply penetrated with this conviction; but in order to be so, you must, by constant practice, imprint it on your organization, that it may be to you a second nature, otherwise it will avail you nothing, and you will remain without a decided character of mind."

"Men in general," continued the counsellor, "are always impelled, both in ordinary and in important transactions, by some sudden idea, which takes possession of them, they scarcely know how, and determines them so quickly, that they can really give no clear account of the motive which actuates them. The ignorant look upon this impulse as the inspiration of heaven, or, it may be, of hell. This is why there are but

few men, who know how they might act under certain circumstances. They cannot tell; for, on the first shock of events, they are in a manner bewildered and amazed; for they have no fixed principles, no deep conviction to guide their conduct. We ought then, to have a settled principle, were it only to give us confidence and tranquillity. Mine is already chosen—adopt it—follow my advice; that, at least, is in your power.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE PROPHET.

The favorite expression of the counsellor sometimes drew him into disgrace; however, he was not easily discouraged. For instance, he was one day at the council of state, when the elector presided; it was at the time of the outbreak of the French revolution. When the sitting was concluded, they were still talking of the recent events at Paris, Lyons, and Strasbourg; of the prodigious changes which were taking place in the French nation, once so devoted to its kings, and now so full of joy at the fall of the throne.

"They are the most detestable nation on earth," cried the elector. "No other would have acted in that way. When I consider my own subjects—do you suppose they could ever be seized with such a frenzy? Would they ever renounce their allegiance to their prince? What say you, counsellor?"

The counsellor, whose attention happened to be caught by something else at the moment, had only half heard the prince's remarks. He shrugged his shoulders, and answered from habit—"My lord, it is possible."

The elector turned pale.

"How do you mean?" cried he. "Do you think the day will ever come, when my subjects will rejoice at my ruin?"

"It is possible," again replied the counsellor, and, this time, after reflection. "Nothing can be certainly foreseen. Nothing is more unstable than the opinion of a people; for it is composed of individuals who have each an interest of their own, which they prefer to that of the prince. A new order of things raises new hopes. Whatever affection the people may bear your highness, who certainly deserves it, I would not swear that, under new circum-

stances, this people might not forget the good actions of their prince, and that we might not see the electoral arms broken, and their place supplied by the tree of liberty."

The elector turned away in a passion; and Stryk fell into disgrace. Every one said—"Counsellor Stryk is a madman."

Some years after, the victorious French army passed the Rhine; the elector fled with all his court. The tree of liberty was planted on his departure, and the electoral arms were publicly broken by the people.

Stryk, who was known to be a man of abilities and experience, soon found employment in the new state of things, especially when it was recollected what had led to his disgrace. He was regarded, in some measure, as a victim of the despotism which had at length fallen; the new system gained strength, and the activity of the counsellor contributed not a little to establish it.

However, notwithstanding the natural ardor of his temperament, he never allowed himself to be carried away by political enthusiasm. He attached himself to no party, and thus became suspected by all. The jacobins called him a concealed royalist, and the royalists considered him a jacobin in disguise. He laughed at these two names, and attended to his duties.

There arrived, one day, in the new department, a French commissioner, to whom the greatest honors were paid. Every one pressed around him; every one endeavored to appear of importance in his eyes. There were not wanting people to hint at Stryk, and the lukewarmness of his republican principles. The commissioner being one day in a great assembly, where more than one toast was given to the liberty of the world, the rights of nations, and the victories of the republic, turned to Stryk, and said—"I am surprised that the kings still dare to oppose us, since they are but accelerating their fall. The revolution will advance through the whole world. What can they hope for? Do they dream that the great nation will again submit to the yoke, and bring back the Bourbons? Madmen! Europe—all Europe, would perish first. What think you, citizen? Can any man of sense believe that the throne will ever be re-established in France?"

"It is not likely, I own," said Stryk; "but it is possible."

"How, possible?" exclaimed the commissioner, in a voice of thunder. "He who

doubts of liberty has never loved it in his heart. It distresses me to hear a public functionary profess such opinions. How can you justify them, citizen?"

"That is not so difficult," said Stryk. "Athens, once free, became accustomed first to Pericles—then to a king of Macedonia. Rome had first the Triumvirs—then Cæsar—and at last, Nero. England, who beheaded her king, endured Cromwell, and returned under the dominion of kings."

"What do you mean with your Romans, and Athenians, and English? I hope you do not compare them to the French. But I pardon you your mistakes; you have not the honor of being a Frenchman."

The pardon was not complete, for Stryk lost his place. He even had to undergo some degree of persecution for his suspected language.

Some years after, Bonaparte became first consul; then consul for ten years; consul for life; and at last, emperor and king. Stryk was immediately restored to his employments, because he was well known to belong to the moderate party. He enjoyed more credit and consideration than ever; his prediction had again been accomplished; and he passed for a consummate politician.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE IMMOVEABLES.

Napoleon changed the face of the world, and gave away crowns. Stryk became the servant of one of these crowns, and obtained honors. There was no longer a republican left; every one worshipped the new master. No one was even willing to be thought to have shared in the republican mania; and each pretended to have singly resisted the torrent. It was considered disgraceful not to have always belonged to the partisans of royalty.

"I see no disgrace in that," said Stryk; "the epidemic prevailed, and you were affected with it; let it once more appear, and you will feel the effects of it again. It is possible."

"What! do you take us for weak men, ready to change incessantly?" said they.

"I always remember," answered Stryk, "that sultan of Egypt who is described by Addison. This sultan was very desirous of passing for a free-thinker. Nothing seem-

ed more ridiculous to him, in the Koran, than the aerial voyage of the Prophet. According to the Koran, Mahomet, being in bed one morning, was suddenly transported by the angel Gabriel through paradise, the seven heavens, and hell: he saw and observed all their wonders, and held with the Deity ninety thousand conversations; and all in so short a space of time, that when the angel laid him down again in his bed, it was still warm; and the water of a ewer, which he had accidentally overturned in setting out, had not yet ceased to flow. The sultan was one day ridiculing this narrative in the presence of a dervish, who had the reputation of working miracles. The latter promised to cure the sultan of his incredulity, if he would but do as he should desire him. The sultan took the dervish at his word; and the Commander of the Faithful was conducted to a tub which was filled with water to the brim. All the court were present, and surrounded the tub with curiosity. The dervish enjoined the monarch to plunge his head into the water, and withdraw it again instantly. But scarcely had the prince put his head under the water, than he found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea-shore. Just imagine his surprise! He cursed the dervish, and swore he would never forgive him. But it was absolutely necessary that he should conform to his destiny. Fortunately, he espied some men in the wood: their directions enabled him to reach a neighboring village. He found he was far away from Egypt, on the borders of the Caspian Sea. Nobody knew him; he durst not say who he was. After many an adventure, he contrived to please a rich man, and married his daughter. He had fourteen children by her. At last, his wife died; and, after several years of misfortune, he sunk into the depths of wretchedness. He was forced to beg his bread in the streets. He often shed bitter tears, on comparing his miserable condition with the sumptuous life which he had formerly led in his palace; and he regarded his sufferings as the punishment of his infidelity. At length, he determined on doing penance, and to perform a pilgrimage to Mecca, begging his bread on the way. He completed his pilgrimage; but, before he approached the holy mosque, he resolved to purify himself by a general ablution. He repaired to a stream, pulled off his clothes, and plunged into the water. But, lo! as he rose out of it, he found himself, not by a river, but standing before the tub into

which the dervish had told him to plunge his head. He was still standing in the midst of his courtiers. He could not refrain from expressing his resentment at the dervish who had caused him so much misery; but his astonishment knew no bounds, when he was assured by his whole court, that he had not quitted the spot where they stood, and that all these events had taken place in the instant of time which was required to plunge his head into the water, and to draw it out again.

"Gentlemen," continued the old counsellor of state, "you are in the condition of the sultan of Egypt. If any one had told you, before the revolution, what you would do in the course of it, you would never have believed it. And now that you have withdrawn your heads from the tub, you cannot remember anything that you thought, did, or experienced, during the season of miracles. If the Bourbons and the emigrants should ever return into France, they would look upon history, from the year 1789, as having had no reality; and would see themselves like the sultan of Egypt by the side of the tub, and consider their years of adversity as a deceitful dream."

His audience laughed. "Well," said some of them, "the counsellor is not so far wrong, after all. But can it be supposed that the poor Bourbons will ever be restored? That, indeed, would belong to the history of miracles."

"Hem! It is possible," said Stryk. And, in fact, it was not long before he saw it accomplished, and the ancient political order resume its place.

## CHAPTER V.

### IT IS POSSIBLE.

This change brought with it no danger to a man of the counsellor's principles, especially as he had fallen into disgrace towards the end of the imperial domination. It is said that Napoleon, having heard of his political foresight, had sent one of his staff to ask his opinion of this expedition. The old counsellor, much surprised at such a question, would rather not have answered it. The general thought there was something singular in this reserve. "I hope," said he, "that we shall celebrate the new year at St. Petersburg; but you seem to apprehend unfavorable results from this war?" The old counsellor shrugged his

shoulders, according to custom, and replied, "It is possible." This answer was not forgotten, and his name disappeared from the list of counsellors of state. When the allied powers penetrated into France, and the creations of Napoleon tottered on all sides, people began to cry, "Stryk is a prophet!" He has shared the fate of all the sages.

His disgrace under the government of the usurper, as the fallen emperor was now called, secured him the favor of the new and legitimate sovereign. But it was not long before his maxim drew down a new storm on his head. The Prince hinted to him, one day, in council, that his attachment to so many successive governments rendered his words a little liable to suspicion. "I have always endeavored to be a good subject," said the old counsellor, "by always serving the country, whoever might be its master. The state has a right to the services of its citizens; and to serve it faithfully, under all circumstances, is to do one's duty."

"The state," said the prince, "is the sovereign. How can you think of separating his person from the state?"

At these words he cast a stern look on the counsellor, and signed to him to retire. It was his last disgrace; and whenever he was asked whether there would still be political changes, he answered—"It is possible."

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The annual dinner was lately held at Freemasons'-hall the Duke of Northumberland in the chair. The Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Campbell, Mr. Baron Parke, and a number of eminent literary gentlemen were present. The report stated that thirty families of educated men had been relieved by the society during the last year, involving an outlay of £1,230. The chief toasts of the evening were "Lord Campbell and the biographers;" "Mr. Thackeray and the novelists;" "Mr. Lovell and the dramatists;" "Mr. Leser and the literary and scientific men of foreign countries;" "Mr. St. John and the travellers;" "Viscount Ebrington and the stewards." The great fact of the evening was the announcement of subscriptions to the amount of £700, including donations of £100 from her Majesty, and £100 from the Duke of Northumberland. One of the daily papers notices it as remarkable that no allusion was made to the press, though the toasts were sixteen in number.—*Britannia.*

DEATH FROM FRIGHT.—Two Edinburgh youths seized a younger companion, and in a joke bound him with cords and took him towards the Police-office on a pretended charge of stealing some trifle from his aunt. The poor boy became so agitated that a passenger interfered and set him at liberty: he went home, was put to bed, and in a few days died of the fright.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## TIME-TABLE OF A RICH SEPTUAGENARY.

God will not take this for a good bill of reckoning—  
*Item*—Spent upon my pleasures forty years.

BISHOP HALL.

TEN minutes to midnight! In that short space of time, for I have been told that I was born as the clock was striking, I shall exactly have completed my seventieth year; I shall have lived the threescore years and ten, which, according to the Psalmist, are the days of man's age, "so soon passeth it away and we are gone." Even when ensconced in this safe and sheltered study, a midnight storm has ever oppressed me with a feeling of awe, not unmingled with a sense of indefinite danger. That invisible giant the wind, howling as if in triumph for the shipwrecks and ruin he has occasioned, and shaking the earth with his footsteps as he rushes on to spread wider terror and destruction; the lightning flash; the deafening peal of thunder; the violent plashings of the storm-driven rain; and the fury of the elements fighting together in the dark, can seldom be heard, even by the bravest, without a deep and anxious emotion. To me, however, sitting as I now am, in the very centre of England's mighty metropolis, infinitely more affecting, more soul-subduing is the intense silence which at present reigns around me. A million and a half of human beings simultaneously enjoying peace, fellowship, and oblivion, by the single touch of Nature that "makes the whole world kin;" old and young, rich and poor, the beggar and the peer, the sleeper upon straw and upon eider down, the happy and the wretched, all brought to an absolute equality when once they have "steeped their senses in forgetfulness," forms a consoling fact, which may well reconcile us to the apparent inequalities of human condition. During one third of their lives, for such is the average portion of our sleep, the whole of mankind are on a perfect level.

Hist! hark! the parish clock is striking. How slowly and with what a thrilling solemnity does the sound vibrate through the still night air, as if every pulsation were conscious that many a human pulse was simultaneously and finally ceasing to beat. Yes, so it is. With the throb of every new second scores of human hearts are throbbing for the last time. Dong! dong! dong! Surely there is something unusually mourn-

ful and funereal in the tone: it seems to strike upon my heart and chill it: I could almost fancy that I am listening to my own passing knell. How the clock lingers, as if the hammer were afraid to strike the bell. Twelve at last. Thank Heaven that is the final blow. Midnight has come and gone, and I am seventy years old.

Incontestable as is the fact, I can hardly realise it to my mind, so easy is it with a single backward glance, and in half a second of time, to recall the whole of my long life—infancy, childhood, manhood, old age, with all their myriad hopes, fears, and changes. Strange! that we can thus compress an entire lengthened existence into a passing thought; nay, not only our own individual history, but that of the whole human race. In a moment the mind's eye runs over six thousand years, yet we cannot look forward even for a day, an hour, a minute. What power over the past, what impotence as to the future; what illimitable retrospective vision, how absolute our prospective blindness!

This utter stillness, the midnight stillness of a vast metropolis, the living death, as it were, of its countless inhabitants, is more than solemn, it is awful. It is not so much the total absence of sound as the actual presence of a silence so deep that it is felt—I had almost said is heard by the thrilling heart. Ha! was that a cricket's chirping? No, nothing so cheerful. 'Tis the expiring fire clicking its own death-watch. See! a fresh coal flares up for a moment, casting spectral gleams that flutter about the books as if they were the spirits of authors, hovering around the volumes in which they are entombed. A library is a cemetery of intellects, and if disembodied ghosts may haunt our churchyards, why may not this burial-ground of minds be visited by similar apparitions. Now they flit away; they melt into the gloom; but methinks I am still surrounded by spiritual emanations.

A man's seventieth birth day is seldom a very cheerful one, and upon mine, at the present moment, everything conspires to cast a gloom not less depressing than if my last hour were come. It cannot be far off. I have passed life's customary limit, and am now a trespasser on the domain of death,

whose steel-traps and spring-guns are lying in wait for every foot-fall. Nor are these his only weapons. He may be flying towards me on the wings of invisible miasmata; he may be secreted in my veins; an apoplexy may smite me in this arm-chair, and so the anniversary of my birthday may be my day of death. How can I resist the contagion of such fears when I look around me?

The dim and waning lamp seems to intimate that its last hour is at hand; that, like myself, it has nearly reached its allotted bourne. There is a mournful significance in the warning, and lo! behold! I see two gigantic numerals darkly shadowed on the opposite side of my study; they are the figures 70! Well, I know that I am three-score and ten; I have just been recording it; there needs no ghost to tell me this. Why, then, is it shouted to mine eyes with such Stentorian rudeness? And what portends this preternatural handwriting on the wall? Perchance to apprise me that the empire of my life is about to pass away: but, why am I to be bewildered and appalled by so miraculous a notification? Pahaw! how the doubtful light has befooled mine eyes! I now see that the imagined numerals are only the shadows of the chains that sustain the lamp. What a relief to discover the real nature of these phantom figures, for their aspect was startling and fearful: and yet, what weakness, what cowardice, to be thus overcome!

To shake off such idle and unmanly apprehensions, I arose from my arm-chair, and walked away from the table by which I had been sitting; but at the very first step, the disturbance and alarm of my mind were confirmed, instead of being allayed, for, as I looked downwards, methought I stood upon the edge of my own dark grave, at the bottom of which I could discern the faint gleam of a coffin plate. So palpable did the yawning aperture appear, that I cautiously put forward one of my feet, to assure myself of its existence; but, feeling the soft carpet beneath me, I slowly ventured to take three successive steps, the grave appearing to recede as I advanced. At the third movement, my foot thrust away the supposed coffin-plate; it did not give forth a metallic sound, and as it caught the light, I perceived that it was a gilded envelope-case, which had, doubtless, fallen on the ground when I moved the table. Emboldened by this discovery to seek the cause of the receding grave, I found that it

was neither more nor less than the dark shade of my own body thrown down by the suspended lamp. I despised myself for having paused and shuddered, still more for having been deceived, for most men had rather be frightened out of their wits, than outwitted by a fancied cause of terror.

I turned round, the imaginary grave had disappeared, the shadows being now behind me, and I could not help exclaiming,

"What a poor, nervous simpleton have I been! I am not usually superstitious, never was a believer in omens, have always felt a contempt for those who credit the existence of apparitions, goblins, spectral manifestations, and all the raw-head and bloody-bones of the nursery. Ridiculous trash! fit only for brain-sick old women of either sex, and chicken-hearted girls."

Scarcely had these words escaped my lips when with an involuntary cry, and a shuddering start, I stood transfixed and aghast, my eyes distended, my teeth, chattering, the perspiration oozing from my brow. Another living being stood in the room, or rather beyond the room, and yet distinctly visible, for it seemed to be staring at me out of the dim vacuity beyond the walls of my study. I rubbed my eyes, to assure myself that I was not dreaming, and leaned forwards, fixing my looks piercingly upon the phenomenon before me. The apparition moved, it appeared to be advancing towards me, and as my boasted disbelief in spectres began to be converted into a vague but intense terror, I will frankly confess that I felt strongly tempted to make an immediate escape from the room. Deciding, after a moment's further deliberation, upon instant flight, I moved towards the door at the opposite extremity of the room; but as the figure did the same, with the manifest intention of intercepting me, I suddenly drew up and stood still, utterly paralysed by conflicting emotions, and my spectral antagonist made no further approaches. My retreat cut off, and my suspense becoming intolerable, I exclaimed, in a faltering voice,

"Who are you? Why do you thus haunt me? Aunt — begone — unreal mockery, hence!"

The lips of the vision moved, but I could hear nothing except the faint echo of my own words. It has spoken, thought I to myself, but as a spirit, I presume its revelations are not audible "to ears of flesh and blood."

To be made desperate is to be frightened out of fear, and such being my plight, I de-



termined to meet my supernatural visitant face to face, and solve the mystery of its nature, whatever might be the result. For this purpose, I summoned all my courage, and took three steps forward. The spectre did the same, eyeing me all the time with a keen and startled scrutiny, as if it were scarcely less bewildered than myself. Three steps more; we were within an arm's length of each other, I panted with agitation, so did the phantom, this was somewhat encouraging; I slowly put forth my hand, mentally ejaculating "now shall I know what thou art." My trembling hand encountered a cold gleaming substance, the very touch of which revealed its nature, and I recovered the self-possession which had so strangely deserted me when I beheld before me a large cheval-glass, which had been placed in my study a few hours before, preparatory to its being removed into one of the bedrooms. In the excited and disordered state of my mind, and in the dimness of the room that rendered everything indistinct, I had actually been haunted by the reflection of my own figure!

Relieved from the oppression of this self-created nightmare, my heart leaped up, I breathed more freely, and would fain have smiled at my own folly, but I felt both indignant and ashamed, and petulantly turning round the glass with its face to the wall so that it could not again delude me, I threw myself back into my arm chair.

But my mind could not recover its serenity, nor could I altogether, even when my eyes were shut, shake off the impression that a figure from the world of spirits was still standing before me. Nay, as I gazed, or seemed to gaze at it through my closed lids, methought that its lips again moved, and that a deep and solemn voice distinctly articulated the following words,

"Man of seventy! what have Heaven and the world done for thee? What hast thou done for Heaven and the world? Render unto thyself an account of thy stewardship!"

Although the silence and the reflection of a few minutes convinced me that this imagined mandate was the mere illusion of my own excited senses, it weighed heavily upon my mind, and my self-accusing meditations assumed the form of the following reply to the injunction. In answer to the first question, this is my deposition.

Born at a lucky and interesting period, in the freest, happiest, and most civilized country of the world, I received from

Heaven a vigorous and healthy frame, and more than an average share of mental faculties, however I may have neglected to cultivate and improve them. At the age of twenty-one, my father having died when I was a minor, I succeeded to a landed estate of 3000*l.* a-year, and as I always lived up to my income, I have actually spent upon the enjoyments and luxuries of life nearly 150,000*l.* Even as a child I was petted and spoiled, so that it is almost impossible to estimate what the world has done for me since my birth, in the multifarious and incessant tribute that it pays to the individual demands of wealth and civilization. Hardly would it be an exaggeration were I to exclaim,

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

for it has offered up sacrifices to me as if I were its absolute lord and master. In South America, miners have been digging the ore for my gold and silver plate, and for the minor magic coin that supplies almost every want; in North America, innumerable laborers have been producing rice and other edibles, and cotton and tobacco for my food, raiment, and cigars: African nations have made war upon each other that slaves, transported to the West Indies, might supply sugar and coffee for my delectation: in Asia, millions have toiled, during their whole lives, that I might never have a moment's want of tea, silk, spices, and other products: while Europe has lavished upon me all the luxuries which her arts, her science, and her manufactures have enabled her to pour forth with such unbounded prodigality and in such inimitable perfection. Upon every sea, and upon every road, and with every wind, by night and by day, have the purveyors to my pleasures been hurrying towards me with their offerings. My victuallers are ubiquitous. The cattle on a hundred hills are mine; so are the corn, milk, and honey of our English valleys; so are the grapes that empurple the sunny slopes of France and Germany. Air yields me up its tenants; so does the ocean, from the turtle of the Western Isles, to the humble herring of our British coasts.

How many droves and flocks of cattle, how many flights of birds, how many shoals of fish, have been entombed in this omnivorous body, 'twere vain to calculate; but reckoning my consumption of claret at only a bottle per diem, commencing with my entrance at college, where I first learnt to be a tippler, I find that I must have swallowed

nearly 20,000 bottles, exclusive of other wines !

That I, an absolute idler, doing and producing nothing myself, might enjoy this Sybarite life in perfect security from either foreign or domestic assailants,—formidable fleets have sailed around my native coasts, powerful armies have guarded the interior of the country, a numerous and vigilant police has protected me wherever I resided ; and while the whole subject world has thus ministered to my corporeal wants and personal safety, the tributaries to my mental gratifications have been equally numerous and diligent. Artists of every description, my ubiquitous masters of the revels, have toiled incessantly for my delight. Architects, sculptors, painters, have exhausted their invention and their skill to recreate mine eye ; dramatists, musicians, composers, dancers, have devoted years to their respective callings that I might lounge away a few pleasant hours at an opera or a play ; printers and pressmen and editors have worked through the whole night in order that the very latest public or private intelligence, illustrated by the comments of enlightened minds, may be conveyed to me in the morning paper that awaits my coming down stairs after a long night's tranquil rest ; novelists have racked their brains that my mind's eye, when it wanted amusement, may gaze upon scenes of mimic life displayed before me in all the variety of a never-ending drama ; bards have outwatched the midnight lamp, or soared with air-cleaving pinions into the realms of fancy, that they may spread before me an intellectual banquet, adorned with sweet and brilliant flowers fresh gathered from the Poet's Paradise ; and as if the present had not lavished offerings enough to surfeit me with pleasures, historians have conjured up the actors and the actions of the past, parading the dead centuries before me with all the vividness and magnificence of a living pageant.\*

This is a portion, and only a portion, of what Heaven and the world have done for me. And in return for this prodigality of blessings, for this subservient tribute from earth and its inhabitants, what have I done ? What acknowledgment have I made to the Divine Donor of all my privileges and enjoyments ? Ingrate that I am ! I have never recognised them as I ought ; never felt that while they gave me superior rights, they

\* Suggested by a passage in Dr. Arnott's "Elements of Physics."

imposed upon me commensurate duties ; never reflected that the bestower of all my gifts and advantages would one day demand from me an exact account of my stewardship. Occasional dozings and the rote-muttering of responses in a curtained pew, and such cold observance of forms and conventionalities as might just preserve my character for decorum, have constituted the whole of my pharisaical devotion ; but as to that vital and practical religion which shows its love of the Creator by loving all that he has created ; which makes a man sensible that he has a high mission to perform, and that life has been given to him as a trust for his own moral advancement, and for the benefit of his fellow-creatures :—for all these high purposes, the only ones that can give a dweller upon earth a claim upon Heaven, alas ! for these I have lived utterly and miserably in vain. "Oh, my offence is rank !" No defence, no excuse, no palliation, no plea is left to me,—and no resource, except to confess my life-long culpability, and to throw myself upon the mercy of my Judge.

And what have I done for the world ; I have given up to it my threescore years and ten. But *how* hast thou spent them, man of seventy ? Render unto thyself an account of thy stewardship. Humiliating task ! but it shall be performed. Truth imposes upon me the degrading, but richly-merited penance of committing the following record to paper, as—

#### THE TIME-TABLE OF A RICH SEPTUAGENARY.

	Years.
I will begin with the years which, from the requirements of our common nature, or from my habitual waste of time, may be considered, so far as regards any serviceable purpose, to have been absolutely lost. Including the somnolent periods of infancy and childhood, and making allowance for the sluggish habits of my whole after-life, I calculate that I have slept, and dozed, and dreamed away nine or ten hours in every twenty-four, which, for seventy years absorbs about	32
At school, with tutors, at college, I spent about twenty years, and having forgotten, in two or three, all the Latin and Greek and nearly everything else that I had learnt, except my collegiate vices and expensive habits, I cannot put down for actual loss of time less than	13½
Wasted, not in doing nothing, for that would embrace nearly my whole life, but literally in doing <i>nothing</i> , two hours a day, about	6
Expended in stag, fox, hare, and badger hunting ; in coursing, racing, cockfighting, fish-	

ing; in shooting birds and beasts of all sorts—as I always was an indefatigable sportsman, and began the work of destruction when I was ten years old, I cannot reckon this waste at less than six hours a day, which, in sixty years of 313 days each, for on Sunday I killed nothing but time, amounts to . 13½

N. B.—Estimating my slaughter as an amateur butcher at the very moderate number of only two lives a day, exclusively of the innumerable sufferers that I have maimed and lacerated, leaving most of them to die in anguish, I find that in sixty years (excluding sabbaths), I have, for my mere amusement, destroyed nearly thirty-eight thousand of God's innocent creatures! In smoking, from my entrance at college to the present day, I cannot have puffed out less than two hours per diem, or about . 4  
In gambling, steeples chasing, hurdle-racing, drinking-bouts, yachting, lounging at club windows—but stay, let me reckon up—hey—how—what! does the sum total—do my wasted years already amount to . 69

God forgive me! it is even so, and there are *items* still to be added to the frightful catalogue. Oh that the recording angel would let fall a tear upon the figures, "and blot them out for ever!" Oh that I could forget the past, and cease to fear for the future. But it may not be. To me, henceforth, every day shall be as a day of judgment, and before mine eyes shall I ever behold "the great book," with the blazon of my wasted years, written in the indelible ink of a conscience that cannot take refuge in oblivion. Wretch that I am! Titus complained that he had lost a day because he had not done a good action. Alas! I have similarly lost a life, a whole life, a long life! Were I to die this day, what record of my existence could be inscribed on my tombstone? It would exhibit the dates of my birth and my death, with an interval between them of seventy years, through which I shall have passed, like an arrow through the blank air, without leaving a trace of my passage, or even a shadow to mark my path. Atonement! atonement! is there not time for making some sort of retribution? I must not die, I am afraid of death, because I am utterly ashamed of my life. It may still be prolonged. Men by their strength may reach fourscore years, saith the Psalmist, yet is their age but labor and sorrow. Not thus shall it be with me, if I am longer spared. My labor shall be a labor of love; my sorrow shall be for the past, not for the coming time. My future existence, whatever be its term, shall be

offered up as an expiatory sacrifice for the offences and omissions of threescore years and ten. Not a day, not an hour, will I pass without endeavoring to deposit an offering upon the altar of human happiness and advancement, without ardently seeking to discharge some portion of the long, long, career that I owe to Heaven and to the world.

*Go and do thou likewise, O septuagenarian reader, if, unfortunately, thy "Time-table" should have borne any resemblance to mine.*

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT OF THE SOLAR SPECTRUM.—M. Edmond Becquerel has succeeded in a discovery, which is worthy the attention and inquiry of the scientific, as it promises to be valuable, not merely to the fine and useful arts, but also towards increasing our knowledge of the phenomena of light, and to the testing of the received views. M. Becquerel has recently been enabled to obtain a photographic picture of the solar spectrum, portrayed in its true colors. This he has effected on a plate of silver the surface of which has been exposed to and acted upon by free chlorine. Each spectral ray becomes impressed on this prepared plate in its true color; but the extremity of the red ray becomes purple, extending very widely, whilst that of the violet gradually shades off. According to the preparation of the plate, and the thickness of its sensible coating, one or other color of the spectrum may be made to predominate. Thus, a well-prepared surface, previously rendered purple by diffused light through a deep red glass, gives a beautiful photographic colored image of the spectrum, in which the orange, the yellow, the green, and the blue, are marked most clearly. M. Becquerel, as stated, by the action of free chlorine, and, moreover, by using bichloride of copper, obtains a sensitive layer of chloride of silver, which is so impressed, that not only are certain parts of the spectrum represented in their true colors, but still further, white light produces a white impression. A strongly concentrated spectrum should be employed. As yet the author has been unable to contrive any means whereby to fix the picture under the influence of the luminous rays. Could this fixation be accomplished, and the power of receiving impression increased, not only could we draw, but also paint by aid of light.—*People's Journal*.

SCIENTIFIC EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—Dr. Baith, of Hamburg, early last year, arrived at Cairo, after exploring the north shores of Africa and those of the Red Sea, for the completion of a history of Greek commerce, and has probably since then accomplished his intention of pursuing his researches through Palestine and Syria to Asia Minor. And Dr. Wallin, Docent in the University of Helsingfors, intends sending to the French Institute an account of his researches over the central and southern parts of the Arabian Peninsula, promoted by aid from the Russian Government.

DEATH OF DR. VAN ESS.—The Benedictine, Dr. Leander Van Ess, whose name was formerly familiar in this country, from his connection with the Bible Society, died lately at Affolderbach, Darmstadt, aged 75.



From the Dublin University Magazine.

### LIVE AND LET LIVE.

BY G. LINNEUS BANKS.

THE light was made for all,  
For all the air was given,  
Our common wants 'tis call  
Down every gift from heaven—  
From this, 'tis clear, a claim  
We have upon each other,  
Then let it be our aim  
To live and let live, brother:

The hearts that have no creed  
But what *Self* will be preaching,  
Can never feel nor read  
The truths of Nature's teaching;  
They want the faith of men  
Who strive for one another—  
Be it our practice, then,  
To live and let live, brother.

What value would life be  
And none with us to share it?  
The smile of man to see—  
Then wealth, we'd gladly spare it.  
From this world we should turn  
To find, methinks, some other,  
Or, clinging to life, learn  
To live and let live, brother.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

### TREASURE NOT THE COSTLY GEM.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

TREASURE not the costly gem,  
Treasure not the thing that's rarest;  
Queenly pearl or diadem,  
Gain no lustre from the fairest!  
Treasure things of common mould,  
All earth's humbler creature's treasure;  
Joy cannot be bought with gold;  
Riches charge not care to pleasure!

Treasure not the voice of praise,  
Malice sometimes lurks 'mid praising;  
If you would your fortune raise,  
Truth can better aid the raising!  
Treasure truth, its sacred bowl  
Holds a draught that's cold and bitter,—  
Honied words may glad the soul,  
Gall displease—but still be fitter!

From the Metropolitan.

### THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! bring me flowers of the brightest hue,  
To crown the brow of the mountain maid:  
Young roses gemmed with the crystal dew,  
And violets plucked from the greenwood shade.  
Bright be the garland we cull to her merit;  
Fresh be the wreath that we hang at her shrine:—  
As bright and as fresh as her own pure spirit,  
That blooms and glows with its gifts divine.

Go, visit the bowers of fairy land,  
And bring me a harp that has golden strings,  
Of ivory, white as the maiden's hand,  
And light as if swept by a seraph's wings;  
Oh, then, when the dying sunlight lingers,  
On glittering spire and storied pane,  
We shall hear the sound of her magic fingers,  
On that fairy harp, to some mountain strain.

When bridal snows the greenwood shroud,  
And the yule-log glows on the Christmas hearth,  
And the echoing laugh rings loud and loud,  
And the bounding strings wake the soul of mirth—  
Oh, then, when the praise of "old grey-hair'd De-  
cember"  
Is sung by some bard 'neath the holly's shade,  
There's one bright name we shall all remember,  
And pledge the cup to the mountain maid.

### SONNET.

BY BENJAMIN ELLIOTT.

WORDSWORTH, thy soul in wisdom o'erbounding,  
Will brim a world-wide cup with purest good,  
And be to sever'd lands a savior-flood,  
(Not the loud-sounding, but the ever-sounding)  
With wafted blessings lonest isles surrounding:  
Thy gentle ripple, and its low and wind,  
Have found materials which the wise shall find—  
Broad cities of the just on all shores founding.  
Grand is thy temple for the soul-freed slave,  
"With its foundations laid beneath the grave!"  
And safe the bud which thou "with dewdrops  
shieldest!"  
Then hymn not thou pomp's pagan-priests and  
stalls,  
Doom'd statecraft's doom'd religion of stone  
walls!  
Such things are cold dead rubbish "where thou  
buldest."

From the Athenæum.

## THOUGHTS FOR THE TIME.

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

### *Distress without Dignity.*

THOUGH sorrow even in gayest music sighs,  
And shadows dream above the brightest sea,  
Well may we mourn o'er those who manfully  
Wrestle with life's dull cares and strangling ties  
And burdens that forbid the soul to rise  
To the celestial mansions of the Free.  
But 'tis with scorn an aged king we see,  
Whom neither time nor tempest maketh wise,  
Fearing and trusting nought—content to drive  
His gilded bark through breakers, hour by hour,  
With but Corruption at the prow to strive  
Against the wind, the thunder, and the shower—  
Wrecked but not lost; cast upon shore alive,  
To boast his perils past or plot for future power!

### *Shelter without Sympathy.*

O easy Tomb! upon whose pillow cold  
So many an aching brain is bleat to sleep,  
Hast thou such chastisement in silence deep  
For one without a friend, in cunning old,  
Consumed by care,—whose heart's most secret fold  
Doth some remembered wile or treason steep,  
Whose dazzled eyes—adroit at will to weep—  
Still knew not chain from crown or dross from gold?  
Shame!—for an age like this to jeopardize  
An ancient name,—a trusting nation's worth!  
Oh! strip compassion of all mean disguise;  
Deem him as dead upon our bloomy earth  
Who feared like man to gird him and arise.—  
With Truth's and Freedom's host towards Honor  
to go forth!

## A DAY DREAM.

MAESTRO.

THERE are bright and happy hours  
In th's dwelling-place of tears,  
Sunny gleams between the showers,  
Merry birds and smiling flowers,  
Hopes that conquer fears.

There are many sweets that mingle  
In the cup of mortal sadness,  
Fairy bells that softly tingle  
By woodland way and forest dingle,  
Moving hearts to gladness

There are fairer, brighter things  
Starlike gem the path of life:  
Sympathy that ever brings  
Friendship on its dove-like wings;  
Faithful love till death that elings;  
Peace, the sleep of strife.

Thus I mused one soft spring morn,  
While, her clear soprano ringing,  
A sweet nightingale was singing  
From her seat in the old thorn.

Then, methought that at my side,  
Harshly thus a voice replied—  
"Dreamer, as you name each blessing,  
With your gaze upon the sky  
Wrapped in a fool's fantasy,  
Tell me which art thou possessing."  
And at these strange words I wondered,  
But the bird was singing still,  
And an echo from the hill  
Seemed to ask me why I pondered.  
Then I answered musingly,  
"Love, the urchin, ever roving  
To and fro, still passes by,  
Glancing with a roguish eye,  
Leaving me unloved, unloving.  
Better so, for love," I said,  
"Flashes like a meteor gleam;  
And realities but seem  
Harsher by the light it shed.—  
I have many a loving friend;  
With their pleasant voices near me,  
And their sympathy to cheer me,  
I will wear life to its end.  
And when death hath had his will,  
Sparkling eyes for me will weep,  
Loyal hearts a corner keep,  
For our friendship's memory still."

From Fraser's Magazine.

## STANZAS.

Thy name! only thy name!  
I dreamed not still,  
It had the power to send throughout my frame  
So sharp a thrill.

Thy name! only thy name!  
Carelessly said,  
And tears were gushing I could scarce restrain, }  
Yet dared not shed.

Thy name! only thy name!  
What visions sweet  
Of youthful hope and joy, quick crowding came  
That sound to meet.

Thy name! only thy name,  
Calls back the past.  
I see thy smile—thy glance of love the same  
As when first cast.

Thy name! only thy name!  
Struck was a chord,  
Which once to perfect harmony would claim  
Its true accord.

Thy name! only thy name!  
Its power will keep;  
That chord though jarred and tuneless to remain,  
Still vibrates deep.

Thy name! only thy name!  
How strong its spell,  
The pangs that wring my spirit's depths proclaim,  
Alas! too well.



**LOUIS PHILIPPE'S FINANCES.**—The *Journal des Villes et Campagnes* supplies some information on Louis Philippe's former management of his private finances, and on his present fortune—

"The sums of which Louis Philippe disposes in his exile are not so considerable as is generally believed. It is true that from 1830 to 1834 he had almost daily effected investments in London and in the United States; but since 1834, being convinced that he had established his dynasty on a durable basis, he withdrew a great portion of those funds and placed them in France. The Ex-King leaves debts to the amount of about 30,000,000 francs. The expression of M. Dupin, which was at first considered a joke, "I verily believe that the Civil List is poor, for it is continually purchasing," turns out to be a reality. Louis Philippe purchased every day some property, on which a great deal still remains due, otherwise it would be impossible to account for the enormous amount of his debts. His fortune, the debts being deducted, may be estimated at 250,000,000 francs. The forests of the private domain are a most valuable property, and all the other estates of the family were greatly improved since 1830. Nevertheless, Louis Philippe leaves his personal affairs in the utmost disorder. Never was there a Royal household so badly administered as his. He meddled with everything, and delighted in confusion and disorder. He liked to see his servants quarrelling, and often repeated, "When asses fight, the flour remains in the mill." Louis Philippe owed every where. He paid as little as he could. His tradesmen were constantly applying to him for payment. He owed his fruiterers 95,000 francs, and his baker at Neuilly 25,000 francs. No man possessed in a higher degree the mania of heaping provisions, purchasing without measure, and generally without choice. The cellars of Neuilly contained 75,000 bottles of 150 different kinds of wines, and upwards of 1,200 full hog-heads. Will it be believed?—there was at Neuilly a supply of 24,000 wax candles, which served to kindle and feed the conflagration of that residence. The bronze stores of Villiers were filled with a sufficient quantity of works of art, small statues, clocks, various ornaments in gilt bronze and others, to furnish three palaces. He huddled together all those articles without any order; and he bought them without taste, although he piqued himself on being a connoisseur. The kitchen utensils found at the Tuilleries, at Eu, Dreux, and La Ferté Vidame, might serve to prepare dinner for an entire army. We fully concur in the opinion of a personage, an intimate acquaintance of Louis Philippe, who said of him, 'That man is greedy and rap-

acious, but he is too great a squanderer to be called avaricious.'

The *Times* adds its testimony that the present income of the Ex-King is distressingly narrow—

"We believe that the reports of the Comte de Neuilly's investments here are entirely fictitious. He lives at Claremont in a state of almost penury, denying himself even those small luxuries which had become all but necessities from long use to a man of his time of life; even with the most rigid economy, however, it is said that his income is still insufficient for his maintenance, and that in a year or two, if he survives so long, he will be completely destitute. It can, however, scarcely be the intention of the French Government to sequester the *private* property not only of the Ex-King but of his whole family. The dowers of his sons' wives are said to be almost entirely invested either in French Funds or in land in France; and whatever claim the nation may have upon the Royal estates, it can by no process that we are aware of be extended to property thus acquired."

**ROME.**—A statistical account was lately published by authority at Rome. There are 37,255 families inhabiting the city; 180,006 individuals, of whom 161,356 are natives, and 18,650 foreigners. There are 77 clerical dignitaries, amongst whom are 33 cardinals and 20 archbishops and bishops; 1738 secular clergy; 2488 of the religious orders; and 1743 nuns.

**PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN EUROPE.**—There are 383 public libraries in Europe, 107 in France, 41 in the Austrian States in Lombardy and Venice, 30 in the Prussian States, 28 in Great Britain and Ireland (including Malta), 17 in Spain, 15 in the Papal States, 14 in Belgium, 13 in Switzerland, 12 in the Russian Empire, 11 in Bavaria, 9 in Tuscany, 9 in Sardinia, 8 in Sweden, 7 in Naples, 7 in Portugal, 5 in Holland, 5 in Denmark, 5 in Saxony, 4 in Baden, 4 in Hesse, 3 in Wurtemberg, and 3 in Hanover. Of the chief European capitals, there are in Wiemar 803 vols. to every 100 inhabitants, Munich 750, Darmstadt 652, Copenhagen 465, Stuttgart 452, Dresden 432, Hanover 335, Florence 313, Rome 306, Parma 278, Prague 168, Berlin 162, Madrid 153, Paris 143, Venice 142, Milan 135, Vienna 119, Edinburgh 116, Petersburg 108, Brussels 100, Stockholm 98, Naples 69, Dublin 49, Lisbon 39, London 20. Thus Brussels is 5 times better provided than London, Paris 7, Dresden 21, Copenhagen 23, Munich 37, Wiemar 40, and even Edinburgh 6, and Dublin 2½ times.



**PASSENGERS AS COMPARED WITH ACCIDENTS.**—By an analysis of the returns recorded in the railways department, it appears that of the 110 persons killed and 74 injured, on all the railways of Great Britain and Ireland, during six months, there were 5 passengers killed and 39 injured, from causes beyond their own control; 3 passengers killed and 3 injured, owing to their own misconduct or want of caution; 9 servants of companies or of contractors killed and 8 injured, from causes beyond their own control; 56 servants of companies or of contractors killed and 19 injured, owing to their own recklessness or want of caution; 36 trespassers and other persons, neither passengers nor servants, killed and 5 injured, by improperly crossing or standing on the railway; 1 suicide. Total: 110 killed; 74 injured. And, for the same period, the number of passengers amounted to 31,734,607.—*Parliamentary Paper*.

**NEW GALVANIC APPARATUS.**—The Rev. Dr. Calam, Professor of Physical Science in Maynooth College, has invented a new kind of galvanic battery, in which the pile consists of alternate plates of zinc and cast-iron. In ordinary batteries, the use of platina plates is a source of great expense—the ordinary price of platina being about 32s. per ounce. In those in which copper is substituted for platina, the great number of pairs of plates required, renders a powerful battery equally expensive. A Wollaston battery, to be as efficient as the one that has just been completed at the College of Maynooth, would require 10,000 pairs of copper and zinc plates, and thus it is estimated that the entire battery could not be constructed for less than 2000*l*. A Grove battery as powerful as the Maynooth one would require an expenditure of 800*l*. for platina alone, independent of other cost, while the Maynooth battery has cost in the present instance only 40*l*. A series of experiments were tried, from which it appears that this battery is three times as powerful as any other now in existence. A full-grown turkey was killed in half a second on being touched by the wires; discs of iron, thick pieces of copper, and pieces of the hardest tempered steel, were ignited with the greatest ease.—*Herald*.

**THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN DIFFICULTY.**—The Schleswig-Holstein dispute in a measure began with the attempt of the late King of Denmark to enforce the female order of succession in Schleswig as well as in Denmark, in default of direct male heirs, whilst Holstein still followed the collateral male line. The representative of this female line is Prince Frederick of Hesse, the son of the Landgrave William of Hesse Cassel by the Princess Charlotte of Denmark. Prince Frederick is heir to Hesse Cassel by right of his father, and to Denmark by right of his mother, if, in the latter case, the direct female line were preferred to the collateral male. The male line in Denmark is represented by the Duke of Augustenberg, now in arms against the Danish King. Prince Frederick is at present in London; and the *Times* states that he has accepted an alternative put by the Chamber of Hesse Cassel—has chosen his German lot, and resolved to renounce the claims of his family on the Danish crown. It is assumed by the *Times* that the way for a peaceable arrangement of the Danish and Prussian quarrel is thus opened.

**THE EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.**—The *Athenæum* has had the opportunity of inspecting the vessels, fitted out for the expedition in

search of Sir John Franklin, under Sir John Ross. It confidently asserts that no Arctic or Antarctic Expedition has ever sailed under such favorable circumstances. All the experience obtained from former Expeditions has been made available, and the scientific arrangements for ventilation and heating are admirable.

The vessels (the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, the first of 407, and the latter of 420 tons) are built as strong as wood and iron can make them, with due regard to their sailing qualities. They are larger and far more elegant in appearance than the *Erebus* and *Terror*. It will be remembered that those vessels were fitted with screws worked by steam under high pressure. It was found impossible with the most favorable circumstances to obtain a greater speed than three knots an hour from this power; and there was the serious disadvantage of the most valuable portion of the vessel being occupied by cumbersome machinery. The plan, we know, was strongly objected to by Sir James Ross—and we shall be quite prepared to hear of its having turned out a signal failure. In the present Expedition a different course has been pursued. A launch is attached to each ship, fitted with a screw propeller. These boats are so constructed as to be easily stowed midships; and the steam machinery, which is light and portable, occupies but little room, and can be shipped and unshipped in a very short space of time. The result of various experimental trips gave an average speed of seven knots an hour; and it is expected that these launches will prove of great service in exploring open seas during a dead calm and in towing the vessels. Ninety tons of prepared fuel for the use of the launches are carried by each vessel.

The ships are amply provided with instruments for magnetical and meteorological observations. All the barometers have undergone the most rigid comparison with the Royal Society's standard instrument—and we were pleased to find that some of the newly invented aneroid barometers have been supplied by the Admiralty's orders.

Under all these favorable conditions, we sincerely trust that the Expedition will succeed before the close of this summer in meeting with Franklin. That every effort will be made for the purpose we feel assured; and such efforts are not limited to the present year—for the ships are fully provisioned for three years.

**STATISTICS OF THE LATE FRENCH REVOLUTION.**—The *Constitutionnel* gives the following:—"During the days of the 23rd and 24th of February, 1512 barricades were erected in Paris. Each barricade required on an average 845 paving stones, so that the people in few hours must have torn up 1,277,640 paving stones. There were also 4018 trees, some of them of very large size, cut down; 3704 lamp-posts broken down, and between 3000 and 4000 lamps broken; 53 guard-houses were burned or torn down, and about 603 watch boxes and small wooden bureaux destroyed. In this calculation no mention is made of the iron railings which were torn down at the Bourse, and many of the churches and other public buildings."

**LARGEST MUSEUM AND LIBRARY KNOWN.**—It has been decided that the palace of the Louvre shall be connected by additional buildings with that of the Tuileries, and that the royal library shall be deposited there. The entire pile will thus form the largest museum and library in the world.



**DR. CHALMERS' ELOQUENCE.**—The following is one of the most striking among the many anecdotes told, illustrating this celebrated Scotchman's eloquence. Soon after the promulgation of his fame, he preached in London on a public occasion in Rowland Hill's Chapel. His audience was numerous, and principally of the higher circles. Upward of one hundred clergymen were present, to whom the front seats in the gallery were appropriated.

In the midst of these sat Mr. Hill himself, in a state of great anxiety arising from his hopes, and fearful that he would not succeed before an audience so refined and critical. The Doctor as usual commenced in his low monotonous tone, and his broad provincial dialect was very disagreeable to the delicate ears of his metropolitan audience. Poor Mr. Hill was now upon the rack; but the man of God having thrown his chain around the audience, took an unguarded moment to touch it with the electric fluid of his oratory, and in a moment every heart began to throb and every eye to fill. Knowing well how to take advantage of this bold stroke, he continued to ascend; and so majestic and rapid was his flight that in a few minutes he attained an eminence so high that every imagination was enraptured. The rapid change from depression to joy which Mr. Hill experienced, was too much for him to bear. He felt so bewildered and intoxicated with joy, that unconsciously he started from his seat, and before his brethren could interfere, he struck the front of the gallery with his clenched fist, and roared out with a stentorian voice—"Well done, Chalmers."

**GOOD NEWS FOR SPINSTERS.**—The *Athenæum* mentions a gigantic scheme, originating in the colonies, and supported by subscriptions raised there, for carrying over 20,000 young women, of good character and sound health as brides for the expectant bushmen. The unmarried daughters and sisters of artisans are the classes which the committee charged with the detail of the plan contemplate carrying out. They are required to pay a small sum as a sort of guarantee of their respectability.

**IMPORTANT GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.**—Nearly thirty years ago Dr. Mantell described the form and structure of the teeth of that colossal extinct reptile, called the *Iguanodon*. At that time, however, nothing was known of the jaw in which these teeth were once contained; but Dr. Mantell's continued researches have now rewarded him with the completion of his former interesting but partial discovery. He has found large portions of the upper and lower jaw of this extraordinary antediluvian, and they differ entirely in form from anything previously known in this class of reptiles. Indeed, the configuration of the jaw is wholly unlike that of any other animal. This curious discovery has been made in the "Wealden formation," in the south of England.

**EMIGRATION TO BRITISH PROVINCES IN NORTH AMERICA.**—A number of official papers have just been issued in England, by order of Her Majesty, in continuation of those presented to Parliament in December last, relating to Emigration to the British Provinces of North America.

The papers consist of correspondence between the Colonial Office, the Governor General, the Earl of Elgin, Lieut. Gov. Sir W. Colebrook, and Mr. Merivale. The report of the Committee of the Executive Council on Matters of State (enclosed in Lord Elgin's dispatch) describes the progress of immigration in 1847, which it appears has been at-

tended by extreme destitution and distress, and an amount of mortality unprecedented in former years. *The number who embarked in Europe in 1847, for Canada was 98,006, viz.: from England, 32,228; from Ireland, 54,329; from Scotland, 3,732; and from Germany, 7,697. Of the whole number, 91,882 were steerage passengers, 684 cabin, and 5,541 were infants. Deducing from this aggregate the Germans and the cabin passengers, the entire number of emigrants who embarked at British ports was 89,738, of whom 5,293 died before their arrival, leaving 84,445 who reached the colony. Of these it is estimated that six-sevenths were from Ireland. Among the thousands who reached the colony, a large portion were laboring under disease in its worst type, superinduced by the extremity of famine and misery which they had suffered previous to embarkation. Of the 84,445 who reached the colony alive, no less than 10,037 died after arrival, viz.: At quarantine, 3,452; at the Quebec Emigrant Hospital, 1,041; at the Montreal Hospital, 3,579; and at other places in the two Canadas, 1,965; leaving 74,408. But of these no less than 30,225 were admitted into hospital for medical treatment.*

Thus it will be seen that more than one-seventh of the total embarkations died, that more than one-eighth of the total arrivals died, and that more than one-third of those who arrived were received into hospital.

Up to the 12th of November last, the number of destitute emigrants forwarded from the agency at Montreal to Upper Canada, was 38,781, viz.: male adults, 12,432; female adults, 12,153; children under twelve, 10,616; infants, 3,080. The expenditure necessarily incurred for medical and hospital attendance on the sick, and for the burial of the dead, was considerably enhanced by the necessity of providing for numerous individuals, and even for entire families, during the sickness or convalescence of their parents or friends, and of maintaining numbers of orphans, of whom upwards of 1,135 became chargeable upon the public funds. The expenses on account of emigration in Canada East, from the opening of the navigation in 1847 to December in the same year, amounted to £106,001 15s. 3d. The receipts from various sources amounted to £43,707 18s. 4d.; showing an excess of payments over receipts of £62,693 16s. 11d. The Committee of the Executive Council conclude their report by recommending the adoption of precautionary measures against a recurrence of the same calamity, and suggest an increased emigrant tax, and stringent regulations providing for the accommodation of emigrants on board ship.

**CENTRAL FIRES IN THE EARTH.**—The increased temperature, found at increased depths in digging the Artesian wells, more particularly that of Grenelle in France, has been adduced by M. Arago, and other philosophers, as proof of central fires in the earth. Commander C. Morton, of the Royal Navy, known as the propounder of the "*electrical origin of hail stones*," and the vegetable origin of the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway, and those of Staffa, merely regards the increased temperature at increased depths as the natural consequence of the increased pressure of the atmosphere, and as much a matter of course as the increased cold or diminished temperature found to exist on ascending mountains, according as the atmospheric pressure diminishes in the ascent. The beautiful simplicity of this theory may, perhaps, induce the conviction of its alliance with nature. In corroboration, we may justly remark that the artificial compression of air does elicit heat.



THE FALL OF BABEL.





ng in awful relief, our relation to the Great grave. But when  
being that ordained them, we are summoned over the ocean picture, thus placid and se-  
VOL. XIV. No IV.

THE FALL OF BABEL.





# THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

AUGUST, 1848.

From the North British Review.

MRS. SOMERVILLE'S PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

*Physical Geography.* By MARY SOMERVILLE. Authoress of the "Connexion of the Physical Sciences," &c. With a portrait. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. London, 1848.

EARTH—OCEAN—AIR—With what events, moral and physical—with what sympathies, social and domestic—with what interests, present and future, are these magic words indissolubly associated! When we view, as from afar, our terrestrial ball, wheeling its course round the central sun, and performing with unerring precision, its daily circuit, we see it but as a single planet of the system—we admire the grandeur of the terraqueous mass, and the mind, in its expanding survey, is soon lost in the abyss of space, and among the infinities, in number and in magnitude, of revolving worlds. But, occupying as we do, a fixed place upon its surface—treading its verdant plains—surveying its purple-lighted hills—gazing upon its interminable expanse of waters, and looking upward to the blue ether which canopies the whole, the imagination quits the contemplation of the universe, and ponders over the mysterious realities around. The chaos, the creation, the deluge, the earthquake, the volcano, and the thunderbolt, press themselves upon our thoughts, and while they mark the physical history of the past, they foreshadow the dreaded convulsions of the future. Associated with our daily interests and fears, and emblazoning in awful relief, our relation to the Great Being that ordained them, we are summoned

ed to their study by the double motive of a temporal and spiritual interest, and of an inborn and rational curiosity.

When we stand before the magnificent landscape of hill and dale, of glade and forest, of rill and cataract—with its rich foreground at our feet, and its distant horizon on the deep, or on the mountain range tipped with ice, or with fire, the mind reverts to that primæval epoch, when the everlasting hills were upheaved from the ocean, when the crust of the earth was laid down and hardened, when its waters were enchannelled in its riven pavement, when its breast was smoothed and chiselled by the diluvian wave, and when its burning entrails burst from their prison-house, and disclosed the fiery secrets of their birth.

When we turn to the peaceful ocean, expanding its glassy mirror to the sun, embosoming in its dove-like breast the blue vault above, and holding peaceful communion with its verdant, or its rocky shores, the mind is carried back to that early period when darkness was over the face of the deep—when the waters were gathered into the hollow of the land—and when the broken-up fountains of the deep consigned the whole earth, with its living occupants, to a watery grave. But while we thus linger in thought over the ocean picture, thus placid and se-

rene, we are reminded of the mighty influences which it obeys. Dragged over its coral bed by an agency unseen, and stirred to its depths by the raging tempest, the goddess of peace is transformed into a Fury—lashing the very heavens with its breakers—bursting the adamantine barriers which confine it—sweeping away the strongholds of man, and engulfing in its waves the mightiest of his floating bulwarks.

But it is in the pure atmosphere which we breathe, and within the ethereal envelope of our globe, that the most remarkable revolutions must have been effected; and it is in this region, also, that nature presents us, in our own day, with the most fearful contrasts—with the most peaceful repose of the elements, and the most terrific exhibition of their power. The primæval transition from the chaos of the atmosphere to a pure and cloudless sky, must have been the result of frequent and convulsive actions. The exhalations from the green and fermenting earth—the gaseous currents from its heated crust, the empoisoned miasmata from its crevices and pores, and the watery vapors from putrid lake and troubled sea, must have formed an insalubrious compound, which it required the electric stroke to purify and decompose. While there was yet no light on the earth, and the sun and moon were veiled with thick darkness, the “waters above the firmament” must have descended in torrents—the hailstorm must have rushed from the upper air, and the tempest, and the lightning, and the thunderbolt, must have combined their tremendous energies, before the rebellious elements were insulated and subdued. In now contemplating the aerial granary which so peacefully surrounds and sustains us, we could scarcely anticipate the character and extent of its abnormal phases. The same powers which were needed for its original distillation, seem to be required to maintain it salubrious and pure; and though these powers are in daily operation near us and around us, we know them only as destroying agents, and take little interest in the wonderful arrangements which they subserve.

When on a Sabbath morn the sounds of busy life are hushed, and all nature seems recumbent in sleep, how deathlike is the repose of the elements—yet how brief and ephemeral is its duration! The zephyr whispers its gentle breathings; the aspen leaf tries to twitter on its stalk; the pulse of the distant waterfall beats with its recurring sound; the howl of the distant forest

forewarns us of the breeze that moves it; the mighty tempest supervenes, cutting down its battalions of vegetable life, whirling into the air the dwellings and the defences of man, and dashing the proudest of his war-ships against the ocean cliffs, or sinking them beneath the ocean waves. When thus awakened from her peaceful trance, nature often summons to the conflict her fiercest powers of destruction. The electric agents—those ministers of fire, which rule so peacefully when resting in equilibrium, and which play so gently in the summer lightning-sheet, or so gaily in the auroral beams—frequently break loose from their bonds, to frighten and destroy. When the heat of summer has drawn up into the atmosphere an excess of moisture, and charged the swollen clouds with conflicting electricities, the dis severed elements rush into violent re-union, and compress in their fiery embrace the vaporous mass which they animate. Torrents of rain, and cataracts of hail, emerge from the explosion, and even stony and metallic meteors rush in liquid fire from the scene. The forked lightning-bolt flies with death on its wing, rending the oak-trunk with its wedge of fire, and transfixing with its lurid dagger the stalwart frame of man and of beast; and before life is extinct, the thunder-clap rolls, in funereal echo, from cloud to cloud, and from hill to hill, as if a shout were pealed from the cloud of witnesses, in mockery of the helplessness of man, and in triumph over his fall.

A subject embracing topics like these, connected with the past history and the present condition of our globe, must necessarily possess an exciting interest; and it is strange that, in our language, no separate work has appeared, in which the grand truths of physical geography are illustrated and explained. From our youth we have been accustomed to look at the earth, or its delineations, as mapped into regions, from which the great boundaries of nature are effaced. Empires purchased by blood, and held by force, are, in the political geography with which we are familiar, bounded by chains of custom-houses and barriers of forts. Ambition has replaced the sea-line, and the river, and the mountain range, with frowning battlements, cordons of troops and rapacious agents—parcelling out the earth into unnatural divisions—forcing its population into jarring communities—severing the ties of language and religion—breaking up into hostile principalities the fatherlands

of united hearts—extirpating even the native possessors of the soil, and thus treating intellectual and immortal man as if he were but the property and the tool of the tyrant. Thus founded on the severance of nature's bonds, thus sustained by the suspended sword, thus outlined in blood still crying for vengeance, the geography of conquest, like the quicksands of the ocean, is ever shifting its frontier, ever subject to the inroads of avarice and ambition. Taught us in our youth, taught anew in our manhood, and requiring to be taught again in our old age, it is ever associated with gigantic crime—nationally, with bloody revolutions and desolating wars—individually, with broken hearts and bleeding affections. Did truths like these require confirmation, we have but to look around us at subverted and tottering thrones, at armies routed by popular union, at statesmen precipitated from the helm, and princes driven into exile.

How different is the natural geography of our globe—how permanent in its character, how stable in its boundaries! Gathered into islands, or expanding in continents—sloping to the sea in valleys, or rising in table-lands—washed by the ocean, or bounded by the mountain range, the surface of the earth presents one great phase of durability and permanence, looming to the eye a mighty whole, fresh as when it came from its Maker's hand, and became the abode of his intellectual creation. The destroyer of animal life, the destroyer even of his species, the hand of man has not been able to alter even the expression of one of the features of the globe, and still less to break one of the smallest bones of its carpentry of adamant. He may have turned a few of its streams from their bed; he may have perforated its hills of rock or of clay, or scratched its yielding surface with his lines of intercommunication; but he has in vain attempted to enchain its ocean, or precipitate even the slenderest of its peaks of granite. There the great globe stands—unchanged by man—such as it was seen by the first of his race, and such as it will be seen by the last—washed, indeed, by the waters of a mighty deluge, but washed only from the impurities of its guilty occupants. In scanning, therefore, the terraqueous wonder, the philosopher takes cognizance only of the handiwork of its Maker. Neither the cloud-capt tower, nor the gorgeous palace, meet the intellectual eye. The din of war and the tumult of contending factions are by him alike unheard. He treads, without

interruption, the grassy savannah, the heath-covered mountain, and the barren desert. He encounters no spot where the human worm claims the perennial right of pursuing its slimy course. He discovers no land under the canopy of heaven where man may not carve a niche for his idol, or rear a temple to his God.

How interesting, then, must it be to study such a structure—the earth, the ocean, and the air combined; to escape altogether from the works and ways of man; to go back to primæval times, to learn how its Maker moulded the earth—how he wore down the primitive mass into the strata of its present surface—how he deposited in its bowels the precious materials of civilization—how he filled it with races of living animals, and again buried them in its depths, to chronicle the steps of creative power,—how he covered its surface with its fruit-bearing soil, and spread out the waters of the deep as the great highway of nations, to unite into one brotherhood the different races of his creatures, and to bless them by the interchange of their produce and their affections.

Such are some of the lessons which Mrs. Somerville has undertaken to teach us in the very interesting work which we propose to analyze. From the loftier theme of physical astronomy in which she achieved her maiden reputation, and from the wide and rich field of the physical sciences, whose “connexion” she traced with a master's hand, Mrs. Somerville has descended to the humbler though not less important subject of natural or physical geography, and we have no doubt, from the popular character of the science, as well as from its relation to our sympathies and interests, that she will command a wider circle of readers, and enjoy the “gratification” so much desired by herself, “of making the laws by which the material world is governed more familiar to her countrywomen.”

Mrs. Somerville's work commences with a preliminary chapter on geology,\* which is introduced by the following brief and striking notice of the present condition and past history of the earth:—

“The increase of temperature with the depth

\* In order to preserve the continuity of this Article, we have followed Mrs. Somerville, in giving a brief and popular notice of the different formations which compose the crust of the earth; but the reader will find a more detailed account of them, particularly as they exist in the north of Europe and Asia, in this *Journal*, vol. v.



below the surface of the earth, and the tremendous desolation hurled over wide regions by numerous fire-breathing mountains, show that man is removed but a few miles from immense lakes or seas of liquid fire. The very shell on which he stands is unstable under his feet, not only from those temporary convulsions that seem to shake the globe to its centre, but from a slow, almost imperceptible elevation in some places, and an equally gentle subsidence in others, as if the internal molten matter were subject to secular tides, now heaving and now ebbing, or that the subjacent rocks were in one place expanded and in another contracted by changes of temperature.

"The earthquake and the torrent—the august and terrible ministers of Almighty power—have torn the solid earth, and opened the seals of the most ancient records of creation, written in indelible characters on 'the perpetual hills and the everlasting mountains.' There we read of the changes that have brought the rude mass to its present fair state, and of the myriads of beings that have appeared on this mortal stage, have fulfilled their destinies, and have been swept from existence to make way for new races which, in their turn, have vanished from the scene till the creation of man completed the glorious work. Who shall define the periods of those mornings and evenings when God saw that his work was good? and who shall declare the time allotted to the human race, when the generations of the most insignificant insect existed for unnumbered ages? Yet man is also to vanish in the ever-changing course of events. The earth is to be burnt up, and the elements are to melt with fervent heat—to be again reduced to chaos—possibly to be renovated and adorned for other races of beings. These stupendous changes may be but cycles in those great laws of the universe, where all is variable but the laws themselves and He who has ordained them."—Pp. 2, 3.

The various substances which compose the earth, exist either in shapeless masses, or in regular strata, horizontal or inclined to the horizon. Our knowledge of these substances extends but to a small depth beneath the surface; but from the thickness and extent of the stratified masses, geologists have obtained a pretty accurate idea of the earth's structure to the depth of about ten miles. The earth's crust consists of plutonic and volcanic rocks of igneous origin, of aqueous or stratified rocks, deposited by water, and of metamorphic rocks also deposited by water, but subsequently crystallized by heat. The *plutonic* rocks, namely the granites and some of the porphyries, on which no fossil remains are found, were formed under high pressure in the earth's deepest caverns, and subsequently upheaved into mountain peaks by the central forces, or injected in a fluid state into the fissures of the overlying strata, or even into the crevices of a more ancient granite.

*Volcanic* rocks, such as basalt, greenstone, porphyry, and serpentine, differ widely from the plutonic ones in their nature and position. They contain no fossil remains, and are generally found near the surface of the earth, consisting of the different kinds of strata fused by the internal fire, and exhibiting much variety in their appearance and structure, owing to the melted matter having been cooled under different conditions in contact with the atmosphere.

"There seems," says Mrs. Somerville, "scarcely to have been any age of the world in which volcanic eruptions have not taken place in some part of the globe. Lava has pierced through every description of rocks, spread over the surface of those existing at the time, filled their crevices, and flowed between their strata. Ever changing its place of action, it has burst out at the bottom of the sea as well as on dry land. Enormous quantities of scoriae and ashes have been ejected from numberless craters, and have formed extensive deposits in the sea, in lakes, and on the land, in which are imbedded the remains of the animals and vegetables of the epoch. Some of these deposits have become hard rock, others remain in a crumbling state; and as they alternate with the aqueous strata of almost every period, they contain the fossils of all the geological epochs, chiefly fresh and salt water testacea."—P. 5.

The metamorphic rocks, according to Mr. Lyell, consisting of gneiss, mica slate, clay slate, and statuary marble, &c., have been deposited in regular sedimentary beds, near the plutonic rocks, by the heat of which they have been greatly altered, and subsequently crystallized in cooling, without losing their character of stratified deposits. Those rocks which contain no organic remains sometimes lie in horizontal beds, but are generally inclined at all angles, and form some of our highest mountains and table-lands.

The aqueous or stratified rocks have been all formed at the bottom of seas and lakes, by the debris of the land, carried into them by streams and rivers. They consist chiefly of sandstone or clayey rocks, and of calcareous rocks, composed of sand, clay, and carbonate of lime. Indurated by internal heat, and subsequently elevated by internal forces, the aqueous rocks formed three great classes, which, commencing from below, have been named the *primary* and *secondary fossiliferous* formation, and the *tertiary* formation.

The *Primary* formation, consisting of limestones, sandstones, and shales, still distinctly marked by the ripples of the wave, have been deposited at the bottom of a

very deep ocean, and contain only the remains of marine animals. They have been subdivided into the Cambrian, and the lower and upper Silurian systems. There are no organic remains in the Cambrian rocks, which are sometimes many thousand yards thick, but they abound in the Silurian system, increasing as we ascend in the series. Shell-fish, and crinoidea or stone lilies, trilobites, and sometimes true fishes, are found in the lower series; and in the upper, sea-shells of every order, with crinoidea, corals, sea-weeds, a few land plants, and sauroid fishes, the principal vertebrated animals that occur in these early formations. While the Silurian rocks were being deposited, the northern hemisphere of our globe was under water. Lands and islands had begun to emerge from it, and earthquakes and volcanoes, insular and submarine, marked the close of the period.

During the great geological period which succeeded, the *Secondary* fossiliferous strata, forming the present High Land of Europe, were deposited at the bottom of a sea, by the streams and rivers which entered it. This interesting series consists, reckoning upwards, of the *Devonian*, or *old red sandstone rocks*, the *carboniferous* or *coal strata*, the *permian* or *magnesian* limestone rocks, the *triasic* or *new red sandstone* rocks, the *jurassic* or *oolite* rocks, and the *cretaceous strata*.

The *Devonian* rocks, sometimes ten thousand feet thick, consist of dark red and other sandstone, marls, coralline limestones, conglomerates, &c., contain sauroid fishes of gigantic size, and others, some with osseous shields, and some with wing-like appendages.

During a long period of great tranquillity, which followed the deposition of the Devonian rocks, tropical forests, and jungles of exuberant growth, covered the lands and islands which had sprung from the deep. Submerged by inroads of the sea, or carried down by land-floods, the plants of that period were deposited in estuaries, with the sand and mud which accompanied them, and formed the *carboniferous strata* which lie above the Devonian rocks.

The *Carboniferous system* is composed of countless layers of various substances, filled with an enormous quantity of fossil land plants, intermixed with beds of coal. Upwards of 300 fossil plants have been collected, with their seeds and fruits, among which ferns, some of which have been 40 or 50 feet high, predominate. Huge forest trees—the pine and the fir—equisetaceous plants of gigantic magnitude, and tropical

club mosses, occur in the shale. In the mountain limestone of this group, which is sometimes nine hundred feet thick, crinoidea, marine testacea, and corals, are found in abundance. The strata of coal had been greatly disturbed by the earthquakes which prevailed during this period.

The *Permian* rocks or *Magnesian* limestone, which overlie the coal measures, consist of conglomerates, gypsum, sandstone, marl, &c.; but its leading feature is a yellow limestone rock, called *Dolomite* when granular, and containing carbonate of magnesia. The earlier Flora and Fauna begin to disappear, and peculiar ones take their place. Two species of saurian reptiles mark a new creation of animal life.

The *Triassic*, or new red sandstone system, consists of red marls, rock-salt, and sandstones, produced by the disintegration of metamorphic slate and porphyritic trap. This formation is in England singularly rich in *rock-salt*, which, with beds of gypsum and marl, is sometimes six hundred feet thick. The *Musshalk*, a member of this series, and full of organic remains, is wanting in England, but exists in Germany. Gigantic *frogs*, have left their foot-prints on the rocks, and no fewer than forty-seven genera of fossils, shells, cartilaginous fish, encrinites, &c., have been found in the German trias.

The *Jurassic* or *Oolite* rocks—sands, sandstones, marls, clays, and limestones, were deposited in a sea of variable depth, during a long period of tranquillity. The European ocean deposited beds consisting almost wholly of marine shells and corals:—Belemnites and ammonites, from an inch in size to that of a cart-wheel, were entombed in myriads—forests of crinoidea flourished on the surface of the oolite, and encrinites in millions were embedded in the enchoreal shell marble, which forms such extensive tracks throughout Europe. Not one of the fossil fish, which are numerous, exist at the present day. Ferns, cycadæ, and the pandanæ or screw-pine, occur in this formation.

“The new lands,” says Mrs. Somerville, “that were scattered in the ocean of the oolitic period were drained by rivers, and inhabited by huge crocodiles and saurian reptiles of gigantic size, mostly of extinct genera. The crocodiles came nearest to modern reptiles, but the others, though bearing a remote similitude in general structure to living forms, were quite anomalous, combining in one the structure of various distinct creatures, and so monstrous that they must have been more like the visions of a troubled dream than things of real

existence; yet in organization a few of them came nearer to the type of living mammalia than any existing reptiles do. Some of these saurians had lived in the water, others were amphibious, and the various species of one genus even had wings like a bat, and fed on insects. There were both herbivorous and predaceous saurians, and from their size and strength they must have been formidable enemies. Besides the numbers deposited are so great that they must have swarmed for ages in the estuaries and shallow seas of the period, especially in the lias, a marine stratum of clay the lowest of the oolite series. They gradually declined towards the end of the secondary fossiliferous epoch, but as a class they lived in all subsequent eras, and still exist in tropical countries, although the species are very different from their ancient congeners. Tortoises of various kinds were contemporary with the saurians, also a family that still exists. In the Stonefield slate, a stratum of the lower oolitic group, there are the remains of insects; and the bones of two small quadrupeds have been found there belonging to the marsupial tribe, such as the opossum; a very remarkable circumstance, because that family of animals at the present time is confined to New Holland, South America, and as far north as Pennsylvania at least. The great changes in animal life during this period were indications of the successive alterations that had taken place on the earth's surface."—Pp. 15, 16.

The *Cretaceous* formation, consisting of clay, green, and iron sands, blue limestone, and *chalk*, derives its name from the predominance of the last substance in England and other countries, though it is actually wanting in some localities where the other strata occur. The Wealden clay, the lowest member of this formation, is of fresh water origin, and contains the Portland fossil forest, with ferns and Auracarian pines, and plants allied to the tropical zamias and cycadæ. Tortoises and saurians swarmed in its lakes and estuaries, and fish and wading birds also occur in the Wealden clay. The chalk above it abounds in marine fossils, turtles, corals, and marine shells. The colossal saurians are few in number, but a gigantic animal between the living Monitor and Iguana, lived at this time.

Old things were now passing away, and all things becoming new. We approach things as they are. Old life is extinct as if by a magic stroke, and new life springs up around us. The great features of the earth are blocked out. The master-hand is now at work, to lay on the drapery, and to bring out the permanent expression of his handiwork. The *tertiary* strata were deposited in the basins and hollows of the previously existing crust of the globe, and though frequently of enormous thickness

and extent, they occur in irregular tracts. The Eocene, Miocene, and the Pleiocene, groups of this formation, containing shells differing less or more from those which now exist, generally lie horizontally in the localities where they were deposited, though they are frequently found heaved up on the flanks of mountain chains, as on the Alps and Apennines. The gigantic reptiles found in preceding formations had nearly disappeared, and terrestrial mammalia now occupied the land. The remains of marine mammalia have also been found at great elevations in the tertiary formation, and likewise those of extinct species of birds allied to the owl, the buzzard, the quail, and the curlew. During the tertiary period, the climate passed from a tropical to an arctic one, owing to the additional elevation of the land, and a great part of the continent of Europe was covered by an ocean full of floating ice. Towards the close, however, of the Pleiocene period, the bed of the glacial ocean was upheaved, and the continent of Europe assumed nearly the same form and climate which it now possesses.

"The thickness of the fossiliferous strata," says our author, "up to the end of the tertiary formation, has been estimated at about seven or eight miles; so that the time requisite for their deposition must have been immense. Every river carries down mud, sand, or gravel to the sea; the Ganges brings more than 700,000 cubic feet of mud every hour, the Yellow River in China 2,000,000, and the Mississippi still more; yet, notwithstanding these great deposits, the Italian hydrographer, Manfredi, has estimated that, if the sediment of all the rivers on the globe were spread equally over the bottom of the ocean, it would require 1000 years to raise its bed one foot; so at that rate it would require 3,960,000 years to raise the bed of the ocean alone to a height nearly equal to the thickness of the fossiliferous strata, or seven miles and a half, not taking account of the waste of the coasts by the sea itself; but if the whole globe be considered, instead of the bottom of the sea only, the time would be nearly four times as great, even supposing as much alluvium to be deposited uniformly both with regard to time and place, which it never is. Besides, in various places the strata have been more than once carried to the bottom of the ocean, and again raised above its surface by subterranean fires after many ages, so that the whole period from the beginning of these primary fossiliferous strata to the present day must be great beyond calculation, and only bears comparison with the astronomical cycles, as might naturally be expected, the earth being without doubt of the same antiquity with the other bodies of the solar system. What then shall we say if the time be included which the granitic, metamorphic, and recent series occupied in forming? These great periods of time correspond wonderfully with the gradual

increase of animal life and the successive creation and extinction of numberless orders of being, and with the incredible quantity of organic remains buried in the crust of the earth in every country on the face of the globe.

"Every great geological change in the nature of the strata was accompanied by the introduction of a new race of beings, and the gradual extinction of those that had previously existed, their structure and habits being no longer fitted for the new circumstances in which these changes had placed them. The change, however, never was abrupt, except at the beginning of the tertiary strata; and it may be observed that, although the mammalia came last, there is no proof of progressive development, for animals and plants of high organization appeared among the earliest of their kind."—Pp. 27, 28.

"Such," says Mrs. Somerville, in concluding her Geological chapter, "is the marvellous history laid open to us on the earth's surface. Surely it is not the heavens only that declare the glory of God—the earth also proclaims his handiwork."\*

Having described the formations which compose the superficial envelope of the earth, Mrs. Somerville proceeds to treat of the form of the High Lands of the Great Continent, which embraces Europe, Asia, and Africa—a whole hemisphere nearly of the globe. The dry land in both hemispheres has an area of nearly thirty-eight millions of square miles. No fewer than twenty-four millions are contained in the great continent of the Old World, eleven millions in America, and scarcely three millions in Australia and its islands. Africa is three times, and Asia more than twelve times larger than Europe. Owing to the number of inland seas, the maritime coast of Europe is greater compared with its size than that of any other quarter of the world. It stretches about seventeen thousand miles from the Straits of Waygat in the Polar Sea to the Strait of Caffa, at the entrance of the sea of Azoff. The coast of Asia extends to the length of thirty-three thousand miles, and that of Africa to sixteen thousand. The whole continent of America has a sea-line of thirty-one thousand miles. The ratio of the number of linear miles in the coast to that of square miles in the area is, for Europe 164, America 359, Asia 376, and Africa 530.

Referring our readers for an account of the High Lands of the Great Continent to our review of Humboldt's Researches in

Central Asia, and to our notice of Elie de Beaumont's "Systems of Mountain Chains according to their age,"\* we must limit ourselves to a very cursory notice of this part of Mrs. Somerville's work. The Great Continent has taken its general form from a belt of mountains and extensive table-lands, lying between the 38th and 65th parallels of latitude, and stretching from the coasts of Barbary and Portugal to Behring's Straits at the extremity of Asia. An immense plain, nearly on a dead level, lies to the north of this belt, interrupted only by the mountain systems of Scandinavia and Britain, and the low chain of the Urals. The lands to the south of the belt, including the fertile plains between the Indus and the Chinese Sea, and the barren wastes between the Persian Gulf and the foot of the Atlas mountains, are marked with but a few mountain systems of any considerable elevation and extent. The immense mountain zone of the Great Continent commences in the west about the Atlas and Spanish mountains, which must have been once united, raising their granite peaks in Africa to the height of 15,000, and in Spain to 7,300 feet. It crosses France at the height of 6,000 feet in Auvergne and among the Cevennes, carrying its principal crest to an altitude of 14,000 feet in the Alps, and throwing out, as outlying members, the Apennines, the Calabrian chain, and the mountains of Sicily, Greece, and Southern Turkey. The Alpine range divides itself at the Great Glockner into the two branches of the Noric and the Carnic Alps. The last of these, or the principal branch, separates the Tyrol and Upper Carinthia from the Venetian States, and taking the name of the Julian Alps at Mount Terglou, 10,000 feet high, it joins the eastern Alps at Balkan, the central ridge of which rises at once into a wall 4,000 feet high, and "everywhere rent by terrific fissures across the chains and table-lands, so deep and narrow that daylight is almost excluded." In speaking of the Alpine valleys, Mrs. Somerville gives the following notice of the glaciers which they contain:—

"It is scarcely possible to estimate the quantity of ice in the Alps; it is said, however, that, independent of the glaciers in the Grisons, there are 1500 square miles of ice in the Alpine range, from eighty to six hundred feet thick. Some glaciers have been permanent and stationary in the Alps

\* See Berghaus and Johnson's *Physical Atlas, Geology*, Plates I. VII. VIII. and X.

\* See Berghaus and Johnson's *Physical Atlas*, Plates II. III. V. and VI.

time immemorial, while others now occupy ground formerly bearing corn or covered with trees, which the irresistible force of the ice has swept away. These ice rivers, formed on the snow-clad summits of the mountains, fill the hollows and high valleys, hang on the declivities, or descend by their weight through the transverse valleys to the plains, where they are cut short by the increased temperature, and deposit those accumulations of rocks and rubbish, called moraines, which had fallen upon them from the heights above. In the Alps the glaciers move at the rate of from twelve to twenty-five feet annually, and, as in rivers, the motion is most rapid in the centre. Their advance or retreat according to the mildness or severity of the season, but they have been subject to cycles of unknown duration. From the moraines, as well as the striae engraven on the rocks over which they have passed, M. Agassiz has ascertained that the valley of Chamouni was at one time occupied by a glacier that had moved towards the Col di Balme. A moraine 2000 feet above the Rhone at St. Maurice shows that at a remote period glaciers had covered Switzerland to the height of 2155 feet above the Lake of Geneva.

"Their increase is now limited by various circumstances—as the mean temperature of the earth, which is always above the freezing-point in those latitudes; excessive evaporation; and blasts of hot air, which occur at all heights, in the night as well as in the day, from some unknown cause. They are not peculiar to the Alps, but have been observed also on the glaciers of the Andes. Besides, the greater quantity of snow in the higher Alps the lower is the glacier forced into the plains."—Pp. 51, 52.\*

Passing over the lofty range of the Caucasus, extending 700 miles between the Black Sea and the Caspian, and rising to the height of nearly 17,796 feet in the Elbrouz;—the Russian mountains, whose highest point is 14,600 feet;—the great oriental table-land of Thibet and its mountains—as sufficiently described in our article on Central Asia, already referred to, we come to the *fifth* chapter of the work before us, in which Mrs. Somerville treats of the secondary mountain systems of the Great Continent, commencing with the Scandinavian system, which "has been compared to a great wave which, after rising gradually from the east and forming a crest (8,412 feet high), falls perpendicularly into the sea in the west." This range is 1000 miles long, beginning at Cape Lindesnaes and ending at Cape Nord Kyn in the Polar Sea. The southern portion of it is 150 miles broad; and at the distance of 360 miles from Cape Lindesnaes, "the mountain forms a single elevated mass,

terminated by a table-land, which maintains an altitude of 4,500 feet for 100 miles." A surface of 600 square leagues of this range is occupied by the Snae Braen, *the greatest mass of perpetual snow and glaciers on the continent of Europe.*

As the mountains of Great Britain, Ireland, Faroe, and the north-eastern parts of Iceland, have the same general character and direction as the Scandinavian range, they are supposed to have been elevated at the same time and by the same forces acting in parallel lines, and have therefore been placed in the same system. The Faroe Islands, to the west of Norway, rise immediately into a lofty table-land 2,000 feet above the sea, and are bounded by precipitous cliffs. In a zone lying between 55 and 62½° of latitude, including the south of Sweden, the Faroe isles, and the west coast of Greenland, the crust of the earth is *gradually sinking beneath its former level*, while the coast of Norway, from Sölvitsberg northward to Lapland, where the elevation is greatest, is *rising at the rate of four feet in an hundred years!* Mrs. Somerville has given the following interesting notice of the mountains of our own country, as part of the Scandinavian system, but which, we trust, are neither sinking nor rising like some of its other portions.

"The rocky islands of Zeland and those of Orkney form part of the mountain system of Scotland: the Orkney islands have evidently been separated from the mainland by the Pentland Firth, where the currents run with prodigious violence. The north-western part of Scotland is a table-land from 1000 to 2000 feet high, which ends abruptly in the sea, covered with heath, peat-mosses, and pasture. The general direction of the Scottish mountains, like those of Scandinavia, is from north-east to south-west, divided by a long line of lakes in the same direction, extending from the Moray Firth completely across the island to south of the island of Mull. Lakes of the most picturesque beauty abound among the Scottish mountains. The Grampian hills with their offsets and some low ranges, fill the greater part of Scotland north of the Clyde and Forth. Ben Nevis, only 4,374 feet above the sea, is the highest hill in the British islands.

"The east coast of Scotland is generally bleak, though in many parts it is extremely fertile, and may be cited as a model of good cultivation; and the midland and southern counties are not inferior either in the quality of the soil or the excellence of the husbandry. To the west the country is wildly picturesque; the coast of the Atlantic, penetrated by the sea, which is covered with islands, bears a strong resemblance to that of Norway.

"There cannot be a doubt that the Hebrides formed part of the mainland at some remote geo-

\* See Berghaus and Johnson's *Physical Atlas, Geology*, Plate IV.

logical period, since they follow the direction of the mountain system in two parallel lines of rugged and imposing aspect, never exceeding the height of 3,200 feet. The undulating country on the borders of Scotland becomes higher in the west of England and North Wales, where the hills are wild, but the valleys are cultivated like a garden, and the English lake scenery is of the most gentle beauty.

"Evergreen Ireland is mostly a mountainous country, and opposes to the Atlantic storms an iron-bound coast of the wildest aspect; but it is rich in arable land and pasture, and it possesses the most picturesque lake-scenery; indeed, fresh water lakes in the mountain valleys, so peculiarly characteristic of the European system, are the great ornament of the High Lands in Britain.

"Various parts of the British islands were dry land while most of the continent of Europe was yet below the ancient ocean. The high land of Lammermuir, the Grampian hills in Scotland, and those of Cumberland in England, were raised before the Alps had begun to appear above the waves. In general all the highest parts of the British mountains are of granite and stratified crystalline rocks. The primary fossiliferous strata are of immense thickness in Cumberland and in the north of Wales, and the old red sandstone, many hundred feet thick, stretches from sea to sea along the flanks of the Grampians. The coal-strata are developed on a great scale in the south of Scotland and the north of England, and examples of every formation, with one exception are to be found in these islands. Volcanic fires had been very active in early times, and nowhere is the columnar structure more beautifully exhibited than in Fingal's Cave and the Storr of Skye in the Hebrides; and in the north of Ireland a base of 800 square miles of mica slate is covered with volcanic rocks, which end on the coast in the magnificent columns of the Giant's Causeway."—Pp. 85-87.

Passing over the Uralian chain and the Great Northern Plain, we come to the *sixth* chapter, in which Mrs. Somerville treats of the southern Low Lands of the Great Continent, with their secondary table-lands and mountains. She describes the empire of China—the Indo-Chinese peninsula—the plains and peninsula of Hindostan—the Island of Ceylon—the great Indian desert, about 400 miles broad—the peninsula of Arabia, and the plains and valleys of Syria. On the Northern side of the granite ranges of Arabia Felix, where the table-land rises to an altitude of 8,000 feet, Mrs. Somerville mentions a track of sand, so extremely loose and fine in its grain, *that a plummet was sunk in it by Baron Wrede to the depth of 360 feet without reaching the bottom!*

"Jebel Housa, Mount Sinai, on which Moses received the Ten Commandments, is 9,000 feet high, surrounded by higher mountains, which are

covered by snow in winter. The group of Sinai is full of springs and verdant. At its northern extremity lies the desert of El Teh, seventy miles long and thirty broad, in which the Israelites wandered forty years. It is covered with long ranges of high rock, of most repulsive aspect, rent into deep clefts only a few feet wide, hemmed in by walls of rock, sometimes 1000 feet high, like the deserted streets of a Cyclopean town. The whole of Arabia Petrea—Edom of the sacred writers—presents a scene of appalling desolation completely fulfilling the denunciation of prophecy."—Pp. 105-106.

The mountains of Lebanon begin at Mount Cavius, which rises in a single peak from the sea, at the mouth of the Orontes, to the height of 7,000 feet. Running south and twenty miles inland, in a chain of peaks which reaches a height of 430 feet, to the sources of the Jordan, it divides into two parallel branches bounding the fertile plains of Coelo-Syria, near Beka, which contains the ruins of Balbec, and terminates a few miles north of Ancient Tyre. The Anti-Libanus, beginning at Mount Hermon, 9,000 feet high, runs through Palestine till it disappears in the rocky ridges of the Sinai desert. The following description of a region associated with our highest interests will be gratifying to the Christian reader:

"The valleys and plains of Syria are full of rich vegetable mould, particularly the plain of Damascus, which is brilliantly verdant, though surrounded by deserts, the barren uniformity of which is relieved on the east by the broken columns and ruined temples of Palmyra and Tadmor. The Assyrian wilderness, however, is not everywhere absolutely barren. In the spring-time it is covered with a thin but vivid verdure, mixed with fragrant aromatic herbs, of very short duration. When these are burnt up, the unbounded plains resume their wonted dreariness. The country, high and low, becomes more barren towards the Holy Land, yet even here some of the mountains—as Carmel, Bashan, and Tabor—are luxuriantly wooded, and many valleys are fertile, especially the valley of the Jordan, which has the appearance of pleasure-grounds, with groves of wood and aromatic plants, but almost in a state of nature. One side of the Lake of Galilee is savage; on the other there are gentle hills and wild romantic vales, adorned with palm-trees, olives, and sycamores—a scene of calm solitude and pastoral beauty. Jerusalem stands on a declivity encompassed by severe stony mountains, wild and desolate. The greater part of Syria is a desert compared with its ancient state. Mussulman rule has blighted this fair region, once flowing with milk and honey—the land of promise.

"Farther south desolation increases; the valleys become narrower, the hills more denuded and rugged, till south of the Dead Sea their dreary aspect announces the approach to the desert.

"The valley of the Jordan affords the most remarkable instance known of the depression of the land below the general surface of the globe. This hollow, which extends from the Gulf of Accabah on the Red Sea to the bifurcation of Lebanon, is 625 feet below the level of the Mediterranean at the Sea of Galilee, and the acrid waters of the Dead Sea have a depression of 1230 feet. The lowness of the valley had been observed by the Romans, who gave it the descriptive name of *Cælo-Syria*, 'Hollow Syria.' It is absolutely walled in by mountains between the Dead Sea and Lebanon, where it is from ten to fifteen miles wide.

"A shrinking of the strata must have taken place along this coast of the Mediterranean from a sudden change of temperature, or perhaps in consequence of some of the internal props giving way, for the valley of the Jordan is not the only instance of a dip of the soil below the sea-level; the small bitter lakes on the Isthmus of Suez are cavities of the same kind, as well as the Natron lakes on the Libyan desert west from the delta of the Nile."—Pp. 107-109:

The Continent of Africa, 5,000 miles long, forms the subject of Mrs. Somerville's *seventh* chapter, and completes her description of the Great Continent. With the exception of the elevated region of the Atlas Mountains, Africa is divided by the Mountains of the Moon into two parts only, a high country and a low. A table-land, extensive though not elevated, occupies all Southern Africa, reaching to the sixth or seventh degree of north latitude. To the north of the Cape the land rises 6,000 feet above the sea. The Komri, or Mountains of the Moon, which form the northern boundary of the great plateau, have never yet been seen by any European. It is probable that they are very high, as they supply the perennial sources of the Nile, the Senegambia, and the Niger. They extend south of Abyssinia at one end, and at the other they join the High Land of Senegambia, and pass into the Kong range, which, running for 1200 miles behind Dahomey, terminates in the promontory of Sierra Leone. The Mountains of Abyssinia, and those at the Cape of Good Hope, have granite for their base, which is generally surmounted by vast horizontal beds of sandstone, with limestone, schist, and conglomerate. In Abyssinia the enormous flat masses of sandstone on the mountain tops are accessible only by ladders, or by steps cut in the rock, and are used as state prisons. North of the Mountains of the Moon lies the great desert of Sahara, stretching 800 miles in width from its southern margin, and 1000 miles long between the Atlantic and the Red Sea. It is a hideous barren

waste, prolonged eastward into the Atlantic for miles in the form of sand-banks, and interrupted to the west only by a few oases and the valley of the Nile.

"This desert," says Mrs. Somerville, "is alternately scorched by heat and pinched by cold. The wind blows from the east nine months in the year, and at the equinoxes it rushes in a hurricane, driving the sand in clouds before it, producing the darkness of night at midday, and overwhelming caravans of men and animals in common destruction. Then the sand is heaped up in waves ever varying with the blast, even the atmosphere is of sand. The desolation of this dreary waste, boundless to the eye as the ocean, is terrific and sublime—the dry heated air is like a red vapor, the setting sun seems to be a volcanic fire, and at times the burning wind of the desert is the blast of death. There are many salt lakes to the north, and even the springs are of brine; thick incrustations of dazzling salt cover the ground, and the particles carried aloft by whirlwinds, flash in the sun like diamonds. \* \* \* Sand is not the only character of the desert, tracks of gravel and low bare rocks occur at times not less barren and dreary. \* \* \* On these interminable sands and rocks, no animal, no insect, breaks the dread silence, not a tree nor a shrub is to be seen in this land without a shadow. In the glare of noon the air quivers with the heat reflected from the red sand, and in the night it is chilled in a clear sky sparkling under a host of stars. Strangely but beautifully contrasted with these scorched solitudes is the narrow valley of the Nile, threading the desert for 1000 miles in emerald green, with its blue waters foaming in rapids among wild rocks, or quietly spreading in a calm stream amidst fields of corn, and the august monuments of past ages."—Pp. 118-120.

The American Continent, next in extent to that of the Old World, forms the subject of the next *five* chapters of Mrs. Somerville's work. It is 9,000 miles in length, and consists of two great peninsulas, united by a narrow isthmus, and has been divided into South, Central, and North America, all connected by the lofty chain of the Andes, rivalling almost the Himalayas in altitude, and stretching along the coast of the Pacific, from within the arctic to nearly the antarctic circle. South America is about 4,550 miles long, and 2,446 miles wide in its maximum breadth, between Cape Roque on the Atlantic, and Cape Blanco on the Pacific Ocean. "It consists of three mountain systems, separated by the basin of three of the greatest rivers in the world." The Andes, commencing with the "majestic dark mass of Cape Horn, runs northward along the western coast to the Isthmus of Panama as a single narrow chain, descending on the east to the vast plains extending for hundreds

of miles in a level as dead and as uninterrupted as that of the ocean. A detached mountain system rises in Brazil between the Rio de la Plata and the Amazons; and between the latter river and the Orinoco, lies the mountain system of Parima and Guiana. The mighty chain of the Andes commences in Terra del Fuego, a snow-clad mountain 6,000 feet high, descending in glaciers to the narrow bays and inlets of the sea. For 1000 miles northward to the fortieth parallel of south latitude, the Pacific washes the very base of the Patagonian Andes." "The coast itself for sixty miles is begirt by walls of rock, which sink into an unfathomable depth, torn by long crevices or fiords similar to those in the Norwegian shore, ending in tremendous glaciers, whose masses falling with a crash like thunder, drive the sea in sweeping breakers through these chasms." Opposite the Chiloe Archipelago four magnificent volcanoes blaze on the Andes, which, on entering Southern Chili, retire from the coast, leaving plains crossed by parallel mountain ranges 2000 or 3000 feet high. The Great Cordillera itself runs in a chain twenty miles broad, with a mean altitude of 12,000 feet. The mountain tops lie nearly horizontally, surmounted at distant intervals by groups of points, or a solitary volcanic cone finely relieved by the clear blue sky. One of these, Descabezado, or "the Beheaded," is 12,102 feet high; and behind Valparaiso, in the centre of a knot of mountains, the magnificent volcano of Aconcagua attains an elevation of 23,000 feet! In central Chili, *no rain falls for nine months in the year*. In Southern Chili, *rain falls only once in two or three years*. The Peruvian Andes commence about 24° of south latitude. They are separated for 1250 miles from the Pacific by a sandy desert about sixty miles broad, *on which a drop of rain never falls*. At the Nevada of Chorolque, in 21½° of south latitude, the Andes "become a very elevated narrow table-land, or longitudinal Alpine valley, in the direction of the coast, bounded on each side by a parallel row of high mountains rising much above the table-land. These parallel Cordilleras are united at various points by enormous transverse groups or mountain knots, or by the single ranges crossing between them like dykes, a structure that prevails to Pasto, in 1° 13' north latitude." There are no transverse valleys in the Andes, excepting a few opposite Patagonia and Chili, "there is not an opening through these mountains in

the remainder of their course to the Isthmus of Panama.

The following account of the table lands of the Andes is extremely interesting:—

"Unlike the table-lands of Asia," says Mrs. Somerville, "of the same elevation, these lofty regions of the Andes yield exuberant crops of every European grain, and have many populous cities enjoying the luxuries of life, with universities, libraries, civil and religious establishments, at altitudes equal to that of the Peak of Teneriffe, which is 12,358 feet above the sea level. Villages are placed and mines are wrought at heights little less than the top of Mount Blanc. . . . ."

"The table-lands of Desaguadero, one of the most remarkable of these, has an absolute altitude of 13,000 feet, and a breadth varying from 30 to 60 miles: it stretches 500 miles along the top of the Andes, between the transverse mountain-group of Las Lipéz, in 20° S. lat., and the enormous mountain-knot of Vilcapiata and Cusco, which, extending from east to west, shuts in the valley on the north, occupying an area three times as large as Switzerland, and rising 8,300 feet above the surface of the table-land, from which some idea may be formed of the gigantic scale of the Andes. This table-land or valley is bounded on each side by the two grand chains of the Bolivian Andes: that on the west is the Cordillera of the coast; the range on the east side is the Cordillera Reale. These two rows of mountains lie so near the edge that the whole breadth of the table-land, including both, is only 300 miles. All the snowy peaks of the Cordilleras of the coast, varying from 18,000 to 22,000 feet in absolute height, are either active volcanoes or of volcanic origin, and with the exception of the volcano of Uvinas, they are all situate upon the maritime declivity of the table-land, and not more than 60 miles from the Pacific; consequently the descent is very abrupt. The eastern Cordillera, which begins at the metalliferous mountains of Pasco and Potosi, is not more than 17,000 feet high to the south, and below the level of perpetual snow, but its northern portion contains the three peaked mountains of Sorata, 25,000 feet above the sea, and is one of the most magnificent chains in the Andes. The snowy part begins with the gigantic mass of Illimani, whose serrated ridges, elongated in the direction of the axis of the Andes, rise 24,000 feet above the ocean. The lowest glacier on its southern slope does not come below 16,500 feet, and the valley of Totoral a mere gulf 18,000 feet deep, in which Vesuvius might stand, comes between Illimani and the Nevada of Tres Cruces, from whence the Cordillera Reale runs northward in a continuous line of snow-clad peaks to the group of Vilcapiata and Cusco, which unites it with the Cordilleras of the coast.

"The valley or table-land of Desaguadero, occupying 150,000 square miles, has a considerable variety of surface; in the south, throughout the mining district, it is poor and cold. There Potosi, the highest city in the world, stands at an absolute elevation of 13,350 feet, on the declivity of a mountain celebrated for its silver mines, at the



height of 16,000 feet. Chiquisaca, the capital of Bolivia, containing 13,000 inhabitants, lies to the south-east of Potosi, in the midst of cultivated fields. The northern part of the valley is populous, and productive in wheat, maize, and other grain; and there is the lake of Titicaca, twenty times as large as the Lake of Geneva. The islands and shores of this lake still exhibit ruins of gigantic magnitude, monuments of a people more ancient than the Incas. The modern city of La Paz d'Ayachuco, with 40,000 inhabitants, on its southern border, stands in the most sublime situation that can be imagined, having the vast Nevado of Illimani to the north, and the no less magnificent Sorata to the south. The two ranges of the Bolivian Andes in such close approximation, with their smoking cones and serrated ridges, form one of the most august scenes in nature."—Pp. 128-131.

One of the largest and most interesting table-lands in the Andes is that of Quito, 200 miles long, and 30 wide, 10,000 feet above the sea, and flanked by the most magnificent volcanoes and mountains in America. The snow-clad cone of Cayambe is traversed by the equator; and on the summit of Pinchincha, 15,924 feet high, stands the signal cross erected by Bouguer and Condamine, when they were measuring a degree of the meridian, nearly a hundred years ago. The city of Quito, with a population of 70,000, stands on the side of Pinchincha, at the height of 9,000 feet above the sea.

Among the numerous passes over the Chilian Andes, that of Portilla, 14,365 feet high, is the most elevated. The pass from Sorata to the auriferous valley of Tipuani in Bolivia, is reckoned the highest, and about 16,000 feet. The most difficult, though only 11,500 feet high, is that of Quincha in Columbia.

"Nothing," says Mrs. Somerville, "can surpass the desolation of these elevated regions, where nature has been shaken by terrific convulsions. The dazzling snow fatigues the eye; the huge masses of bald rock, the mural precipices, and the chasms yawning into dark unknown depths, strike the imagination; while the crash of the avalanche, or the rolling thunder of the volcano, startles the ear. In the dead of night, when the sky is clear and the wind hushed, the hollow moaning of the volcanic fire fills the Indian with superstitious dread in the deathlike stillness of these solitudes.

"In the very elevated plains in the transverse groups, such as that of Bombon, however pure the sky, the landscape is lurid and colorless; the dark blue shadows are sharply defined, and from the thinness of the air it is hardly possible to make a just estimate of distance. Changes of weather are sudden and violent; clouds of black vapor arise, and are carried by fierce winds over the barren plains; snow and hail are driven with irresistible impetuosity; and thunder-storms come on, loud

and awful, without warning. Notwithstanding the thinness of the air, the crash of the peals is quite appalling, while the lightning runs along the scorched grass, and sometimes, issuing from the ground, destroys a team of mules or a flock of sheep at one flash.

"Currents of warm air are occasionally met with on the crest of the Andes—an extraordinary phenomenon in such gelid heights, which is not yet accounted for: they generally occur two hours after sunset, are local and narrow, not exceeding a few fathoms in width; similar to the equally partial blasts of hot air in the Alps. A singular instance, probably of earth light, occurs in crossing the Andes from Chih to Mendoza: on this rocky scene a peculiar brightness occasionally rests, a kind of indescribable reddish light, which vanishes during the winter rains, and is not perceptible on sunny days. Dr. Pæppig ascribes the phenomenon to the dryness of the air; he was confirmed in his opinion from afterwards observing a similar brightness on the coast of Peru, and it has also been seen in Egypt."—Pp. 137, 138.

We regret that the numerous subjects yet before us will not permit us to follow our authoress any further through these lofty regions of fire and of snow, stumbling over their peaks of granite, threading their hideous gorges, blinded by the smoke of their still smouldering fires, suffocated by the sulphurous vapors from their still burning lungs, or panting under the thin air of their azure summits. Nor can we descend under her intelligent guidance to the no less sublime scenery of its lower regions—to visit the vast Patagonian desert of shingle, extending over 800 miles—to examine the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, 1000 feet above the sea, and the insalubrious swamps of 1000 square miles at their base, where two millions of cattle were starved between 1830 and 1831, and where millions of animals are destroyed by the conflagration of the dry grass which covers them—to gaze upon the grassy Llanos of Orinoco and Venezuela, covering 153,000 square miles, and so perfectly smooth and level, "that there is not an eminence a foot high in 270 square miles—or to wander among the silvas or forests which cover the basin of the Amazons, extending 1500 miles along the river, with a breadth of from 350 to 800 miles, limiting even its mountain chains, and covering an area six times the size of France. We cannot, however, part with Mrs. Somerville, in this interesting chapter, till we admire her poetical description of this woodland desert:—

"A deathlike stillness prevails from sunrise to sunset; then the thousands of animals that inhabit these forests join in one loud discordant roar, not continuous, but in bursts. The beasts seem to

be periodically and unanimously roused, by some unknown impulse, till the forest rings in universal uproar. Profound silence prevails at midnight, which is broken at the dawn of morning by another general roar of the wild chorus. Nightingales, too, have their fits of silence and song: after a pause, they

‘— all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,  
As if some sudden gale had swept at once  
A hundred airy harps.’\*

The whole forest often resounds, when the animals, startled from their sleep, scream in terror at the noise made by bands of its inhabitants flying from some night-prowling foe. Their anxiety and terror before a thunder-storm is excessive, and all nature seems to partake in the dread. The tops of the lofty trees rustle ominously, though not a breath of air agitates them; a hollow whistling in the high regions of the atmosphere comes as a warning from the black floating vapor; midnight darkness envelops the ancient forests, which soon after groan and creak with the blast of the hurricane. The gloom is rendered still more hideous by the vivid lightning and the stunning crash of thunder. Even fishes are affected with the general consternation; for in a few minutes the Amazons rage in waves like a stormy sea.”—P. 148.

The geology of South America possesses a peculiar interest. There are no fewer than three groups of active volcanoes in this region; the most southern forming a line of volcanic action 800 miles in length, from Patagonia to Central Chili; the second occupying 600 miles of latitude, between Arauquipo and Patas; and the third stretching 300 miles between Riobamba and Popayan—the whole line of volcanic action being 1700 miles long. The chain of the Andes has experienced many upheavings and subsidences, especially at its south extremity. “Stems of large trees, which Mr. Darwin found in a fossil state in the Upsallata range—a collateral branch of the Chilean Andes, near 700 miles distant from the Atlantic—exhibit a remarkable example of such vicissitudes. These trees, with the volcanic soil on which they had grown, had sunk from the beach to the bottom of a deep ocean, from which, after five alternations of sedimentary deposits and deluges of submarine lava of prodigious thickness, the whole mass was raised up, and now forms the Upsallata chain. Subsequently, by the wearing of streams, the imbedded trunks have been brought into view in a silicified state, projecting from the soil on which they grew—now solid rock.”

In the *tenth* chapter our authoress treats

\* Wordsworth.

of Central America (including the West India Islands), a “tortuous strip of land” between 7° and 20° of N. Lat., stretching about 1000 miles from S. E. to S. W., and with a variable breadth of from 30 to 300 or 400 miles. The plains of Panama, a little above the sea level, follow the direction of the Isthmus for 280 miles; and from the Bay of Parita, where they terminate, table-lands 3000 feet high, and covered with forests and complicated mountains, extend to the lake of Nicaragua. The plain of Nicaragua, which, with its lake, only 128 feet above the Pacific, and separated from the sea by a line of active volcanoes, occupies 30,000 square miles. The table-land of Guatemala, 5000 feet high, consists of verdant plains of great extent, fragrant with flowers. The city of New Guatemala stands beside the three volcanoes of Pacayo, Del Fuego, and D’Agua, from 7,000 to 10,000 feet high, which exhibit “scenes of wonderful boldness and beauty.” The volcano of D’Agua, with old Guatemala at its feet, which it has twice destroyed, is a perfect cone, verdant to its summit, and occasionally ejecting torrents of boiling water and stones. “In a line along the western side of the table-land and the mountains, there is a continued succession of volcanoes, at various distances from the shore, and at various heights, on the declivity of the table-land. It seems as if a great crack or fissure had been produced in the earth’s surface along the junction of the mountains and the shore, through which the internal fire had found a vent.” Between 10° and 20° degrees of N. Lat., there are upwards of twenty active volcanoes, some of them higher than the central ridge, and subject to violent eruptions.

The West India Islands, which have been called the Columbian Archipelago, are the wreck of a great convulsion, in which a part of South and Central America, now the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, subsided; while the table-land of Mexico was at the same time upheaved. The period of this subsistence must have been after the destruction of the great quadrupeds, and therefore geologically recent. The line of volcanic islands, beginning with St. Vincent and ending with Guadeloupe, have conical mountains bristled with rugged rocks.

Mrs. Somerville concludes the Physical Geography of America in her *eleventh* and *twelfth* chapters, treating in succession of the table-lands and mountains of Mexico, the Rocky Mountains, the maritime chains

and mountains of Russian America, the great central plain or valley of the Mississippi, the Alleghany Mountains, the Atlantic Slope, and the Atlantic Plains. The table land of Mexico is 1600 miles long, equal to the distance between the north extremity of Scotland and Gibraltar! About 7,000 feet high on the east, it rises to 9,000 at the city of Mexico, and declines to 4,000 towards the Pacific.

"One of the singular crevices through which the internal fire finds a vent, stretches from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, directly across the table-land in a line about sixteen miles south of the city of Mexico. A very remarkable row of active volcanoes occurs along this parallel. Tuxtla, the most eastern of them is in the 95th degree of West longitude near the Mexican Gulf, in a low range of wooded hills. More to the west, the snow-shrouded cone of Orizabo is 17,000 feet high; and its ever-fiery crater, seen like a star in the darkness of the night, has obtained it the name of Citlaltepētl, the 'Mountain of the Star.' Popocatepetl, the loftiest mountain in Mexico, 17,884 feet above the sea, lies still farther west, and is in state of constant eruption. A chain of smaller volcanoes unites the three. On the western slope of the table-land, thirty-six leagues from the Pacific, stands the volcanic cone of Jorullo, on a plain 2,890 feet above the sea. It suddenly appeared and rose 1683 feet above the plain on the night of the 29th of September, 1759. The great cone of Colima, the last of this volcanic series, stands insulated in the plain of that name, between the western declivity of the table-land and the Pacific.

"Some points of the Sierra Madre are said to be 10,000 feet high and 4,000 above their base: and between the parallels of thirty-six and forty-two degrees, where the chain is the watershed between the Rio Colorado and the Rio Bravo del Norte, they are still higher, and perpetually covered with snow.

"Deep cavities, called Barancas, are a characteristic feature of the table-lands of Mexico. They are long narrow rents, two or three miles in breadth, and many more in length, often descending 1000 feet below the surface of the plain, with a brook or the tributary of some river flowing through them. Their sides are precipitous and rugged, with overhanging rocks covered with large trees. The intense heat adds to the contrast between these hollows and the bare plains, where the air is more than cool."—Pp. 169-171.

The Rocky Mountains stretch in two parallel chains, occasionally united by a transverse ridge from the Sierra Verde to the mouth of Mackenzie River. The eastern line rises even to the snow-level, and in mountains Hooper and Brown, to 15,590 and 16,000 feet above the sea. The chains along the shores of Russian America, are still more Alpine in their character, rising in

the case of Mount Elias, to 17,000. There are many active volcanoes in the branch running to Bristol Bay; and in the Prince of Wales' Archipelago, there are no fewer than seven active volcanoes.

The great central plain of North America, between the Rocky and Alleghany Mountains, has an area of 3,240,000 miles. It is 5,000 miles long, and rarely more than 700 feet high, and nowhere more than 1500 feet. In part of its northern portion it contains the most fertile territory in the United States—in its middle are interminable grassy savannahs, or prairies, or enormous forests; in the south are sandy deserts 400 or 500 miles wide; and in the far north are deserts rivalling those of Siberia in dreariness.

When America was discovered, an uninterrupted forest spread over the country, from the Canadian lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic into the valley of the Mississippi, "forming an ocean of vegetation of more than one 1,000,000 square miles, of which the greater part still remain." For hundreds of miles the mighty Ohio flows through magnificent forests with an undergrowth of rhododendrons, azaleas, and other beautiful shrubs. "There the American forests appear in all their glory; the gigantic deciduous cypress, and the tall tulip-tree overtopping the forest by half its height; a variety of noble oaks, &c., &c., and the liriodendron, the most splendid of the magnolia tribe, the pride of the forest." In describing the immense forests of Canada, consisting of spruce and pine trees, which grow to a great height, like bare spars with a tufted crown, Mrs. Somerville describes, after Mr. Taylor, the effects produced upon a forest by a heavy fall of snow.

"After a heavy fall of snow, succeeded by rain and a partial thaw, a strong frost coats the trees and all their branches with transparent ice often an inch thick: the noblest trees bend under the frost, and icicles hang from every bough which come down in showers with the least breath of wind. The hemlock spruce, especially, with its long drooping branches, is then like a solid mass. If the wind freshens, the smaller trees become like corn beaten down by the tempest, while the large ones swing heavily in the breeze. The forest at last gives way under its load; tree comes down after tree with sudden and terrific violence, crushing all before them, till the whole is one wide uproar, heard from afar, like successive discharges of artillery. Nothing, however, can be imagined more brilliant and beautiful than the effect of sunshine in a calm day on the frozen boughs, where every par-

ticle of the icy crystal sparkles, and nature seems decked in diamonds." Pp. 178, 179.

In her nineteenth chapter, Mrs. Somerville includes the arctic and antarctic regions of Greenland, Spitzbergen, Iceland, Jan Mayen's land, and the antarctic lands recently discovered by Sir James Ross. The coasts of Greenland, with which we are acquainted, are indented by fiords stretching into the interior often for one hundred miles. These inlets, hemmed in by walls of rock, often two thousand feet high, terminate in glaciers, which are sometimes pressed down by the superincumbent ice, so as often to fill the fiord, and project like bold headlands into the sea. Undermined by the action of the waves, huge masses, like little mountains, fall into the sea, with a crash like thunder, and form the icebergs, which are either stranded by currents on the arctic coast, or driven into lower latitudes till they are thawed under a tropical sun. In 68° of N. latitude a great fiord is supposed to stretch across the table-land and divide the country into S. and N. Greenland, "which last extends indefinitely to the very pole" of the earth.

Iceland, two hundred miles E. of Greenland, though a fifth part larger than Ireland, is, generally speaking, a country of volcanoes and ice, only about 4,000 square miles of it being habitable.\* "The peculiar feature of Iceland lies in a trachytic region, which seems to rest on an ocean of fire." It consists of two parallel ranges of Jokul or Ice Mountains, rising from table-lands, passing through the very centre of the island, from N.E. to S.W., and separated by a longitudinal valley. The most extensive of these ranges is the eastern one, which contains Oræfa Jokul, the highest mountain in Iceland. Many thousand square miles are covered with glaciers which descend far into the lowlands.

"The longitudinal space between the mountainous table-lands is a low valley one hundred miles wide, extending from sea to sea, where a substra-

\* In treating of Iceland, Mrs. Somerville quotes by mistake, "Trevelyan's Travels in Iceland." Sir Walter Trevelyan never was in Iceland, and never wrote any book of travels, or any work upon Iceland. The work to which Mrs. S. has, by an oversight, referred, is a *Memoir On the Vegetation and Temperature of the Faroe Islands*, published in the *Ed. New Phil. Journal*, Jan. 1837, and re-printed with corrections at Florence, in 1837. Sir Walter visited Faroe in 1831; and in a letter, dated July 24, 1833, addressed to the writer of this article, and published in the *Edinburgh Transactions*, vol. ix., p. 461, he has given a very interesting notice of the "Mineralogy of the Faroe Islands."

tum of trachyte is covered with lava, sand, and ashes, studded with low volcanic cones. It is a tremendous desert, never approached without dread even by the natives; a scene of perpetual conflict between the antagonist powers of fire and frost, without a drop of water or a blade of grass: no living creature is to be seen, not a bird nor even an insect. The surface is a confused mass of streams of lava rent by crevices; and rocks piled on rocks, with occasional glaciers, complete the scene of desolation. \* \* \* The extremities of the valley are more especially the theatres of perpetual volcanic activity. At the southern end, which opens to the sea in a wide plain, there are many volcanoes, of which Hekla is most known, from its insulated position, its vicinity to the coast, and its tremendous eruptions. The cone is divided into three peaks by crevices which are filled with snow: one of these fissures cleaves the mountain from the summit to the base; it is supposed to have been produced by the great eruption of 1300. Between the years 1004 and 1766, twenty-three violent eruptions have taken place, one of which continued six years, spreading devastation over a country once the abode of a thriving colony, now covered with lava, scoræ, and ashes; and in the year 1846 it was in full activity. The eruption of Skaptar, which broke out on the 8th of May, 1783, and continued till August, is one of the most dreadful recorded. The sun was hid many days by dense clouds of vapor, which extended to England and Holland, and the quantity of matter thrown out in this eruption was computed at fifty or sixty thousand millions of cubic yards. Some rivers were heated to ebullition, and others dried up: the condensed vapor fell in snow and torrents of rain: the country was laid waste, famine and disease ensued, and in the course of the two succeeding years 1300 people and 150,000 sheep and horses perished. The scene of horror was closed by a dreadful earthquake. Previous to the explosion an ominous mildness of temperature indicated the approach of the volcanic fire towards the surface of the earth: similar warnings had been observed before in the eruptions of Hekla"—Pp. 193, 194.

The Boiling Springs or aqueous eruptions of Iceland, called Geysers, which were long ago well described by Sir John Stanley, Sir W. Hooker, and Sir George Mackenzie, are among the most interesting phenomena in physical geography, and have been ranked even among "the greatest wonders of the world." As Mrs. Somerville has devoted to them only a brief paragraph, and has scarcely described the Great Geyser itself, we must endeavor to supply this defect, trusting that in another edition she will enlarge this portion of her work. These volcanic fountains are situated about 16 miles north of Skalholt, to the east of a small ridge, separated by a swamp from a group of high mountains. The principal fountains are the Great and Little Geysers and the Tunguhver. The *Great Geyser* rises

from a cylindrical pipe or pit, 8 or 10 feet in diameter, and 75 feet in perpendicular depth, opening into the centre of a basin from 46 to 56 feet in diameter, and four feet deep. Hot water, having silex in solution, rises gradually through the pit till it runs over, depositing silicious sinter at the bottom, and round the cavity. When the basin is full, subterranean explosions, like the firing of distant cannon, are heard at intervals of some hours, accompanied with a tremulous motion of the ground. The water then rushes up from the pit, and sinking again, agitates the water in the basin, and causes it to overflow. A stronger rush of water now takes place, clouds of vapor follow, and loud explosions are heard. Steam escapes in large quantities, and the water is thrown up to the height of 100 or 150 feet.\* The cold air condenses the steam into vapor, which is tossed about in dense clouds, tumbling one over another with singular rapidity, and forming a sight of great interest and magnificence. When the basin and its pipe are thus emptied the explosions cease, and are renewed after they have been again filled from below. Mr. Henderson found the temperature of the water in the basin  $203^{\circ}$  before an explosion, and  $183^{\circ}$  after it. The *New Geyser* or *Strockr*, 140 yards from the Geyser, is an irregularly shaped pit, nine feet in diameter, and 44 deep. The water is seen in a state of great agitation about twenty feet below the orifice, which is not encircled like the cavity of the other Geyser, by silicious sinter. At variable intervals a prodigious rush of steam issues with a roaring noise; and so great is the force of propulsion, that the mass of vapor rises perpendicularly to the height of 100 and sometimes 200 feet, even when there is a good deal of wind. When large stones are thrown into the pit they are shattered to pieces, and thrown upwards to a height often greatly exceeding that of the columns of vapor and water.† In the

valley of Reikholt is situated, among a great number of boiling springs, the celebrated spring of *Tunguhver*: it consists of two cavities, distant only 3 feet, from which the water is ejected in alternate jets. While the water is thrown up from the one cavity, in a narrow jet, 10 feet high, the water in the other cavity is in state of violent ebullition. The narrow jet, after playing for about four minutes, subsides, and the water in the other cavity instantly rises in a greater column, to the height of three or four feet. After playing three minutes this greater jet subsides, and the other rises to repeat its singular alternations.

The general phenomena of the Geysers are obviously caused by the generation of steam in cavities containing water, and of such a strength that when the steam occupies a certain space it overcomes the pressure of the water, which is thrown out and followed by the steam. It is not easy, however, and has not been satisfactorily done, to explain the irregular alternations of the Tunguhver springs. Although the principal Geysers have been playing for 600 years, yet they are subject to great changes, arising from changes in the internal fires by which they are produced. One of the springs which Sir John Stanley describes as incessant, and which Sir George Mackenzie mentions as very active when he visited the island in 1809, was found by Mr. Barrow to be extinct in 1834, and the surface of the neighborhood so changed, that the appearances described by the older travellers could not be recognised. In the same valley there is a small rock, from the top of which hot springs issue; and at Reikholt, the celebrated hot bath, excavated 600 years ago, by Snorro Sturleson, is still to be seen. It is 14 feet in diameter and six feet deep, and is supplied with hot water from a spring 100 yards distant, by means of a covered channel, which has been injured by an earthquake, and by cold water from another neighboring fountain.

In the district of Guldbringé in the Sulphur Mountains, there are natural cauldrons of a black boiling mud, and also nu-

\* Mr. Henderson discovered, that by throwing stones into the spring, he could make it play whenever he chose, and throw its waters to nearly double their usual height. In describing the three hot springs, next to the Geysers in magnitude, called Nordur-hver, and Sydster-hver, Mr. Henderson mentions the extraordinary statement made by Horrebrow in his Natural History of Iceland, that "when the water of the Nordur-hver is put into a bottle, it continues to jet twice or thrice with the fountain; and if the bottle be corked immediately, it bursts in pieces on the commencement of the following eruption of the spring!!!"—*Journal*, vol. i., p. 55, note, and p. 146.

† In the time of Olafsen and Povelsen the height

of the jet was 360 feet. In 1772, when visited by Von Troil, it rose to 93 feet. In 1789, Sir John Stanley found it 96 feet. In 1804, Lieut. Ohlsen found it by a quadrant to be 212 feet. In 1809, Sir W. Hooker mentions 100 feet; and in 1810, Sir George Mackenzie makes the height 90 feet. In 1814, Mr. Henderson made the height of the jet equal to 75 feet, but in August 1815, he saw it reach an elevation of 150 feet.—*Journal of a Residence in Iceland*, vol. i., p. 55, Note.

merous jets of steam. One of the most remarkable of these springs is the mud volcano of Reykiahlid near Myvat. It issues from the crater of Mount Krabla, in the N. E. extremity of the island, and has been well described by Mr. Henderson, who visited Iceland in 1814 and 1815. At the bottom of a deep gully there is a pool 300 feet in circumference, containing black liquor and mud. From the orifice in the centre of the pool there is emitted, with a loud thundering noise, a huge column of mud, equal in diameter to that of the great Geyser, rising at first to a height of 12 feet, but soon ascending by starts to its greatest elevation, which is often above 30 feet. The column rapidly subsides, and when it has completely fallen, the orifice can be recognised only by a gentle bubbling up of the surface. These eruptions lasting only about 2½ minutes, are repeated every five minutes. "The above," says Mr. Henderson, "is an outline of this wonderful pool, but its horrors are absolutely indescribable. To be conceived they must be seen; and I am convinced that the awful impression they left on my mind no length of time will ever be able to erase."\* M. Mengé of Hanau, who visited Iceland in 1819, informs us that the silicious water of the hot springs contains sulphur, gypsum, alum, bole, &c., that these substances disappear as soon as the water cools, and that the residuum is *trap-porphry* in the Geysers, *lava* in those of Reikaness, *basalt* in those of Kryswick, and even *amygdaloid* in others! M. Mengé satisfied himself that the Westmanna Islands, 18 miles from Iceland, were once continuous with it; and he was informed that the volcano of Heimöy, in these islands, was "formed probably by a subterranean communicating canal, during an eruption of Eyafialla Jokul."

We would willingly linger over this land of wonders did our limits permit us. We would describe its *Odada Hraun*, or district of "Horrible Lavas;"—its moving ice-mountains 20 miles long, 15 broad, and 400 feet high, approaching to and receding from the coast;—its *Ale Wells*, which intoxicate those who drink a considerable quantity on the spot;—its magnificent *Elluborg*,† or "Fortress of Fire," with its lava battlements 200 feet high and 1800 in circuit;—the *Lon-dranqur*, or two "curious looking natural obelisks, the highest of

which is 240 feet from its base;—the sulphur mountains of Krisuvick;—the wonderful mountain of Oræfa Jokul, which burst with a dreadful explosion in 1367, and again in 1727, pouring out deluges of hot water, in which 600 sheep and 160 horses perished;—and, finally, the volcanic *Jakul Kotlugia*, which poured forth such floods of ice and water that the church of Hofdubrecka was observed to swim among the masses of ice to a considerable distance in the sea, before it fell to pieces!\*

Mrs. Somerville has mentioned only in a few lines the islands of Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen, which are peculiarly interesting to Englishmen, as they are within the reach of our more adventurous whale ships. Captain, now Dr. Scoresby, visited both of these islands, and has published a very valuable description of them, from which we shall glean a few interesting facts. The principal object in Jan Mayen is the volcanic mountain of Beerenberg, or the Mountain of Bears, situated at the north extremity of the island. It rises from a mountainous base, and rears its ice-clad summit to the height of 6,870 feet. Captain Scoresby ascended another volcanic mountain, between 1,000 and 1,500 feet high, with an elliptical crater, 400 by 240 feet wide, on the side of which was a subterranean cavern, from which issued a spring of water, that afterwards disappeared in the sea. Between the north-east and south-east Capes there are three remarkable icebergs, which occupy three hollows in the almost

\* These extraordinary scenes, no doubt, from want of space, are not described by Mrs. Somerville. Regarding Iceland as one of the most extraordinary spots on the surface of the earth, the very focus of subterranean fires still raging beneath it, and producing phenomena of the most gigantic and interesting character, we would strongly recommend to the notice of our readers the valuable and able work of Dr. Henderson, entitled, *Iceland, or the Journal of a Residence in that Island during the years 1814 and 1815*. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1818. The object of the author "was exclusively to investigate the wants of its inhabitants with respect to the Holy Scriptures," and to adopt measures for supplying them: The personal narrative is exceedingly interesting, and the description of the physical wonders of the island correct and scientific; while a tone of elevated and unobtrusive piety runs, in a gentle under-current, through the whole book. We are surprised that such a work is not better known; and while we recommend the republication of it in a cheap form, we would bespeak for it the especial patronage of the Christian reader. It is impossible to follow the author in his adventurous journey without feeling at every step that the great Architect of our globe is at that moment working with a tremendous agency, before us, above us, and beneath us.

\* *Journal, &c.*, Vol. I., pp. 171–175.

† A plate representing this extraordinary volcanic hill is given by Dr. Henderson, in Vol. II., p. 28.

perpendicular cliff, which stretches from the base of Beerenberg to the water's edge. Their perpendicular height was about 1,284 feet. These icebergs, unlike any he had seen, resembled cataracts suddenly frozen.

A little to the north of Prince Charles's Island, on the east coast of Spitzbergen, there are extraordinary accumulations of ice, known by the name of the *Seven Icebergs*. Each of them is about a mile long, and nearly 200 feet high at the sea edge; and each occupies a deep valley opening towards the sea, and flanked by hills 2,000 feet high, and terminated in the interior by a chain of mountains, about 3,500 feet in height. The largest iceberg which Captain Scoresby saw was a little to the north of Horn Sound, extending eleven miles in length along the coast: the highest part of its sea-front was 2,102 feet, and its breadth towards the interior about 1,600 feet. Captain Scoresby had the good fortune to witness the fall of a mass of ice into the sea, about 50 feet square, and 150 feet high. It descended with an awful crash, like that of thunder, and broke into a thousand pieces. "The water into which it plunged was converted into an appearance of vapor or smoke like that from a furious cannonading."

Mrs. Somerville concludes her description of the polar regions with an interesting abstract of the discoveries of Sir James Ross in the Antarctic Zone.

In the *fourteenth* chapter of the work before us, and the last which relates to the physical description of the EARTH, Mrs. Somerville treats of the continent of Australia, Van Diemen's Island, New Zealand, New Guinea, and Borneo—a region full of interest both to the philosopher and the statesman. The continent of New Holland, 2,400 miles long, and 1,700 broad, is marked on its eastern coast by a chain of mountains 1,500 miles long, which has generally a meridional direction, and never deviates much from the coast. Their average height is only from 2,400 to 4,700 feet; and the loftiest of them, Mount Kosciusko, does not exceed 6,500 feet. The character of these mountains is peculiarly rugged and savage, in some cases round at top, and crowned with forests; but generally, though wooded on their flanks, terminating in bare aiguilles, tooth-shaped peaks, and flat crests of granite or porphyry, mingled with patches of snow. The triangle of Van Diemen's Island contains 27,200 square miles. The mountainous chain from New

Holland starts from Cape Portland, passes through the island in the shape of the letter Z, with an average altitude of 3,750 feet, and an average distance of forty miles from the coast.

New Zealand is divided by dangerous and rocky channels into three islands—the Northern, or New Ulster, the Middle, or New Munster, and the Southern Island, or New Leinster, which is an exceedingly small one. Chains of lofty mountains pass through the islands, rising in New Ulster 14,000 feet "above the stormy ocean around, buried two-thirds of their height in permanent snow and glaciers, and exhibiting, on the grandest scale, all the Alpine characters, with the addition of active volcanoes on the eastern and western coasts." In New Munster or the middle island, where, according to Major Bunbury, the bleak and savage appearance of its chain of mountains, covered with eternal snow, was forcibly contrasted with the real amenity of its climate, and the fertility of its soil near the coast, is situated the interesting Free Church settlement of Otago, now establishing under the patronage of the New Zealand Company. The river Clutho, which forms the southern boundary of the settlement, is a magnificent river, a quarter of a mile broad at its mouth, and winding, with a navigable channel, six fathoms deep, through extended plains of great beauty and extraordinary fertility. Coal in thick beds, iron, and copper—the material elements of civilization, are found in this district; and we trust that its better and nobler ingredients of churches and schools, will soon consecrate the sites of Dunedin and Port Chalmers, and rear a Christian population who will do honor to their Scottish ancestors by their piety and virtues, and diffuse the blessings of knowledge and religion over the benighted regions around.

After describing very briefly the principal islands of the Indian Archipelago—the largest of them Papua or New Guinea, 1,400 miles long, by 200 in breadth, and with mountains 16,000 feet high, embracing two active volcanoes; and Borneo, the next in size, with its diamonds, and gold, and spices, and its noble British Rajah—Mrs. Somerville proceeds to give a very interesting account of the coral formations in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, presenting a valuable abstract of the admirable generalizations of Mr. Darwin. Although these islands are very numerous, yet there is not one of them within the immense areas of

subsidence marked out by the coral islands and reefs of the Pacific: and "there is not an active volcano within several hundred miles of an archipelago, or even a group of the Atolls or Lagoon Islands. The volcanic islands are, generally speaking, arranged in zones, one of the most active of which is the Banda group, including Timor, Sumbawa, Bali, Java, and Sumatra, forming a curved line 2,000 miles long." The little island of Gounong-api, belonging to the Banda group, contains a volcano of great activity; and such is the elevating pressure of submarine fire on that part of the ocean, that a mass of black basalt rose up, of such magnitude, as to fill a bay sixty fathoms deep, and so quietly, "that the inhabitants were not aware of what was going on till it was nearly done." The second zone of volcanic islands, containing many open vents, begins to the north of New Guinea, and passes through New Britain, New Ireland, Solomon's Island, and the New Hebrides. The third, and greatest of all the volcanic zones, commences at the north extremity of Celebes, including Gilolo, "bristled with volcanic cones," the Philippine isles, Formosa, Loo-Choo, and the Kurile isles of Kamtchatka, which contain several active volcanoes of great height. Volcanic eruptions in the Japan Archipelago occur in six islands east of Jephoon; and in the Kurile islands the internal fire has shown itself in eighteen volcanoes. In the beginning of this century there *appeared two new islands, one five miles round, and the other 3,000 feet high*, in a part of the ocean so deep, that a line of 1,200 feet did not reach the bottom. "On the other side of the Pacific the whole chain of the Andes, and the adjacent islands of Juan Fernandez and the Galapagos, form a vast volcanic area, which is actually now rising." In the table-land of Western Asia, where the internal fire had once been intensely active, we have now only the spent volcano of Demavend, from whose snowy cone smoke occasionally issues. In the table-land of Eastern Asia there is only one volcano in the chain of Thian-Chan.

In those parts of the earth where the internal fire has not found an easy exit, earthquakes of various degrees of intensity frequently occur. When the boiling lava within forces itself up beneath the ocean, it gives birth to two waves—one along the bed of the ocean, which is the real shock of the earthquake, and the other on the aqueous surface, which, travelling with a slower

motion, reaches the shore with its desolating surge, long after the real shock has spent its violence on the land. The earth wave varies from an inch in height to two or three feet, and when it comes to shallow soundings "it carries with it to the land a long, flat, aqueous wave." On arriving at the beach, the water drops in arrear, from the superior velocity of the shock, so that at that moment the sea seems to recede before the great ocean wave arrives.

"Three other series of undulations are formed simultaneously with the preceding, by which the sound of the explosion is conveyed through the earth, the ocean, and the air, with different velocities. That through the earth travels at the rate of from 7,000 to 10,000 feet in a second, in hard rock, and somewhat less in looser materials, and arrives at the coast a short time before, or at the same moment with the shock, and produces the hollow sounds that are the harbingers of ruin; then follows a continuous succession of sounds, like the rolling of distant thunder, formed, first, by the wave that is propagated through the water of the sea, which travels at the rate of 4,700 feet in a second, and, lastly, by that passing through the air, which only takes place when the origin of the earthquake is a submarine explosion, and travels with a velocity of 1,123 feet in a second. The rolling sounds precede the arrival of the great wave on the coasts, and are continued after the terrific catastrophe, when the eruption is extensive."—P. 229.

The earthquake which destroyed Lisbon had its centre of action immediately below the city, and shook "an arc of 700,000 square miles, equal to a twelfth part of the circumference of the globe."

Mrs. Somerville now proceeds, in her *fifteenth* chapter, to treat of the OCEAN—its size, color, pressure, and saltness; its tides, waves, and currents; its temperature; its Arctic and Antarctic ice, and its inland seas. The bed of the ocean is diversified, like the land, with mountains and plains, with tablelands and valleys—here barren, there covered with sea-plants, but everywhere teeming with life. The detritus of the land is continually filling up its bed, but this is counteracted by the elevation of the land, which keeps its shores invariable. The *Great Pacific Ocean* has a larger area than all the dry land on the globe. It covers 50,000,000 of square miles, and 70,000,000, including the Indian Ocean. From Peru to Africa it is 16,000 miles wide. It is generally unfathomable between the tropics, where its depth is so great, that *a line five miles long has in many places not reached the bottom*. The *Atlantic Ocean*, appa-



rently stretching from Pole to Pole, is 5,000 miles wide, and covers 25,000,000 square miles. The following are its depths in different places:—

In 27° 26' 3" Lat., and Long. 17° 27'	14,550
West of the Cape of Good Hope, 450 miles, higher than Mont Blanc.	16,062
In 15° 3' 5" Lat., and W. Long. 23° 14', as high as the Himalaya.	27,600*

The German Ocean, now rapidly filling up by the detritus from the land, has in a great part of its bed a depth of only 93 feet! and even near the precipitous coast of Norway the depth is only 5,460 feet. At the depth of a mile and a quarter the pressure of the sea is equal to 2,809 lbs. on every inch of surface. In the Arctic Ocean shells are seen at the depth of 1,180 feet, and among the West Indian Islands at 180 feet, so that the light which fell upon these shells would have been visible to an eye at least 960 feet deep in the one case, and 360 feet in the other. The color of all water when pure is a fine *bright blue*, becoming *green* when mixed with certain vegetable matters, and *brownish yellow* when derived from mosses. The saltness of the sea is greatest at the parallel of 22° N. Lat. and 17° S. Lat., diminishing towards the Equator and the Poles, where it is least, owing to the melting of the ice. At the Straits of Gibraltar the water is four times as salt at a depth of 670 fathoms as it is at the surface.

† The central area of the Pacific and the Atlantic is occupied with the great oceanic tide-wave, which is raised by the joint action of the sun and moon. From this continually oscillating wave, partial waves diverge in all directions, finding their way into seas and estuaries, with various velocities, depending on the form of the coast and the depth of the channel, and the nature of its bed. In some parts of the coast of Britain the tides rise 50 or 60 feet. In the Bristol Channel and the Gulf of St. Malo they rise 47 feet, according to Captain Beechey, and at the Bay of Fundy 60 feet, while at St. Helena they never exceed three feet, and are scarcely visible among many of the tropical islands in the Pacific. At Courtown, according to Captain Beechey, there is little or no rise of the water, and at Swanage the Spring-tides are scarcely five feet.

The tide at the equator follows the moon at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour. In the

Turruy channel at Cayenne the sea rises 40 feet in five minutes, and as suddenly ebbs. The highest waves which occur at the Cape of Good Hope do not exceed 40 feet from their lowest to their highest point. Under the heaviest gales the sea is probably tranquil at the depth of 200 or 300 feet.

The tranquillity of the ocean is disturbed by *currents* varying in their extent and velocity, owing to causes both permanent and variable. The great currents which flow from the two poles to the equator, are deflected by the diurnal motion of the earth, acquiring a rotatory motion as they advance, till they combine into one great current flowing from east to west with the velocity of nine or ten miles a-day. The Gulf stream, and other currents, which we have elsewhere described, originate from this great "oceanic river."

As the mean temperature of the earth at the poles is about 10° of Fahrenheit, and about 2° or 3° below zero at the two poles of maximum cold, 12° distant from the poles of revolution, and situated in the meridians of Canada and Siberia, the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans are completely frozen during eight months of the year, a continuous body of ice, extending round the poles of maximum cold, and occupying a sort of elliptical area above 4000 miles in its mean diameter. The icebergs which are detached in pieces from the glaciers, that lie on the margin of this gelid region, are sometimes drifted southward 200 miles from their origin. The largest and the farthest travelled icebergs come from the South Pole. Capt. D'Urville observed one *thirteen miles* long, with perpendicular sides 100 feet high.—The icebergs of the Arctic Zone have been already described; and, in our review of Sir James Ross's voyage, the reader will find interesting details respecting the ice-masses of the Antarctic Ocean, and the dangers of navigating an icy sea.

After describing the inland seas\* which diverge from the two great oceans, and which, in the case of the Atlantic, have a coast of 48,000 miles, and of the Pacific only 44,000, Mrs. Somerville proceeds in her *sixteenth* chapter to the subject of springs, hot and cold, and to the origin and cause of floods in rivers, devoting the other two chapters of the first volume, and the two first chapters of the second, to the de-

\* The Baltic, Black Sea, Mediterranean, Baffin's Bay, Hudson's Bay, Gulf of Mexico, the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf.

\* The line did not reach the bottom.

scription of the river systems and lakes of the great continents of the earth.

Although hot and boiling springs are most common in volcanic regions, yet they are often found at the distance of many hundred miles from volcanic districts. In the Austrian dominions there are no less than 1,500 medicinal springs, containing sulphuric and carbonic acids, iron, magnesia, sulphur, iodine, and other ingredients. The boiling springs of Iceland, Italy, and the Azores, deposit silex; and all over the world there are springs that deposit carbonate and sulphate of lime in enormous quantities. The brine springs of Cheshire have flowed unchanged for 1000 years.—“Springs of naphtha and petroleum are abundant round the Caspian sea,” the petroleum forming even lakes in that singular region.

In the physical geography of rivers many interesting phenomena are presented to the student. While it is the general character of a river to advance with an increasing quantity of water to the sea, there are cases where rivers and streams are absorbed by the soil, and are actually lost before they reach the ocean. At the Perte du Rhone the river disappears and re-appears, and there are streams in Derbyshire which are lost for a time and again rise to view. When the Arve which runs into the Rhone below Geneva is swollen by a freshet, it sometimes drives back the Rhone into the Lake of Geneva, and on one occasion the retrograde current actually made the mill-wheels revolve in the opposite direction.

“Instances have occurred of rivers suddenly stopping in their course for some hours, and leaving their channels dry. On the 26th of November, 1838, the water failed so completely in the Clyde, Nith, and Teviot, that the mills were stopped eight hours in the lower part of their streams. The cause was the coincidence of a gale of wind and a strong frost, which congealed the water near their sources. Exactly the contrary happens in the Siberian rivers, which flow from south to north over so many hundreds of miles; the upper parts are thawed, while the lower are still frozen, and the water, not finding an outlet, inundates the country.”—P. 270.

The tides of the ocean often flow up rivers to a great distance from their mouths, and frequently to a height far above the level of the sea. In the Amazons, the tide is perceptible 576 miles from its mouth, and in the Orinoco it ascends 255 miles.

It would require much greater space than our limits allow, to give even the briefest abstract of Mrs. Somerville's four chapters

on the River or Hydraulic systems, and on the Lakes in the Old and New World. It is impossible, indeed, to peruse these chapters with the interest which they possess, unless we have before us excellent charts of the river systems themselves, free of all the other details which are given in ordinary maps. Maps of this kind, of great beauty and accuracy, have been published by Messrs. Johnston and Berghaus; and we would recommend to our readers to study this part of Mrs. Somerville's work with these beautiful hydrological plates in their hands.\*

In treating of River systems, hydrologists divide the subject into eight different parts—the *Basins*—the *Watershed* and *Portage*—the *Bifurcations*—the *Size and Length of Rivers*—the *River Courses*—the *Deltas*—the *Velocity of Rivers*, and their *Development*. The *basin* of a river is the whole sources, brooks, and rivulets, whose waters contribute to its formation—or the surface of the country which it drains. The *watershed* is the place where waters begin to descend in opposite directions. When the watershed is flat, so that barges can be easily conveyed over it from one river to another, the places where this can be done are called *portages*. When opposite river basins are separated by a country so depressed on its surface as to permit the water of one river, when diverted from its channel, to join another river with which it has no connexion, the phenomenon is called the *bifurcation* of a river. There are many such bifurcations in America, and in the deltas of rivers generally; but the most remarkable is that in which the *Casiquiare* (which our countryman, Sir R. Schomburgk,† lately found to be 120 miles long in direct distance, and 176 in its windings), flowing through the plains of Esmeralda, unites the Orinoco with the Marañon. It is 300 feet wide where it leaves the Orinoco, and 1650 where it joins the Guainia, a tributary of the Marañon. The *size and length* of rivers, including their windings, is an indication of their importance both in navigation and commerce. In the progress of a river, it is divided into the *upper*, the *middle*, and the *lower course*. The upper course is generally through rap-

\* These charts, two in number, form Plates V. and VI. of the department of Hydrology in the *Physical Atlas*, and represent the Oceanic Rivers; the Continental Rivers, and the River Basins.

† Journal of the Geographical Society, vol. x, p. 248.

ids, the middle course through plains, and the lower where it tends to divide and ramify forms *Deltas* (so called from their resemblance to the Greek letter Delta Δ), which are divided into *fluvatile*, *lacustrine*, and *maritime*—fluvatile, when the river falls into another—lacustrine, when it falls into a lake—and maritime, when it falls into the sea. The *velocities* of rivers indicate the form and inclination of their channels,

and the volume of water they contain. The *development* of a river is its length from its source to its mouth, including all its windings and turnings. Following Johnston and Berghaus in their definitions, we shall now present, on their authority, the following abridged view of the different River systems in the Old and New Worlds:—

## ATLANTIC SYSTEM.

	River Basins in square miles.	Direct length in geog. miles.	Windings in geog. miles.	Ratio of windings to direct length.
Rhine, . . .	16,324	360	600	0.6
Vistula, . . .	14,160	280	520	0.8
Elbe, . . .	10,464	344	684	1.0

## MEDITERRANEAN SYSTEM.

Nile, . . .	130,200	1,320	2,240	0.7
Po, . . .	7,488	232	352	0.5
Rhône, . . .	7,040	208	560	1.6

## EUXINE SYSTEM.

Danube, . . .	58,520	880	1,496	0.7
Dnieper, } . . .	42,420	548	1,080	1.0
Don, . . .	42,104	408	960	1.3

## ARCTIC SYSTEM.

Obi, . . .	231,200	1,276	2,320	0.8
Yenisei, . . .	196,132	1,228	2,800	1.2
Lena, . . .	148,600	1,398	2,400	0.7

## CONTINENTAL SYSTEM.

Volga, Caspian, . . .	99,360	600	2,040	2.4
Sir, } . . .	59,480	760	1,208	0.6
Amoo, } Aral, . . .	48,400	816	1,400	0.7

## EAST PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Amour, . . .	145,720	1,220	2,380	0.9
Yang-tse-Kiang, . . .	136,800	1,568	2,880	0.8
Hoang-ho, . . .	134,400	1,120	2,280	1.0

## SYSTEM OF INDIAN OCEAN.

Ganges and } . . .	108,120	824	1,680	1.0
Bramapoutra } . . .	78,000	1,096	1,960	0.8

## ATLANTIC SYSTEM.

Great Lakes and } . . .	297,600	860	1,800	2.1
St. Lawrence, } . . .	52,000	368	1,352	2.6
Orinoco, . . .	1,512,000	1,548	3,080	1.0
Maranon, . . .	886,400	1,023	1,920	0.9
La Plata . . .				

## SYSTEM OF THE MEXICAN GULF, &amp;c.

	River Basins in square miles.	Direct length in geog. miles.	Windings in geog. miles.	Ratio of Windings to direct miles.
Mississippi and } Missouri, }	982,400	1,412	3,560	1.5
Rio del Norte, .	180,000	1,220 ?	1,840	0.5

## ARCTIC SYSTEM.

MacKenzie River, .	441,600	964	2,120	1.2
Saskatchewan, .	360,000	924	1,664	0.8

## WEST PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Columbia, . . .	196,400	576	1,360	1.4
Colorado, . . .	169,200	512	800 ?	0.6

If we reckon the whole running waters of Europe to be unity, or 1.00, the quantities discharged into the different seas will be

Black Sea, . . .	0.27 parts.	Baltic . . . . .	0.13
Caspian, . . . .	0.16 "	German Ocean, . . .	0.11
Mediterranean, .	0.14 "	Arctic Sea, . . . .	0.06
Atlantic, . . . .	0.13 "		

Hence the Black Sea swallows up the *third part* of all the running waters in Europe !

The quantity of water discharged by each of the European rivers will be as follows, assuming all the rivers to give 1.00 parts.

The Volga discharges . . .	0.14 parts.	Don, . . . . .	0.05
Danube, . . . . .	0.12 "	Rhine, . . . . .	0.03
Dnieper, . . . . .	0.06 "	Dwina, . . . . .	0.02

With the following table, showing the characters of the great American lakes, we must conclude our observations on the Hydrology of the earth :\*

	Mean length in miles.	Mean breadth in miles.	Mean depth.	Height above sea.	Area in sq. ] miles.
Lake Superior, . . .	400	80	900	596	32,000
Lake Michigan, . . .	320	70	1000	578	22,400
Lake Huron, . . . .	240	80	1000	578	20,400
Lake Erie, . . . . .	240	40	84	565	9,600
Lake Ontario . . . .	180	35	500	232	6,300

From the physical geography of the waters of the globe, Mrs. Somerville proceeds in the *twentieth* chapter to the consideration of the *Air*, or the Atmosphere—its density—its currents—its temperature—its moisture—its electricity—its diamagnetism, and its constituents.† These important subjects are treated in the narrow space of *ten* pages, and of course without any of those interest-

\* The reader will find more ample details in the letter-press descriptions of Berghaus and Johnston's Hydrological Maps, Plates V. and VI.

† M. Doyer has very recently shown that the composition of the atmosphere is *constantly changing*, the quantity of oxygen varying from 20.5 to 21.3. *Comptes Rendus, &c.*, 24 Feb., 1848, p. 194, and 21 Feb., p. 234, *Note*.

ing details of which they are susceptible. Mrs. Somerville will, no doubt, supply the defects of this chapter in a second edition, and dwell at greater length upon these and other topics which are little more than mentioned. There is, in our opinion, no department of Physical Geography so interesting as that of the atmosphere, and none certainly with which we are so intimately connected, and in which we are so deeply interested. Mrs. Somerville does not even mention the Isothermal lines of Humboldt and his fellow-laborers; nor the optical phenomena of the atmosphere, such as its polarization, its colors, its phenomena of unequal refraction; nor its optical

and electrical meteorology; nor the distribution of magnetism either in the atmosphere or on the earth.\*

The remaining chapters of Mrs. Somerville's work, *eleven* in number, are devoted to the interesting subject of the distribution of organic life over the globe. *Five* of these are devoted to the nourishment and growth of plants, and to the vegetation and Flora of the four quarters of the globe, and beneath the surface of the ocean. She then treats in separate chapters of the distribution of insects—of fishes—of reptiles—of birds—of the mammalia—and, finally, of the "distribution, condition, and future prospects of the human race." We could have wished to follow Mrs. Somerville in her instructive journey through the world of organic life, standing in mute admiration before its gigantic denizens, recognising in every thing that lives and breathes the wisdom and benevolence of its Maker—enjoying with grateful heart the luxurious repasts, physical and intellectual, which organic nature provides—and looking forward with faith and hope to the final development of those mysterious arrangements in which we have to perform so prominent a part:—Our exhausted space, however, will not allow us, and we regret this the less, as the importance of the subject may induce us to return to it, when we can command ample room for its interesting details.

In the last chapter of her work, occupying a considerable space, Mrs. Somerville treats of *the distribution, condition, and future prospects of the human race*. The human family consists of 860 millions of souls, speaking more than 2,000 languages. It has been divided into *five* classes—the Circassian race, the Mongol-Tartar race, the Malayan race, the Ethiopian race, and the American races. The *Circassian* race, with their small, finely modelled head, fine hair, and symmetrical form, inhabit all Europe, except Lapland, Finland, and Hungary. The *Mongol-Tartars* occupy all Asia north of the Persian table-land, and the Himalaya range—the whole of Eastern Asia from the Bramapoutra to Behring's Straits—together with the Arctic regions of North America, north of Labrador, and Hungary.

\* Some of these topics have been treated in this *Journal*, Vol. IV. and Vol. V. and in the *Physical Atlas*, so often referred to. the reader will find the *temperature, pressure, currents, and polarization* of the atmosphere graphically represented in Plates I. II. and V. of *Meteorology*, while the distribution of moisture, and the amount of rain over the globe, is represented in Plates III. and IV.

They have "broad skulls, high cheek-bones, small black eyes, obliquely set, long black hair, and a yellow or sallow complexion." The *Malayan* race, with their "dark complexion, lank coarse black hair, flat face, and obliquely set eyes," occupy the Indian Archipelago, New Zealand, Chatham Island, the Society group, and several others of the Polynesian Islands together with the Philippines and Formosa. The *Ethiopian* race, with their "black complexion, black, woolly, or frizzled hair, thick lips, projecting jaw, high cheek-bones, large prominent eyes," occupy all Africa south of the Sahara, half of Madagascar, the continent of Australia, Mindanao, Gilolo, the High Lands of Borneo, Scandinavia, Timor, and New Ireland. The *American* race occupy all America from 62° of North Latitude to the Straits of Magellan. They are of a reddish brown, or copper color with long black hair, deep set black eyes, and aquiline nose. Inhabiting different climates, from the frozen soil of the Arctic Zone, to the burning sands of the Equatorial regions; fed upon different food—suited to the climate; occupied in different pursuits, both physical and mental—these different races, though sprung from the same stock, have gradually acquired those features, both corporeal and mental, by which they are at present distinguished.

Is it possible that the human family thus composed, severed by language, separated by oceans, and placed at such unequal distances from the goal of civilization—can ever be combined into one harmonious community, striving in one common cause, and aiming at one common end? When we look at the white race—the self-constituted aristocracy of the species—reared under civil and religious institutions, and claiming the superiority due to piety and learning, we can scarcely conceive them to belong to the same family as the other races upon whom the light of science and revelation has not yet been permitted to shine. The difficulty, however, gradually disappears when we contemplate civilized man in his principles and conduct as an individual agent. The Christian citizen with his household, or his cargo of slaves—the gold-thirsty colonist with his ferocious bloodhounds—the crafty statesman with his minions of corruption, and the conqueror with his battalions equipped for bloodshed, are not less striking anomalies among a civilized and Christian people, than the African bartering his kindred for gold—or the Indian burning

the widow and drowning the child—or the cannibal drinking the blood and eating the flesh of his species. Civilization has, doubtless, improved the condition and softened the manners of the white man, and law, with its brawny arm, keeps him within the pale of social order and duty; but with all his knowledge and cultivation, and all his lofty pretensions, he is a savage at his heart. Entrenched in power he withholds from his brother the natural and inalienable rights of his species; armed with authority he denies to ignorance and crime the very means of instruction and reformation; fortified with his tenure of parchment, he has even refused to the outcast—to the heart-broken penitent—to the feeble and aged saint, a spot of barren earth on which he may pour out his soul in the agony of contrition, or breathe a dying prayer to the God of grace and consolation. This is civilized man in his individual phase. This is the legislator decked in his little brief authority. This is the heartless miscreant wearing the Christian badge, and “doing what he wills with his own.” It is not then by the arts of civilized life, or by the extension of industry or of commerce, that we can hope to reclaim and refine the savage. The process is too slow in its steps, and too superficial in its agency. It is by the more summary process of the schoolmaster and the missionary that the red and the black man must rise to the rank, and high above it, of his white oppressor. It is by statutes which no Solon has devised—by laws which no tyrant has yielded to fear—by influences “not of man,” that the outcasts of social life, now steeped in ignorance and crime, will be brought back into the fold of civilization, to rival in secular virtues its more favored occupants, if not to outstrip them in those loftier acquirements which civilization neither teaches nor appreciates.

We have thus followed Mrs. Somerville through her intellectual journey over the globe, delighted and improved by her instructions, and anxious that others should derive from them the same pleasure and advantage. From the extracts which we have made our readers will see that the work is written in a style always simple and perspicuous, often vigorous and elegant, and occasionally rising to a strain of eloquence commensurate with the lofty ideas which it clothes. In Mrs. Somerville's pages no sentiments are recorded which the Christian or the philosopher disowns. In associating life with nature—in taking cogni-

zance of man as tenant of the Earth-home which she describes, her sympathies are ever with the slave, her aspirations ever after truth secular and divine; and everywhere throughout her work we meet with just and noble sentiments, the indication and the offspring of a highly cultivated and well-balanced mind.

Anxious to promote the circulation of a work so interesting and useful, we venture to express our regret that Mrs. Somerville has not illustrated the various topics of which she treats with lithographic sketches of the general features of the earth, and of the more remarkable phenomena which she describes. The eye is a most powerful auxiliary to the mind in enabling it correctly to apprehend the phenomena of the natural world, and readers not very ardent in the pursuit of knowledge are often led to the study of what has first become interesting to them through the organs of sense. Having had the advantage of perusing Mrs. Somerville's work, with the Physical Atlas of Berghaus and Johnston before us, we cannot doubt that the value and popularity of future editions would be greatly enhanced even by illustrations on a small scale.

In several of the departments of physical geography we have noticed omissions, besides those already mentioned, which we have no doubt Mrs. Somerville will think it right to supply. The following are a few of the subjects of a popular nature which we think require a place in a treatise on Physical Geography. The mountain avalanches of the Rigi—and of the White Mountains in New Hampshire; the descent of the glacier of Getroz into the Dranse; the great caverns and caves in America,\* India,† Tun-kin, Carniola, Hungary, and France; the natural ice-houses near Salisbury in America; the ice-caverns of France, Switzerland, and Russia; the transportation of erratic blocks by ice and by water; the parallel roads of Glenroy, and the raised sea-beaches of Scandinavia; the masses of meteoric iron in Brazil Louisiana, Siberia, and Peru; the singular burning mountain of Wengen in Australia; the conflagrations in the quicksilver mines of Idria; the floating islands of Ancient and Modern History; the remarkable Lake of Cirknitz in Carniola, supplied by subterranean springs; the Lake of Ybera, described by Azara as form-

\* The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

† The Cave of Booban in the Cossyah Mountains—the Phoanga Caves in Junk Ceylon on the Mar-taban River.

ed by infiltration from the River Parana; the springs of inflammable gas by which some of the American villages are lighted; the subterraneous sounds of Nakous, and the sounds of driven sand as described by Mr. Hugh Miller; the sounds which issue from granite rocks, the inscriptions on living trees, as described by Professor Aghard of Lund; the destruction of forests by flights of wild pigeons that darken the air by their number; the rapid changes in the quicksands of the lesser Syrtes as described by Captain Smith; the phenomena of tornadoes and waterspouts as expounded by Mr. Redfield, General Reid, and Mr. Espy; and the Isogeothermal lines of Professor Kupffer. We are aware that Mrs. Somerville was necessarily limited both in the range of her subjects and the space which could be devoted to them; but we are sure that all who have perused her work would be delighted to hear that she finds another volume necessary for the complete discussion of so popular and important a department of knowledge.

In bringing to a close our survey of the Earth, brief and general as it has been, the mind cannot quit in silence the extraordinary scenes which have been presented to it. While the nations to whom such a possession has been given are yet sunk in ignorance, idolatry, and superstition, and are yielding only by imperceptible concessions to the laws which reason, and conscience, and revelation have enjoined; and while the empire of Truth and Reason—of Peace and Love, is seen only in the far distance as something to which we are making an inappreciable advance—the material world exhibits to us the same phase of transition, the same slow and measured approach to some new condition at which it is destined to arrive. The flood of life, which is now rushing from the crowded haunts of civilization in search of food or freedom, will in time spread itself over lands now preparing for its reception, and there will be no spot of earth from which the voice of gratitude and praise does not rise. The great features of the earth are doubtless permanently modelled. Its everlasting hills—its boundless continents—its swelling seas—and its mighty rivers, may be fixed and immutable; but its barren steppes—its interminable deserts—its wildernesses of wood and of sand, must yet smile with vegetation, and swarm with life. The diluvian wave may yet spread over arid plains the rich sediment which it bears. The volcano may yet cover with

its erupted mud the very regions which it has scorched; and its lava stream may turn the irrigating current which it stems over the barren plains that have been scathed by its fires. The mighty forests on the Orinoco and the Amazons, which now wave unseen, will yet become the coalfield of generations unborn; and the mass of vegetation which annually dies among its trunks—the verdant carpets which every returning sun withers on the savannas and Llanos of the west—and the very flowers which there blush unseen, will add their tribute to the great store-house of combustion. The Condor of the rock, which no eye but One has descried within its cleft of basalt, or upon its peak of granite; and the tiny Humming-bird, whose brilliant drapery no eye has admired, will be consigned to the same mausoleum of stone, and reappear in some future age to chronicle the era of their birth.

Let not the Christian Philosopher view these anticipations as at variance with the truths which he cherishes and believes. If the inspired Historian of Creation has withheld from us the eventful chronicles of the earth previous to its occupation by man, Inspiration has been equally silent respecting the revolutions it has yet to undergo. Science has carried us back to primeval times through long cycles of the past, to disclose to us views of creation at once terrible and sublime. It is our only guide to the events of the future, and whatever may be the catastrophes which it predicts, or the secrets which it may disclose, it can teach us no other lesson than that which we have already learned—"that the earth and the works that are therein shall be burnt up," and that there shall be "a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

---

MANKIND IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.—They had neither looked into heaven, nor earth, neither into the sea nor the land, as has been done since. They had philosophy without scale, astronomy without demonstration. They made war without powder, shot, cannon, or mortars; nay, the mob made their bonfires without squibs or crackers. They went to sea without compass and sailed without the needle. They viewed the stars without telescopes, and measured altitudes without barometers. Learning had no printing press, writing no paper, and paper no ink. The lover was forced to send his mistress a deal board for a love letter, a billet doux might be of the size of any ordinary trencher. They were clothed without manufactures, and their richest robes were the skins of the most formidable monsters.

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

## DR. GEORGE CROLY.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

THE literary divine is not only not a disgrace to his profession, he is a positive honor. His pulpit becomes an eminence, commanding a view of both worlds. He is a witness at the nuptials of truth and beauty, and the general cause of Christianity is subserved by him in more ways than one; for, first, the names of great men devoted at once to letters and religion, neutralize, and more than neutralize, those which are often produced and paraded on the other side; again, they show that the theory of science sanctified, and literature laid down before the Lord, has been proved and incarnated in living examples, and does not, therefore, remain in the baseless regions of mere hypothesis; and, thirdly, they evince that even if religion be an imposture and a delusion, it is one so plausible and powerful as to have subjugated very strong intellects, and that it will not therefore do for every sciolist in the school of infidelity to pretend contempt for those who confess that it has commanded and convinced them.

Literary divines, next to religious laymen, are the chosen champions of christianity. We say next to laymen, for when they come forth from their desks, their laboratories, or observatories, and bear spontaneous testimony in behalf of religion, it is as though the earth again should help the woman; and the thunder of a Bossuet, a Massillon, a Hall, or a Chalmers, breaking from the pulpit, does not speak so loud in behalf of our faith, as the "still, small voice" issuing from the studious chamber of an Addison, a Boyle, a Bowdler, an Isaac Taylor, and a Cowper. But men who might have taken foremost places in the walks of letters and science, and yet have voluntarily devoted themselves to the Christian cause, and yet continue, amid all this devotion, tremblingly alive to all the graces, beauties, and powers of literature, are surely standing evidences, at least of the sincerity of their own convictions, if not of the truth of that faith on which these convictions centre. And when they openly give testimony to their belief, we listen as if we heard science and literature, themselves, pronouncing the creed, or swearing the sacramental oath of Christianity.

Such an one is Dr. George Croly. He might have risen to distinction in any path he chose to pursue; he has attained wide eminence as a literary man; he has never lost sight of the higher aims of his own profession; and he is now, in the ripe autumn of his powers, with redoubled energy and hope, about to dive down in search of new pearls, in that old deep which communicates with the omniscience of God. He is projecting at present, and has in part begun, to elaborate three treatises on the patriarchs, the prophets, and the apostles, from which great issues may be expected. Meanwhile, we propose rapidly running over the general outline of his merits and works.

Dr. Croly is almost the last survivor of that school of Irish eloquence which included the names of Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, and Flood. He has most of the merits, and some of the faults of that school. A singular school it has been, when we consider the circumstances and character of the country where it flourished. The most miserable, has been the most eloquent of countries. The worst cultivated country has borne the richest crop of flowers—of speech. The barrenness of its bogs has been compensated by the rank fertility of its brains. Its groans have been set to a wild and wondrous music: its oratory has been a safety-valve to its otherwise intolerable wrongs. Yet, over all Irish eloquence, and even Irish humor, there hovers a certain shade of sadness. In vain they struggle to smile, or to assume an air of cheerfulness. A sense of their country's wretchedness—their Pariah position—the dark doom that seems suspended over everything connected with the Irish name, lowers over and behind them, as they speak or write. Amidst the loftiest flights of Burke's speculation, the gayest bravuras of Sheridan's rhetoric, the fieriest bursts of Grattan's or Curran's eloquence, this stamp of the branding-iron—this downward and austere drag of degradation, is never lost sight of or forgotten.

Ireland! art thou a living string of God's great lyre—the earth; or art thou an instrument thrown aside, like a neglected harp,



and only valuable for the chance notes of joy or sorrow, mad mirth or despair, which the hands of passengers can discourse upon thee? Art thou only a wayward child of the mighty mother, or art thou altogether a monstrous and incurable birth? Has nature taught thee thy notes of riant mirth, or yet richer pathos, or have torture and tyranny, like cruel arts of hell, awoke within thee those slumbering energies, which it were well for thee had slept for ever? Well for thee it may be, but not for the world; for thy loss has been our gain, and from thy long and living death has flowed forth that long, swelling, sinking, always dying, yet never dead music, which now sounds thy requiem, and may peradventure herald thy future resurrection.

Dr. Croly has not altogether escaped the pervasive gloom of his country's literature. This speaks in the choice of his subjects, and in the lofty, ambitious tone of his manner. He would spring up above the sphere of Ireland's dire attraction. "Farthest from her is best." Irish subjects, therefore, are avoided, although from no want of sympathy with Ireland. Regions either enjoying a profounder calm, or torn by nobler agonies than those of Erin, are the chosen fields for his muse. Of his country's wild, reckless humor, always reminding us of the mirth of despairing criminals, singing and dancing out the last dregs of their life, Croly is nearly destitute. For this his genius is too stern and lofty. He does not deal in sheet lightning, but in the forked flashes of a withering and blasting invective. But in richness of figure, in strength of language, in vehemence of passion, and in freedom and force of movement, he is eminently Irish. Stripped, however, he is—partly by native taste, and partly by the friction of long residence in this country—of the more glaring faults of his country's style—its turbulence, exaggeration, fanfaronade, florid diffusion, and that ludicrous pathos, which so often, in lieu of tears of grief, elicits tear-torrents of laughter. To use the well-known witticism of Curran, he has so often wagged his tongue in England, that he has at last caught its accent, and his brogue is the faintest in the world. The heat of the Irish blood, and its wild poetical afflatus, he has not sought, nor, if he had, would have been able to relinquish.

Dr. Croly's principal power is that of gorgeous and eloquent description. There are five different species of the describer. The first describes a scene or character as it

appears to him, but as it really is not; he having, through weakness of sight, or inaccuracy of observation, missed the reality, and substituted a vague something, more cognate to himself than to his object. The second is the literal describer; the bare, bald truth before him is barely and baldly caught—a certain spirit that hovered over it, as if on wing to fly, having, amid the bustling details of the execution, been disturbed and scared away. The third is the ideal describer, who catches and arrests that volatile film, expressing the life of life, the gloss of joy, the light of darkness, and the wild sheen of death; in short, the fine or terrible something which is really about the object, but which the eye of the gifted alone can see, even as in certain atmospheres only the rays of the sun are visible. The fourth is the historical describer, who sees and paints objects in relation to their past and future history; who gets so far *within* the person or the thing, as to have glimpses behind and before about it, as if he belonged to it, like a memory or a conscience: and the fifth is the universal describer, who sees the object set in the shining sea of its total bearings, representing in it, more or less fully, the great whole, of which it is one significant part. Thus, suppose the object a tree, one will slump up its character as large or beautiful—words which really mean nothing; another will, with the accuracy of a botanist, analyse it into its root, trunk, branches, and leaves; a third will make its rustle seem the rhythm of a poem; a fourth will see in it, as Cowper, in Yardley Oak, its entire history, from the acorn to the axe, or perchance from the germ to the final conflagration; and a fifth will look on it as a mouth and mirror of the Infinite—a slip of *Iqdrasil*. Or is the object the ocean—one will describe it as vast, or serene, or tremendous,—epithets which burden the air, but do not exhaust the ocean; another will regard it as a boundless solution of salt; a third will be fascinated by its terrible beauty, as of a chained tiger; a fourth, with a far look into the dim records of its experience, will call it (how different from the foregoing appellations!) the "*melancholy main*;" and a fifth will see in it the reflector of man's history—the shadow and mad sister of earth—the type of eternity.

These last three orders, if not one, at least slide often into each other, and Dr. Croly appears to us a combination of the third and the fourth. His descriptions are

rather those of the poet than of the seer. They are rapid, but always clear, and vivid, and strong, and eloquent, and over each movement of his *pen* an invisible *pencil* seems to hang, and to keep time.

Searching somewhat more accurately for a classification of *minds*, they seem to us to include five orders—the prophet, the artist, the analyst, the copist, and the combination in part of all the four. There is, first, the prophet, who receives immediately, and gives out unresistingly, the torrent of the breath and power of his own soul, which has become touched by a high and holy influence from behind him. This is no MECHANICAL office; the fact that he is chosen to be such an instrument, itself proclaims his breadth, elevation, power, and potency. There is next the artist, who receives the same influence in a less measure, and who, instead of implicitly obeying the current, tries to adjust, control, and get it to move in certain bounded and modulated streams. There is, thirdly, the analyst, who, in proportion to the faintness in which the breath of inspiration reaches him, is the more desirous to *turn round upon it*, to reduce it to its elements, and to trace it to its source. There is, fourthly, the copist—we coin a term, as *he* would like to coin the far-off *sigh* of the aboriginal thought, which alone reaches him, into a new and powerful-spoken word—but in vain. And there is, lastly, the combination of the whole *four*—the clever, nay, gifted mimic, whose light energy enables him to circulate between, and to be sometimes mistaken for, them all together.

Dr. Croly is the artist, and in general an accomplished and powerful artist he is. There is sometimes a little of the slapdash in his manner, as of one who is in haste to be done with his subject. His style sometimes sounds like the horse-shoes of the belated traveller, “spurring apace to gain the timely inn.” He generally, indeed, goes off at the gallop, and continues at this generous, breakneck pace, to the close. He consequently has too few pauses and rests. He and you rush up, panting, and arrive breathless at the summit. And yet there is never anything erratic or ungraceful about the motion of the thought or style. If there be not classical repose, there is classical rapture. It is no vulgar intoxication—it is a debauch of nectar; it is not a Newmarket, but a Nemean race.

Dr. Croly’s intellectual distinction is less philosophical subtlety than strong, nervous,

and manly sense. This, believed with perfect assurance, inflamed with passion, surrounded with the rays of imagination, and pronounced with a dogmatic force and dignity, peculiarly his own, constitutes the circle of his literary character—a circle which also includes large and liberal knowledge, but which has been somewhat narrowed by the influence of views, in our judgment, far too close and conservative. Especially, as we have elsewhere said, whenever he hears the French Revolution, he loses temper, and speaks of it in a tone of truculence, as if it were a virulent ulcer, and not a salutary blood-letting to the social system—the stir of a dunghill, and not the explosion of a volcano—a few earthworms crawling out of their lair, and producing a transient agitation in their native mud, and not a vast Vesuvius, moved by internal torments to cast out the central demon, and with open mouth to appeal to heaven. To Croly this revolution seems more a ray from hell, shooting athwart our system, than a mysterious part of it, through which earth must roll as certainly as through its own shadow—night; more a retribution of unmitigated wrath, than a sharp and sudden surgical application, severe and salutary as cautery itself. Now that we have before us a tremendous trinity of such revolutions, we have better ground for believing that they are no anomalous convulsions, but the periodical fits of a singular subject, whom it were far better to watch carefully, and treat kindly, than to stigmatize or assault. Bishop Butler, walking in his garden with his chaplain, after a long fit of silent thought, suddenly turned round and asked him, if he did not think that nations might get mad as well as individuals. What answer the worthy chaplain made to this question we are not informed, but we suspect that few now would coincide with the opinion of the bishop. Nations are never mad, though often mistaken and often diseased; or if mad, it is a fine and terrible frenzy, partaking of the character of inspiration, and telling, through all its blasphemy and blood, some great truth, otherwise a word unutterable to the nations. What said, through its throat of thunder, that first revolution of France? It said that men are men; that “God hath made of one blood all nations who dwell upon the face of the earth:” and it proved it, alas! by *mingling* together, in one tide, the blood of captains and of kings, of rich and poor, of bond and free. It shattered for ever the notion of men being nine-

pins for the pleasure of power, and showed them, at the least, to be gunpowder—a substance always dangerous, and always, if trode on, to be trode on warily. What said the three days of July, 1830? They said, that if austere, unlimited tyranny exceed in guilt, diluted and dotard despotism excoels in folly, and that the contempt of a people is as effectual as its anger, in subverting a throne. And what is the voice with which the world is yet vibrating, as if the sun had been struck audibly, and stunned, upon his mid-day throne? It is that, as a governing agent, the days of expediency are numbered, and that henceforth not power, not cunning, not conventional morality, not talent, but truth has been crowned monarch of France, and, if the great experiment succeed, of the world.

It is of Dr. Croly as a prose writer, principally, that we mean to speak. His poetry, though distinguished, and nearly to the same extent, by the qualities of his prose, has failed in making the same impression. The causes of this are various. In the first place, it appeared at a time when the age was teeming, to very riot, with poetry. Scott, indeed, had betaken himself to prose novels; Southey, to histories and articles; Coleridge, to metaphysics; Lamb, to "Elia;" and Wordsworth, to his "Recluse," like the alchemist to his secret furnace. But still, with each new wound in Byron's heart, a new gush of poetry was flowing, and all eyes were watching this martyr of the many sorrows, with the interest of those who are waiting, silent or weeping, for a last breath; and at the same time a perfect crowd of true poets were finding audience, "fit though few." Wilson, Barry Cornwall, Hogg, Hood, Clare, Cunningham, Milman, Maturin, Bowles, Crabbe, Montgomery, are some of the now familiar names which were then identified almost entirely with poetical aspirations. Amid such competitors Dr. Croly first raised his voice, and only shared, with many of them, the fate of being much praised, considerably abused, and little read. Secondly, more than most of his contemporaries, he was subjected to the disadvantage, which in a measure pressed on all. All were stars seeking to shine ere yet the sun (that woful, blood-spattered sun of "Childe Harold") had fairly set. Dr. Croly suffered more from this than others, just because he bore in some points a striking resemblance to Byron—a resemblance which drew forth, both for him and Milman, a coarse and wit-

less assault in Don Juan. And, thirdly, Dr. Croly's poems were chargeable, more than his prose writings, with the want of continuous interest. They consisted of splendid passages, which rather stood for themselves, than combined to form a whole. The rich "bugle blooms" were trailed rather than trained about a stick, scarce worthy of supporting them; and this, with the monotony inevitable to rhyme, rendered it a somewhat tedious task to climb to the reward, which never failed to be met with at last. "Cataline," we think, is the most powerful of those productions, and copes worthily, particularly in the closing scene of the play, with the character of the gigantic conspirator, whose name even yet rings terribly, as it sounds down from the dark concave of the past.

His prose writings may be divided into three classes; his fictions, his articles in periodicals, and his theological works. We have not read his "Tales of the Great St. Bernard," but understand them to be powerful though unequal. His "Colonna, the Painter," appeared in "Blackwood," and, as a tale shadowed by the deadly lustre of revenge, yet shining in the beauty of Italian light and landscape, may be called an unrhymed "Lara." His "Marston, or Memoirs of a Statesman," is chiefly remarkable for the sketches of distinguished characters, here and in France, which are sprinkled through it, somewhat in the manner of Bulwer's "Devereux," but drawn with a stronger pencil and in a less capricious light. To Danton, alone, we think he has not done justice. On the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, from the power and savage truth of those colossal splinters of expression, which are all his remains, we had many years ago formed our unalterable opinion, that he was the greatest and by no means the worst man, who mingled in the melee of the Revolution—the Satan, if Dr. Croly will, and not the Moloch of the Paris Pandemonium—than Robespierre abler—than Marat, that squalid, screeching, out-of-elbows demon, more merciful—than the Girondin champions more energetic—than even Mirabeau stronger and less convulsive; and are glad to find that Lord Brougham has recently been led, by personal examination, to the same opinion. The Danton of Dr. Croly is a hideous compound of dandyism, diabolism, and power—a kind of coxcomb butcher, who with equal coolness arranges his moustaches and his murders, and who, when

bearded in the Jacobin Club, proves himself a bully and a coward. The real Danton so broad and calm in repose, so dilated and Titanic in excitement, who, rising to the exigency of the hour, seemed like Satan, starting from Ithuriel's spear, to grow into armor, into power and the weapons of power—now uttering words which were "half battles," and now walking silent and unconscious alike of his vast energies and coming doom, by the banks of his native stream—now pelting his judges with paper bullets, and now laying his head on the block proudly, as if that head were the globe—was long since pointed out by Scott as one of the fittest subjects for artistic treatment, either in fiction or the drama, "worthy," says he, "of Schiller or Shakspeare themselves."

Dr. Croly's highest effort in fiction is unquestionably "Salathiel." And it is verily a disgrace to an age, which devours with avidity whatever silly or putrid trash popular authors may be pleased to issue—such inane common-place as "Now and Then," where the only refreshing things are the "glasses of wine" which are poured out at the close of every third page to the actors (alas, why not to the readers!), naturally thirsty amid such dry work, or the coarse, greasy horrors which abound in the all-detestable "Lucretia,"—that "Salathiel" has not yet, we fear, even reached a second edition. It has not, however, gone without its reward. By the ordinary fry of circulating library readers neglected, it was read by a better class, and by none of those who read it forgotten. None but a "literary divine" could have written it. Its style is steeped in Scripture. And what a magic this adds to writing, let those tell who have read Bunyan, Southey, Foster, even Macaulay, yea, and Byron, all of whom have sown their pages with this "orient pearl," and brought thus a reflection from Divine inspiration to add to the momentum of their own. Scripture extracts always vindicate their divine origin. They nerve what else in the sentences in which they occur is pointless; they clear a space for themselves, and cast a wide glory around the page where they are found. They are taken from the *classics of the heart*, and all hearts vibrate more or less strongly to their voice. It is even as David felt of old toward the sword of Goliath, when he visited the high priest and said, "There is none like that, give it me." So writers of true tastes and sympathies feel on great occasions, when

they have certain thoughts and feelings to express, a yearning after that sharp two-edged sword, and an irresistible inclination to say, "None like that, give it us; this right Damascus blade alone can cut the way of our thought into full utterance and victory."

But Croly does more than snatch "live coals from off the altar" to strew upon his style; his spirit as well as his language is oriental. You feel yourselves in Palestine, the air is that through which the words of prophets have vibrated and the wings of angels descended—the ground is scarcely yet calm from the earthquake of the crucifixion—the awe of the world's sacrifice, and of the prodigies which attended it, still lowers over the land—still gapes unattended the ghastly rent in the veil—and still are crowds daily convening to examine the fissure in the rocks, when one lonely man, separated by his proper crime to his proper and unending woe, is seen speeding, as if on the wings of frenzy, toward the mountains of Naphtali. It is Salathiel, the hero of this story—the Wandering Jew—the heir of the curse of a dying Savior, "Tarry thou till I come."

As an artistic conception, we cannot profess much to admire what the Germans call the "Everlasting Jew." The interest is exhausted to some extent by the very title. The subject predicts an eternity of sameness, from which we shrink, and are tempted to call him an everlasting bore. Besides, we cannot well realize the condition of the wanderer as very melancholy, after all. What a fine opportunity must the fellow have of seeing the world, and the glory, and the great men thereof! Could one but get up behind him, what "pencilings" could one perpetrate by "the way!" What a triumph, too, has he over the baffled skeleton, death! What a new fortune each century, by selling to advantage his rich "reminiscences!" What a short period at most to wander—a few thousand years, while yonder, the true wanderers, the stars, can hope for no rest? And what a jubilee dinner might he not expect, ere the close, as the "oldest inhabitant," with perhaps Christopher North in the chair, and De Quincey (whom some people suspect, however, of being the said personage himself), acting as croupier! Altogether, we can hardly, without ludicrous emotions, conceive of such a character, and are astonished at the grave face which Shelley, Wordsworth, Mrs. Norton (whose "Undying One," by the

way, is dead long ago, in spite of a puff, also dead, in the "Edinburgh"), Captain Medwyn (would he too had died ere he murdered the memory of poor Alastor!), Lord John Russell (who, in his "Essays by a Gentleman who had left his lodgings," has taken a very, very faint sketch of the unfortunate Ahasuerus), and Dr. Croly put on while they talk of his adventures.

The interest of "Salathiel," beyond the first splendid burst of immortal anguish with which it opens, is almost entirely irrespective of the character of the Wandering Jew. It is chiefly valuable for its pictures of Oriental scenery, for the glimpses it gives of the cradled Hercules of Christianity, and for the gorgeous imagery and unmitigated vigor of its writing. Plot necessarily there is none; the characters, though vividly depicted, hurry past, like the rocks in the "Walpurgis Night"—are seen intensely for a moment, and then drop into darkness; and the crowding adventures, while all interesting individually, do not gather a deepening interest as they grow to a climax. It is a book which you cannot read rapidly, or with equal gusto at all times, but which, like "Thomson's Seasons," "Young's Night Thoughts," and other works of rich massiveness, yield intense pleasure, when read at intervals, and in moments of poetic enthusiasm. We have been, as a friend in the INSTRUCTOR has already told its readers, for some time past preparing materials for a work on the "Hebrew Poets," and propose reading "Salathiel" over again, for a fourth or fifth time, to get ourselves into the proper key for beginning the high theme, since in no modern work do we find the spirit of Hebrew song in finer preservation.

Dr. Croly's contributions to periodicals are, as might have been expected, of various merit. We recollect most vividly his papers on Burke (since collected into a volume), on Pitt, and a most masterly and eloquent outline of the career of Napoleon. This is as rapid, as brief almost and eloquent, as one of Buonaparte's own bulletins, and much more true. It constitutes a rough, red, vigorous chart of his fiery career, without professing to complete philosophically the analysis of his character. This task Emerson lately, in our hearing, accomplished with much ingenuity. His lecture was the *portable essence* of Napoleon. He indicated his points with the ease and precision of a lion-showman. Napoleon, to Emerson, apart from his splendid genius,

is the representative of the faults and the virtues of the *middle class* of the age. We heard some of his auditors contend that he had drawn two portraits instead of one; but in fact Napoleon was two, if not more men. Indeed, if you draw first the bright and then the black side of any character, you have two beings, which the skin and brain of the one actual man can alone fully reconile. The experience of every one demonstrates at the least a dualism, and who might not almost any day sit down and write a letter, oburgatory, or condoling, or congratulatory, to "my dear yesterday's self?" Each man, as well Napoleon, forms a sort of Siamese twins—although, in his case, it was matter of thankfulness that the cord could not be cut. Two Napoleons at large had been *too much*.

Of Dr. Croly's book on the "Revelation" we have spoken formerly. Under the shadow of that inscrutable pyramid it stands, one of the loftiest attempts to scale its summit, and explain its construction, but to us all such seem as yet ineffectual. A more favorable specimen of his theological writing is to be found in his volume of "Sermons," recently published. The public has reason to congratulate itself on the little squabble which led to their publication. Some conceited persons, it seems, had thought proper to accuse Dr. Croly of preaching sermons above the heads of his audience, and suggested greater simplicity; and, after a careful perusal of them, we would suggest even without a public phrenological examination of those auditors' heads, that, whatever be their situations in life, they are, if unable to understand these discourses, incapable of their duties, are endangering the public, and should be remanded to school. Clearer, more nervous, and, in the true sense of the term, simpler discourses, have not appeared for many years. Their style is in general pure Saxon—their matter strong, manly, and his own—their figures always forcible, and never forced—their theology sound and scriptural and would to God such sermons were being preached in every church and chapel throughout Britain! They might recall the many wanderers, who, with weary heart and foot, are seeking rest elsewhere in vain, and might counteract that current which is drawing away from the sanctuaries so much of the talent, the virtue, and the honesty of the land.

Dr. Croly, as a preacher, in his best manner, is faithfully represented in those dis-

courses, particularly in his sermons on "Stephen," the "Theory of Martyrdom," and the "Productiveness of the Globe." We admire, in contrast with some modern and ancient monstrous absurdities to the contrary, his idea of God's purpose in making his universe—not merely to display his own glory, which, when interpreted, means just like Cæsar, to extend his own *name*, but to circulate his essence and image—to proclaim himself merciful, even through punishment—and even in hell-flames to write himself down Love, is surely, as Dr. Croly proclaims it, "the chief end of God!" His sermon on Stephen is a noble picture—we had almost said a daguerreotype—of that first martyrdom. His "Productiveness of the Globe" is richer than it is original. His "Theory of Religion" is new, and strikingly illustrated. His notion is, that God, in three different dispensations—the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Christian—has developed three grand thoughts: first, the being of God; secondly, in shadow, the doctrine of atonement; and thirdly, that of immortality. With this arrangement we are not entirely satisfied, but reserve our objections till the "conclusion of the whole matter," in the shape of three successive volumes on each of these periods, and the idea of each, has appeared, as we trust it speedily shall.

We depicted, some time since, in the INSTRUCTOR, our visit to Dr. Croly's chapel, and the impression made by his appearance, and the part of his discourse we heard. It seemed to us a shame to see the most accomplished clergyman in London preaching to so thin an audience; but perhaps it is accounted for partly by the strictness of his Conservative principles, and partly by the stupid prejudice which exists against all literary divines.

We are sorry we cannot, ere we conclude, supply any particulars about his history. Of its details we are altogether ignorant. In conversation, he is described as powerful and commanding. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, we remember, describes him as rather disposed to take the lead, but so exceedingly intelligent that you entirely forgive him. He has been, as a literary man, rather solitary and self-asserting—has never properly belonged to any clique or coterie—and seems to possess an austere and somewhat exclusive standard of taste.

It is to us, and must be to the Christian world, a delightful thought, to find such a man devoting the maturity of his mind to

labors peculiarly professional; and every one who has the cause of Religion at heart, must wish him God speed in his present researches. Religion has, in its abyss, treasures yet unsounded and unsunned, though strong must be the hand and true the eye, and retentive the breath, and daring yet reverent the spirit of their successful explorer—and such we believe to be qualities possessed by Dr. Croly.

**SUBTERRANEAN FIRE AT LOWER HAUGH, NEAR ROTHERHAM.**—The village of Lower Haugh, near Rotherham, on the estate of earl Fitzwilliam, presents a curious and interesting aspect. The fact is well known in the village—although we have never heard it spoken of in this neighborhood—that an extensive bed of coal beneath the village is on fire, and has been in that condition, burning with greater or less intensity, for at least twenty years. A gentleman residing in Sheffield, whom curiosity induced to visit the locality one day during the present week, has furnished us with the following particulars:—The coal in certain places bassets out—that is, it comes up to the surface of the ground; and it was at one of these bassets that the fire originally commenced, having been ignited by a "clamp" (a fire for burning stones intended for road materials). The subterranean fire has continued to advance in various directions up to the present time, its progress being manifested by the appearance, at intervals, of smoke and flame at the surface of the ground; the spread of which has generally been stopped, however, by puddling the eruptions with clay, &c. A feeling of apprehension as to the ultimate fate of the village has always continued to prevail, and we understand that, a good many years ago, the destruction of the mausoleum of the Wentworth family was threatened by the approach of the fire, but, happily, the calamity was averted by severing the bed of coal, for which purpose a shaft was especially sunk. Latterly the work of destruction appears to have been going on with unwonted rapidity, and, naturally enough, has created a corresponding degree of alarm. The exposed earth is quite warm, even in the depth of winter. Were this state of things confined within prescribed limits, it would be all very well, and the villagers would regard it as an unmixed blessing—but this is by no means the case.

The unnatural heat engenders a disagreeable smoke, which is continually ascending and adulterating the atmosphere, doubtless to the detriment of animal health; and the houses in the worst localities are often filled with warm air, strongly charged with sulphur, rendering them, as habitations, little better than a coal-pit. The cellars naturally are the worst. Of course, it is impracticable to keep food in them; not unfrequently they cannot be entered with safety. How long this extraordinary state of things is to continue, no one can tell; but if any means for extinguishing or arresting the fire could be applied, a regard for the welfare, and even the safety, of the inhabitants—leaving the property out of the question—demands that it should be done without any further loss of time.

From Lowe's Magazine.

## PICTURES OF DR. CHALMERS, FROM THE MEMORY OF ONE WHO LOVED HIM.

## CONCLUDING PART.

If, in Dr. Chalmers's habit of ceaseless asseveration of a round of favorite doctrines, there was a source of occasional fatigue to the more advanced of his hearers, for this there was a glorious compensation in that inventiveness which was ever breaking out in new and happy illustrations, and also, still more, in that boundlessness of intellectual courage which was ever carrying him into new fields. If, on the one hand, he seemed to regard his students as his emissaries into the surrounding community and into futurity, whom, therefore, he was bound fully to impregnate with his views; on the other hand, he made use of his intercourse with them as a stimulus upon himself to fresh labors. In almost all cases, his students were the first to receive the cream of any recent lucubrations that chance had led him into. Circumstances, some remarkable public event, for instance, or the perusal of some new book of note—would create in him a temporary enthusiasm towards a new subject. This he would attack with extraordinary vigor; and the method by which he seemed most easily to work himself into a thorough acquaintance with the subject, was that of undertaking to prepare a few lectures on it for his students. These would ultimately be published; and hence in all his writings the predominance of the form appropriate to the lecture.

Among those brief supplementary courses of lectures, there was, one session, a course on Pauperism, being a redaction of all his thoughts on the subject, at the time when it was proposed to extend the English system of Poor Laws to Scotland. A scene which occurred during one of these lectures will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it, illustrating as it did the fact already noticed, that, even in his humble little class-room, and when engaged in the comparatively staid and unexciting labor of expounding his views to a select number of students, he was liable to be as strongly agitated, as completely carried away by an excess of emotion, as when swaying a sea of heads in some vast express assembly. It was a discourse on social economics; the precise subject is forgotten. There were pictures, as usual, of the physical and moral

wretchedness that accumulate in the midst of us—prophetic warnings of a coming retribution. It had been his old thought, he said, that society might make its political progress slowly, peacefully, organically, under the conduct of a growing general intelligence. This thought experience had well nigh taken away from him. That abuses on abuses should accumulate, that in vain the cry for their removal should ascend; that secretly, underneath, the spirit of rectification should muster its explosive energy; that ultimately, fitting occasion being given, the right and the wrong should be upheaved together in one general ruin; and that, on the thus desolated void a *Code Napoleon* should descend, and society resume its activity under the new conditions which it imposed—this rather seemed to him now, the law of social progression. He would speak a word of warning. "The poor, indeed, had their faults; but the rich had their faults too. And if the aristocracy of the land" (he was speaking in a dingy hall, before a number of poor students, nothing, certainly, in the shape of an aristocrat within hearing)—"if the aristocracy of the land would not" (the precise words are forgotten; but the meaning was) "fulfil the duties of their station in reference to this Poor Law; then," he would tell them, "their estates were not worth ten years' purchase." To have seen his appearance as he spoke these last words! In the memory of one at least of his audience the scene lasts as perhaps the most astonishing spectacle of a human being in a state of excitement ever presented to him. Erect he stood in his little pulpit, his frame dilating upwards; the heavy stamp of his foot plainly audible; his two hands raised clenched above his head; his face suffused with blood; the veins swollen in his forehead; spittle flying from his lips; and his voice almost at a shriek of madness. Terror, awe, and then a shiver of admiration passed through his audience; and as, half ashamed of so great a manifestation, the old man pettishly sat down exhausted, a burst of irrepressible applause rolled through the room.

Another time he gave way, in a similar

manner, to a different emotion. The lecture was on Pædo-Baptism. On the whole, it was one of his driest; and the hour had almost ended, consumed in references to texts, &c.; when suddenly, by a natural sequence, he was led to say something on one little sweet topic—the state of unbaptized infants after death. That children, if they die unbaptized, are, like the infants of heathens, in some anomalous condition with reference to the prospects of a future life, is one of those reasonings into which the mind theologically trained cannot avoid being led; and in this there has been a source of sadness and anxiety to many a bereaved mother of imperfect instruction or too weak faith. The case of such a mother weeping for the loss of her babe, snatched away ere the typical water of sprinkling could be administered, seemed to stand vividly before the good old man, in whom there had already been developed those softest yearnings of human affection, which come at the close of life, when, related to a new little being of one's own blood, one sees the thread of one's existence drawn out to its third stage. Weeks, months, and years pass away; all others have forgotten the babe, but the mother's grief is fresh. Oft, in warm room,

When the wild winds blow,  
When the earth is white with snow,  
She thinks of her dead child cold.

And shall it never be restored to her? Those little limbs which she fondled so soft and warm on earth, what were heaven, she says, without these? Poor mother, says the old man, dry thy tears! The God who made the mother's heart, will oblige the universe to consist with it; and howsoever the way and the means may baffle us, doubt it not that the Christian mother *shall* rejoin her darling in a future heaven, finding there in the unthought raptures of a celestial meeting, "an over payment of her pain." In repeating these last words, the old man was totally overcome.

\* \* \* \* \*

Punctual as Dr. Chalmers was in his professional duties, the labors of the session were severely felt by him. In early spring he was liable to a periodical attack of influenza, which would keep him from his class for six or seven days.

During one of these attacks, the individual from whose memory these recollections are supplied, called on him at his own request. He found him convalescent, and seated

alone in his drawing-room at a little table writing—painting, that is, on a piece of note paper, some of those strange upright angular hieroglyphics which make an autograph of Chalmers so distinguishable among others. This and that were spoken about; something at length led them to talk on the subject of mathematics. Dr. Chalmers repeated an observation very common with him, that he preferred geometry to algebra himself; and believed that the preference of one or the other indicated that one belonged to one or other of two very distinct classes of minds. In geometry one had the *ipsa corpora* of one's conceptions present, the actual lines, angles, areas, &c.; hence a geometrical way of thinking was very different from an algebraic, in which one worked on mechanically with mere signs. Nevertheless, he admitted, as he was bound to do, the enormous power of the algebraic method. Then becoming more confidential, he had once, he said, imagined that he had made a mathematical discovery himself—to wit "that the squares of the sums of the natural numbers taken in the order of their series, are equal to the sums of their cubes." Thus  $(1+2)^2=9=1^2+2^2$ ;  $(1+2+3)^2=36=1^2+2^2+3^2$ ;  $(1+2+3+4)^2=100=1^2+2^2+3^2+4^2$ ; and so on. This property, he had first found out, he said tentatively; and then demonstrated algebraically. He had mentioned it to two friends of his, both professors of mathematics, neither of whom was aware of it; at length, however, a third friend, also a mathematical professor, informed him that the property was already known. In fact, the property is involved in the most obvious manner in the usual formulas given in mathematical books for the summation of series. The formula for the sum of the series of cubes is exactly the square of that for the sum of the natural numbers.

From such a circumstance as this it would appear that Dr. Chalmers did not pretend to be versed in mathematics to any such extent as his favorite Horsley was, who made them part of the business of his life; but that he only continued to feel that degree of interest in mathematics, natural to one, whose tastes as a student had been decidedly mathematical. Still, he said, he sometimes amused himself with geometrical problems. One problem he had been trying to solve all his life, and had given it as a puzzle to others, but had never obtained a geometrical solution of it. It was (if memory serves the hearer) as follows:—If



from the extremities of the diameter of a given semicircle, two downward perpendiculars be drawn, each equal to the chord of  $90^\circ$ , and if lines be drawn joining the extremities of these perpendiculars with any point in the semicircle, and cutting the diameter; then the sum of the squares of the two segments of the diameter thus formed—i. e., of the parts measured respectively from the two extremities to the alien points of intersection—shall be equal to the square of the diameter.

Released from the cares of the session, Dr. Chalmers would hasten away with his family to some country residence; several sessions it was to Burntisland in his native Fifeshire. Of his students also the larger portion dispersed themselves at the close of the session; and for those that remained in Edinburgh there was of course less opportunity of seeing their venerated teacher.

The meeting, however, of the General Assembly in May was always a point of importance in the interval between the sessions. Then mutual recognitions took place; black coats swarmed in the streets; and, congregating daily in one of the galleries of the church in which the Assembly held its sittings, the students looked down with various feelings on the arena of debate beneath, where, ranged on opposite sides of the house, sat the ecclesiastical representatives of the whole Scottish land. The figure of Dr. Chalmers, as he sat with his peculiar air of massive repose in the front of that party of which he was the acknowledged head, was always an object of interest to his students; and it was with the utmost reluctance that one was ever absent on an occasion when it was known that he was to speak.

To the young Northern of these pages, the General Assembly of 1840, the first at which he was present, was a spectacle of no ordinary interest. Old readings of the "Scottish Worthies," and of the brave doings of the clergy in the times of James I. and the Charleses, were now in a manner realized to him, partly because forms which he had only vaguely conceived were now made visible, partly because, in the stirring work then on hand, he would find much analogous to that which was transacted in the olden time. The Non-Intrusion controversy was then coming to its height. The discussions regarding the validity of the Veto Act had just led up into the higher

question of ecclesiastical independence in spiritual matters. What a time was that! What intensity, what bustle, what discord, what a falling back with all the Scottish power of analysis on Scottish first principles! For a student, at least, whatever it was for the people at large, this was a period of genuine culture.

The Assembly was held in the Tron Church. Here, along with a friend for whom he had procured a ticket of admission to the same consecrated gallery, our young Northern spent many an hour. Most of what he saw and heard is either forgotten, or is not here to be remembered; one scene, however, is vivid to this hour, and demands to be described. It was an afternoon of one of the important days of the Assembly; the matter under discussion was some vital point in the general mass of Non-Intrusion business. A distinguished Baronet acted on that occasion as one of the leaders of the Moderate party, and occupied a front seat on the right hand of the Moderator. Dr. Chalmers, who was expected to speak, came in and placed himself on the same side, in one of the chairs. When he rose to speak, the house was full in every part. His speech, which, as usual, was read, was of considerable length, and in his characteristic manner. Interrupted once or twice by clamors of disapprobation from the right, once and again the cheers of the left bore him on. Cheers always animated him; he grew louder, bolder, more energetic. To the times of his youth he referred, and how then the rights of the godly people of Scotland had been foully trampled on. A new spirit had indeed arisen, he said; but let this fatal policy of his opponents be persevered in and triumph, and once more an age of practical heathenism would return, and, under the reign of a Church faithless as it had been before, there would be a blight and a mildew over the whole land. At this insult to the ancestral memories, the right rises as one man. There are cries, even hisses; a perfect confusion of sound. Indignant that their orator should be interrupted, the left starts up to the rescue. Like two armies in leash they stand, filling the house with noise; a few in the front ranks on each side gesticulating inaudibly, and the white-haired old champion slowly rampant in the midst. "I state a historical fact," he at length foams in his highest key, the words splitting the uproar like a shriek. Confusion worse confounded! It is hopeless to

proceed in such a storm. Quiet, calm, almost smiling, the old chieftain sits down till the hubbub shall have spent itself. With graceful, bland intonations, the Baronet then gains the ear of the house. "He is sure they are all prepared to listen with pleasure to the reverend and eloquent Doctor; nay, they will readily forgive him much when he is excited; still there are limits," &c. The old man rises again. "Excited, sir! why, I am as cool as an algebraic formula;" which to those who understood his manner was true. As much by the effects of this extraordinary simile, as by anything else, order was restored; and Dr. Chalmers proceeded with his speech.

Passing the Assembly of 1841, with its memorabilia, recollection carries on to that of 1842, held in St. Andrew's Church. The first meeting of this Assembly it was, if the recollection be accurate, that afforded an instance of Dr. Chalmers's peculiar manner when called upon to speak *extempore*, or without paper. Certain clergymen had been returned as members of Assembly, notwithstanding that they were at that time underlying a sentence of the preceding Assembly, suspending them from their clerical functions. They presented themselves for admission, supported by the minority whose opinions were represented in their persons. The majority, on the other hand, scouted the proposition to admit them as a contempt of all authority. Representing this majority, Dr. Chalmers rose. The contrast had struck his imagination between the scene without the house, in which, in the attendance of the military, and in other ceremonies practised, according to custom, at the opening of the Assembly, even absent Majesty being there in the person of its Commissioner, honor seemed to be done to the Church as to an ancient Scottish thing; and now this miserable scene of altercation within the house, in which the power of the Church to abide by her own decrees was questioned by her own sons. To this contrast he wished to give expression. "Never," he said, "in the whole course of my life, did I ever witness such a glaring outrage on a first principle. Why, sir, after being ushered into this house with all the pomp and circumstance of a military cavalcade, and—(here he seemed to be at a loss) and—and—the horses and the clarionets." The picture had evidently risen before him complete; but, unable to educe it to his hearers in

any clear sequence, he had hastily clutched the two most prominent parts of it—to wit, the horses and the clarionets. The remainder of the speech, however, which was one of his shortest, was sufficiently fluent; and doubtless its topic had been well digested. This was:—That the Assembly of 1842 was the lineal representative of the Assembly of 1841, deriving from that Assembly its sole commission to sit at all, and bound therefore to abide by its decrees until they should be repealed in due form. The ideas of Dr. Chalmers were seldom of a historical character; but in this speech one was presented with a powerful historical conception—that of a long catena of Assemblies, the earlier links of which were lost in the old Scottish past.

But of all the sittings of the Assembly of 1842, the most memorable was that long night of heat and fatigue on which the Strathbogie Seven were deposed. In the forenoon of the same day, Dr. Chalmers had proposed the first of two connected motions in this case; the second, which contained the sentence of deposition, was to follow as a natural consequence, after the first had been disposed of. Hour after hour, amid the intensest interest of a densely crowded church, the discussion of the first motion was protracted. Night came on—midnight passed—still, in the glare of gas-light, was the anxious scene going on. From the time when Dr. Chalmers proposed the motion, to the time when it was finally put to the vote and carried, was an interval of many hours. Unable to bear the fatigue of incessant attendance, the old man had retired after the conclusion of his own speech, intending to return in time to give his vote, and propose the second motion. But as the debate had protracted itself into early morning, it was scarcely surprising that he did not make his appearance to vote in his usual place. It was a pity, however, that such was the case; for to this motion, in which the Church wound up, as it were, in one bold act the weary proceedings of years, it was according both to taste and prudence that the man, most venerable of all within the Church to all without it, should affix the stamp of his personal presence and activity. Nevertheless, as when the proper moment had arrived Dr. Chalmers had not appeared, another clergyman of venerable character rose to perform the solemn duty, and propose the sentence of deposition. "In the absence of Dr. Chalmers," he be-

gan; but ere he had said more he was interrupted by a sound of motion and bustle under the left gallery. "I'm here," "He's here," "Dr. Chalmers is present," were the sounds at length distinguishable; and, forthwith emerging from the sea of heads under the gallery, the well known figure was seen urging itself towards the table in the centre. Waiting apparently till he should be sent for, the old man had hastened through the night air towards St. Andrew's Church, and had reached it not in time to vote on his own first motion, but in time to propose the second. His appearance was so unexpected, and the whole incident so picturesque, that, despite order and seemliness, one roll of applause ran round the galleries.

On the second motion the Assembly divides immediately. The votes being summed up, it is found to be carried; and, straightway in the pronunciation of a solemn formula by which seven men well-advanced in years are deposed and set aside from an office to which they had devoted their lives, a great Scottish business is brought to an impressive close. The deed done, the hot and gas-lit church disgorges its weary congregation into the grey light of the paved city streets. A melancholy feeling oppresses one; and as one descends the acclivity from George Street towards St. Stephen's, one sees the red streaks of morning over Inchkeith, and inhales, in passing the gardens on either side, the sweet, fresh smell of the young leaves.

Thursday the 18th of May, 1843.—Again the young leaves have come, and again, after twelve eventful and trying months, St. Andrew's Church encloses the heart of the land. The military cavalcade and other street ceremonial over, Scotland's black-robed Presbyters sit waiting the entrance of Scarlet Authority. The entire church is crowded as it never was on a similar occasion before—members below, and spectators above; and outside in the streets wait hundreds who cannot gain admission. It is evident that that day the church within is to be the scene of some notable transaction which the hundreds thus congregated without wish to stand close to, and, as it were, corporally environ. In short, on that day, ere the afternoon shall have ended, it is known that a large proportion of the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland will have carried out their intention of separating themselves from the Established Church, and

founding, at all hazards, a freer ecclesiastical institute. How, exactly, the thing shall take place, with what formalities, with what effects, no one knows; only the whole city is breathless with expectation.

The ecclesiastics, as we have said, are assembled waiting the entrance of the Queen's representative. Who is that who sits in the chair, their elected president, the chief in dignity at this moment of all the clergy of the land? He it is, the colleague of Chalmers whom we saw before, the light-haired and classic Welsh. To him, weak-bodied and laboring in speech as he is, it has fallen to be the principal figure in this scene of Scottish ecclesiastical history. Grave he sits in his presidential chair, his brother Presbyters gathered or gathering in front of him. Soon, escorted to the door by trumpets, sabres, and clattering horse hoofs, Scarlet Authority enters, who is received by the Presbyters standing, and to whom, as he appears on the throne, the elected head of the Assembly turns and bows low. After which, again turning towards his brethren, he implores the great majesty of heaven to bless this Assembly of the national Church of the land, and overrule for good all that it may involve. The words of this prayer over, there is a moment of breathless pause. Lo! again the elected president, turning his back to his brethren, faces the Commissioner on the throne. In a firm voice he makes protest in his own name and in the name of all who shall adhere to him that the Assembly over which he presides is not free; that the Church which it represents is not free: that he and they will no longer belong to it. Then, as one who has no longer business to be in that house, he turns round, takes up his hat from the table before him, leaves the chair empty, and walks towards the eastern door. First to hasten after him, as if to take his arm, white-haired Chalmers follows, and behind them press others and others until one hundred and ninety-three ministers and elders, members of that Assembly, have quitted the church, leaving the benches on which they sat vacant. From the body of the house and from the galleries the spectators also depart in crowds to attach themselves to the procession. Silent and perplexedly observant, sits the representative of Royalty. At length, the confusion over, the Presbyters who remain vote one of their number into the empty chair and otherwise adjust themselves to the emergency. And

thus within the Church was enacted the scene of the Disruption.

Meanwhile, without the Church the hundreds have been waiting. Half-an-hour has elapsed since they saw the Lord Commissioner enter, and as the minutes wear on, their anxiety to learn what is going on within increases. There are fears, doubts, hopes. "They will come out," say some; "They will not come out," say others. The clock of the spire is frequently looked up at. It is half-past three. What can they be doing? Hark! there is a commotion within; do you not hear it? See, see, here they come,—Dr. Welsh first, Dr. Chalmers next. Lo! how they pour out, old and young. The railed pavement on the east side of the church is speedily filled with them. The crowd lift their hats in token of reverence. Many are moved to tears. Out at the iron gate they walk, about four hundred ministers and many elders with them, and westward along George Street in slow procession. Silently in twos and threes they make their way through the gazing multitude of spectators. Turning northward at King George's statue, they move down the acclivity on that side of the town, the windows on both sides of the way crowded with lookers on. It is the line of route by which, some months before, when Queen Victoria first visited Scotland, the royal *cortège* ascended into the city. Their destination is Canonmills—those round towers that had been looked at so curiously by our young Northern three years and a half before, on the afternoon when, in their neighborhood, he encountered Dr. Chalmers crossing the old bridge. The old bridge has since been removed, and over its successor it is, that in company with Dr. Welsh and at the head of the Protestant clergy and elders, the same Chalmers now walks. Received, according to pre-arrangement, into the immense low-roofed hall of Canonmills, the Protesters forthwith constitute themselves there into a General Assembly that shall represent a new church about to be formed in the land. In so doing, their first act, by unanimous impulse, is to elevate the noble Chalmers to the Presidency, thereby adding this to his other titles of honor, that he was the first Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland.

Such, within the round towers of Canonmills, was the formation of the First Assembly of a new Church, of which Assembly it might be said by many now alive, as Baillie said of the Westminster Assembly, "The

like of that Assembly I did never see; and, as we hear say, the like was never in the land, nor anywhere shortly is like to be."

\* \* \* \* \*

The new church which had thus been founded, required to be formed by the incessant activity of its members throughout the country in associating themselves together, establishing a system of pecuniary subscription, and superintending the erection of new places of worship. Never possibly was there throughout a whole nation so extensive a demand for business-talent of all sorts, as there was in Scotland during the year 1843, when the Free Church was in the process of formation. That in which a whole people is usually called upon to exert its force, is the work of destruction, in which mere excitement and broadside obstinacy are sufficient to gain the day; but here was a case in which a whole population had, as it were, to crystallize itself into an infinite number of constructive committees, all engaged on one problem. That, however, some word of general direction should be issued over the land from the metropolis, so as to give unity and national design to this vague activity, was absolutely necessary; hence those notions of "Building Fund," "Sustentation Fund," &c., thrown abroad through the Scottish atmosphere, according to which all parts of the country were to co-operate cheerfully.

As was to be expected, much of this work of national encouragement and superintendence devolved on Dr. Chalmers; and as in the year 1839 he travelled through the land advocating the cause of Church Extension, so now, in the year 1843, he made many journeys for the purpose of expounding the system on which a new Church, after his own heart, might best be organized, and stimulating the people to the necessary activity. One of these journeys brought him again to the granite city of the north; where also it chanced that our young Northern is again sojourning. Now no longer are they strangers to each other; and when the old man, after one of his morning-meetings with the inhabitants, will take a quiet walk through the town, it chanced, almost naturally, that the person on whom it falls to guide him is the same whom, four years before, we remarked in the gallery of the new church, looking down on his large white head visible in the lateran. Even in these little matters of time and place, there is somewhat mystic;

and within all accident there is deep poetic reason.

Through street after street they saunter; and from the manner of Dr. Chalmers' conversation, his companion can perceive that his whole soul is so engrossed with the great business in furtherance of which he has come, that no topic, not directly connected with this business, will lie in it for a moment. Once, indeed, in passing a mass of houses of very poor appearance, and evidently densely populated, he remarked what a nice subject that locality could afford for a thorough experiment in his scheme of aggressive Christianization of a city piecemeal; and another time, coming in sight of the city infirmary, he expressed his admiration of its plain, massive, substantial look, which he said was completely according to his idea of what the aspect of such an institution should be. Hardly, however, at all could he be moved to speak of anything except his hopes and fears connected with the present state of affairs. His mind seemed to be in a perpetual state of *reverie* on the one subject of how the Free Church was to be consolidated and supported. Of this concentratedness, as a peculiarity of Dr. Chalmers's constitution, his companion was already aware; but never had he seen it so marked as on the present occasion. His whole gait was that of a man overborne by the weight of some personal concern; anxious, fatigued, even disgusted with much that he had to do, yet unable to dismiss the subject a moment from his thoughts. If he was the soul of the movement, as was often said, it is also certain that he possessed in himself a proportionate share of its sense of pain; so that whatever went wrong in the general activity, came home to him in the shape of personal restlessness and suffering. Of a certain biographical hardship, if it may be so called, in this severe pressure on his old age, he seemed to be himself aware. "Ah!" he said to his companion, "I am not spending my old age as I thought I should. After his sixtieth year I think a man ought to enjoy a Sabbath decade. This has been denied me. Oh! if this business were over, I might yet have a few quiet years. Peace, and piety, and Christian literature—this is what I had hoped for my old age." Words like these hallow the spot where they fall. Reader of the granite city! wouldst thou know on what precise spot within its bounds a man now with God stood when he spoke these words?

It was where, from one of its sweetest terraces, thou steppest up on the left to a street of silver, leading to a square of gold.

Months full of change again roll on; and, returned at length to Scotland from wanderings in the other extremity of the island, our narrator finds himself, one winter evening of 1844-5, seated in the warm apartment of a friend, within sound of the swingeing waves at Newhaven. They converse, laugh, jest; from the fruit on the table they rise now and then to stand at the window, and gaze out through the watery darkness at the solitary steamer-lights moving in the distance. Suddenly they recollect that Dr. Chalmers is that evening to address a congregation of the poor of the West Port in a school-house, which (having again, in the comparative leisure left him by his relaxation from the ordinary business of the Free Church, turned his attention to his favorite scheme of aggressive piecemeal Christianization) he has caused to be built in that wretched locality. Here, in quite a quiet way, they have been told, the old man has been for some time laboring in his cherished vocation of city missionary. Enabled by the assistance of private friends to establish, on the humblest scale, the necessary machinery of a school-house and preaching station, and having strictly marked out the space within which the schoolmaster and missionary are to operate, he has been striving, by his own personal superintendence, to render the experiment as successful as possible; so that, encouraged by such an example of a single locality reclaimed to some degree of moral cleanliness, others may be induced to repeat the experiment in other localities, and thus the whole city be attacked piecemeal. The West Port, accordingly, is now the favored scene of the old man's activity; the thorough "excavation" of this select portion of Edinburgh Filthdom he has prescribed for himself as his winter's amusement. Here, on the present evening, he is to address in a homely way the poor people of the district on the necessity and advantage of sending their children to school.

All this, which had with some secrecy been communicated to our two friends during the previous week, they suddenly recollect, as they sit over their fruit that evening in the warm apartment overhanging the broad sea-gloom. "Let us go," is the simultaneous exclamation of both. With other feelings, indeed, which might at any

time have prompted them to go where Chalmers was to be seen, there mingles on the present occasion one that is peculiar and quasi-literary. The spot in which the great and good Scotchman is that evening to address the assembled poor of the West Port is the very same in which years before those secret murders were committed, the discovery of which spread such horror through the land. Yes, in that very network of mouldy courts, and by those tan-pits where the Irishman Burke and his accomplice tracked in dark nights their lonely victims groping along walls, this evening are the mercy-bringing feet of Chalmers to gather the poor around him. Such a sight one would go far to see. Somewhat in the humor, therefore, which might have led them to a theatre, it is that our friends resolve how they are to spend the evening. Excusable, perhaps, under the circumstances, this unasked addition of themselves in the spirit of spectators to a meeting the genuine nature of which excluded all except those who were to be, in an express manner, the auditors.

Speedily the fly which was to convey them to their destination had mounted the dark heights towards the lights of Edinburgh, and was rattling along the paved streets. Towards the West Port it hurries on; and at length, the precise spot ascertained by the driver from some squalid children screaming near, it stops in the narrow and dingy street opposite "Burke's Close." Getting out, the friends, guided by the symptoms of a commotion among the natives, stoop under the low arched passage through the houses, and descend the dark labyrinth towards the tan-pits. Here in a pretty open space, apparently of recent clearing, they recognise the school-house by its lighted windows and the bustle about the door. Partly because they have come in good time, partly because the fact that such a meeting was to take place had been kept tolerably secret, they are able to obtain seats. Soon, however, the room is quite filled, chiefly with women and girls collected from the neighborhood. In the midst of these, discerning also at the upper end some strangers like themselves brought thither by motives of curiosity, our friends await Dr. Chalmers. Of the native part of the audience they are able to remark, that, with the exception of one or two haggard-looking girls near the door, who seem mirthfully inclined, all are of becoming and attentive demeanor.

The address was simple and homely enough; perfectly characteristic of the speaker, yet intelligible to his audience. Indeed, in the mere fact of the white-haired old man's presence among them on such an errand, there was a power over these poor people greater than the power of sermons. Willingly and with attention they heard all he had to say; joined in singing the psalm; and then returned to their homes.

Our friends join Dr. Chalmers as, with the last of his audience, he leaves the school-house. They descend into the ruinous-looking cleared space lying between the school-house and the backs of the houses towards the street. Jaded as he is with speaking, the fervid old man has even then an eye for the aspects of the wild and ghastly spot around him. From the tall black masses of buildings in front he turns his gaze slowly round to the other side, seeking the well-known lineaments of the Castle. High and gaunt looms the great face of the rock up which Randolph climbed; while more clearly defined against a cloudy sky are the bold and jagged battlements swept by the cold air. "How picturesque the Castle looks from this!" he says, standing for an instant in an admiring attitude. Then, commencing the slight ascent, the three, with others who were there, stoop together under the low courtway leading up to the street in front. Realizing at this moment the whole scene of the evening in its single permanent aspect, "Which name," said one of the party "is the better known—William Burke or Thomas Chalmers?" To this remark, somewhat jarring certainly in its brevity and suddenness, a short forced laugh is the old man's reply. Just then all issue into the dingy street. A carriage waits at the mouth of the Court. Dr. Chalmers and one or two of his family who had accompanied him step into it, the wheels move slowly up the West Port; and the history of the evening is at an end. Walking homeward through the late streets the two friends resolve that they will not forget it.

Reader of the Scottish capital! led, perchance, some evening round the side of the Castle-rock which looks down upon the tan-pits and old houses of the West Port, thou mayest discern, in the dark hollow, a plain regular building with lighted windows. There, eating into the polluted surrounding life, and typified to thee by that lighted building in the black hollow, still works a portion of the soul of the dead Chalmers.

\* \* \* \* \*

In 1846, a visit was paid by our Northern to a place notable in the history of Chalmers—the academic town of St. Andrews.

Seen first in a poetic moonlight, when, as one walked round the dilapidated walls, one seemed to have gone back into some quiet old nook of Scottish history, the town was next examined in detail by day. Outwards one gazed on the boisterous sea which here rolls inshore, and from which a salt east wind seemed ever to be blowing over the town. Along the coast, on one side, stretched the famous links, ending in the rocky point on which the town stands. Here was an object of great interest—the old sea-washed castle, from the small window of which towards the town, Cardinal Beaton looked down on the burning of the martyr Wishart. Of what other notable ecclesiastical events was not this quiet old town the scene! The arrival, in that rough bay, of early Christian missionaries from distant parts; the wholesale conversion of primitive Picts; the pampered growth of the Romish system; the learning and munificence of ancient bishops; the dawning Reformation, when Knox and Buchanan were becoming known names; the image-horror of early Presbytery; the short day of Episcopacy; and the cruel reign of Sharpe—of all these there are relics; accumulating, as it were, to one's view, the entire ecclesiastical past of the Scottish nation.

A mass of such relics, deserted long since by the spirit of activity, is the venerable old town of St. Andrews. Still, however, an academic air hangs over the place. Colleges and schools are its chief buildings; professors are its civic potentates; students are the chief fraction of its population. Here, amid bracing sea-winds, one may lead a life of learned rural leisure, acquiring all that books can give. Here, in fact, if one can resist the soporific effects of the seclusion, one may pursue, even to original lengths, any course of abstract study, whether in Mathematics, Physics, or the more complex sciences of human life. Only activity, bustle, seems wanting; and the preponderance of academic authority produces a sensation of restraint even as one walks in the streets. In winter, indeed, the sight of the students, in their red gowns, going to the College from their lodgings, or returning, in various directions, to their lodgings from the College, must add a picturesqueness to the otherwise sombre town.

Observing all this, our visitor could not

but think, also, of the time when, about fifty years before, young Chalmers, wearing his red gown, was a known figure in these very steets. Here, in some cheap lodging, he sat at his books; here he formed his early acquaintanceships; here first, in half-eccentric fashion, he went dreaming with his hat over his great head. Of the youth and student-life of such a man, legends could not be wanting. Hence the stories of his hearty jovial disposition, his love of boisterous frolics. Of that famous, but certainly apocryphal story of the sign-board, for instance, it was but a matter of course that our stranger should here receive a local version; nay, that the very lane and shop should be pointed out to him, which are signalized in the legend. More correct, probably, those traditions which tell of a certain broad singularity in the appearance and demeanor of the young Chalmers; of his manliness; his ingenuous confession of his opinions; his vehement impatience of whatever was not “open and aboveboard.” Altogether, much respecting the youth and early associations and pursuits of Chalmers, was made clear to our Northern during this his first visit to St. Andrews and other parts of Fifeshire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of meetings with Chalmers himself, more casual than before, during the years 1845 and 1846, there is not need to tell. Of one of the last, however, a few particulars are yet recollected with interest.

It is a spring morning of 1847, in the pleasant dining-room at Morningside; the table is covered, and preparations for breakfast are advancing. From looking out at the lightsome window towards the Braid and Pentland Hills, one is recalled by the entrance of Dr. Chalmers and other members of his family. How bland and simple his whole aspect used to be at these breakfast hours, as he would greet his guests, saluting them as they entered, and exchanging, in his absent genial way, little odds and ends of remark with them, till all had arrived. And then what beauty in his short morning service of worship, as, sitting down by the little table on which the quarto Bible had been laid, he would read the selected passage, and follow it up, all kneeling, with the brief impressive prayer! One saw him at such moments, as the venerated head of a peaceful, happy household.

At the time in question Dr. Chalmers had just entered, with that occasional alacrity of mental courage which distinguished

him, on a new field of thought and speculation. For some time there had loomed before him vaguely a conception of a German world of thought, from which, now that the connexion between this island and the Continent was becoming closer, great danger of various kinds was to be expected, and in particular, no small detriment to Scottish orthodoxy. Various circumstances, but particularly the publication of Mr. Morrell's Account of the Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century, had brought home to him a closer knowledge of the main characteristics of that "wretched German transcendentalism," as he was wont to call it, from which so much evil was augured, in his view of its effects. Presenting to his positive Scottish mind such a mass of new intellectual forms as a book necessarily contained that professed to review all the recent systems of thought that have been given to the world, Mr. Morrell's work had produced on Dr. Chalmers a more extraordinary result than perhaps it could have produced on any other British reader. Here for the first time he saw the extent of that field, the nearest quarters of which only had been visible to him before; here he was made aware for the first time what an immense expenditure of earnest European labor had taken place in certain great standing investigations, which he, an inhabitant of the east coast of Scotland, had either summarily settled by a sort of mental necessity, or had thought it needless to entertain at all. Now, although his fears of very evil consequences from German philosophy were by no means diminished but rather increased, as he was able more definitely to figure its characteristics and its development; and although much of what was newly presented to him as the final phraseology of German minds said to be eminent, seemed at once worthless and even absurd; yet, on the other hand, he saw, with a sort of wonder, that in this German philosophy there was a noble intellectual province for some Scottish mind to conquer, whether in the spirit of appreciation or in that of negation. With all the vigor of a young student, accordingly, he set himself to this gigantic task. Translations of Kant, of stray volumes of Fichte, certain expository works of Cousin, in short, whatever could help him with any kind of clearness into the chaos which he had sworn with himself to reduce to some order for his own satisfaction—all were procured and made use of. He read, he wrote, he talked of

the German philosophy; it was his "threatened invasion" of which the island must be forewarned, and against which it must make preparations. And thus in the single mind of this far-distant Scotchman was transacted, after an interval of seventy years, that same crisis which was produced on continental minds by Kant's philosophy on its first publication. With those very definitions of Space and Time which the thinker of Königsberg had penned and promulgated before the French Revolution, our noble Scotchman was now, in his old age, after two entire generations, trying to familiarize himself. An interesting spectacle it was to see with what freshness and ardor, wishing all the while that he were young again for the very purpose, he harnessed himself for these new labors.

Full of the subject of the Germans and their philosophy, it was natural that, during breakfast that morning, he should lead the conversation in that direction. On this particular occasion, however, it happened that his hostility to what he considered a vicious tendency in all characteristic German speculation predominated over the respect which he acknowledged for the powerful intellectual manifestation visible in this species of labor. As he spoke he became excited, even angry. There was much false reverence, he thought, for many things, simply because they were foreign; and this was seen in the present rage for German philosophy. It was the greatest madness imaginable. "Germany!—a country where system after system was springing up, none of them lasting a day; every man as it were, holding up his cheeks, crying, 'Look at me, too!'—I tell you I'll look at none of you; your *Skillers* (Schillers) and your *Skagels* (Schlegels), and your —," Here he was interrupted by the merry laughter of all at his half-conscious mispronunciation of the two German names that had the misfortune to occur to him in his moment of wrath, and, well aware of the cause, he broke down into a laugh at himself.

However, still, as breakfast was prolonged, the Germans would come in. Somehow it chanced that Shakspeare was mentioned, and the enthusiasm of the Germans for this poet. Apparently Dr. Chalmers had not been sufficiently aware of this fact before, for he heard it with interest, and inquired more particularly as to the evidence for it. This led one who was present to tell, as illustrative, the anecdote of Goethe



preserved by Eckermann. "At a time," the story goes, "when there was a tendency in Germany to rebel against the literary supremacy of Goethe, Novalis, the Schlegels, and others formed a party in favor of Tieck's claims to the high station. Goethe, of course, knew of this, and remarking on it to Eckermann, he said, "It is preposterous in Tieck's friends to set him up as a rival to me. No man is more ready to acknowledge what is good in Tieck than myself, but in this comparison of him with me, I know his friends err. Neither do I account the fact that it is so, any merit of mine. God made me, and God made Tieck. That relation which Tieck holds to me, I hold to Shakspeare. I regard Shakspeare as a being of a superior nature, whom I am bound to worship. Neither is that any demerit of mine. God made Shakspeare, and God made me." This little anecdote told to illustrate to Dr. Chalmers the profound feeling of reverence with which the Germans regard Shakspeare, evidently pleased him on its own account, as showing a trait in Goethe with which he could sympathize. "Well, do you know," he said, "I like that—I really like it." Then, reverting to Shakspeare, "I dare say Shakspeare was the greatest man that ever lived; do you know, I think he was even a greater man than Sir Isaac Newton." Those that remember the famous passage in

the writings of Chalmers eulogistic of Newton, or that have ever heard his own reading of the words, "our own Sir Isaac," will know how much this little remark implied. And to those who knew Chalmers, the very simplicity and *naïveté* which shine through these remarks of his on subjects out of the sphere of his own mental activity, will be interesting.

\* \* \* \* \*

A month or two after this meeting, and exactly about the time that Dr. Chalmers paid his final visit to England, our Northern chanced to go to London. The last time he had seen Dr. Chalmers was on a Sunday afternoon, walking homeward from church along a footpath by the wall at Morning-side; and now from various friends in London he was receiving particulars of the old man's recent visit—how delighted they all were to see him so hale and well. He had either set out, they said, or was about to set out for Scotland, in order to be present at the General Assembly of the Free Church. All spoke of him with love and enthusiasm. A few days more passed. One morning our Northern, in a lodging that has hardly yet become familiar to him, finds a letter on his breakfast table, the post mark Edinburgh, and the handwriting that of a friend. He takes it up. It contains news!—The great old man was dead!

---

From the British Quarterly Review.

## ZOROASTER AND THE PERSIAN FIRE WORSHIPPERS.

*The Parsi Religion: as contained in the Zand-avasta, and propounded and defended by the Zoroastrians of India and Persia unfolded, refuted, and contrasted with Christianity.* By JOHN WILSON, D.D., M.R.A.S., &c. Bombay. American Printing Press. 1843.

THE design of this volume is to excite the Parsis on the western shores of India to a candid inquiry into the claims of their religious system, and to offer to their consideration the infinitely higher claims of Christianity. The form in which the work appears, is owing to some publications of the Zoroastrians in India, in which they have explained and defended their tenets in opposition to the doctrines of the British missionaries. We hail such a controversy in that land. It is full of interest. It proves

that there is some mental activity among these children of the sun. It is a sign, we hope, that our religion is about to spread among them. The English reader would certainly derive more satisfaction and benefit from Dr. Wilson's book if, instead of the controversial form in which it appears, it contained a treatise on the doctrines and observances of the Parsis; embodying the substance of what previous European writers had said, with such additional illustrations as the author has gathered from his

own studies and observations in the East. However, we are in no mood for criticizing the production of such an accomplished missionary. We are glad to see in his pages what the modern disciples of a hoary religion have to say for themselves; and in what way they are met by the Christian advocate.

The volume is divided into eight chapters. The first contains a review of the author's former discussions with the Parsis of India, and a notice of the late publications in defence of the Zoroastrian faith. The second chapter deals with the Parsi notions of the Godhead. The third is on the doctrine of the Two Principles. The fourth is on the Worship of the Elements, and Heavenly Bodies. The fifth is on the general Polytheism of the Parsis. The sixth is a review of the Historical, Doctrinal, and Ceremonial Discoveries and Institutes of the *Vandidad*, embracing an analysis of that work. The seventh discusses the Parsi notions of the Responsibility, Depravity, and Guilt of Man, and the means of his Salvation. The eighth disproves the alleged prophetic Mission of Zoroaster; and impugns the external authority of the books which the Parsis reckon the standard of their faith and practice. It were but little to say of such a work, that it displays a large acquaintance with those departments of Oriental philology and literature in which Dr. Wilson's position affords him such opportunity and inducement to excel; that he has spared no pains in collecting the testimonies and judgments of both ancient and modern writers, as well in European as in Asiatic languages; that he has brought the calm logic of a disciplined intellect to expose the ignorance and the contradictions of his opponents, and to hunt them out of every lurking place of sophistry and fallacy; that he makes a respectable show of metaphysical acumen and experience in dissecting the abstruse subtleties of the oriental philosophy; that he handles the entire controversy with exemplary candor and patience, and with the manifest consciousness of the power of truth and argument:—it is little, we repeat, to say all this of such a work; it has higher qualities than even these. It breathes the spirit of the Christian gentleman and scholar. It is eminently devout. It indicates a peculiar mode of grasping the Christian faith, unknown to those who have never seen the way in which it is regarded by intelligent and polished men, whose education has filled their minds

with the prejudices of a totally different system. It is hallowed by reverence for the true, the pure, the good, the eternal. It is itself a glowing proof of the majesty and the benevolence of our sublime and wonderful religion. It contains an admirable synopsis of the Christian evidences. It is a summary of revealed doctrines. We welcome it as a noble specimen of one department of the great work of Christian missions. It closes with an earnest and intelligent appeal to the interesting people for whose special good it has been written.

"Consider, I entreat you, this testimony of which we are the bearers. Christianity comes before you recommended by the judgment, as well as offered by the benevolence, of Britain, of Europe, and of America. Imagine not that its high and exclusive claims, and self-denying demands, have been accepted without inquiry, without the most careful and profound investigation. Those mighty minds, which have penetrated the innermost recesses of their own being; which have analyzed the most secret springs of human thought, and feeling, and action; which have so sagaciously philosophized on the changes of society, and the advancement and decline of the nations of the earth; which have surveyed the whole face of the world on which we dwell, and the countless diversities of beings which inhabit its wide domains; which have dived into the recesses of the deep, and explored the caverns of the earth; and which have measured and weighed the masses of the worlds which roll in the heaven above, and observed and developed the laws which regulate their mighty movements—these great minds, I say, which have engaged in all this research, and achieved all these wonders, have not vainly and inconsiderately surrendered their faith to the religion of the Bible. No; they have considered and weighed its claims, before they had pronounced their judgment. Its authority has been established in their view, by irrefragable evidence.

"They acknowledge it to be the source of all the hopes of salvation which they are permitted to cherish, and of all that national greatness and majesty which you yourselves cannot but admire. The Bible, in the providence of God, comes before you with their united, their strong recommendation; and it becomes you seriously to entertain the question of its divine origin, to see whether or not it is fitted to allay the fears of your conscience, to satisfy your desires for happiness, and to confer upon you all the spiritual blessings of which you stand in need. There is such a thing as heavenly truth, and there is such an agent as the Spirit of Truth; and it becomes you to consider what homage and obedience you are prepared to render to them, while they address your fears and hopes, and offer to direct you to an abundant supply of all your necessities. There is such an hour as death, and such a transaction as judgment; and it becomes you to think of your preparation to encounter their solemnities, and to meet your doom: I could not resist the opportunity of giving you one word of

affectionate warning, of inviting you to look to Him who now says to you—"Turn ye at my reproof; behold, I will pour out my Spirit upon you, I will make known my words unto you:" but who may afterwards address to you the sentence of condemnation, for mercies despised, and privileges abused, and deliverance rejected, and declare to you the loss, the eternal loss, of your own souls."—pp. 473, 474.

We ought to say, that the Appendix to this volume is exceedingly valuable. It contains a translation of the *Zartusht-Nāmāh*—of which we shall have occasion to say something—by Lieut. E. B. Eastwick; a translation of an ancient Armenian work on the Two Principles, by Mr. Aviet Aganur, of the Armenian community in Bombay; a Comparison of the Zand with the Roman, Pahlivi, Devanagari, and Gujarāti Alphabets; besides other miscellaneous matters.

The reading of this book has thrown us back upon some old familiar haunts. We have been enticed to tread anew a path on which the footsteps are not many, nor the light indeed, very clear, yet one which has allurements for us, interested as we are in the early condition of the human family, especially the condition of its religion amid those regions where its founders wandered, through those dark times of which history has told so little, but which—like the ancient strata of the earth—have left their abiding chronicles to be studied by the plodding thought, and expounded by the slow deductions, that are to enlarge the science of the ages yet to come. The country which we call Persia, the land of the rose and of the nightingale, is, by the people that inhabit it, called Irān. Our word, Persia, is derived, through the Greeks, from Phars, the south-western province of that kingdom. Of this province, the capital, Istakhar, named by the Greeks Persepolis, was, in the old time, the metropolis of the empire. Its ruins may still be seen,—its terraces, columns, strange sculptures, mystic symbols, singular inscriptions,—the monuments of men, and deeds, and systems, belonging to the morning time of what seems to us to be the ancient race of man. The modern capital of the same province is Shiraz, famed through the east for its wines, and dear to the Persian people as the burial-place of Hafiz, the sweetest of their poets.

The ancient inhabitants of Persia, dwelling near the abodes of the primeval patriarchs, received from Elam, the son of

Shem, the living rudiments and simple rites of the pure religion. Many ages after, they still regarded with horror the use of images or temples, as not worthy of the Creator and Lord of all things. From their records and traditions, we think it likely that, at a very early time, they looked on the sun as the Shechinah of the Divine Presence, and on fire as an emanation from the sun, the most glorious and fitting emblem of the Invisible. With somewhat of the same reverence, they were fearful of defiling the *air*, the *earth*, or *water*, which, together with fire, they revered as the elements of all things, symbols of the Uncreated Purity, shadows, so to speak, of the Eternal. They reared their massive altars on the tops of mountains, and in rocky solitudes: there they kept alive the sacred fire. All light and good they ascribed to God; all darkness and evil to the Wicked One, who was created by God for the showing forth of his own power and glory. Their traditions of the creation of the world, the first state of man, the fall, the deluge, the expectation of a deliverer, and the last judgment, agreed in substance and outline with those which have been preserved by inspiration in the Hebrew Scriptures: filled up, indeed, and well-nigh superseded, by the bold and deeply symbolical creations of Asiatic genius, in widely extended provinces, and through a long tract of ages.

The earliest corruption of the patriarchal church among the Pársis appears to have been that *Tzabaism* which, at a period too darkly remote to be well defined, we can trace, under one form, across the plains of Chaldæa, and over all the western boundaries of Asia; and, under another form, among the nations of the farthest east. So far as we can now understand this ancient system, it grafted on the patriarchal theism, and on the Oriental symbolism, the doctrine of created intelligences in different ranks and orders—including the deified heroes of our race—by whom the world was said to be governed. Some of these subordinate rulers were imagined to have their dwelling-places in the stars; and hence the astral influences, for good or for evil, which afterwards were reduced to calculation, and raised to the dignity of science and the sacredness of religion. Of these mysterious and distant intelligences, symbolic images were introduced.

Now, whatever might be the secrets of philosophers and priests, the *people* of Chal-

dæa, of Arabia, of Persia, and of India, were assuredly, in the strictest sense, polytheists, for they worshipped many gods; and idolaters, for they bowed down to images. To these *Tzabeans* there are frequent references in the book of Job; in the admonitions of the Hebrew legislator; and in the sublime denunciations of later prophets. Traces of the same perversion of an old and pure faith are found in the early remains of all the nations on our globe.

There arose, in the growth of ages, with a majesty and power peculiar to Persia, the institutions of the *MAGI*. Their origin is greatly darkened by the distance of antiquity. They were, as we believe, the thinkers, the reasoners; they were the men who gained influence, not by the muscle, but by the intellect. They were men of power, because they were men of knowledge, and because they had strength of purpose to use that knowledge. They were a class, an organization, a hierarchy; they were philosophers; their philosophy was their religion; they made their religion the religion of their fellow-men. They explored the secrets of nature; they became the masters—the inventors, for the most part—of occult sciences and curious arts. They abolished the worship of images; they retained the use of fire, as the only symbol of Deity. They induced men to believe that they had power over the unseen spirits who were dreaded as the rulers of men's destinies. They dazzled the uninitiated by amazing proofs of knowledge, and by not less amazing proofs of power. By such means they made themselves essential to the kings, in the art of governing the ignorant by superstition and fear. Under different names, they covered, not Persia only, but Egypt, Arabia, and India. They gathered into their own hands all the sources of national influence,—medicine, politics, and religion: they gained the entire ascendant. They formed a strong, hereditary caste,—the healers of disease, the expounders of mystery, the counsellors of princes, the mediators between earth and heaven.

There must have been some religious truth in the system of the Magi, as contrasted with that of the *Tzabeans*. But that truth was corrupted in their hands; religion was turned into superstition; philosophy was lost in dogmatism; established belief set evidence at naught. For all the purposes of instruction, and all the uses of

authority, man became the god of his brother-man.

We cannot proceed farther in this review without a glance at early Persian history. The oldest Persian legends tell us that the *Mahabad* dynasty was the first monarchy in the world, centering in Assyria, and reigning over Media and Persia. Between eight and nine hundred years before Christ, the Medians revolted, and soon after, *Khayomers*, a Mede, laid the foundations of the Persian independent empire in the province of *Arzabaiján*. The mountaineers and foresters of that country,—not unlike the wild Arabs and *Tahtars*,—made hard fight against the march of civilization. These were the *Devs*, or dæmons of the desert, which play so conspicuous a part in the ballad poetry, and in the romantic stories, in which the imaginative people of those sunny climes have so much delight. *Hoshang*, the grandson of *Khayomers*, founded the *Pishdadian* race of Persian monarchs. The surname *Pishdad*, or law-giver, expressed the admiration which *Hoshang* gained by his improvements in husbandry, and by extending the empire southwards to the border of the Indian Sea. *Hoshang's* successor, *Tahmurs*, held sovereignty over the provinces of *Irak* (the kingdoms of *Babylon* and *Assyria*). He introduced into Persia the sowing of rice, and the breeding of silk-worms. By subduing the barbarous nations around,—the giants or *devs* of the popular tales,—he obtained the title of *Deevband*, or Tamer of the Dæmons. *Tahmur's* nephew, *Jemschid*, succeeded him. He completed the magnificent city of *Istakhar*, which his uncle had begun. It was *Jemschid* that introduced among the Persians the solar year. Probably at the same time, and in commemoration of such an epoch, he founded the annual festival of *Naurooz*, still celebrated in Persia, with great pomp and solemnity, at the beginning of every year.

This illustrious king was driven from his throne by *Zoak*, an Arabian usurper. The usurper was defeated by *Gao*, a smith of undying memory in Persia. *Feridoun*, the son of *Jemschid*, rewarded *Gao* with the government of the province of *Irak*, for life. The leathern apron of the patriotic smith was the banner around which he rallied his victorious Persians. *Feridoun* adorned it with precious jewels; and it continued to be guarded, with jealous reverence, for fourteen hundred years. After a long and

happy reign, Feridoun retired from the throne, dividing his empire among his three sons. In the reign of Feridoun's grandson, Ferdausi, the Persian Homer, places *Rustan*, the hero of innumerable Persian stories, whose name is perpetuated in mountain sepulchres, as well as in histories and poems. Feridoun's great-grandson, Noodhar, was slain by one of his father's brothers—Aphrasian, king of Tourán, or eastern Scythia. By Aphrasian, and his successors, the Persians were long held in subjection, though their own hereditary princes were allowed to bear the title without the power of kings. The last prince of this titled race was Garshasp. They were followed by the *Kai-anian* family: Of these, Khai-kaus (Darius the Medo) was the first; Khai-khosro (the Cyrus of Herodotus, and of the Scriptures), the second; Lohorasp, the third; and Gushtasp (supposed by the Greeks to be Darius, son of Hystaspes), the fourth. This monarch transferred the seat of empire from Balkh, in Khorasán, further west, to Istakhar (Persepolis), and thus became better known than his predecessor to the Greeks.

Now it was in the reign of Gushtasp that ZARTUSHT, the great Persian reformer of the Magian religion, appeared. The accounts given by Europeans of this reformer are so various and even contradictory, that it is no easy matter to gather from them who he was, where he lived, and what he did and taught. Let us leave our European guides, then, and gather what tidings of him we may from the East. The account of him on which most reliance is placed by his followers, now in Asia, is a Persian work, entitled *Zartusht-Námáh*; by Zartusht Behráh, written A.D. 1277.\* It will be readily seen that the long interval of nearly 1700 years between the alleged date of Zartusht's appearance, and the composition of this work, necessarily deprives it of all pretensions to authenticity in any historical controversy; but as a recognised document in the East, it must serve our present turn.

According to this amusing, yet highly fabulous, Persian authority, Zartusht was a descendant of Feridoun, the great king of Persia. Before his birth, his mother was troubled by terrible dreams, which a Magian astrologer interpreted as foretelling

the future greatness of her son. The infant, we are told, laughed in the first moment after his birth, filling the attendant women with envy, striking the unclean with fear, and exciting the Magi to plots for his destruction. Duransarán, the chief among the Magi, turned pale when he heard of the birth of this wondrous child. He beheld his face, like the early spring, beaming with the glory of God. He drew forth his dagger to stab the babe; but his hand was dried up; and his heart was smitten with an agony like death.

The troubled Magi then stole away the infant. They cast him into a blazing fire in the desert; next, they exposed him to the trampling of bulls, then of wild horses, and afterwards of hungry wolves in the narrow passes of the rocks; but from all these dangers he miraculously escaped. They tried to poison him, when he was sick, with enchanted drugs; but he poured the contents of the cup on the ground, rebuking and defying the sorcerer. He passed many years in retirement, performing numerous acts of bodily mortification, devotion, and charity. When he reached his thirtieth year, he crossed the sea with his companions—a feat which occupied a whole month. On the opposite side of the sea, he found countless numbers of the mighty men of Irán met for joy and mirth. When night had extinguished the lights of the world, Zartusht learned, in a dream, that he should go before God, who was about to reveal all secrets to him, and that, on his return to this dark world, he was to make manifest the True Faith, and clear the rose-tree of Truth from thorns; that the *Deevis* and the *Magi* would gird up their loins to fight like lions against him; but that the king would be converted, and that all the *fiends* and the *Magi* would flee before the reading of the *Zand-ávastá*, or revelation from heaven. When Zartusht returned from the feast of the mighty men, he drew near to the waters of Daéti. He passed downwards through four streams, one below the other, without fear.

He was then conducted by the angel Báhmán, as with the speed of a bird, up a flight of four and twenty steps, through assemblies of heavenly spirits so bright that he saw his own shadow in their light, to the presence of God. In that Presence he stood, with a glad heart, but with a trembling body. God answered his questions, making known to him the revolutions of the heavens—the starry influences—the

\* We are obliged, however, to say that this gentleman, according to his own acknowledgment, had prepared himself, by copious draughts of wine, for drawing up his account of the prophet.

houris of Paradise—all things from Adam to the last resurrection—and the face of Ahriman the Evil One, in the dark and narrow pit of hell. In his descent, he passed, harmless, through a mountain flaming with fire, bearing with him the ZAND-*AVASTA* to read before Shah Gushtasp, that he might convert him to the faith. This descent from heaven was followed by distinct visits from six separate angels, each of them being charged with appropriate instructions.

These visits over, Zartusht returned to the earth with joy. According to his dream, the Magi, aided by an army, without number, of the impure fiends, hastened to fight with him; but, by reciting aloud one passage from the Zand-*ávastá*, he put to flight the evil spirits, who hid themselves under the earth; many of the Magi perished on the spot; and all were cast down by the mighty power of God.

Having gained so great a victory, Zartusht now bent his way towards the Shah Gushtasp, at Balk, in Khorasán. With stately step, he entered the palace, where the king of the earth, wearing a brilliant crown, sat on his ivory throne, attended by the chiefs of Iran, and of every clime, and surrounded by double rows of his wise men. For three days, Zartusht contended with the wise men of the king, and put them all to silence. Drawing the Zand-*ávastá* from beneath his robe, he said to the Shah: "God has given me this; and He has sent me to His creatures. Know, that according to this book, should be your acts; for it is the commandment of GOD THE CHERISHER: Its name is *Vasta* and *Zand*. Learn its statutes, and walk therein. If your desire is towards its laws, your abode shall be in the Paradise of heaven. But, if you turn away from its commandments, you will bring down your crowned head to the dust; and, at the last, you shall descend into hell!" The king of the world said to him: "Show me the proof of all this." "If you learn the Zand-*ávastá*," replied Zartusht, "you will require no argument nor advice from me. The book itself is sufficient proof."

"Read to me some of this Zand-*ávastá*," said the Shah. The prophet then read a chapter to him, and explained it. The Shah was not pleased with what he heard; but he promised to examine the book for himself. The wise men bit their fingers in despair. They conspired for the destruction of Zartusht. They bribed the king's

porter, and obtained from him the key of Zartusht's apartment. There they placed on his pillow, and on his robes, the most filthy things in the world. They then drew near to the Shah, as he was engaged in reading the Zand-*ávastá*, and they accused the prophet of sorcery, and of a wicked attempt to gain power over the Shah by his unholy arts. Gushtasp ordered the apartment of Zartusht to be searched. The messengers returned, bringing, with horror, the divided heads of a cat and of a dog, with the nails, hair, and bones, which had dropped from human corpses. Gushtasp was enraged; he flung the Zand-*ávastá* from him. He cast the astounded Zartusht into prison.

While Zartusht was in prison, the Shah was filled with grief by a dire calamity which happened to his favorite black steed; the animal's four feet were drawn up into his belly. The wise men took counsel, and tried their spells, but in vain. So great was the universal grief that the keeper of the prison had omitted to bring to his prisoner his daily portion of bread and water. When he told the story, the prophet desired him to say to the king: "Let Zartusht be called from his dungeon; he will bring back the legs of the steed." On the next day, the king of the world loosed the bonds of his prisoner, and said to him: "If thou art, in truth, a prophet, restore my steed to health." The prophet required of the king four conditions, which he said he would explain in the stable. They came to the stable. The first condition was, that the king should profess his sincere belief in the prophet's mission. The king assented. The prophet having wept and prayed, placed his hand on the steed, and, lo! the right fore-leg came out. The second condition was, that the king's son, Asphandiar, should agree to support the true religion. As soon as the prince had given his hand to the prophet, swearing that he would be his friend, Zartusht prayed a second time; and the right hind-leg came out. The third condition was, that the queen should follow the examples of her consort and of her son. This being granted, the third leg was brought out. The fourth condition was, that the king's porter should be made to confess who it was that had entered the prophet's apartment, and brought his disgrace upon him. He confessed the whole. The wise men were impaled alive. Zartusht offered a final prayer; and the black steed leaped up like a lion.

Having thus established himself at court, Zartusht attained the highest rank, and wielded the most powerful influence on the empire. One day, the king told the prophet that he had four wishes: to know his own final doom; to be invulnerable; to be informed of all things that are to happen; and to live, without dying, till the day of the resurrection. The prophet said that these four requests would be granted, not all to the king in his own person, but in those of three others besides himself. On a given day, four messengers from God appeared before the king, charging him to abide by Zartusht. After this, the prophet proceeded to the Darán, or miracles. Wine, the perfume of roses, milk, and a pomegranate, were placed before him. Having read some prayers out of the *Zand-ávastá*, he directed the king to drink the wine. Suddenly, the king fell into a sleep, in which he saw the heaven of God, the mansions of the blessed, and his own place in Paradise. The milk was given to Bashutan,—who became immortal. Jamasp took the perfume,—and knew all things. To Asphandiar was given one grain of the pomegranate,—and his body became invulnerable as stone.

When the king awoke from his sleep, he praised and adored God. He commanded all his people to receive from Zartusht the true faith. Zartusht then ordered all the *mobads* and *herbads*, ministers of religion, to erect towers in many places, for preserving the sacred fire which was to be used in the Pyræa, or fire-temples, for the worship of God. He gave the priests much silver and gold for their support. The whole of the *Zand-ávastá* was recited to the people as containing the true faith. The *herbads*, or priests, read the liturgy of the *Zand-ávastá*, and expounded portions of the sacred book in the lesser temples, before the flame of the consecrated lamps. The *mobadan* exercised a kind of superintendence over their inferior brethren, as they ministered to them in turn, feeding the fires of the greater temples. Zartusht was himself the *mobad-mobadan*, dastur, or priest of priests, teaching and ruling all the rest in the metropolitan fire-temple, in Khorasán.

It was but a few years after this great religious revolution in Persia, that Gushtasp's zeal provoked a war with the neighboring kingdom of Tourán, or Eastern Scythia. Gushtasp vanquished Angjasp, the king of Tourán, and gave his capital

to be plundered by the Persian disciples of the *Zand-ávastá*. Angjasp afterwards avenged himself, by invading Khorasán, and extinguishing the sacred fires at Balk, in the blood of the prophet and his attendant priests.—Gushtasp was succeeded in his monarchy by Ardeshir, or Bahaman (the first Artaxerxes), after whose reign arose the wars of Persia with Greece, in the confusion of which times the records were probably neglected or lost. By Alexander's victory over Darius (B. C. 330), the dominions of the Khaianans were transferred to the Macedonian empire. The Persian histories relate, that Alexander's successors allowed the princes of the Persian royal family to retain the eastern provinces. These formed the Arxasian dynasty, by whom the Parthian kingdom was held until about the year A. D. 100. The last prince of this race was supplanted by Ardeshir Babegan (Artaxerxes the Second), a descendant of Ardeshir Bahaman, a learned and warlike prince, the founder of the *Sassanian* dynasty.

It appears that the religious institutes of Zartusht, during the time of the Macedonian rule, were mingled with the superstitions and idolatries of the conquerors. Still a great number of sects continued to revere the memory of their great prophet, though assailed by the scorn and derision of unbelieving multitudes. On the accession of *Ardeshir Babegan*, that monarch seems to have been anxious for the restoration of the obscured and almost forgotten doctrines of Zartusht. In the Persian book *Ardia-viraf-Námáh*, we are told that, having summoned all the priests of the national religion, he addressed them as follows:—"The revolution caused by the invasion of Alexander having destroyed the evidences of our holy religion, it is my wish that proper persons be selected, out of your number, to collate the laws left us by our prophet Zartusht, that we may follow these laws, and get rid of the heresies that have been, from time to time, introduced, and of the schisms that exist among us." Four thousand were chosen from the forty thousand priests, out of the four thousand, four hundred were chosen of the greatest abilities, and most conversant with the mysteries of the *Zand-ávastá*. This number was afterwards reduced to forty, and out of the forty, seven of the most blameless, to whom the king made known his wishes and his doubts. These seven holy men fixed on one of their number, *Ardai-viraf*, whose soul, they

said, would take its flight to the presence of God, and bring back the proofs that would convince the nation of the truth and the sanctity of the Magian religion. The king and his court accompanied the whole body of priests to the temple of Fire, and joined with them in prayers. *Ardai-viraf* performed the wonted ablutions, arrayed himself in the purest white, with the sacred girdle, perfumed himself according to the prescribed rites, and took three draughts of consecrated wine from a golden cup. For seven days and nights he continued in a state of rest and abstraction: his six companions, meanwhile, watching and praying, surrounded by the vast assembly of priests, and of the king, with his court, outside the temple. When *Ardai-viraf* arose in his couch, he took some refreshment, and related his visions to a writer, who sat beside him. The king ordered the visions to be communicated through all the empire, while the original relation, copied in letters of gold, was laid up in the imperial archives. The priests were then ordered to disperse themselves over the empire to teach the people the laws of Zartusht as confirmed by *Ardai-viraf*. Thus, heresy and schism were banished, and the empire was restored to tranquillity, which lasted for many years. Those who rejected the mission of the prophet were left without excuse for their unbelief. The idolaters were covered with confusion. The different sects of the Magians were brought to acknowledge a common standard. The magi resumed their lost power in the court, and among the people. All other worship was forbidden. Idolaters, Jews, Christians, and heretical expounders of the *Zand-ávastá*, were pursued with impartial and unsparing persecution.

Ardeshir's son, Shapoor, wrested Syria and Cilicia from the Romans, and took the Emperor Valerian prisoner under the walls of Edessa. It was in his reign that *Mani*, a painter, having learned from some Christians that the Redeemer had promised to send the *Paraclete*, formed the wild design of passing for this promised *Paraclete*, and drew after him many followers. Shapoor, enraged at the success of this daring impostor, sought to punish him; but he escaped into eastern Tartary, telling his followers that he was going to heaven, but that he would meet them again, in a cave which he pointed out, at the end of a year. During his exile, he employed his talent as a painter in finishing a number of strange pictures, which, on his return to Persia, he showed to his credu-

lous disciples, as the work of angels. His religious system, long retained under the name of *Manichæism*, was an incongruous mixture of some of the doctrines of the gospel with the metempsychosis of the Brahmins, and the principles of Zartusht. Hormuzd, the successor of Shapoor, a prince given up to speculation rather than to government, was disposed to favor the pretensions of Mani; but his son Baharâm put the impostor to death.

The various histories of the remaining Sassanian princes offer little illustration of our theme. The last of the line, Yasdigard, was killed, when his empire was seized by Omar, the Arabian khaliff. From that time, the middle of our seventh century, the Mohammedan religion has prevailed in Persia. Some of the followers of Zartusht, however, still clinging to their ancient religion, escaped from the Mohammedan rule to the desert or to the distant mountains of Khorâsân; and a few thousands of their descendants may still be found in the provinces of Kirmân and Yezd. Many ages ago, some of the Parsi worshippers found protection from the rajah of Sanjân, in Gujarât. From thence their posterity spread over various parts of the north of India. When the Sultan Mahmud Begada invaded Gujarât, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Parsis carried the sacred fire into the jungles of Wassandah. After the perils of that time had passed, it was removed to Naussari. The Parsis in the west of India are persons of considerable influence, though not very numerous, at Bombay, Surat, and other parts of the territories governed by the East India Company.

In the year 1700, Dr. Thomas Hyde, Hebrew and Arabic Professor at Oxford, published his '*Veterum Persarum, et Parthorum, et Medorum Religionis Historia*,' a work of vast learning, displaying an enthusiastic zeal for such inquiries, and abounding with extracts not only from the oldest Greek writers, but from Arabic, Persian, and other oriental manuscripts. He considered, not unjustly, that the Greek and Latin historians, through their ignorance of the Persian language, and their own unconscious prejudices, had misunderstood much of the religion of that ancient people; and that the Mohammedan writers, who styled them Gebers (infidels) had grossly misrepresented them. At great cost, he had obtained from the east some of the writings of Zartusht, in the old Persian language; and he used his utmost diligence to induce the



patrons of learning in England to procure the whole. It appeared to him from such writings of Zartusht as had come under his examination, that the Persian reformer had learned from the Hebrew captives in Persia no small portion of the contents of the Old Testament, among which were the history of the creation, and some obscure prophecies of the Messiah. He believed, moreover, that independently of these Hebrew fragments, Zartusht had been favored with a clearer and more special revelation; which revelation he had committed to writing for his priests; and that it was by this independent revelation, the wise men were led to interpret the star which guided them to Bethlehem,—seeing they were better acquainted than the Jews themselves with the time of the Messiah's advent.

He regarded this supposed revelation to Zartusht in Persia, like the inspired prophecies of Balaam, as presenting external testimonies to the truth of the sacred Scriptures which are of no light value in confounding the enemies of our holy faith. In the copious account which he gives of the ancient Persian religion, traced by the Persians themselves—as he thinks, not erroneously—to Abraham, he labors hard to vindicate them from the charge of worshipping the sun and fire; while he expounds, at great length, their own account of the mysteries of the Cave of Mithra; the fire-temples; the principles of light and darkness; the origin of the human race; the deluge; the attributes of God; the names and epithets of angels, with their relation to the epochs of the Persian calendar; the distinctions and orders of the priests; the language and dialects of Persia; the life of Gushtasp; and the life and works of Zartusht.

The following summary may represent, in few words, the ample exposition which Dr. Hyde has given of the religious doctrines of the ancient Persians. They believed in the true God, Almighty, Immortal, Eternal, the Creator, Preserver, and Judge of all. They looked for a resurrection at the day of judgment, to be followed by the endless happiness of the righteous, and misery of the wicked. They acknowledged that they sinned daily, but professed to be penitent on account of every known sin, whether in thought, speech, or deed. They believed in a subordinate government of planets and of angels—every man having his good angel, and likewise his evil angel. They thought that, by a light from heaven,

some men are endowed with power to excel in government, or in particular acts.

Their expectations of future happiness comprised, in general, every species of enjoyment; but they represented future punishments with more specific and varied detail. Though the Mohammedans describe them as believing that the wicked will be punished with fire, Dr. Hyde could find no mention of this in their own writings. They abound in horrid enumerations of fœtid odors; waters dark as pitch, and cold as snow; gnawing scorpions, tigers, and monstrous beasts. Some of them imagined that the abodes of the blessed are to be in the sun: others, the orthodox, imagined that they will be in the earth, renewed and purified. They conceived, as the Mohammedans do, of a bridge stretching over hell, between earth and heaven, on which angels will weigh men's merits in a balance, as they rise from the dead, and pass on to their final sentence. Between death and the resurrection, they regarded the souls of the pious as at rest with God, and the souls of the wicked as in an opposite condition. Their reverence for fire, air, earth, and water, the doctor takes great pains to prove, was not idolatrous, however strongly tainted with superstition.

One cannot read these elaborate and entertaining chapters of a book but little known in the present day, without perceiving that the worthy professor was not quite free from the fashion of such studious men, even in these practical days of ours. He had unbounded admiration for the venerable ancients about whom he wrote. He had his own theory of a true church, and a regular hierarchy of priests, bishops, and archbishops, from the days of Abraham to the present time. He had not a little of that self-complacency which sometimes accompanies extraordinary attainments, and rare opportunities for fishing up strange things from waters in which men are almost solitary anglers. As might be expected, though his history has not been superseded by any other, several of its errors have been corrected by later and more accurately-informed writers. Dr. Wilson, we see, complains of his want of faithfulness in dealing with his authorities; and he does not hesitate to call him a willing, though unsuccessful, apologist for the Parsis, and nearly as much a Zoroastrian as a Christian.

What Dr. Hyde only longed for, was accomplished about eleven years after the publication of the second edition of his

*Historia* (in 1760) by Mr. Costard, of Oxford. A copy of the *Vendidad-Sade*, in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, at Paris, excited the curiosity of M. Anquetil du Perron, a passionate student of oriental languages. He determined to go to the East. He joined the French army, then proceeding to India, as a private soldier. By the influence of his friends at home, and of Englishmen abroad, he found his way to Surat. There he met with some Pársi priests of Gujarát, by whose help he was enabled to publish a translation of the *Zand-ávastá* into French, accompanied with an exposition of the civil and religious customs of the Pársis. Of this work, Sir William Jones expressed a strongly contemptuous opinion, in a French letter to the author, which is printed in the fifth volume of Sir William's works, edited by the late Lord Teignmouth. But Dr. Wilson, who has paid much attention to the Zand language, acknowledges (p. 68), "though I have found that it is not difficult to improve upon Anquetil's version, I have also seen that for the purpose of ordinary theological discussion, it is, generally speaking, sufficiently accurate."

THE ZAND-AVASTA is a collection of writings in the Zand language, which appears to be a mixture of Chaldaic with Sanscrit, and which was probably, at one time, the dialect of Northern Persia. The principal writing in the collection is the *Vendidad*. This professes to be the report of an interview between Zartusht and Hormazd, or God, divided into twenty-four *fargards*, or sections. It records the creation of six blessed places, into which the wickedness of Ahrimán introduced various evils. It narrates the introduction of agriculture into Irán, by Jemschid, who was the first teacher of the true religion to the Persians. It contains laws for cultivating the earth, for avoiding practices by which the earth is declared to be polluted, and for allotting portions of land to holy men, or priests. It prescribes punishments for various crimes, as falsehood, violence, and the neglect of religious ceremonies. It commands the instruction of the ignorant, the relief of the poor, the feeding of cattle, and other good works. It abounds with tedious directions for the due performance of innumerable ceremonies, purifications, and atonements. Many of its sections relate to matters of which we can make no mention.

Interspersed with the *Vendidad*, are the *Yaçna*, or *Izashné*, the grand sacrificial

liturgy, and the *Vispard*, or minor liturgy.

The *Khurda-avastá* is a collection of benedictions, prayers, salutations, and services for all kinds of occasions. There are also fragmentary hymns, called *Yasts*; and the *Sirusse*, a kind of calendar of invocations to genii. On the *Yaçna*, Professor E. Bournouf, of Paris, published an elaborate *Commentaire*, with a Sanscrit translation, and a lithographed copy of the *Vendidad*. It has been lithographed, also, at Bombay. Olshausen began an edition of the *Vendidad* at Hamburg; but, so far as we know, it was not carried on.

The *Páhlivi* language, spoken anciently by the western Persians, abounding in Chaldaic words with Persic terminations, contains translations, from the Zand, of some of Zartusht's writings. It contains, also, the *Bandabash*, a compilation of ancient documents on the origin of beings; the war of the good and the evil principles; the ordering of the heavenly bodies; and the genealogy of Zartusht. In the same language is the *Ardai-Viraf-Námáh*, which we have mentioned—the history of the priest by whom the religion of Zartusht was restored, in the reign of Ardeshir-Babegan. This work has been translated into English by Mr. J. A. Pope. We may mention, further, the *Rawayats*, or collections of traditions respecting the ceremonies of religion.—Of the age of these Páhlivi writings, we have no exact information. Some of them, the *Bandabash*, for instance, appear to have been several hundreds of years after the age of Zartusht. Dr. Müller was engaged, a good while ago, in examining the manuscripts at Paris; but we are not acquainted with the result of his investigations.

A translation from Anquetil's version of the *Zand-ávastá* was brought out, in German, by Professor J. F. Kleuker, which was soon followed by an abridgment of the same, and, afterwards, by an account of the controversy among both English and German scholars, on the genuineness and authenticity of these writings. Professor Rask pursued his inquiries on these subjects in Persia. He brought home numerous manuscripts, some of which we have seen in the University library at Copenhagen.

Bryant regarded the *Zand-ávastá* as an authentic relic of a very remote antiquity. Dean Prideaux treated it as garbled from the Hebrew Scriptures. Sir William Jones, following the Dabistán, a Mahomedan

book, believed it to be a compilation from a work which had ceased to exist. Richardson denounced it as having palpable marks of the total, or partial, fabrication of modern times. Foucher, Kennedy, and Elphinstone, are against the antiquity of the book. So was Huet; so is Dr. Wilson. Professor Rask maintains the genuineness of some portions of it, though we do not find that he has exactly defined what those portions are.

There are many proofs, too obvious to require much consideration from us, that these ancient Persian writings are entirely of human composition, and that, in their present state, they contain a mixture of old traditions, with hints borrowed from the Hebrew prophets, from the Talmud, from the Korán, and from the inventions and embellishments of successive priests. The best Oriental scholars have decided that the language is, in parts, too ancient to admit of our supposing the whole to be a comparatively modern forgery. While the traditions agree, in their broad outline, with those of the Hebrews, they yet differ from them in their form, and in numerous details, too widely to bear out the opinion that they have been copied from them. In debating the question of their authority, therefore, with those who revere them as a divine revelation, the ground taken by the Christian missionary is that which must commend itself to every impartial mind, and that which we believe will ultimately wean the Pársis themselves from the errors of their fathers. Dr. Wilson has clearly shown, from the Zand-avastá, notwithstanding the disavowals and evasions of the Pársis, that "Hormazd, whom they set forth as the supreme object of their worship, is supposed to be, not a self-existent, but a derivative and secondary being, originating in or by Zurúáná-Akarana, or Time-without-bounds." Zurúáná, the first cause of all things, is represented as absorbed in his own excellence. He is spoken of, and invoked by Hormazd, as creating him, and giving him the laws; and yet Hormazd,—originating in time, created by another being, and invoking that other being as superior to himself—is worshipped by the Pársis. They address him as "the knower of all circumstances, who is potent in everything, and who is without the care of any one." Plutarch refers to them as saying—"Oromazes was born of the purest light." From the history of Vartan, by Elisaus, an Armenian writer,

Dr. Wilson copies a proclamation by the Persian government, two hundred years before the Mohammedan conquest, in which *the great God, Zurúáná*, is described as praying a thousand years before the heavens and the earth were, that he might have a son, named Hormazd, who should create the heavens and the earth; and declaring that, by reason of his prayer, Hormazd was conceived in his body. From *Esnik*, another Armenian writer of the fifth century, a similar account is given of the birth of Hormazd. In the sacred books of the Pársis, Hormazd is set forth as one among many *Ízads*, or beings worthy to have sacrifice offered to them. He is represented as having a *Faruhar*, or archetype, which Zurúáná-Akaráná cannot have.

In the *Bandabash*, which has been mentioned, both Hormazd and Ahrimán are described as the production of Zurúáná-Akaráná. These views of the derivative and secondary being of the supreme object of Persian worship are supported by Anquetil de Perron, Gibbon, Woodhouse, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Graves Haughton, Dr. F. Crezer, and Professor Stühr. Dr. Wilson presses the Pársis with the dilemma into which they are thus thrown by the inconsistencies of their sacred writings, and the absurdities of their worship.

In like manner they are convicted of unsuccessful subtlety in attempting to explain the account given in their sacred writings of Ahrimán, the evil one, as merely metaphorical modes of expressing the principle of evil. He shows that they cannot push these attempts without resolving into metaphor Hormazd, the object of their worship, nor without turning into rank nonsense a great part of the writings which they revere as sacred; that the doctrine of two antagonist beings, alike possessing creative power, is absurd, and contradicted by all the laws of nature; that the doctrine of an essentially evil being originating in the true God is blasphemous; and that the creatures, or states of being, ascribed by them to Ahrimán,—such as darkness, winter, smoke, flies, ants, and the bark of trees,—are not, in their nature, evil, but good; answering wise and benevolent purposes in the grand scheme of the creation.

Dr. Wilson charges the Parsi religion, not only with setting forth "an erroneous object of supreme worship," and circumscribing "the glory and power of that object by an imaginary being of an opposite character," but with recognizing "a vast,

and almost uncountable number of objects of religious reverence." Dr. Hyde, it will be remembered, labored hard to defend the ancient Persians against this charge. Dr. Wilson, however, does not content himself with the testimonies of Herodotus, Ctesias, Xenophon, Strabo, Pliny, Diogenes Laertius, Sextus Empiricus, Agathias, Procopius, Justin, Clemens Alexandrinus, Chrysostom, the ecclesiastical historians—Socrates, Sozomon, and Theodoritus, Elisæus the Armenian, and such Mohammedan writers as Shaik, Sadi, and Firdausi, to prove that the Persians have from time immemorial, been worshippers of the elements, particularly of fire: he quotes their own writers to the same effect. He appeals to their practice at the present time. He gives large extracts from a work of Edal Dáru, the present chief priest of one of their leading sects, and from the prayers used by the Parsis, which, we confess, leave on our minds the most distinct impression that, in the simplest meaning of the words, they are worshippers of fire and other elements; all kinds of objects are jumbled together, and addressed in exactly the same terms of adoration as the Supreme God. "If, in times later than those to which these notices refer," says Dr. Wilson, "the Pársis have given contrary representations of their religious opinions, it is only because of a consciousness of shame, produced by the light reflected from a Christian community. Though they may have misled some travellers who have made little inquiry into their religious doctrines and practices, they have, to this day, continued the adoration of the elements and the heavenly bodies, in the manner which will presently be noticed, and (have) endeavored, when pressed on the subject, to vindicate, like the controversialists now before us, the religious reverence which they have extended to these, the sacred objects of their regard."

It may be supposed that Dr. Wilson does not spare the subterfuges by which the Pársis would exonerate themselves from the charge of polytheistic Worship. We have not space to follow his clear and sensible exposure. But we conceive that the understanding of this matter is quite as important in Europe as it is in Asia: for not a little of the philosophizing of some modern Germans, so fashionable in some quarters nearer home, is substantially the same with that of the Oriental pantheists. It may not be amiss, therefore, to say, that the

works of God are not God himself; they have nothing in them of a divine nature; they cannot be parts of the divine substance. The Pársi boys at Bombay have begun to decompose the imaginary elements. The whole system of genii, or angelic superintendents of the elements, is as inconsistent with natural science as it is with metaphysical principles and intelligent theology. Even the story of Zartusht's journey to heaven, to bring the celestial fire down to earth, is, most probably, a legendary embellishment of a natural phenomenon, the naphtha fires near Bakú, which have been described by several travellers, and which any one having the least tincture of chemical knowledge can explain.

Such is the Pársi religion; and such are the authorities on which it rests. These are the GUEBRES, or infidels, so called by the Mohammedians, because they reject the Korán. These are the FIRE WORSHIPPERS, even now preserving, amid the many superstitions of the East, a system which is older than history herself. We acknowledge that, while we join with Dr. Wilson in his earnest condemnation of this system, while we tender to him and his fellow-laborers the expression of our heartiest sympathy with their efforts to supplant it by our own religion, we, nevertheless, look upon these Fire-worshippers and their story with a kind of mysterious interest. With silent awe we would sit beneath the shadows of the Pyramids, in the circles of the Druids, or before the massive rock temples of Irán, and think of the way in which, from the very first, man has been dealing with the majesty of religion, and with *Ilm* who is of that religion the author and the object. Every flame, every hieroglyphic, every ancient sculpture, and every curious legend, suggests some glorious truth which man has labored to improve by his own imaginations, but which—like the tree dying in the clasp of the parasite, that seemed to adorn, while it climbed, its trunk—is buried in the lie which man hath made. It is surely for some purpose that idolatry has been all along rebuked, not by the revelations of God only, but also by the traditions of men; that these traditions were handed down, with more or less purity, and revived from time to time with not a little of their pristine vigor, in the most flourishing of the eastern empires; that one of the princes of that empire was marked by the God of the Hebrews, two hundred years before he came, as *Ilis* anointed for the redemption of *His*

people from captivity in a land full of idols; that, near to that time, the corruptions of the patriarchal faith were thrown off by a teacher, in whom we see much good, while we reject the absurdities which the roll of centuries has gathered round his name; and, that wise men from that distant country were guided by a star—astronomy may, or may not, explain it—and, prompted by a prophecy mysteriously connected with that star, to the birth-place of the King of the Jews:—it is surely for some purpose that light has been thus struggling for thousands of years with the darkness of oriental paganism, preparing the nations, it may be, in a way that escapes the notice of many, surpasses the belief of some, and transcends the comprehension of us all, for the days wherein that which was first will be also the last,—when the ancient truth will chase the lingering mists of falsehood from the mind of every people on the earth.

Our thought in this direction is rather helped than hindered by the contradictory reports which historians, poets, philosophers, and divines, have transmitted to us of Zoroaster and his teaching. By a verbal process, not easily understood without some oriental as well as classical scholarship, the Greeks transformed the name Zartusht into Zoroaster. Suidas calls him an Assyrian. Justin (the Latin compiler of the *Fragments of Trogius Pompeius*) says he was a king of Bactria. Laertius treats him as a Persian. Clemens Alexandrinus took him to be a Pamphylian. Pliny mentions him as a Proconnesian. Apuleius speaks of him as a Babylonian. Some of the Indo-Persians imagined that he came from China; others that he came from Europe. One Mohammedan writer tells us that he was a disciple of Ezra; another, that he was an attendant on Daniel; a third, that he was a servant to a follower of Jeremiah; and a fourth, that he was the prophet Elijah's servant.

An equally satisfactory diversity enlivens the opinions of the ancients as to the time when Zoroaster lived. Suidas places him five centuries before the siege of Troy. Hermodorus, Hermippus, and Plutarch libe-

rally allow him five thousand years before that epoch. Eudoxus, with similarly large ideas of time, gives him five thousand years before the death of Plato. Pliny assigns him to a period many thousands of years before Moses. The same Pliny speaks, indeed, of a Zoroaster in the age of Xerxes; Clemens Alexandrinus mentions a Zoroaster who was visited by Pythagoras; and Agathias, a Greek historian of Persia, who wrote in the middle of our sixth century, refers to a Zoroaster of the time of Hystaspes. General Vallancey, the diligent compiler of the '*Antiquities of Ireland*,' treats us with an account of a Zoroaster in the old Celtic mythology of that country.

It is plain from such testimonies, either that these writers have reported several ancient men under one name, or that the traditions of the oldest nations have appropriated to themselves, respectively, the fame of one real or mythological personage, holding an equal and common relation to them all. That there was such a person as the Persian Zartusht, and that he reformed the Magian religion in Persia, we hold to be about as certain as any fact in ancient history. Yet this fact does not account for the widely spread traditions going back to an indefinitely early period. How then does the case stand? It is not free from difficulty. We could not unravel it without a much more copious collation and induction of facts than we can find space for in the limited observations which we must now bring to a close.

Our view is, in substance, this: all the nations of mankind can be traced, by their localities, their languages, their physiological properties, their moral sentiments, their mythological remembrances, and their religious institutions, to three branches, from a common stem, in the north-western parts of Asia. As the fathers of these nations spread from their one centre, some of them carried with them the same principles and institutions, commemorative of their origin, to every region in which they settled. These rudimental memories were never entirely lost, though the lapse of time, and the varieties of social and political conditions through which their descendants passed, greatly diversified their modes of recording, and of interpreting the traditions of their fathers. We believe that the legends of the Persians, the Indians, and the Kelts, if not identical, are manifestly of the same origin; and that their symbols, which to us appear so grotesque, and which

\* We refer to the calculations of Kepler, founded on the conjunction of Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars, in 1604, as presented to the world twenty years since by Bishop Minter, from the press of Copenhagen; and to Wieser's *Chronological Synopsis of the Four Gospels*, published at Hamburg about four years ago. The English reader will find a short account of them in *Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, vol. ii, p. 794.

among themselves degenerated into the objects of a stupid superstition, were at first the exponents of an ancient and true faith.

Mr. Faber's patient researches into the mythology of every ancient people are worthy of more attention than they have yet received. We have not met with a better solution of the multiform, yet analogous idolatries of the Pagan nations. To those who cultivate the philosophical habit of mind, which detects a prevailing analogy, or similar relation to something else, throughout the most seemingly discordant phenomena, there is no surprise in finding a more than accidental resemblance between the Indian Menu, the Chinese Fo-hi, the Persian Mahabad, and the Keltic Hu; between the Brahman, the Magi, and the Druid; and between the Púránás, the Zand-avastá, and the Edda. In all these names we find the types of an early system, mingled with the vagaries of the human fancy, and imposed by authority on the belief and practice of the elder nations.

Before we leave this subject, we may advert, with all brevity, to the prophecies respecting the Messiah, which, somehow or other, found their way into Persia before the commencement of the Christian era. We need not now stop to detail our reasons for holding by the historical authority of the gospel of Matthew, which relates the fact by which this statement is made good.

Concurrently with this authentic history, the classical writers of that age affirm the prevalence of a general expectation through the East, that a great prince would arise in those days, to found a new and universal empire. Of the prevalence of such an expectation there can be no reasonable doubt. But the origin of this expectation in the East, generally, and in Persia, specially, is not perfectly clear. Now, in the writings ascribed to the Persian Zoroaster, there is a prophecy respecting *Oshanda-beguh*, or *Osider-begah*, a just man, who is to appear, in the latter days, to bless the world with holiness and religion; to *revive* the practice of justice; to put an end to injuries, and to re-establish such customs as are immutable in their nature. To him, kings are to be obedient, and they are to advance his affairs. True religion shall flourish; peace shall prevail; all discords, all troubles shall cease.

Mr. Faber traces this prophecy to the doctrine of metempsychosis; he treats it as the expected reappearance of the Just Man, whom the Eastern traditions held in veneration,

as the founder of the human race; and he considers that on this ancient expectation were afterwards grafted the notices borrowed by the Persians from the Hebrew prophets.

Bishop Horsley had a notion, that written collections of the promises given to the patriarchs were preserved for a long time among their descendants, who corrupted them, from time to time, by their own superstitious imaginations. On so obscure a question, it might be hazardous to utter a decided opinion. All the evidence which we have the opportunity of examining, leads to the conclusion that each of these eminent authors is, to a certain extent, right. We have no doubt that, along with the doctrines and symbols inherited by the Persians from their remotest ancestors, they retained some glimmerings of the hope of the patriarchal church, and that they were thus preserved from the gross idolatries by which every other nation was misled and cursed. This view of their case only serves to enhance the almost reverential curiosity with which we regard the sculptures on their ruined sepulchres and temples, the storm-defying altars of their mountain solitudes, and the singular remains of antiquity that still gleam through the absurdities of their religious books. It is worthy of the pains of learned and judicious men, to gather up the fragments of the most distant ages, and—imitating in one respect the Persian fire-worshippers—to cherish the faintest embers of that sacred truth, which has ever been the sternest reprover of man for his idolatries, and which is his only comforter as he turns, in the bitterness of his heart, from the phantoms of superstition, to hear the tidings of redemption, and to look with steady eye on the visions of immortality, in the gospel of the Son of God.

---

CANARIES.—The gentleman mentioned in a paragraph in the *Times* last year as having reared canaries in a state of freedom has this year succeeded in rearing two broods of these birds in nests built in his garden—one of them in a cypress tree, having three young ones, the hen having been reared in the open air in July, 1846, since which time she has been generally free to fly about at pleasure. Another nest was built in a magnolia by a hen, free from the time of her birth (in May, 1846), which contained two young birds hatched on the 15th of April last. The old birds and the young ones also (with the exception of one that disappeared) continue their flight about the grounds, coming in to feed. Each hen has now a second brood, one consisting of four, and the other of three young birds, which are expected to take flight in a few days.—*Times*.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE ARTIST'S MARRIED LIFE.

BY LEOPOLD SCHEFER.

IN the black catalogue of martyr-makers, at the head of which stands Xantippe, the wife of good Albert Durer holds prominent place. Socrates selected a shrew upon principle. He *wished* his bed to be strewed with thorns,—as enthusiasts revel in the pungent martyrdom of a hair shirt. “The priceless wisdom from endurance drawn” was cheap to him at any money, and by all accounts his wish was gratified. He tied himself heroically to the stake, and the connubial fires played innocuously around the asbestos mantle of his philosophy. Nobody has chronicled the aggravations which the fair despot suffered from the philosopher’s tranquillity. They must, however, have been serious. The Athenian Caudle slept, while the domestic Juno used his couch “for thunder, nothing but thunder;” and, thanks to his serenity, he lived to write her epitaph. Not so with the worthy artist of Nuremberg, who was made of gentler stuff. In an evil hour he wedded a bride, chosen, not by his own judgment, but by his father, and she broke his heart. In all the sad records of the lives of men of genius, is there a sadder than this, penned soon after his death by Durer’s friend, Pirkheimer?—

“In Albert I have truly lost one of the best friends I had in the world, and nothing grieves me deeper, than that he should have died so painful a death, which, under God’s providence, I can ascribe to nobody but his wife, *who gnawed into his very heart, and so tormented him, that he departed hence the sooner*; for he was dried up to a fagot, and might nowhere seek a jovial humor, or go to his friends. . . . Besides, she so *baited him day and night*, and so hardly *drove him to work*, only that he might earn money, and leave it to her when he should die; for she would always, as she does still, squander money privately; and Albert must have left her to the value of six thousand gulden. But nothing could satisfy her, and, in brief, she alone is the cause of his death. I myself have often remonstrated with her, and warned her as to her mistrustful and culpable ways, and foretold her how it would end. But I got only ill-will for my pains; for whoever loved that man, and was much with him, to him she became an enemy, which in truth grieved Albert sorely, and bowed him to the dust. . . . Whoever opposes her, and does not always allow her to be in the right, him she mistrusts, and forth-

with becomes his enemy. . . . She and her sister are not queans; they are, I doubt not, altogether in the number of honest, devout, and altogether God-fearing women; but a man might better have a quean, who was otherwise kindly, than such a gnawing, suspicious, quarrelsome, good woman, with whom he can have no peace or quiet, neither by day nor by night. But, however that may be, we must commend the thing to God, who will be gracious and merciful to the pious Albert; for, as he lived like a pious, honest man, so he died a Christian and most blessed death—therefore, there is nothing to fear for his salvation.”

Ay, good Pirkheimer, nothing to fear for thy friend Albert! But what of her he left behind? Was she unvisited by the remorse that comes too late, when the wronged one was beyond the reach of her contrition? Went there never up, in the midnight solitude of her chamber, a cry of anguish—a supplication to be forgiven for affection repulsed, for unkind looks, for ungracious words, for heart-wearying waywardness, for unjust suspicions, to him who so endured, so loved. As the angel

“That sate all day  
Beside her, and lay down at night by her  
Who cared not for his presence.”

departed heavenward, the fading gleam of his wings has surely flashed upon her conscience the mightiness of her loss—the awfulness of her sin. He has died blessing her—he was too humble, loved too well to speak of *forgiveness*; but when will she forgive herself? Verily, good Pirkheimer, some fear, some pity for her were not amiss. Were there no extenuating circumstances to qualify the stern judgment thou hast recorded against her?

No doubt the worthy Albert found many such. Many there must have been, otherwise he would have snapped the bonds that fettered him to the gnawing, hourly disquietude of his home. Albert was no weakling—no “tame snake,” cowed into submission from mere feebleness of character. Fear it could not be which kept him in her thralldom. Was it not, then, love? Love is not to be gauged by one uniform standard. It has many degrees, from that of perfect sympathy down to the affection of

habit. But in no form is it more beautiful, than where it reveals itself in forbearance, and hopefulness, in watchful thoughtfulness and devotion, towards weakness, capriciousness, insipidity, selfishness, and pride. She was his wife, and in that word there is, to a man of Albert's affectionate and pious nature, a depth of sanctity inexhaustible. He will hope all, believe all—and still trust that heaven will one day turn her heart, and the golden dream of his youth be fulfilled.

Influenced by some such considerations as these, we presume Schefer has composed the exquisite little volume before us. It is in the form of an account of Albert Durer's Married Life, written by himself, and communicated by his friend Pirkheimer, and in it the artist seeks to secure for his wife that gentler judgment from the world, which he showed to her throughout his own life. His task was a hard one, and the utmost he will secure, and that only from the thoughtful, is *forbearance* from judgment, in respect of the perplexities which warped the development of her affections from the first, and the radical unfitness of the alliance. To most readers she will appear only a beautiful vixen, without brains, or even heart. Albert's very extenuations heap coals of fire upon her head. They are a terrible foil to the proud, selfish spirit of his Agnes. The narrative commences thus:—

"At Whit Sunday of the year 1490, Albert set out on his travels for the study of the fine arts; at Whit Sunday of the year 1494, he heard again the stroke of the Nurnberg clock.

"The joy of meeting is well worth the pain of separating. The father had bought his son a house, had given him his own Susanna, a poor adopted child, as housekeeper; had provided the rooms thriftily with household furniture. Contentment and happiness, industry and art, these he brought with him; and now was he in very deed to become a painter in the city of the Twelve Hills.

"His father took him, dressed in his best, first of all to the house of his god-father, Anton Koberger, who took great delight in him; afterwards to all the members of that body of which his father was also one. From the house of Master Michael Wohlgemuth, the painter, engraver, and woodcutter, with whom Albert for three years, beginning at the year 1486, had diligently and painfully studied, because he had had much to endure from his fellow-workmen, they crossed the street to the house of the lively harp-player and singer, Hanns Frei, who was also an optician. But among the most bewitching works in the heavenly workshop of the heathen god, Sephastus, could no such living miracle have stood, as was now to be seen in the house of Hanns Frei, in the person of his

daughter, Agnes, a young Nurnberg maiden of fifteen, who was playing on the harp.

"Is it possible that Nurnberg contains such a beautiful maiden?" said he to himself."

Albert is deeply impressed with admiration of the girl's beauty, which surpasses all that he had left behind him in Italy:—

"He shall paint thee, dear Agnes," said Albert's father. She raised her eyes and looked gloomily at me.

"Now, daughter, do not look quite so angry about the matter; there will be time enough for that in Master Albert's dwelling."

"For painting, or for looking angry?" said Agnes to him, quickly changing color from the most glowing red to snow-white paleness. She looked meanwhile somewhat smilingly at the young Albert, and at the same time gently shook her head, as if warning him not to believe what her father had said, for that was quite another matter, and must take place and unfold itself in quite a different manner. The father was blowing the rose open violently; but genial warmth and dew alone could unfold it by degrees, and cause it to open its heart and give forth its perfume, so that it might not fade away before morning, leaving no perfume behind.

"Thou shalt have two hundred florins for thy portion, my daughter," said Father Frei, smiling; "and now join hands. We have betrothed you already in our own minds; let it be done now also in reality, in order that we may see you ratify what we, from old friendship and before God, have purposed."

"Albert could not think of saying no to such a beautiful creature as Agnes, nor yet could Agnes to him. She should have given him her hand, but stood still like an immovable work of Sephastus, grave bashfulness depicted in her nobly-formed countenance. Her father made a sign to her: without moving, she allowed the youth of twenty-three to take her hand; but she pressed his so suddenly and so vehemently, that he started, and gazed into the eyes of the inexplicable child. She sighed; her youthful bosom stood upheaved from suppressed breathing; tears streamed from her dark eyelids; she disengaged herself and hastened away."

On the suggestion of her father, Albert follows Agnes, to place upon her finger the ring of betrothal:—

"Agnes was reclining in an arbor, her head resting on the bosom of her sister, who looked at him and smiled thoughtfully, but at the same time as one who was much offended. Agnes did not rise; but she raised her eyes to her bridegroom, and they rested full upon him, and she seemed desirous of keeping his look firmly fixed on herself; for beside the sisters sat another beautiful maiden, called Clara, who was the sister of Wilibald Pirkheimer, as Albert learned forthwith. When, however, Agnes saw how he gazed at the maiden,



and, as an artist, dwelt on her fair countenance and delicate form, she drew in her ring finger. But when Clara took hold of her little hand, Agnes seemed to have no longer power to withhold it, and Clara placed the ring gravely on her friend's hand. Then they all three rose and walked away, Agnes in the middle. Meanwhile Albert looked on the ground, then glanced after them; then looked down again, and remained so standing, with closed eyes, and full of contending emotions."

He is found by his father, who silences his misgivings by appeals to his own experience, which like all such arguments from the particular to the universal, are apt to lead to most erroneous conclusions. Albert is however silenced, if not convinced:—

"His father's will became his will, and he hoped that it would also become his happiness. For his Agnes was beautiful—only he knew not how he had acquired the treasure, since angels are no longer to be seen on earth. It had come to him so suddenly—but so much the more precious; and his heart, softened by the contemplation of beauty in Italy, wound itself round the divine form of Agnes, who had been sent to him as it were from heaven, by the hand of his father. But the beautiful maiden, who appeared to be favorable towards him, yet felt injured in womanly dignity, hurt in the purity of her love, because she had been constrained to yield him her hand before giving him an answer or a smile, and was angry with him, that she had so received such a gift, and was angry with herself, that her heart nevertheless allured her towards the amiable youth. Love desires freedom, and even the appearance of constraint causes unhappiness—debases, the nobler the heart is.

"Agnes' period of betrothal lasted only seven weeks. The decision of the parents that she was to be Albert's, unsettled the whole calm course of her life; and now there could never more be any bright beginning, foundation, or progress in love. Right is no law for love; it even offends a delicate mind. Therefore he never spoke of his relation to her, and when she in the levity of youth, seemed to have forgotten all, then she opened her whole soul to him, and he read deeply-concealed affection, yea, even struggling love, in her eyes, which only the more suddenly and treacherously broke forth, and drew her nearer and nearer to him, even into his arms, till lip clung to lip; then she tore herself away from him, and was for whole days only the more grave and silent."

The insidious demon of pride was busy in that little wayward heart of hers. Albert's troubles, as might be expected, follow close upon his bridal. For all natures like his—imaginative, aspiring, and sensitive—there can, of course, be no happiness in a union, where there is not the fullest imaginative sympathy. Corresponding powers there need not be—nay, they are

better away—but the higher nature must be *understood, revered, and appreciated*. How was it with Albert? His married life has begun:—

"And the question arises, whether even the most loving maiden can thoroughly understand him. She has a life-time in which to study him—as he has also to study himself and life. All other men are conceivable and penetrable in their bearing, and in their mind; the artist is a flower which blooms from one development into another, as long as he lives, and if he shut up his blooming heart, then he is dead. And his works are the stamina of the flower evolved into seed, which the wind sows over the earth, and bloweth where it listeth. Therefore, to be the wife of such an one, patience is needed, and nothing can nurse the plant, but the heavenly patience of a faithful fostering hand.

"The beautiful Agnes had entered, as it were, into a new sphere—a magic sphere for her. *There was scarcely anything she understood, or as to which she could take an interest in her husband*, otherwise than as a gentle, careful wife. And yet she wished to do so; for in her concealed love for her husband, nothing was indifferent to her, which moved his soul, or filled his heart. And many things, so much that was enigmatical to her, appeared to move his soul, and to fill his heart! And she alone thought to fill that heart! While he appeared to know, and silently to worship, a still deeper and more holy power than her and her love, yea, the godly, the immortal and mysterious. . . . As a wife, all she cared about was his love—of that alone she wished to be certain.

"She concluded, therefore, the honeymoon in this wise, that one night she fell sick. The master was greatly alarmed. She longed for some groundsel tea. But nothing was to be found, no frying-pan, no chips, no coals; everything seemed to have vanished. Susanna appeared. And now sat the good master, and held the little pot, with water, over the flame of the lamp to boil, till it became too hot for his fingers—and then Susanna held it by the handle till it was too hot for her again; and willingly the master took it in his turn. Thus they both sat, talking in an undertone, and looking at each other with anxious faces, until it boiled. When, however, Susanna was gone, and he carried the bitter beverage to his dear, beautiful Agnes, there she lay under the coverlet. She flung her arms round his neck, and said, 'I only wished to see whether thou really carest for me! Now drink thine own groundsel, to cure thy fright!' And he drank, while she blew upon his smarting fingers, kissing, meanwhile, the points of them.

"Ah! the sceptic! That was certainly a very mischievous deed! unimportant, it is true, yea, lovely to behold, like a glittering ring around a young bough in early spring. But it will become a nest full of caterpillars, and deprive the tree of its adornment just at the time when it should bloom most luxuriantly."

Alas, most true! The selfishness and latent pride of the commonplace nature that dictated such a test of her husband's affection, was the sure herald of after misery. And now, Albert is assailed on all sides. His Agnes is a notable housewife, and he must be stirring betimes. No soft morning repose to mould and modulate into form and harmony the visions of his fancy! Agnes understands nothing of an artist's dreams. She, indeed, might indulge herself with a protracted morning sleep. What was laziness in him, in her was only ease.

"However, young wives like to sleep long—and Albert might think: perhaps there ripens another godly work of our Heavenly Father in the sweet slumberer midst her blissful morning dreams! So, then he arose early, and thus was his first blessing gone! were it not that he acquired another in its stead, in thus gazing on his beautiful, beloved wife—in the innocent arms of sleep, the rosy glow of a holy world on her cheek, as a visible reflection of the same in the earthly sphere—like a new morning dawn on an ancient godlike statue."

Even thus early, Agnes becomes jealous, too; and without cause—although Albert's path is crossed by the beautiful Clara, whom we saw placing the ring of betrothal on his bride's hand, and he learns from her own lips—while painting her portrait, on the eve of her retiring to a convent—that he has become the idol of a being, who could have understood and made him happy. But "Albert went away from her like one in a dream; and his pure heart did not even listen to her guileless, heart-rending words." Agnes, the spoiled child of a fond father, had never learned self-denial, or submission. She could forego nothing of her own will. The leaven of pride was strong, too, within her—without the counterpoise of good sense and unselfishness. Albert's father had bought them a house, but he had not paid for it. Agnes felt oppressed in it. She could not bring herself to look out of the windows of a borrowed house. She avoided the streets where any of her husband's debtors lived, that she might not appear needy, or dunning. Albert had contracted some small debts in Italy, while on his studies there, and letters asking payment would occasionally arrive:—

"When such a letter came, Agnes was silent for days. He, however, had the fruits of his journey in his heart and in his mind—no one could rob him of these; and that he was in debt for them,

and yet possessed them, appeared to him quite wonderful; and he was satisfied when he felt his power, and saw the means how, and how soon, and with what thanks, he would be able to pay. But if he reckoned up all his prospects to Agnes, she only cast down her eyes, or looked at him with doubtful looks, which made his whole heart tumultuous within him. He was as certain of the thing as he was of his life, and yet his own wife discouraged him by her doubts! His mind revolted; all his future works rose up within his bosom like fiery spirits; he felt himself raised by them above the evils of this life; he glowed, his lips quivered, tears flowed down his cheeks—and Agnes stole away from him, speechless, but not convinced—and, as he also plainly saw, not to be convinced; she was quite horror-struck, for she had never before seen her gentle husband so full of noble power, so full of inward, holy wrath.

"And yet he was soon again pacified, softened, yea, dejected; for he was not always well able, at that time, to procure for his Agnes the immediate necessities of life, in the manner she, as mistress of the house, wished! As for her, she saw the fulfilment of her most reasonable hopes only so much the longer delayed—and he, by the same means, her satisfaction with herself and with him: and thus his own peace hovered over him like a scared-away lark, no longer visible among the clouds—till single notes of her song again penetrated down to him, as if the sun were singing and speaking to him."

Labor was to Albert, as to all true artists, a joy and a passion. But the smallest part of an artist's labor is the fashioning into outward and tangible shape the visions of his teeming brain. Other labor than this, however, Agnes knew not, nor could comprehend. If the brush or graver were not tinting canvas or carving steel, then was Albert to be admonished for idleness. Agnes, Agnes! you were fit only to keep the house of a mechanic, whatever Albert, in the generosity of his affection, may have thought! His very moods of inspiration—the critical moments of projection—are broken in upon by her foolish, busy, railing tongue. He is in one of these moods, transferring to his tablets with inspired haste what has been revealed to his brooding eye:—

"Then came Agnes, and called to him two or three times, always louder and louder, about some trifle. He then sprang up, neither knowing where he had been, nor where he now was. The portals of the spiritual kingdom closed suddenly, and the only half conjured up images sank back into night, and into spiritual death, and, perhaps, never returned to him—ah! never thus again. Then he recognised Agnes, who, angry at his demeanor, stood before him, and scolded him deaf and blind. Then his blood was like to a spring flood: he seized the charm-dispelling disturber violently by

the arm, and held her thus till he awoke. Then he said, ashamed, 'Is it thou, my wife? I was not here just now! not with thee! Forgive me! *To vex even a child is more inhuman than to see and paint all the angels, and to hear them and one's self praised is desirable.* Thou also livest in a beautiful world, and that the sun and moon shine upon it, that makes it none the worse! Where thou art, where I am, with soul and feeling, yea, with fancy and her works, that is to me the true, the holy world.' And now he smiled, and asked her mildly, 'What dost thou want with me then, my child?' but his eyes flashed.

"She, however, believed that she had looked upon a demon, a conjurer of spirits! She examined the red mark on her arm, where he had seized her; tears gushed from her eyes; she bowed down and lamented—'Ah, I know it, I have it always in my mind—thou wilt certainly one day murder me? Every time I go to bed, I pray that I may not perish in my sins, when thou again art as thou art now—when I am nothing to thee!'

"She spoke in so soft, so desponding a tone, and yet so resigned to her fate with him, that he was moved to tears by her confused words and frightened appearance.

"'Oh, thou, my heavenly father!' sighed he, and stood with clasped hands; till, at length, he clasped his terrified wife, who could not comprehend him—who felt so patient, and so completely in his power, that she could not even scream or call for help, if he should—'Oh, thou heavenly father!' Till, at length, he clasped her in his arms, and felt her glowing on his cheek. Then he determined with himself to yield to her willingly in every thing—to allow her to rule according to the best of her knowledge and understanding, and lovingly to endure all from her."

These concessions, of course, make matters worse. The petty, jealous, suspicious spirit of his beautiful Agnes, becomes more prominent, more exacting. A self-seeking thing she is in all matters, even in those of eating and drinking. If Albert comes home ten minutes too late for dinner, she has dined—the table is cleared, and he may get for himself what he can:—

"He considered such a day as a voluntary fast day, and was satiated with contentment. But if he reminded her of the words of the Ceremonial Address, 'Be ye hospitable!' then she said, jeeringly, 'So, thou art an angel! where are, then, thy wings? and what is thy heavenly name!'

"'And he answered, whilst she felt his shoulders, 'I am only called *Albert*, and am thy dear husband.'

"'My dear! How dost thou know that, then, my angel?' said she. *Then he mildly went away from her; but she sprang hastily after him, and he remained in her mute embrace.*"

A little Agnes now appears, to give to Albert's wife "the radiance, yea, the glory of a mother." He prizes the little creature

as a precious gift from heaven, and presses the mother herself to his heart with a deeper tenderness. "From this time forth, he determined always to look upon her as the mother, even if the child — He did not finish the thought, but silently supplicated heaven to spare its life." His excessive solicitude for the child annoys Agnes; and, because of this, and other unworthy reasons, she does not care so much for it. Neglected by its capricious mother, the sickly, sad-tempered child, clings the more closely to her father:—

"She stood near him when he painted or carved; he played with her, and neglected *art* often as willingly, that he might learn something from *life* instead. She held him fast in her little arms, till she fell asleep; and even then, he remained yet a while by her, that he might enjoy the few, the blessed hours, in which a father still possessed a child. How thoughtful, and yet how thoughtless, he looked on, when she washed out his pencil in pure water, or brought colors to him.

"Albert certainly spoiled the little Agnes, who stood so much in need of his care. But he had the heart, and the confiding tender nature of an artist, and he resolved that these should overflow towards his little daughter for the short time she had to live. As he highly respected every human being, and from true reverence took off his bonnet to all and held it in his hand, so was a child also to him an angel, and his child, his good angel, whom he had been permitted to entertain, and felt so blessed as to be permitted to do so. And so he must paint for her God the Father, the angels, and the beautiful meek apostle, John. He gave her milk or honey to nourish the flowers, or a drop of wine to prolong the lives of those that were fading away; or he gave her the finest flowers, even that she might press them into the hands of the infant Christ; and when they fell, she wept that it would not take them. Her mother called all that folly, or a wasting of the gifts of God. Then when winter had arrived, and the birds came thronging to the windows, hungry and covered with snow, he persuaded the child, who was now nearly three years old, that they came to greet her from old Father Winter, with an icicle instead of a beard, and remained now to see her; and that they were glad when she was neat and prettily dressed. Then the father could work; for she sat at the window for hours, nicely dressed in her mother's golden hood, in order that the sparrows might rejoice over her. Or when he described to her the distresses of the poor birds, and how cold they were, then she sewed a little warm coat for the snow-king, which indeed was never finished, for the silk thread had no knot, and always came through. When she found in the street, one day, a frozen yellow hammer, with a bright golden crest, she wept, thinking that the snow-king had been frozen, and that she was the cause of his death, because she had not made his winter clothing. But her father showed her another that was flying joyfully, and then she laughed loud with delight, and was not angry that

he had 'so terrified her. Whatever he gave, he said of it, God sent it to her; God blows away the clouds; God paints early in the morning the flowers on the panes of glass. And do we, grown children, understand better or more devoutly? In short, an artist who does not marry, and has not children, or has not had them, has never been in the world, never yet in the beauteous, tender world, which he must experience, even if it should cost him thousands of tears."

With the delicate and just instinct of a child, the little Agnes soon perceives how unhappy her father is in his home, how little he is valued. Albert learns this from her own little lips; he sees it also in her soft blue eyes; but he sees it meekly and silently. One day, Albert's wife breaks out in invectives on him in the child's presence:—

"Whereupon he sat down, and closed his eyes; but tears may have secretly gushed forth from under his eyelids. Then the child sighed, pressed him and kissed him, but said at the same time to her mother in childish anger—"Thou wilt one day bring down my father to the grave. Then thou wilt repent it—everybody says so."

Albert chastises the child, but in doing so, inadvertently strikes her a severe blow on the stomach:—

"He was horror-struck, he staggered away, threw himself upon his bed and wept—wept quite inconsolably. But the child came after him, stood for a long time in silence, then seized his hand, and besought him thus: 'My father, do not be angry; I shall soon be well again. My mother says thou hast done right. Come, let me pray and go to bed; I have only waited for thee. Now the little sand-man comes to close my eyes. Come, take me to thee; I will certainly for the future remain silent as thou dost. Hearest thou? Art thou asleep, dear father?'"

The child continued sick from that day. Christmas Eve, her birthday, comes round. Albert has himself purchased for her a little golden hood and white frock, which is hung up in the midst of the Christmas-tree. The tree is lighted up:—

"But the joy of the child was extinguished; she lifted up the golden hood and the white frock, but scarcely smiled, and hid herself on her father. The angel at the top of the Christmas-tree took fire—it blazed up: and the child admired in her little hand the ashes of the angel and the remnant of tinsel from the wings.

"During the night the child suddenly sat upright. Her father talked with her for a long time. Then she appeared to fall into a slumber, but called again, and said to him—"Dear father—father, do not be angry."

"Wherefore should I be angry, my child?'

"Ah, thou wilt certainly be very angry.'

"Tell me, I pray thee, what it is?'

"But promise me first.'

"Here, thou hast my hands. Why, then, am I not to be angry?'

"Ah, father, because I am dying. But weep not—weep not too much. My mother says thou needest thine eyes. I would willingly—ah, how willingly—remain with thee, but I am dying.'

"Dear child, thou must not die. The sufferings would be mine alone!'

"Then weep not thus: thou hast already made me so sorry—ah, so sorry. Now, I can no longer bear it. Therefore, weep not. Knowest thou, that when thou used to sit and paint, and look so devout, then the beautiful disciple whom thou didst paint for me, stood always at thy side; I saw him plainly.

"Now, I promise thee, I will not weep,' said Albert, 'thou good little soul. Go hence and bespeak a habitation for me in our father's house, for thee and for me.'

"Albert now tried to smile, and to appear composed again. Then Agnes exclaimed—"Behold, there stands the apostle again; he beckons me. Shall I go away from thee? Oh, father.'

"With strange curiosity Albert looked shuddering around. Of course there was nothing to be seen. But whilst he looked with tearful eyes into the dusky room, only for the purpose of averting his looks, the lovely child had slumbered away.

"The father laid all the child's little playthings into the coffin with her, that he and her mother might never more be reminded of her by them—the little gods, the angels, the little lamb, the little coat for the snow-king, and the little golden pots and plates. Over the whole, moss and rose-leaves. Thereon was she now bedded. Thus she lay, her countenance white and pure, for the mark, the purple cross, had disappeared with the blood from her cheeks. And now for the first time she had on the white frock, and the golden hood encircled her little head, but not so close as to prevent a lock of her hair escaping from beneath.

"Her father then sat down in front of her, and painted his child in her coffin. But the sight overpowered him; he could not bear it for wretchedness. The evening twilight was come; he laid himself on his couch.

"Agnes now entered timidly, with a light in her hand; she gazed around her, advanced, and looked if Albert was asleep. Having concluded that he was so she went in front of the child, beheld with a pallid countenance the pure cheek, and bending down, the poor soul continued weeping for a long time over the child, trying at the same time to encircle her with her arm. She held the light to the little golden hood, took it off, cut off some of the beautiful soft hair, concealed it in her bosom, placed the little hood again on the head over which she had just been weeping, sprinkled the little angel with holy water, knelt at her feet, and prayed, then stole away silently as she had come, and disappeared like a spirit.

"What must have been his thoughts!'"

Alas! alas!—not even affliction such as

this could soften the stubborn pride of this foolish Agnes. To have broken down all that separated their hearts, she must have confessed her faults—and such a confession a nature like hers never makes. Albert has nothing now to cling to but his art. It is child, mistress, all to him. But where is he to find peace? To him, love is a necessity, and it is denied him. How this aching want tells upon him, is seen by the eyes of her who should have been his wife—Clara, now a nun—and who passes once more across the picture thus. Albert is sent for to the convent to paint her portrait:—

“She was unveiled, patiently awaiting him, and greeted him softly with a smile, and a delicate blush—for virgin modesty *why* she was there—was only perceptible because she looked so very pale. When she saw, however, how *years* had gnawed on him—and a woman sees at a glance, as the gardener sees by the fruit how the tree is flourishing, the fruit of his past life—yea the soul of the man in his countenance—then her features assumed the sadness which he needed for the scene. A difficult picture! But his soul held the colors. He thought not—if this sweet form—if this gentle Clara were thy Agnes! Ah, no! he scarcely thought—if thy Agnes were like her! For his father's will was sacred to him, and sacred her he loved; for it was because he loved, that he now suffered! And because she *would* not love him that she suffered!”

How Albert grows famous—the guest of emperors, the feasted of burgomasters—how he waxeth abundant in wealth, pays for his house, clears his old Italian debts, enables Agnes to indulge her vanities to her heart's content, and so makes her happy for a time—how, notwithstanding, she evermore finds new modes of perplexing and goading him—is still apologized for, still forgiven, till the good master at last dies tranquilly away, at the early age of fifty-seven, reconciled to the world, and thanking God for the good which had come to him, out of all his miseries, we trust the reader will go to the book itself to learn. Imperfect as our extracts have been, they can hardly fail, we think, to attract the thoughtful reader to the original source. A fiction so full of exquisite pictures, so redolent of the purest spirit of Christianity, so instructive in the priceless wisdom “to bear and forbear,” it will be hard to find in so small a compass. It is, indeed, “infinite riches in little room”—riches of fancy, riches of thought, and, above all, riches of a high and gentle heart—a book for a special shelf. We had marked many passages

for extract, but having already exceeded our limits, we must conclude (first thanking the accomplished lady who has transferred the work to such pure and vigorous English) with a passage, which should be written in characters of gold upon every young heart:—

“To know how to live requires perpetual genius—for life is the highest of all arts. Only no one believes this, because he fancies he knows how to live, as every one fancies he knows how to love, when he looks deep into the eyes of a beautiful maiden. Alas! love also is an art; but it consists not in raptures and enthusiasm; it is not to wander in the moonlight, to listen to the song of the nightingale, to kneel before the beloved, to languish and pine for her kiss! No; *this* is the art of love: to preserve its fire, its divine treasure; to carry about its riches through life as if in pure gold; to spend it for him alone, to whom the heart is devoted; to be always ready to sympathize, to smile, to weep, to assist, to counsel, to encourage, to alleviate; in short, to live with the beloved as he lives, and thus, by virtue of an indwelling heavenly power, to preserve invariably a heavenward direction. And this art is the highest, tenderest love. He who possesses it, knows what love is. The greater part of men can sacrifice hours, and days, and wealth; but to bear and to suffer patiently for years; never to consider one's own life and well-being; to pine away gradually; to suffer death in the heart, and yet to hasten to the arms of the beloved as soon as they are again opened to us, and then to be happy—yea, blest, as if nothing had been amiss, as if no time had elapsed between that moment and the first embrace—all this love can do.”

And unless it can do this, say we, then is it surely not love.

—  
GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—A letter from St. Petersburg in the *Journal des Débats* announces the discovery, not far from the right bank of the Nikolaïefska, in the government of Tobolski, in Siberia, of a rich mine of stones in the midst of the establishment for the washing of auriferous sands. These stones present a perfect resemblance to diamonds, except that they are a trifle less heavy and less hard, although harder than granite. Specimens of the stones have been deposited in the Imperial Museum of Natural History at St. Petersburg, and Russian mineralogists propose to call them *diamantoïdes*. —*Athenæum*.

We regret to see, by a letter to Col. Sherburne of the United States, that the great apostle of the temperance movement, Father Mathew, is yet a martyr pecuniarily to the cause. In this matter he communicates the distressing fact that not a shilling of the pension (300*l.* a-year) granted to him by Government can be appropriated to his own use; it having been assigned to pay a premium of insurance on his life for 6,000*l.*—the amount of the balance of a debt which he had contracted in his zeal to promote the temperance principle.—*Id.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.\*

To those who rule themselves on the Epicurean principle of "*After us, the Deluge!*" it is of small consequence whether or not some Gold Key or Gold Stick, some Lord President, or honorable Clerk of the Privy Council be taking notes of our own time for the edification of Gowers, and Percys, and Howards still unborn. It may possibly be merely a touch of the bilious humor of the quadruped who declared that the "grapes were sour," which induces our fancy that the present days are less favorable to this species of composition than those when a Suffolk was succeeded by a Walmoden, or when a Walpole had an Ossory to write to. Such, however, is in some measure our creed. Public affairs, we firmly believe, are managed with more integrity and openness than formerly: private scandal has grown a vulgar thing, been brought into discredit by the —, and the —, and the —, also by the floggings and the legal proceedings which have wasted to naught the sarcasm of their editors. Mr. Rowland Hill has bidden the letter shrink into the note. The Railway King and "his faction" have destroyed the remoteness and provincial air of the country-house. The electrical telegraph shoots news "as rapid as an echo," from court to court, till political intelligence is diffused throughout Europe sympathetically, as if a Michael Scott ordained it.

"—when in Salamanca's cave,"  
Him listed his magic wand to wave,  
The bells would ring in Notre Dame.

All these characteristics and inventions are so many possible dissuasions to the writer of memoirs. Matter can never be wanting, but it may be otherwise discussed and disposed of than in "sealed boxes" which are not to be opened for a century. At least such flattering unction "that their

\* Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline. By John Lord Hervey. Edited, from the original manuscript at Ickworth, by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, LL.D., F.R.S. 2 vols. Murray.

Letters addressed to the Countess of Ossory, from the year 1767 to 1797. By Horace Walpole, Lord Orford. Now printed from original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M.P. 2 vols. Bentley.

VOL. XIV. No. IV.

32

children will fare worse than themselves" may be laid to their souls, by those whose curiosity with regard to their contemporaries must needs die unsatisfied. It has also the valuable effect of heightening the zest with which we fall upon records of the past century, over which the two works here coupled range widely.

Yet never did books less deserve to be classed among the library of dead letters than these meditations of Hervey (not among the tombs, but in drawing-rooms and royal closets) than these epistles of Horace addressed to no *Lalius*, (still less to a *Lalia*; "the Chudleigh," his favorite antipathy, monopolizing that name), but to the graceful, fashionable, kindly Anna, Countess of Ossory. The coincidences they illustrate between the last century and this, are many and curious: the vivacity of their writers is a spirit, the aroma of which no bottling up "in an ancient bin" can transmute into dullness. Progressives and Retrospectives (to use the class jargon of the day) must alike rejoice in the disinterment of chronicles so full of persons and portraits,—of warnings and corroborations. They also possess a special charm for the literary student and artificer, to linger on which for a moment is not superfluous.

It is impossible to read these Memoirs and Letters, without feeling the charm of their style, by contrast. "The genteel" in writing has of late been too largely laughed at; "the unwashed" (to avail ourselves of Voltaire's "*dirty linen*" simile applied by him to the king of Prussia's MSS.) has been too blindly mistaken for sense, nature, and manhood in authorship. The coarse words and indelicate anecdotes which *speck* the pages of the dainty Lord Hervey and (more sparingly) the letters of the still finer Wit of Strawberry Hill, must not be cited in contradiction of our assertion. They belonged to a period when chaste and virtuous ladies (as Sir Walter Scott has recorded) could sit with pleasure to hear the shameless novels of Aphra Behn read aloud to a society less nice in its reserves and concealments than ours. These admissions and commissions have nothing to do with the old art of writing. We should be the last of critics to defend them. Too thankfully would we see *this* revived.

The dislocated, ill-balanced, fragmentary fashion of talk, which Sir Bulwer Lytton has so pungently satirized in his "England and the English" has been too largely allowed "to obtain" among our fashionable authors; nor only among those who aspire to ephemeral success, but also among those who think, teach, legislate. Are we not justified, indeed, in recommending Lord Hervey's elegance and purity of English when we find accomplished historians and profound philosophers unable to content themselves, save they can give their chronicles and reasonings the dye of translations,—compounding strange words after the fashion of one foreign humorist, mystifying simple thoughts according to the cloudy canons of another? In such a time of cosmopolitan license, mistake, carelessness, or affectation, the easy, polished, epigrammatic English of these Gentlemen of the last century becomes doubly welcome. They knew how to drive their meaning home without needless circuits:—how to report a good story without being thrown into spasms of diversion at their own drollery. Above all, they knew *when to stop*. They impress by the charm of being *readable*: a charm, sad to say, increasingly rare of occurrence in contemporary literature, and for which we at least shall never cease to sigh, till we fall irretrievably and for ever, under the republican reign of Bad Grammar!

Nor had the Herveys and the Walpoles the monopoly. A like virtue pervades the *belles lettres* of the earlier part of the century. Pope's prose periods were *not* like his willows, dishevelled and hanging down "something poetical." Lady Mary Wortley's letters are charming in the ease and brilliancy of their manner. The sophistications of Chesterfield were more naturally delivered than we dare deliver our truths now-a-days. Lady Hervey's communications to Mr. Morris have the "grace of propriety" which, as Horace Walpole assures us, never forsook the writer to her dying day. Selwyn, though one might have thought he had left himself no spirits, shows in his correspondence the same gentlemanly vivacity and explicitness as pointed his *bon mots*. Nay, to take an extreme and neglected instance, let us turn to the correspondence of two ladies of quality, one common-place, the other pedantic,—we mean the letters of the Ladies Hertford and Pomfret, including the Italian tour of the latter,—and we shall find them

better written than many a subsequent book of travels by a professed *littérateur*. In fact, the good English of this quality was the rule, not the exception, until Johnson changed the fashion of style. But we must not be seduced into a lecture on taste when our design was merely to illustrate a coincidence between the two writers before us;—and to prove that the family resemblance, which is so remarkable in these memoirs and letters, may be ascribable, not to blood relationship on the part of their authors, (as gossips have asserted, with what authority it were fruitless here to enquire), so much as to the general influences of their times.

Opening Lord Hervey's book, we can merely touch upon one or two points calculated to interest the general reader, apart from the political gossip which they contain. The name of Mr. Croker, as editor of the Ickworth manuscript, is a guarantee for care and diligence, if not for that absence of prejudice which is, also, so desirable a quality in all cases of literary superintendence. But the Memoirs, by what is omitted, as well as by what is given, speak for themselves. They are "full as an egg" of character. The King, himself, pining for Hanoverian pleasures, till one wonders how he would condescend to "rule the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland," (as the simple parson of the Hebrides was used to call them),—the Queen, who checked Lady Suffolk, her husband's mistress, and was checked by Lady Sundon,—who governed the King, and was governed by the King's *gros homme*, his coarse man of business, the redoubtable Sir Robert Walpole,—the Prince of Wales, with his headstrong and heinous impertinences (all traces of his personal quarrel with Lord Hervey having been carefully removed from the manuscript,—if, indeed, they were ever allowed a record there), are all living and breathing portraits. Then the Excise riots, the Westminster and Edinburg mobs, and the long and elaborate tissue of home and foreign, parliamentary and household intrigues are described with all the vivacity and minuteness of personal experience, if not with all the judicial calmness and reserve of truth. Not merely historical research proves, but instinct also secures to them, a larger share of credibility than belongs to the efforts of many a more pompous historian. And, though it may be all very well for the scholar in the closet to talk of personal influences warping the sympathies and powers

of observation ; and, though the politics and philosophy which are studied by state adherents,

"Up stairs, down stairs,  
And in my lady's chamber,"

are open to—nay, demand—the minutest scrutiny ere they are to be admitted among a country's valuable muniments and records; they have still one advantage, that of opportunity enjoyed by their writers, which the falsehood of *Belial's* self, did he hold the pen, could not utterly neutralize, nor the most active spirit of Revenge, did it point the attack, render valueless.

If, again, we give ourselves up to these Memoirs, as a mere book to read, without demanding that the writer shall have "kissed the Book" betwixt chapter and chapter, where shall we find novel so full of character, or serious comedy richer in situation, or picture more complete in color or more exquisite in finish? Perhaps the world has never been favored with a drearier picture of court life than the one with which Lord Hervey presents us. The "Maintenon Letters" sufficiently showed us what lay beneath the "glitter of the gold" of Versailles, under the empire of him who played the King better than most monarchs. The Burney diary, in even the portions selected for publication, told us enough of the dismal monotony which lies like a spell on the palace,—enough of the tendency towards distortion which the best affections of nature must encounter when power and party-spirit come between parent and child. But this record of Lord Hervey's is unparagoned. What a picture do we derive from it of that striking and stately woman, Queen Caroline!—what a story of a life of secret misery and outward show,—of wearing, incessant intrigues, to be counteracted by measures no less wary and ceaseless!—what an exhibition of violent passions trained into a degrading submissiveness, which could almost mistake itself for extinction!—what a revelation of a strong will moving puppet-like at others' pleasure! What family groups are revealed, of a son without duty,—of daughters at variance,—of a husband, whose infidelities the wife must needs encourage! And consider the frame work of all this! The age, in general, was one of anxiety, unsettlement, and expectation. There were plotting Papists in corners, who might at any moment turn up in the heart of London, following a Stuart on his bold way to St. James's. There were the 'pren-

tices of the City, impudently disaffected and disrespectful; by no means satisfied to hear in silence of money voted to old favorites, or given secretly to new Hanoverian mistresses:—there were a race of eager, rapacious intriguers and suppliants, who choked every avenue to every public office, and threw an ugly, warping spirit of party and self-interest into the best devised and most liberally executed measures. Yet we see no one, after reading the records of the time, as written by half a hundred pens, whom "affairs" and casualties must have ground with so heavy a weight, as the first Lady in England!

With regard to the cruel hardships of the Court Servitor, we are, generally speaking, less compassionate. Every now and then we come upon some genuine example of love and loyalty,—of implicit faith urging its possessor to implicit duty, which makes the heart ache when we read of the amount and manner of its repayment; but, for the most part, we believe, that those who have made anti-chambering the pursuit of their lives, do not suffer from it, that they must have parted from their independence at so early a period as to move glibly through service, unaware of their mutilation. In all their memoirs and confessions will be found a touch of gratulation and conscious importance (even when grievances are in question) which calls to mind the tone of the upper servant in Crabbe's inimitable "Delay has danger,"

"He saw my Lord, and Lady Jane was there,  
And said to Johnson, 'Johnson take a chair,—  
True, we are servants in a certain way,  
But in the higher places so are they;  
We are obey'd in ours, and they in theirs obey.'  
So, Johnson bow'd, for that was right and fit,  
And had no scruple with the Earl to sit."

Nor is even Lord Hervey exempt from this (shall we call it?) obsequiousness, all high bred as he is. To be in council with the Queen's griefs (discreditable to womanhood though some of them were), to bring her the earliest intelligence,—to manage her by hints of his own originating, repeated as the rumors and opinions of "the town,"—to make conversation for her when she was *distrain*, to find mirth for her when coarser comedy tired,—and all this while to be laid under the "soft impeachment" of having kindled a deep and tender passion in the breast of one of the Queen's daughters, her own namesake,—never seems to have been felt as a hardship, or burden, or waste of life, and power, and intelligence.



All this seems to us a position at best rather pitiful for a man of "parts," accomplishments, and high station: the husband of—

"Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel,"

and the friend, or the foe, of some of the finest spirits of our Augustan age. In one page, it is true, Lord Hervey apologizes for the triviality of the incidents he chronicles; but that is, as it were, behind his fan, in order that, the apology once made, he may be at liberty to discharge a fresh volley of "strokes" against his most Gracious Majesty's tenderness and brutality "towards his never-wearied and much enduring wife,"—or, to blacken with his blackest distillation of gall the unfilial and unfeeling behavior of the heir-apparent,—or, to laugh at that great girl, the Princess Royal, whose approaching marriage with a Prince Hunchback—Him of Orange—could not so absorb her but that she had "time, and time enough" to concern herself about Handel "her music-master," and the opera, as the matters of consequence closest to her heart.

So much for the "History of the Court of George the Second, by the Queen's old Courtier." The "Times of George the Third by *Nobody's* Courtier," is not the worst secondary title which could be affixed to the delightful book here coupled with my Lord Hervey's. Let us not whisper that there are now-a-days on more fascinating Lady Ossorys, for whom a correspondent might chronicle "the Lind fever;" or the humors of the National Convention hard by Fitzroy Square, or other topics of the moment. But, on turning to this treasury of bright things, we must feel that if even we have among us memoir-inditing lords or "Cynosures" innumerable to whom gentlemen of taste could pay suit and service, we cannot pretend to a letter-writing Horace!

The present collection contains some of Walpole's gayest letters, thrown off with the utmost ease, confidence, and certainty of sympathy, and in his highest strain of courtesy. "Lady Ossory," says Mr. Vernon Smith, in his preface, "was said to have been gifted with high endowments of mind and person; high-spirited and noble in her ways of thinking, and generous in her disposition. She was a beautiful woman,—her mental faculties superior; she possessed a lively imagination, quick discernment, ready wit, great vivacity, both in conversation and writing. In her last illness, which was long and painful, she evinced the great-

est fortitude, strength of mind, tenderness, resignation, and patience." Add to this, what we have gathered from former "Walpoliana,"—a certain airiness,—a willingness to play at dissipation perpetually, often to be remarked among those endowed with high animal spirits (totally distinct from the serious pursuit of pleasure as often to be observed among the phlegmatic), and it will be easily understood how precious the gay Duchess of Grafton of Horace Walpole's loo-days became, in their mature life, as a recipient of his anecdotes, speculations, and reminiscences. The old, confidential, philandering tone could be maintained between a pair of friends so equal in rank and in pursuit, without any "inconvenience to any Lord Castlecomer." In a case where there was no very serious interests or tie to introduce restraint or passion into the correspondence, who could appreciate Mrs. Hobart's oldest cotillon step as intimately as "our Lady" of Ossory, who could understand so thoroughly as herself the absurdity of Lady Mary Cope's newest and most desperate effort to display herself advantageously in the eyes of Royalty:—who so perfectly enter into the "fairism" which was the true tone (as its master once described it) of Strawberry Hill?—who so exquisitely relish George Selwyn's "dismal stories" or smart sayings about Mrs. St. Jack? Then, though Lady Ossory was too highly bred to be herself *blue*, she seems to have loved to learn, in a sort of lady-like way, what "the Town" thought of the great new play or the sweet new poem. Thus, too, if we are to judge by the letters addressed to her, she seems to have tasted of politics, like Lady Grace, "soberly,"—but with a discernment of flavors totally different from the hearsay patriotism or parrot-like republicanism of one unable to choose or to judge for herself,—who echoes "the gentlemen." To such a lady the newest French fashion, the newest Twickenham robbery, the newest court rumor, were alike welcome. That she prized her correspondent's letters highly is evident from the last of the series, written only six weeks before his death, in which he declares that she distresses him "infinitely by showing my idle notes, which I cannot conceive can amuse anybody." And we repeat that the above sympathies and congenial tastes give a charm and a fulness to these letters, which justifies us in ranking them below no former collection in the variety of their topics or the sparkle of their style. We are warned,

too, that they are the last series, by Walpole, which is likely to be laid before the public.

We commend Lord Hervey's *Memoirs* for the four or five very striking pieces of character they contain,—rich and elaborate gallery pictures, the size of life, which seems to speak from their frames. Here are some four or five score; at least, of yet brighter portraiture; not, however, of such august personages as Kings and Queens, and done enamel-size. "Cabinet gems" they might be called, had not the orators of the order of the Hammer made the praise somewhat vulgar. In particular, we do not remember, in any former letters, so many vivid sketches of famous women as the *virtuoso* of Strawberry Hill forwarded to his "sovereign," as he loved to call the Lady of Amptill. Like other devout courtiers, he seems to have had no objection to show her, besides their roses and lilies, the flaws and specks which their charms possessed. We will take two of the portraits at random:—

"I received a little Italian note from Mrs. Cosway this morning, to tell me that, as I had last week met at her house an old acquaintance without knowing her, I might meet her again this evening *en connoissance de cause*, as Mlle. La Chevaliere Deon, who, as Mrs. Cosway told me, had taken it ill that I had not reconnoitred her, and said she must be strangely altered,—the devil is in it if she is not!—but, alack! I have found her altered again. Adieu to the abbatial dignity that I had fancied I discovered; I now found her loud, noisy, and vulgar: in truth, I believe she had dined a little *en dragon*. The night was hot; she had no muff or gloves, and her hands and arms seem not to have participated of the change of sexes, but are fitter to carry a chair than a fan. I am comforted, too, about her accent. I asked Monsieur Barthelemy, the French secretary, who was present, whether it was Parisian or good French. He assured me, so far from it, that the first time he met her, he had been surprised at its being so bad, and that her accent is strong Burgundian. You ask me, madam, why she is here? She says, *pour ses petites affaires*. I take for granted for the same reason that Francis was here two years before he was kown.

"Nor was this all my entertainment this evening. As Mlle. Common of Two's reserve is a little subsided, there were other persons present, as three foreign ministers, besides Barthelemy, Lord Carmarthen, Wilkes, and his daughter, and the chief of the Moravians. I could not help thinking how posterity would wish to have been in my situation, at once with three such historic personages as Deon, Wilkes, and Oghinski, who had so great a share in the revolution of Poland, and was king of it for four-and-twenty hours. He is a noble figure, very like the Duke of Northumberland in the face, but stouter and better proportioned.

"I remember, many years ago, making the same kind of reflection. I was standing at my window after dinner, in summer, in Arlington Street, and saw *Patty Blount* (after Pope's death) with nothing remaining of her immortal charms but her *blue eyes*, trudging on foot, with her petticoats pinned up, for it rained, to visit *Blameless Bethel*, who was sick at the end of the street."

"Miss Hannah More, I see has advertised her '*Bas Bleu*,' which I think you will like. I don't know what her '*Florio*' is. Mrs. Frail Piozzi's first volume of '*Johnsoniana*' is in the press, and will be published in February."—Vol. ii. pp. 253-4-5.

What an assemblage of notables to be packed away in a single letter! the Londoner may well cry; with a complaint against our degenerate days as producing nothing one half so edifying or special. Let us be just, however. We imagine that Lady Cork's rooms, to the last, would have displayed menageries as choice and curious to any painter with the true *Landseer*-touch. Do those who mourn over the brave days of Lions as utterly gone, forget that our saloons have in our own times enjoyed visits from such wondrous persons as a Countess Vespucci and a Princess of Babylon (how far different from De Grammont's!)—that we have had Nina Lassaves smuggled about from one great mansion in May Fair to another—Bush Children served up *au naturel* at aristocratic Belgravian luncheons—mesmeric ladies telling us the wonders of the sun, moon, and seven stars, in the back drawing-rooms of Harley-street and Russell square? not to speak of such more honorable and legitimate objects of curiosity and enthusiasm as a Lady Sale, a Rajah Brooke, &c. And who need mourn over our epoch as not offering marvels enough for even the most *blasé* "man about town,"—when we have lived to see the newest of Napoleon "Pretenders" acting as special constables on the *paré* of London on the day of a republican riot;—when the Archimage whose name like a charm for so many a year held all Europe in awe, Prince Metternich himself is here—without one single Trollope to trumpet his *whereabouts* or *thereabouts*. As for the Hannah Mores and the Mrs. Frail Piozzis, can we not match—can we not exceed them by the thousand, whether as regards the benevolence, the wit, or the learning? But we must return for yet an instant to the Strawberry storehouse. Even within the compass of a very few pages, including those whence our extract is drawn, the amount of stores and stories is distracting. We dare not

meddle with Mrs. Bernard, "the hen quaker," and her cows so much coveted by her gracious and somewhat covetous Majesty, Queen Charlotte,—neither with young Madame de Choiseul, "who longed for a parrot which should be a miracle of eloquence,"—neither with "our Madame de Maintenon," Mrs. Delaney, whose establishment at Windsor by royal command, is bitten in with a very strong wash of *aqua-fortis*. But here is a sketch of a wandering *educatrix*, who, like many other enterprising and eccentric persons, seems to have proved far tamer and more like other people, when met face to face, than could have been expected:

"I will read no more of Rousseau," (cries Walpole, indulging in one of those bursts of petulance and prejudice, which are so doubly amusing in one so versatile, so liberal, and so far in advance of his time), "his confessions disgusted me beyond any book I ever opened. His hen, the schoolmistress Madame de Genlis, the newspapers say, is arrived in London. I nauseate her too: the eggs of education that both he and she laid could not be hatched till the chickens would be ready to die of old age."

Ere half a dozen pages are turned, we find something like a change of note. We must be allowed, too, to transcribe the earlier portion of the letter, for the sake of its sprightliness, though irrelevant to the vivacious French lioness.

July 23d, 1785.

"I am very sorry to hear that the war of bad seasons, which has lasted eight months, has affected your ladyship too. I never knew so much illness; but as our natural season, rain, is returned, I hope you will recover from your complaints. English consumptions are attributed to our insular damps, but I question whether justly. The air of the sea is an elixir, not a poison; and in the three sultry summers which preceded the three last, it is notorious that our fruits were uncommonly bad, as if they did not know how to behave in hot weather. I hope I shall not be contradicted by the experience of last night. Mrs. Keppel had, or rather was to have had, all London at her beautiful villa at Isleworth. Her grace of Devonshire was to have been there, ay, you may stare, madam! and her grace of Bedford too. The deluge in the morning, the debate in the house of Commons, qualms in the first duchess, and I don't know what, certainly not *qualms* in the second, detained them, and not a soul came from town but Lady Duncannon, Lady Beauchamp, the two Miss Vernons, the Boltons, the Norths, Lord William Russell, Charles Wyndham, Colonel Gardiner, and Mr. Aston, and none of these arrived till ten at night. Violins were ready but could not play to no dancers; so at eleven the young people said it was a charming

night, and went to paddle on the terrace over the river, while we ancients, to affect being very hot too, sat with all the windows in the bow open, and might as well have been in Greenland, &c.

"You surprise me, madam, by saying the newspapers mention my disappointment of seeing Madame de Genlis. How can such arrant trifles spread? It is very true that as the bill would not go to Madame de Genlis, she has come to the hill. Ten days ago Mrs. Cosway sent me a note that *Madame* desired a ticket for Strawberry Hill. I thought I could do no less than offer her a breakfast, and named yesterday se'nnight. Then came a message that she must go to Oxford, and take her doctor's degree; and then another, that I should see her yesterday, when she did arrive, with Miss Wilkes and Pamela, whom she did not even present to me, and *whom she has educated to be very like herself in the face*. I told her I could not attribute the honor of her visit but to my late dear friend, Madame Du Deffand. It rained the whole time, and was as dark as midnight, so that she could scarce distinguish a picture: but you will want an account of her, and not of what she saw or could not see. Her person is agreeable, and she seems to have been pretty. Her conversation is natural and reasonable, not *precieuse* as affected, and searching to be eloquent, as I had expected. I asked her if she had been pleased with Oxford, meaning the buildings,—not the wretched oafs that inhabit it. She said she had had little time; that she had wished to learn their plan of education, which, as she said sensibly, she supposed was adapted to our constitution. I could have told her that it is directly repugnant to our constitution, that nothing is taught there but drunkenness and prerogative, or, in their language, church and king. I asked if it is true that the new edition of Voltaire's works is prohibited. She replied, 'Severely,' and then condemned those who write against religion and government, which was a little unlucky before her friend, *Miss Wilkes*. She stayed two hours, and returns to France to day to her duty."—Vol. ii. pp. 231-2-3.

The above are but mere average specimens of the matter and manner of these delightful letters: to talk about which, with annotations, comparisons, elucidations, &c., as we could like, would furnish us with pleasant subject matter to the end of the year, making the widest *miscellany* too narrow for the publication of our gossip. And, not only does the variety of topics embraced, ranging from "predestination to sea silk" engage us; and not only are the notes on the great events of the time (from which we have reluctantly refrained) full of suggestion, because pregnant with interest, shrewd mother-wit, and widely-nurtured experience;—and not only are the glimpses at contemporary literature and art curious (though these, being taken through Claude Lorraine glasses tinged with a

thousand modish dyes, demand some knowledge of the writer, his sympathies, and his associates, ere we can translate them into the natural and trustworthy testimony),—but the character of the man, too, brightens, deepens, and widens, as we read them, in conjunction with the former series of letters from the same prolific source. On this it is a pleasure to dwell—nay more, and a duty.

It was for some years a fashion to treat Walpole as a trifling Macaroni, to accept the disclaimers he was somewhat too fond of tendering when *accused* of sound sense, learning, genius, or philosophy, as so many truths beyond dispute. All the world knows how hard it is for the mediocre, the dull, and the ill-mannered, to forgive wit and high-breeding; and this difficulty, also, had its part in the popular judgment of

Horace Walpole. Latterly, however, the mistake has been gradually rectified. His clear head, his kind heart, his gay spirits, his amazing memory, have come to be admitted. His works are no longer treated as trifles by “a person of quality,” but valued as substantial and classical contributions to English literature. And it may be questioned whether such as desire to know how the world was really going on, when the *Philosophe* upset France and the Blues dispensed literary immortality in England, can find a work more valuable for the purposes of study, apart from its admirable fascination and entertainment, than the letters, thoughts, and anecdotes of Conway’s cousin, and Du Defand’s friend, and Lady Ossory’s *cicisbè*,—the gay, gifted, graceful architect, antiquarian, and Amphitryon of Strawberry Hill!

---

From the English Review.

### EDWARD IRVING AND IRVINGISM.

1. *Substance of Lectures delivered in the Churches.* By HENRY DRUMMOND. London, 1847.
2. *A Discourse on the Office of Apostle.* London, 1848.
3. *The Liturgy and other Divine Offices of the Church.* No date.

FUTURE Church historians—if the world last long enough—may possibly be as much puzzled by the rival developments of Newman and Newman-street, in the nineteenth, as former Church historians have been by the rival schisms of Novatus and Novatian, in the third century. In both cases, too, there happens to be innovation in the name as well as in the thing; but the credit of that pun belongs to fate: all we have to do with it is to point it out. Of old Carthage and Rome, of late Oxford and London, have furnished their contingents of unsoundness in the faith; and of late, as of old, the similarity, not of name only, but of error, in divergent lines of separation, is sufficiently strong to induce in the minds of distant observers a danger of confusion, and to suggest the propriety of adhering to the most tangible point of difference, that of locality, by distinguishing, as formerly between African and Roman Novatians, so now between Oxford and London Newmanites.

Having thrown out this hint for the bene-

fit of the writer of some future “Natural History of Heresy and Schism,”—an exceedingly curious and instructive book, we venture to predict, if ever it should be written,—we now turn into the straight path of our present duty, by placing within the focus of the hydro-oxygen microscope of truth the strange theological *infusoria*, the best description of whose whereabouts is,—*da veniam, lector,—turning out*, not of Oxford, but of Oxford-street. They are, as is mostly the case with animalcules, the offspring of troubled waters. It was during that heavy gale of European politics, which

“*maria omnia celo miscuit*,”—

at the period when, in France, a mighty revolutionary wave deposited on the rock of power an ambitious prince, whom another and mightier wave has just swept down again, and washed upon the shore of “perfidious,” yet ever hospitable Albion,—then it was that one of the most powerful minds

that ever descended from the bleak hills of the lawless North, into the cheery levels of the tamer South, prepared, with the rich compost of his imaginative thoughts and racy rantings, the mushroom-bed, justly designated by the addition of an *ism* to his patronymic. A veritable son of Boreas was he—the wildness and obliquity of his mental vision strangely and strikingly portrayed in the cast of his outer eye and countenance;—a giant among dwarfs, he stood among the men of his generation—a Hercules among the pigmies of his kirk—a man whom none that ever knew him could forget—whom none ever can remember without reverence and love, without a tear of pity and a smile of ineffable reminiscence. In the very height of his too conscious strength, one came upon him stronger than himself, and overcame him. The defeat was registered on high, and the decree went forth—“He that gathereth not with me, scattereth.”

Such was the origin of the sect, which seems destined, in these latter days of the Christian dispensation, to fill the place occupied, in its first age, after the time of the Apostles, by the Montanists. The parallel is striking in more than one respect, as the sequel will show; and, among others, in the very *personnel* of the chief actors. Of the modern *Montanus*, the man from the northern hills, we have already spoken; whose snare was, like that of his prototype, “love of eminence,” whereby, as the ancient author, quoted by Eusebius, affirms of the latter, “he gave place to the devil.” To say nothing of the Priscillas and Maximillas which this modern Montanism has, in common with the Cataphrygian heresy, no one that has taken the trouble of perusing the work No. 1, at the head of this article, will refuse to acknowledge that it has also found its Tertullian. For if it must be admitted that the modern Tertullian is not altogether as well-informed a man as his African original, it cannot be denied, on the other hand, that he is more than his equal in saturnine humor, in terseness and abruptness of style, in quaintness and occasional coarseness of thought, and in that curious, and sometimes frivolous play of the imagination, which not only sees in everything a type and a *sacramentum*, but builds upon the most fanciful analogies and interpretation the ponderous structures of a theology, as deficient in soundness as it is abounding in ingenuity. But above all, that which is the chief characteristic of Tertul-

lian's Montanist compositions, the sovereign contempt which he deals to those who, in his vocabulary, rejoice in the appellation of *Psychics*, as distinguished from those that have the Spirit, is admirably reproduced by the oracle of the modern Montanist sect. “The knowledge and defence of Paraclete,” says Tertullian, adverting to the difference between himself and the orthodox Church, “separated us, subsequently, from the Psychics.”\* “There is,” says Mr. Drummond (p. 342), in speaking of every denomination of Christians, except his own sect, “an universal despising of the Holy Ghost, as the Spirit of the body of Christ;” and this he accounts (p. 341) one of the points on which “all Christendom is equally infidel,” so that in this respect “there is no essential difference in error between Roman and Protestant.” The principle on which the whole work is composed, namely, that all the world is wrong, and no one knows or understands it, except Mr. Drummond and those who have the advantage of his instruction, is laid down at the outset, with a distinctness which does more credit to the candor than to the modesty of the writer.

“Whoever speaks, either upon religious or political subjects, must espouse the cause of one sect or another, unless he is prepared to submit to be charged with inconsistency. A partisan cannot afford to be just towards a rival party, without becoming liable to an accusation of treachery. *The Sovereign alone*, because he is *above all* political factions, can avail himself of the powers of all, for the purposes to which each is severally competent; and, *for the same reason*, can the *true Catholic alone* look upon Romanist and Protestant, High Church and Low Church disputants, according to their real values, and award to each the merit and the blame they deserve.”—*Drummond, Substance of Lectures*, p. 1.

We will do Mr. Drummond the justice to say, that from a due regard, no doubt, to the benefit of those who are the melancholy theme of his discourse, and remembering how much more salutary censure is to most men than praise, he has been as chary of the latter as he is lavish of the former. A cynical discursive humor runs all through the book, which, if you are above getting angry, is rather entertaining than otherwise. If we had met with the volume without its title-page, and we had been asked to write one for it, without knowing anything about the authorship, we should

\* *Nos postea agnitio Paracleti, atque defensio, disjungit a Psychicis.* Tertull. adv. Prax. c. 1.

undoubtedly have written: "Mephistopheles his Walk through the Church Militant;" and possibly we might not have been far out. As it is, we would venture to suggest to Mr. Drummond, that, in a future edition, the title should be altered, as thus: "Substance of Lectures fired off at the Churches;" for we have met with little in them that might serve for edification to those that are "within," while there is more than enough of castigation for "them that are without." We have some respect for a preacher who will take the bull of iniquity by the horns, and tell a sufficiency of unpalatable home truths concerning their own Church to his audience; but to descant upon the stupidity and the deadness of every other communion, upon an implied understanding that those whom he addresses have risen superior to all these defects and shortcomings, is to our apprehension not very profitable, though it is the most approved system of sectarian preaching. Nevertheless, let us not be ungrateful; *fas est ab hoste doceri*. Much as we dislike the spirit of Mr. Drummond's book, and sorry as we should be to rely on such food for our edification, there are many things in his volume which are exceedingly true, and vastly well put; and for all that we have said, we are ready to admit this further point of resemblance between the two Tertullians, him of Carthage and him of Newman-street, that, as of the former old Cyprian used to say, "*Da magistrum*," so the pages of the latter might furnish profitable "aids to reflection" even to a bishop.

There is another point of view, however, in which the book of Mr. Drummond is more instructive than he himself intended. When we had a large octavo volume brought under our notice, bearing the title, "Substance of Lectures delivered in the Churches," from the pen of him who, in those "Churches," occupies the high position of an "apostle," and more than an apostle, "the pillar of the apostles," we naturally supposed that it would contain a full development, if not of their discipline and worship, at least of their faith; and with that view we procured and perused it. But in this, as in many other respects, the "apostleship" of Newman-street bears witness against itself as an exceedingly bad imitation; and no mistake could be more grievous than that of supposing, as we confess we did in our simplicity, that in the pages of Mr. Drummond is to be found, after the manner of other "apostolic"

writings, a key to the positive tenets of his "Church."

If we except the few pages containing in twenty articles the *minimum* of faith which we are told must be common to all bodies of Christians "in union with the one Catholic Church," with bracketed glosses annexed to the several articles, and elsewhere an occasional allusion to certain "visions and revelations," the purport of which is not, however, suffered to transpire, or an allegorical delineation of the character of "the fourfold ministry," of all which more hereafter,—there is literally nothing in Mr. Drummond's book to enlighten the reader as to the nature of Irvingism. This is the more surprising, as the Churches over which he presides are, in his opinion (p. 70), "places of refuge provided for the faithful,—who, like Lot of old, are dwelling in the mystic Sodom"—during the impending destruction of all "the false systems," that is, of all the Churches and other Christian communions which were in the world before the rise of this modern Montanism.

"These Churches," we read in another place, "are necessarily without the oil, and never can have it; the cisterns, the pipes, and the vessels are all equally empty. Those churches which hold the true hope, are still no better than unwise virgins, and must speedily go to them who have the oil to sell, or share their predicted fate. Now is the time of the end, when all these sayings of our Lord are fulfilled; now is the time for the lesson to be learned from the parable of the fig-tree,—a good tree, with healthy leaves, and in otherwise vigorous health, perhaps unusually productive of wood and leaves, but lacking the peculiar thing that was needed at the time. In the last days, when Christendom is rent into a thousand schisms, can be seen the union of all the different forms of outward Christianity, hitherto discordant, and still waging upon each other war to the knife, uniting, as in the eighty-third Psalm, against *the single thing which God is doing*, as a climax to all his former works."—*Substance of Lectures*, pp. 108, 109.

The abstract truth of the proposition that such will be the aspect of Christendom in the last days, we are, of course, far from denying; seeing it is written, "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" What we call in question is, the assumption that the sect of which Mr. Drummond is "the pillar," is "the single thing which God is doing;" and although we can discern it to be a "climax," we have serious doubts of its being "the

\* Luke xviii. 8.

climax to all God's former works." We look in vain for any thing like evidence that the sect in Newman-street is "the stone cut out without hands," which shall break to pieces every Church and every other Christian communion: as Mr. Drummond has himself exhibited it, it is rather an unshapely pillar cut out, if no worse, by the hands of man, and raised aloft on the top of a heap of rubbish which he has raked together from all the Churches and sects of Christendom. It is rather an inauspicious way, for a system claiming to be the result of immediate revelation from heaven, to endeavor to establish its credit in the world, not by credentials in which the writing of the finger of God may be clearly discerned, such as the true Apostles of Christ adduced and appealed to as the warrant and evidence of their mission, but by preferring charges, some true, some exaggerated, some utterly false, against every communion, being, or claiming to be, the congregation of Christ's people, on the face of the earth, and thereupon to argue,— "because you are all stale and unprofitable, therefore we are necessary; your systems are all false and rotten, therefore ours is the true system." What other or fitter answer is there to such logic and theology, but that of the patriarch of old: "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you. But I have understanding as well as you; I am not inferior to you; yea, who knoweth not such things as these?"

Among those who thus fell, for a time at least, under the power of the delusion, was Mr. Robert Baxter, the author of two pamphlets now lying before us, the date of which carries us back to the early days of Irvingism. The first of these, published in 1833, is entitled, "Narrative of Facts, characterizing the Supernatural Manifestations in members of Mr. Irving's congregation, and other individuals, in England and Scotland, and formerly in the writer himself." The other pamphlet of Mr. Baxter, of which we have the second edition published in 1836, bears the title, "Irvingism, in its Rise, Progress, and present State." The subject of both is, as their titles indicate, substantially the same; but the former treats chiefly of the writer's own history while connected with the sect; the latter of the history generally, of the sect itself. A brief summary of the contents of both, with occasional extracts, will enable our readers to judge for themselves of the

nature of the evidence upon which our conclusion, expressed above, is founded, and prepare the way for a more correct appreciation of the sect, as it is exhibited in its recent publications enumerated at the head of this article.

The utterances, it appears from Mr. Baxter's "Irvingism," began at Port Glasgow; their manner was "novel and appalling;" their matter was partly in plain English, on topics of prophecy; partly unintelligible, consisting of sounds which after many fruitless attempts to trace them in any known language, are now admitted to be different from any language spoken on the earth. The persons first gifted with the utterances were two brothers and several ladies, one of whom imported them into Mr. Irving's church in London, which was at that time the "National Scotch Church" in Regent-square. Mr. Irving, who looked upon his own congregation, tainted already by the unsound views he had propounded on the peccability of Christ's nature and the perfectibility of man, as upon a city on the hill in the midst of the darkness of surrounding Christendom, was not slow in acknowledging the utterances of his visitor from Port Glasgow as the fruits of a miraculous spiritual gift. After the female prophet from Glasgow had for some time associated with Mr. Irving's congregation, the infection spread, and three ladies began to "speak in the Spirit;" one of whom, however, after having been for months received as a prophetess, and her spiritual gifts fully recognized by the other prophets and prophetesses, acknowledged that she had on several occasions been "feigning utterances," and was accordingly declared "a false prophetess."\* Hitherto no man had spoken as yet in this supernatural utterance in London; but it seems that "some movings towards utterance appeared" in a Mr. Taplin, and two of the prophetesses having been "much exercised in prayer that he might be made to speak," he accordingly "did speak in power in a tongue" (i. e. the unintelligible utterance) "and in English;" the former part of his utterance being afterwards "paraphrased" by one of the prophetesses.

All this took place at "private prayer meetings;" but Mr. Taplin followed up his private utterance by another at a public prayer meeting, again in what is technically termed by the sect "a tongue," and in English, in which language he ejaculated: "The Lord

\* Baxter, Narrative of Facts, pp. 93—95.

is at hand,—prepare to meet Him. The judgments are coming—judgments are around Him.” The next step was the exhibition of the utterances in the public Sunday congregation.

“It was at this time even the opinion of Mr. Irving and his personal friends, that these utterances, although of the spirit of God, should not be allowed in the congregation when assembled for Divine service on the Lord’s day. It was their judgment that it would be contrary to order and discipline. Some weeks elapsed after the utterances were permitted in the public prayer meetings, before they were heard in the Sunday congregation. On Sunday, the 16th of October, however, in the midst of the Morning Service, Miss H.\* (the same who was afterwards pronounced a false prophetess) “was, as she expressed it, visited with such a power of the Spirit, that unable to restrain her utterance, and yet unwilling to interrupt the service, she hastened from the body of the Church into the vestry, and there, in the hearing of the congregation, broke forth in an utterance, ‘How dare ye to suppress the voice of the Lord;’ and went on to set forth that these utterances, being the voice of the Lord, ought to be permitted in the congregation. ‘Miss E. C., who followed her, also spoke in an utterance, saying the Spirit had been quenched and grieved by such prohibition, and warning them not to hinder it; for the Lord’s voice ought to be heard in the Church. In the evening of the same day, Mr. Taplin spoke in a tongue in the congregation, and afterwards in English, ‘Do you fly from the voice of God, when He is in the midst of you; where will ye flee in the day of judgment?’”

“Thus were the utterances gradually introduced through Mr. Irving’s congregations in London. They were often, in an extraordinary power of voice, accompanied by a most unnatural expression of countenance. It was on one occasion suggested by Mr. \* \* \* (subsequently one of the “apostles”), “soon after they were heard in the Sunday congregation, that those who spoke should endeavor to restrain its loudness. But he was immediately rebuked by an utterance from Miss H.” (the false prophetess), “Do you know what it is to have the word of God as a fire in your bones?” and going on to say it could not be restrained; which utterance was immediately confirmed by another from Miss E. C. “It is so; it is so.” No further attempt was made to restrain them; but they continued with full permission to exercise their powers in the Sunday congregation. These utterances, from the period of their full recognition, took as might be expected, the entire control. Mr. Irving, and the congregation which remained with him, bowed to them as the voice of God; and under the progress of these utterances the system of Irvingism has been fashioned.”—*Baxter’s Irvingism*, &c. pp. 18, 19.

Here, then, at the very threshold of this

\* The names are given at full length in Mr. Baxter’s second pamphlet.

new “dispensation of the Spirit” we have the undeniable and remarkable fact that the chief agent in causing these utterances to be produced in the public congregation, and in preventing any restraint from being imposed upon them, was one subsequently convicted and rejected as a “false prophetess,” upon her own confession, and by the verdict of her sister-prophetesses, who, “in power, pronounced that *the whole work in her was of the flesh, and not of the Lord*” (Narrative, p. 94); and the equally remarkable and undeniable fact, that the utterances of those who to this day lay claim to the spirit of true prophecy, accorded with the utterances of the “false prophetess,” and set upon them the seal of confirmation. The same striking fact recurs in the case of Mr. Baxter himself, who was for several months reckoned a chief prophet among them, whose utterances were in perfect agreement with those of the other prophets and prophetesses, and who subsequently withdrew from the sect, and unequivocally declared the whole work to be of Satan; and that not upon being convicted as a false prophet like Miss H., but in consequence of the conviction spontaneously produced in his mind, by repeated failures of the prophecies, and by the false doctrine to which the utterances gave witness, that the work was not of God but of the devil.

Before we enter more fully into the account which Mr. Baxter gives of his own experience while under the delusion, it will not be uninteresting to compare with the facts above stated the account of a similar delusion which made its appearance in London at the beginning of the last century, and was of sufficient importance at the time, to call forth a violent attack upon it in William Whiston’s Boyle Lectures. The library of Sion College contains five volumes of “Papers relating to the late false prophets, commonly called French \* prophets;” and a full account of the rise and progress of the sect, of the corruptions into which it fell, and of its consequent downfall, was composed by Dr. Hughson,† as

\* They are called “French” prophets, because the delusion was set on foot here by three Camisards, who by laying on of hands, communicated “the power” by which they spoke, to others in this country.

† The title of this curious tract is: “A copious Account of the French and English prophets, who infested London during 1707 and the following years; the exhibition of some of them in the pillory, and a complete exposure of their infamous practices. By D. Hughson, LL. D., Editor of the History of London and other works. London, 1814.”



late as the year 1814, chiefly from a book published at the time by one of the prophets themselves,\* whose eyes, like those of Mr. Baxter, were opened to the delusive character of the work. The purport of the prophecy of these "French prophets" was, as in the present instance, the immediate approach of the second Advent. In a long apologetical manifesto, on the character of "the spirit," published by the prophets themselves against the attacks of "divines and others," many of whom did "own them to be actuated by a superior spirit," but declared that spirit to be "the spirit of the devil," the following curious passage occurs :—

"This spirit prepares and adorns the bride against the coming of the bridegroom. Without such a presence, and the extraordinary gifts and powers of the Spirit of God, neither the spreading and full establishing of the Gospel, nor the promised union of all nations into one faith and one law, nor the fullness of God's kingdom can ever be expected to be brought about. Its presence and immediate operations and gifts are necessary for the beginning of the conversion of man to God and His Christ. And now, when the harvest remains yet to be made (for what has been done hitherto is but an earnest), and when Christendom itself is deplorably hardened, misled, and divided, its immediate concurrence and manifestations are not less necessary, but rather more."—*Hughson's Copious Account*, p. 11.

Here we have the same demonstration of the necessity of this new dispensation, and on the same ground, the miserable state of Christendom, which we have already noticed in Mr. Drummond's book. The manner in which "the spirit" acted, was by violent and involuntary agitations with a loud roaring voice. "They are," says the manifesto (p. 5), "sometimes such as cannot at all be imitated; no, not by the persons themselves, out of inspiration." Keimer describes them (p. 18), as "very violent and strange agitations or shakings of the body," accompanied by "loud and terrifying hiccups and throbs;" in another place (p. 20), where he relates one of the inspiration scenes, he states that "between every two or three words speaking," the party under the influence of the power "cried, 'Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh! O—h! o—h! o—h!'" as if he were taking his last gasp;" and upon one occasion (p. 60) he mentions that "a prophetess roared out in

so hideous a manner 'The devil! the devil! the devil!' that it terrified the believers themselves."

The parties that were caught in the snare of this delusion, were (p. 19) "generally persons that had made a serious profession of religion under the various denominations;" men who (p. 39) "in the sincerity of their hearts, were seeking the way to Sion, but through ignorance were enticed and prevailed upon by the voice of the deluder;" several of them "being men of distinguished sense and judgment in natural things, as well as substance." In the catalogue of the principal characters (pp. 77–81) appended to the narrative, are mentioned the names of Sir Richard Bulkeley, Lady Jane Forbes, a Mr. Everard, who was Envoy from the British Court to France, and various other persons of a respectable condition in life, as lawyers, physicians, merchants, &c. There was also among them a clergyman of the name of Foster, a prebendary of Sarum, who publicly in the pulpit professed his belief in the manifestations, in consequence of which he was suspended for six months by Bishop Burnett. Among the prophetesses one Anne Topham was chiefly conspicuous, who went by the *sobriquet* "the bishop," on account of "the orders for meetings and missions coming so often through her mouth;" notwithstanding which she was subsequently turned out of the sect.

The gross fleshly sins into which the prophets at last fell, and that under the express direction of "the spirit," finally revealed the real origin and character of their inspiration; but long before this took place, there were indications that it was a lying spirit that spoke in them, quite sufficient to have undeceived the "believers," but for the extraordinary subtilty of the spirit in turning aside difficulties, and devising evasive pleas, and the still more extraordinary blindness by which the minds of its deluded followers were overcast. The most definite and explicit prophecies ended in failure and disappointment; and the occasional strangeness of the commands given by "the spirit," created much perplexity, and excited suspicions, more than once. But they had been taught by the spirit (p. 67) that "true saving faith consisted in an implicit belief in, and strict obedience to whatsoever that spirit commanded, without consulting their reason, or having regard to the commands of God as revealed in Scripture;" and when, upon one occasion

\* Under the title, "A Brand Snatched from the Burning; exemplified in the unparalleled case of Samuel Keimer." The writer afterwards turned Quaker.

(p. 58), one of the prophetesses was unwilling to go, at the bidding of the spirit, and pronounce a sick man whole, because she had been so often disappointed, "the spirit, through her own mouth, severely reproved and threatened her." As she still resisted, "the spirit" came upon one of the prophets very violently, and "terribly reproved and threatened her for her disobedience, commanding her still to obey, which she, with the greatest reluctance possible, at last did, by going to the sick man, under violent agitations, and pronouncing him whole." The sick man, however, died shortly after; as another of the sect, Dr. Emes, had done before under similar circumstances. On many other occasions, detailed by Keimer, the most explicit prophecies came to nothing when the time fixed for their fulfilment arrived; yet the delusion retained its hold upon the members of the sect.

"Though in every thing we found ourselves disappointed," Keimer continues, "yet so deeply rooted were we in this delusion, that all the reason, solid arguments, and plain Scriptures that were brought by our friends, to convince us of our grand mistake, proved ineffectual."—*Hughson's Copious Account*, pp. 47, 48.

And again, further on :

"The many failures which had come from the mouths of the inspired, and many of a public nature, began to give some people a little uneasiness, fearing they were not of God. Upon which, Nicholas Facio, a great mathematician, a member of the Royal Society, and one, as it is said, who understands well to speak and write fifty-two languages, writes a very cunning and subtle exposition on the 22nd verse of the 18th chapter of Deuteronomy, viz., 'When a prophet peaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken, but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously: thou shalt not be afraid of him.' This exposition was so cunningly made, that I now verily believe, had twenty Jesuits joined together to consult, they could not have given a more clever turn to overthrow the meaning of so clear a text, as this Facio did. His exposition was handed about amongst believers, and, I think, not without its intended success."—*Hughson's Copious Account*, pp. 49, 50.

We now turn to the description which Mr. Baxter gives of that power of which he was, for a time, the subject, and of the circumstances by which he was afterwards led to the conclusion, that the spirit which spake in him was a lying spirit. His attention, it appears, had been directed to

the question of spiritual gifts; and he had been led to think favorably of the manifestations which had recently commenced in London, before he came into personal contact with any of the parties. The following is his own account of his first attendance at one of the private prayer meetings at which, at that period, none but the gifted person, or persons anxious to obtain the gift, were permitted to be present.

"Having obtained an introduction, I attended; my mind fully convinced that the power was of God, and prepared, as such, to listen to the utterances. After one or two brethren had read and prayed, Mr. T— (Taplin) was made to speak two or three words very distinctly, and with an energy and depth of tone which seemed to me extraordinary, and it fell upon me as a supernatural utterance, which I ascribed to the power of God; the words were in a tongue I did not understand. In a few minutes Miss E. C. broke out in an utterance in English, which, as to matter and manner, and the influence it had upon me, I at once bowed to as the utterance of the Spirit of God. Those who have heard the powerful and commanding utterance need no description; but they who have not, may conceive, what an unnatural and unaccustomed tone of voice, an intense and riveting power of expression—with the declaration of a cutting rebuke to all who were present, and applicable to my own state of mind in particular—would effect upon me, and upon the others who were come together, expecting to hear the voice of the Spirit of God. In the midst of the feeling of awe and reverence which this produced, I was myself seized upon by the power; and in much struggling against it, was made to cry out, and myself to give forth a confession of my own sin in the matter for which we were rebuked; and afterwards to utter a prophecy that the messengers of the Lord should go forth, publishing to the ends of the earth in the mighty power of God, the testimony of the near coming of the Lord Jesus. The rebuke had been for not declaring the near coming of Jesus; and I was smitten in conscience, having many times refrained from speaking of it to the people, under a fear they might stumble over it, and be offended."—*Baxter's Narrative*, pp. 4, 5.

Speaking of a subsequent occasion, he says.—

"Suddenly the power came down upon me, and I found myself lifted up in soul to God, my wandering thoughts at once riveted, and calmness of mind given me. By a constraint I cannot describe, I was made to speak—at the same time shrinking from utterance, and yet rejoicing in it. The utterance was a prayer that the Lord would have mercy upon me and deliver me from fleshly weakness, and would graciously bestow upon me the gifts of His Spirit, 'the gift of wisdom, the gift of knowledge, the gift of faith, the working of miracles, the gifts of healing, the gift of pro-

phesy, the gift of tongues, and the interpretation of tongues; and that he would open my mouth and give me strength to declare his glory.' This prayer, short almost as I have now penned it, was forced from me by the constraint of the power which acted upon me; and the utterance was so loud, that I put my handkerchief to my mouth to stop the sound that I might not alarm the house. When I had reached the last word I have written, the power died off me, and I was left just as before, save in amazement at what had passed, and filled, as it seemed to me, with thankfulness to God for His great love so manifested to me. With the power there came upon me a strong conviction—'This is the Spirit of God; what you are now praying is of the Spirit of God, and must, therefore be the mind of God; and what you are asking, will surely be given to you.' This conviction—strong as it was at the moment—was never shaken, until the whole work fell to pieces. But from that day I acted in the full assurance that in God's own good time all these gifts would be bestowed upon me."—*Baxter's Narrative*, pp. 8, 9.

In this conviction Mr. Baxter was confirmed by the testimony of the other prophets and prophetesses, not only by the agreement of their utterance with his own on many occasions, but by the voice of prophecy in them, pointing him out as one of the chiefest instruments of the Lord in this new dispensation. To mention but one instance which occurred immediately after a most painful scene, of which a casual visitor was the object:

"As I passed Mrs. C." (one of the prophetesses) "I took her hand to shake hands with her, when the power came upon her, and, holding my hand, she addressed me before all the company; beginning, by setting out Jesus Christ, and proceeding, as the prophet of Christ, to declare that Jesus had sent His angel, and touched my lips with a living coal not many days past; that the word of the Lord proceeded from my lips, and I was a prophet, and more than a prophet, for I should speak with authority; that I was a chosen stone in the temple of the Lord; but warning the people not to rest in the vessel, for though I was a chief stone, yet I was not the chief corner-stone."—*Baxter's Narrative*, p. 73.

While a personal belief in the power from which these utterances proceeded, was thus insinuated into the mind through the subtlest of all the channels of mischief, spiritual pride, and love of distinction, failings which must, we should have thought, have removed the delusion at once, and drawn attention to its real character, were of constant occurrence. The following may serve as a specimen:

"After breakfast, when sitting with Mr. Irving, Mr. P., and a few others, Mr. Irving remarked

that Mr. T., when in the Court of Chancery, had found the power mightily upon him, but never a distinct impulse to utterance. Whilst he was speaking on it, I was made in power to declare, 'There go I, and thence to the prison-house.' This was followed by a prophecy setting forth the darkness of the visible church, referring to the king as the head of the Church of England, and to the chancellor as the keeper of the conscience of the king. That a testimony should that day be borne before him which should make the nation tremble at what was coming to pass. That I was to go and bear this testimony, and for the testimony should be cast into prison. That the abomination of desolation would be set up in the land, and Satan sit in the high places of the Church, showing himself to be God. That the world had now the possession of the visible church, but for the purity of doctrine of the Church of England, she, as the last portion of the visible church, had been accounted holy by the Lord; but she had gone on in worldly cares, and was now so provoking the Lord, and by worldly-mindedness so quenching the Spirit of God, that God had cast her off. That it was necessary a spiritual minister should bear testimony before the conscience-keeper of the head of this church, and then the abomination of desolation would be set up, and every man must flee to the mountains. Much was added of the judgments of God in the midst of the land. The power upon me was overwhelming. I gave all present a solemn benediction, as though I was departing altogether from among them, and forbidding Mr. Irving, who rose to speak to me as I was going, I went out under the constraint of the power, and shaped my way to the court of the chancellor, to bear the testimony to which I was commanded.

"As I went on towards the court, the sufferings and trials I underwent were almost beyond endurance. Might it not be a delusion? Ought I not to consider my own character in the sight of the world, which would be forfeited by such an act; and the ruin of all worldly prospects, which would ensue from it, and from my imprisonment? These and a thousand more subtle and trying suggestions were cast in upon me; but confident that the power speaking in me was of God, it seemed my duty to obey at every sacrifice; and without counting the cost, I gave myself up to God to do with me and use me as He should see fit. In this mind I went on, expecting, as I entered the court of the chancellor, the power would come upon me, and I should be made to bear testimony before him. I knew not what I was to say, but supposed, that, as on all other occasions, the subject and utterance would be together given. When I entered, no power came on me. I stood in the court before the chancellor for three or four hours, momentarily expecting the power to come upon me, and as the time lengthened, more and more perplexed at its absence. I was tempted to speak in my own strength without the power; but I judged this would not be faithful to the word spoken, as my testimony would not have been in the Spirit. After waiting this time, I came out of court, convinced there was nothing for me to say.

"The mental conflict was most painful. I left the court under the conviction I had been deluded. If I were deluded, how was it with the others who spoke in the power, one of whom had borne direct testimony to my utterance being of God; and the others of whom had received me, and heard me, and spoken in power with me, as one of them? Here, however, I failed; I adjudged myself deceived, but I had not sufficient proof, as I thought, to sit in judgment upon them. I thought I had stumbled, but I dared not condemn them. I went at once to Mr. Irving, who, anxious as to the issue of my mission, welcomed me as delivered from prison. I said to him, 'We are snared—we are deceived; I had no message before the chancellor.' He inquired particulars, but could give no solution. He said, 'We must wait. You certainly have received the gift; and the gifts and calling of God are without repentance.' We set ourselves to search whether in anything I had mistaken the directions of the power, but could not discover it. I observed to him, 'If the work in me is of the enemy, what will you say of the rest who have so joined me, and borne witness of me?' 'True,' said he, 'but theirs has been tried in every way.' He then mentioned the trials. . . .

"Deeply was I troubled and perplexed, and much was I humbled before God. But my eyes not being opened fully to see that the whole work must stand or fall together; and not being instructed, as I have since most painfully been, of the subtlety and cunning craftiness of the enemy; my prayers were yet made in a confidence that a work of God was in the midst of us, and my doubts were of my own individual gift. In the morning I attended the prayer-meeting, though so much burthened as not to be able to lift up my heart among them. An utterance came from Miss E. C.; 'It is discernment—it is discernment ye lack; seek ye for it—seek ye for it;' and going on in the same strain, setting forth the love and faithfulness of God. I believe she knew nothing of the issue of the visit to the chancellor; but, be that as it may, the message impressed me as though it applied to my case, and I was led to think lack of discernment would be found to have occasioned my stumbling. However, my heaviness was not removed until after the meeting, when, at breakfast, the subject was alluded to and the text in Jeremiah was quoted—where it is said, 'Thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived. Then said I, I will not speak the word of the Lord any more; but the word of the Lord was unto me as a fire in my bones.' When I had read this, and was thinking upon it, the power came upon me, and I was made to say, 'The word of the Lord is as fire, and if ye, O vessel! who speak, refuse to obey the word, ye shall utterly perish—ye have obeyed the word of the Lord—ye went to the place of testimony—the Spirit was quenched before the conscience of the King—ye, a spiritual minister, have borne witness there; and were ye not cast into prison? has not the dark dungeon been your prison-house since ye came from the place of testimony? Ye lack discernment:—ye must read the word spiritually—the abomination of desolation is set up—the Spirit of God is quenched, in

all the churches of the land; and now the mystical Man of Sin is enthroned, and sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God.—Then followed a command to flee to the mountains—to come out of Babylon and be separate; and much more concerning the Lord's work and the duty of his people.—This acted like electricity. I thought, and those who had heard the message of the former morning thought with me, that it read spiritually, in which way I ought to have read it, the message concerning the chancellor had been fulfilled by my silent testimony, and my subsequent darkness and bondage. My satisfaction was complete; the explanation seemed then to me quite satisfactory; though now, I confess, it seems to me but a deep subtlety for explaining away a manifest failure of the word."—*Baxter's Narrative*, pp. 24—28.

It is almost incredible that so shallow a subterfuge should have availed to silence the doubts of a rational mind; nor can it be accounted for on any other principle than that assigned by Mr. Baxter himself, namely, "that if we put ourselves under the power of the enemy, by giving heed to seducing spirits," the result is, that "our eyes are blinded, and our minds darkened by him, until we are both blind and foolish beyond belief." Another and most startling instance of the power of the delusion is thus related:—

"At the close of the meeting, a scene occurred which baffles all description, and on which, whenever I now think, the deepest feelings of horror and shame creep over me. Mrs. C. was made, after our exposition was concluded, to cry out in a most piercing utterance, that there was some one in the midst of us who was provoking the Lord by jealousy, envy, and hard thoughts of His servants the prophets. Regarding this, as we all did, as the Spirit of God, every one was cast back in examination of his own thoughts; and, as the gift of prophecy was a general object of desire, many tender consciences converted their admiration of, and longing after, the gift, into an envy and provocation. A feeling of dismay seemed to run through the company, but no one answered. The accusation was reiterated, with a demand that the person should step forward, and confess. Many present, one after another, came forward, and, confessing some sin, inquired if they were any of them the culprit. None of these, however, were recognized as such. The cry again went forth, and my voice was mingled with Mrs. C.'s, declaring the person who was meant was conscious of it. The agony expressed on many countenances was intense; one man was so overcome, that his head fell on the chair, as though he were paralyzed, uttering an unnatural moaning cry, which showed the intensity of his mental agony. I was made in power to pray the Lord to discover the offender, and ease the consciences of His children. But after some time spent in this state, see-

ing the person was not found, we prepared to go home."—*Baxter's Narrative*, pp. 72, 73.

Then followed the scene already referred to, in which Mr. Baxter was acknowledged by the prophetess who had first given utterance to the denunciation, as "a chief stone," though "not the chief corner-stone." After relating the substance of her prophecy concerning him, Mr. Baxter thus resumes the narrative of the circumstances connected with the denunciation.

"When she had concluded, I turned round to Mr. Irving, intending to ask all present to kneel down to pray, when Mr. Irving, silently pointed to a person who stood by, and looking to him I saw a power resting upon him, and he struggling to give utterance. I paused, and when utterance broke from him, instead of articulate words, nothing but muttering followed, and with this an expression of countenance most revolting. Lifting up a prayer to God to judge His own cause, and preserve us from judging unjustly of a brother; almost at the same moment an utterance broke from Mrs. C., and from myself; 'It is an evil spirit.' A thrill of horror passed through the company, and presently an utterance came from Mrs. C.—'Rebuke the unclean spirit, and command him to enter no more into him.' The power came upon me, and I said, 'In the name of Jesus, I adjure thee, thou foul spirit, to come out of the man, and enter no more into him.' The man, however, continued muttering and speaking nonsense. Again the command came from Mrs. C., and the power upon me, and I used the same words over him again. Lady —, who was present, and had before once or twice spoken in the power, under an impulse of the power, rose up, and stretching her hands towards me, cried out in power, 'Greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world;' and repeating this several times, sank down on the floor. We all paused. The muttering and disgusting utterances continued. Mr. Irving suggested, 'This kind goeth not forth but with prayer and fasting.' We were, however, confounded, and the only explication I could suggest, was, that the word of God had gone forth for the expulsion of the evil spirit, and we must rest in faith, that in due time the effect would follow, and the man be delivered."—*Baxter's Narrative*, p. 74.

A curious contrast to this abortive exorcism is furnished by a case of successful exorcism used against this "power" itself, which, though not connected with Mr. Baxter's personal narrative, is yet related by him, as throwing great light upon the whole subject.

"In the latter end of the past year [i. e. 1832], two children of a pious and exemplary clergyman in Gloucestershire, had been made to speak by a supernatural power. They were twins, a boy and

a girl, and only eight or nine years of age; children in whom nothing of a religious turn had been remarked. Their parents were, unfortunately, led to seek after the manifestations, believing them to be of the Spirit of God. From the time the mouths of the children were opened, their conduct seemed so much changed, that they appeared most religious and devoted children. Their utterance was most astounding; beginning in the setting forth of Jesus, and calling to self-abasement before His cross; and proceeding with such recital of Scripture, and such power of argument and exhortation, as might be said to surpass many able ministers, and certainly quite out of the compass of children of their age and understanding. Having, by this demonstration of power, of truth and holiness, gained the confidence of their parents and friends, they were carried on to deliver prophecies of things which were coming to pass—then uttering commands to their parents and friends, and sending them here and there—denouncing the judgments of God upon the church and world, and setting a day for a particular manifestation of judgment.—Shortly things were spoken by them which seemed to their parents contrary to Scripture, and they were startled by an utterance forbidding to marry. This was so plainly the work of a false spirit, that their parents and friends were greatly distressed; and, though much awed by the influence which the power had obtained over them, they remembered they had forgotten the command, 'Try the spirits;' and they wished to try the spirit in the children by the Scripture test. They accordingly called the boy, and told him their doubts, and that they must try the spirit. The boy seemed to be much wrought upon by the power, and in the supernatural utterance said, 'Ye may try the spirit in men, but ye may not try the spirits in children. Ye will surely be punished.' They, however, persisted; though the father was so much agitated, as not to be able to do it; yet the curate addressed the spirit in the child, and demanded, in the words of Scripture, a confession that Christ was come in the flesh. Paleness and agitation increased over the child, till an utterance broke from him, 'I will never confess it.' They were then satisfied that it was an evil power which spoke in him, and the curate went on to say, 'I command thee, thou false spirit, in the name of Jesus, to come out of the child.' As the child afterwards described his feelings, he felt as though a coldness were removed from his heart, and passed away from him. They told the child, if he felt the power coming on him again, to resist it, and several times he did so. Once, some time afterwards, from his mistaking something his parents had said to him, to be a direction to yield to the power, if it should again come on him, he did yield to it, and spoke supernaturally as before; but being corrected, and thenceforth resisting the power whenever it came upon him, he was entirely freed from it. This narrative, which I first saw in print, has been confirmed to me by one who was an eye and ear witness of the whole. If any one should be inclined to doubt whether any supernatural agency has been manifested in the adults, and should be led to think excitement, coupled with a fervid imagi-

nation, is sufficient to account for all that has occurred in them; he will yet be compelled to acknowledge, that in these children, at least, neither excitement nor imagination can account for it."—*Baxter's Narrative*, pp. 97, 98.

To Mr. Baxter's voucher for the truth of this story, on the evidence of an eye and ear witness, we can add our own testimony; having had the whole transaction, with many more circumstances of detail, communicated to us by a clergyman who was personally acquainted with both the father of the children, and with his curate, and had received his information from their own lips.

From these illustrations of the character of the supernatural power by which the Irvingite sect is held captive, we now turn to those particular points which led Mr. Baxter to the conclusion that the whole work was of Satan, and which are at the same time of considerable importance in determining the present character and position of the sect. These points refer partly to doctrine and partly to Church order; in both which considerable innovation were brought in under the influence of "the utterances." With regard to doctrine, the principal point is the erroneous view taken by Mr. Irving of the flesh of our blessed Lord, a view which of itself is sufficient to show, that the spirit from which these utterances proceed, is not of God. The nature of the error itself, and the extent to which the character of the utterance, and consequently that of the whole sect, are involved in it, will be best gathered from Mr. Baxter's account of what took place between him and Mr. Irving on the subject. Mr. Baxter, who was at that time in the country, had, it seems, had his doubts as to Mr. Irving's soundness, in consequence of which he was moved to write to him "in power." Before Mr. Irving had time to answer, Mr. Baxter had two passages in Mr. Irving's book on the Human Nature of Christ pointed out to him by a clergyman, a friend of his, which could leave no doubt as to what Mr. Irving really taught. The passages were as follows:

"And in the face of all these certainties, if a man will say that his (Christ's) flesh was not *sinful flesh as our's is*, with the same dispositions and propensities, and wants, and afflictions, then I say, *God hath sent that man strong delusion that he should believe a lie.*" ("Human Nature, &c., p. 23.")—*Baxter's Narrative*, p. 101.

"Now if there had not been in Christ's nature *appetites, ambitions, and spiritual darkenings,*

how, I ask, could the devil have addressed these several temptations to his will?" ("Human Nature, p. 24.")—*Baxter's Narrative*, p. 101.

The reading of these passages drew from Mr. Baxter, in the presence of his friend, "an utterance in power" to this effect, "He has erred, he has erred." Confirmed by this utterance in his own view of the holiness of Christ's human nature, Mr. Baxter, after some further investigation of Mr. Irving's writings, which discovered to him his further unsoundness in regard to the holiness of believers, addressed to Mr. Irving a second letter.

"In much heaviness, I sat down to write to Mr. Irving, stating fully his error in conceiving the law of sin to be in the flesh of Jesus; and stating also what I conceived to be the truth concerning our holiness. That as by faith accepted in Christ and clothed in his righteousness, so we are in the sight of the Father holy and without blame. But whilst in the flesh, the law of sin remains even in them who are regenerate, and the flesh lusteth against the Spirit. And though our mark and aim should be, to 'be perfect even as our Father is perfect;' yet that we all come short of perfect holiness in the flesh, and are unprofitable servants. As Mr. Irving regarded me destined to the apostolic office, and set for the instruction of his Church, I had great confidence that he would receive this, and would be led to retract and abandon his errors, and thus remove a great stumbling-block from his door."—*Baxter's Narrative*, p. 102.

The result was, after a few days, a letter from Mr. Irving, which Mr. Baxter gives in full, on the ground that it was mainly instrumental in opening his eyes to the delusion by which he and others were bound, and which, as an authentic document, not only of the tenets of the sect, but of the fact that the alleged inspiration of the sect bears testimony to those tenets, we think it useful to place permanently on record:

"London, 21st April, 1832.

"My dear Brother,—Read this letter with your eye on God.—We have great need, especially the spiritual amongst us, to walk humbly with the Lord. Your first letter, containing the utterance of the Spirit, without any expression of his intention of sending it to me, led me very deeply to ponder the subject of our Lord's flesh, and to cry upon the Lord to examine me; and to the same exercise of soul had I been drawn by the utterance of the Spirit, and the experience of the spiritual of my flock in these days past. These things put me into a fit condition for receiving the full impression of your last letter, which arrived last night, after I had preached a sermon on the Holy Generation of the Flesh of Christ. This I had done, in order to ex-

press anew, before my people, with all caution and consideration, what I firmly believe to be the truth; and to guard them against the effect of any rash and unguarded expressions which I might at any time have used. All night long, my soul, sleeping and waking, was exercised upon the subject of your last letter. And it being wonderfully ordered in God's providence, that Mrs. C. should be in town for a day or two; and that Miss E. C., though desirous to go home before breakfast, was so burdened as not to be able to go; these two propheteesses of the Lord, who have been His mouth of wisdom and of warning to me and my church in all perplexities; I called along with my wife, who had read your letter and read it to me, and having spread the whole matter before the Lord, and twice besought His presence, we proceeded to read your letters in order.—Upon your first letter, there was no utterance of the Spirit, nor expression of any kind amongst us, but that of assent. When we had read the two first pages of the second, wherein you reason upon the words of the Spirit, 'He has erred, he has erred,' given to you upon two sentences of my book; and bring forward your views of our Lord's flesh, and of the believer's holiness, in contra-distinction from mine—we paused; and seeing there was so manifest a discrepancy between us, I solemnly besought the Lord that He would speak His own mind in the matter. Instantly the Spirit came upon Miss E. C., and after speaking in a very grieved tone and spirit in a tongue, she was made to declare many words which I will not take upon me to attempt to repeat, seeing the Spirit hath discountenanced such attempts. But the substance was most precisely this—that you had been snared by departing from the word and the testimony—that I had maintained the truth, and the Lord was well pleased with me for it—that I must not flinch now, but be more bold for it than heretofore—that He had honored me for it, and I must not draw back—that in some words I had erred, and that the word of the Spirit by you was therefore true,—and that if I waited upon the Lord, He would show them me by His Spirit, but that he had forgiven it because He knew that my heart was right towards Him—that I had maintained the truth and must not draw back from maintaining it. Thereupon we knelt down, and having confessed my sin, and thanked Him for His mercy, I proceeded to entreat him for you, that you might be delivered from the snare in which you were taken concerning the flesh of Christ and the holiness of the believer. This done, I sought to recover and recount the substance of the utterance as above given, that by their help I might report it to you exactly. My wife was mentioning a doubt, whether it should not simply be, left to the Lord, and not dealt with in the understanding at all; seeing that in your letter you had gone astray by commenting in your own understanding on the words of the Spirit, 'He hath erred,' as applicable to two sentences of my book, and applied them to my whole doctrine, which the Spirit had just declared to be 'the truth,' that 'must be maintained:' when Mrs. C. was made to speak in a tongue with great authority and strength, and immediately after in English, to the effect, that you had stumbled greatly

by bringing your own carnal understanding to spiritual things—that truth in the inward parts, the law of God in the heart, wrought in us the fulfilment of the righteousness of the law in all our members; and that union with Jesus brought into us the holiness of Jesus in body, soul, and spirit—that the Lord would have a church upon the earth, holy as He is holy; the light of the world as He is the light of the world—that some had sought to bring this about in the flesh—that you had been snared in the opposite extreme of denying it altogether, and making a distinction between Christ's holiness and that of His Church—that you must be informed of it, because this it was which was preventing the work of the Lord. There was a third utterance through Miss E. C. to teach me that Satan sought to overthrow my confidence in the truth, and to bring me into a snare, but that I was called upon to maintain it now more firmly than ever.

"There were no more utterances; but when we came to that part of your letter where you say, 'Concerning the vessels by whom He speaks, you have fearfully provoked Him, and they are ready to burst asunder under your hands.\*' There was great indignation felt by both the vessels of the Lord present, and great sense of injustice felt by myself. For, oh! dear brother, I have done all things to know and follow the mind of the Lord in respect of them. It was indeed said, I think in the Spirit, that this in you was the same Spirit of 'the accuser of the brethren,' which hath manifested itself lately amongst us in one of the gifted persons who spoke evil of me in the midst of the congregation. But the Lord hath showed him that though it was with power, the power was not from God but from Satan, to whom, by hard and unjust thoughts of me, he had opened the door. Ah! dear brother, you have surely been much overseen in some way or other—search it out. The thing you spoke of F. and Miss H., was not of God. I fear, and am persuaded in my own mind, that you have not discriminated duly, what is of God and what is not of Him; and that sin in this matter, undiscerned and unconfessed, hath brought on greater falls, as we have seen amongst ourselves; and that now you are brought to oppose that very doctrine which alone can bring the church to be met for her bridegroom:—that as He was holy in the flesh, so are we, through the grace of regeneration, brought to be holy—planted in a holy standing—the flesh dead to sin, as His flesh was dead to sin—and that by the baptism of the Holy Ghost we are brought into the fellowship of His power and fulness, to do the works which He also did, and greater works than these.

"When we came to that passage of your letter where you censure as 'fearfully erroneous' a

\* This Mr. Baxter explains in a note, by stating that the passage "was written under the dictation of the power; and the impression on my mind was, that he had too much honored me and the other persons speaking in the power, and so had dishonored God. He, and those with him, evidently read it as though I accused him of behaving ill towards one or more of the speakers. The very opposite of what I intended."

passage in the Day of Pentecost,\* we were all made to feel that you were forgetting what you yourself had been made to utter so abundantly concerning the baptism with fire and the spiritual ministry.

"I have read this to my wife, and Mrs. C., and Miss E. C., and they say it is a full and exact account.

"And now, upon the whole, my well-beloved brother and prophet of the Lord, I give you counsel to search and prove what it is that sits so heavy upon your conscience, for the Lord will surely reveal it. Concerning the flesh of Christ, we will discourse when we meet. I believe it to have been no better than other flesh, as to its passive qualities or properties, as a creature thing. But that the power of the Son of God, as Son of man in it, believing in the Father, did for His obedience to become Son of man, receive such a measure of the Holy Ghost as sufficed to resist its own proclivity to the world and to Satan, and to make it obedient unto God in all things: which measure of the Spirit He received in his generation, and so had holy flesh; and by exercise of the same faith, He kept His vineyard holy, and presented it holy to the great Husbandman. Regeneration, through faith, sealed in baptism, doth give to us the same measure of the Spirit to do the same work of making our flesh the holy thing, the temple of the Holy Ghost, body, soul, and spirit holy—wherefore we have the name, 'saints,' or 'holy ones,' 'sons of God,' as He received those names in virtue of his generation of the Holy Ghost. If we were to meet, I think we would not find much difference of mind as to the flesh of Christ. But as to your view of holiness, it is the very deepest, and darkest, and subtlest snare of the enemy. If you understood thoroughly the one subject, you would understand thoroughly the other. I say not that Christ had the motions of the flesh, but that the law of the flesh was there all present: but that whereas in us it is set on fire by an evil life, in Him it was, by a holy life, put down, and His flesh brought to be a holy altar, whereon the sacrifices and offerings for the sin of the world, and the whole burnt-offerings of sorrow, and confession, and penitence for others, might ever be offered up. And thus ought we to be, and shall be, when the flesh becometh the sackcloth covering.†

\* "This passage," says Mr. Baxter, in a note, "is the one (p. 39) in which he asserts, 'Baptism of the Holy Ghost doth bring to every believer the presence of the Father, and the power of the Holy Ghost, according to that measure, at the least, in which Christ, during the days of His flesh, possessed the same.' I had myself received what they all held to be the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and could therefore testify practically as well as doctrinally."

† This Mr. Baxter explains to be an "allusion to Rev. xi., where the sackcloth covering of the witnesses is spoken of. Mrs. C. had been made to prophesy that the baptism by fire would burn out the carnal mind, and our flesh would then become a sackcloth covering, the clothing of the witnesses, and this is what Mr. Irving was looking forward to."

"Oh! brother, I have had many trials, but the Lord hath sustained me, and I dwell before Him in peace of soul, though in much sorrow, because of the condition of His Church. I shall be glad when we meet. But, oh! I beseech you, lay to heart the words which have been spoken by the Spirit, and doubt any words which may be spoken in you contrary thereto. For though an angel from heaven should come to me, justifying to your views of holiness, I would not receive him.

"Do you hold correspondence with any of my flock, that you should speak so positively, yet so unjustly, concerning my treatment of the spiritual persons? or is there some meaning couched under it which I do not understand? Did the Spirit say so in you? If so, doubt that spirit; for certainly it is not true, they themselves being witnesses.

"Fare you well. May the Lord have you in His holy keeping. Amen.

"Your faithful brother,

"EDWD. IRVING."

(*Baxter's Narrative*, pp. 103-108.)

This letter, Mr. Baxter says, was "a great blow" to him; and it is unquestionably a great blow to the character of the whole work. While in reference to the utterance, "He has erred, he has erred," the utterance of "the prophetesses" acknowledged that "the word of the Spirit by Mr. Baxter was true," the same utterance virtually cancelled the admission so extorted, by the miserable subterfuge of censuring Mr. Baxter for "commenting in his own understanding on the words of the Spirit," and by the re-assertion of the substantial truth of Mr. Irving's doctrine on the human nature of Christ as the distinctive truth to be brought out by this new "dispensation of the Spirit." There is no need, in order to establish the fearfully erroneous character of that doctrine, to insist upon the two passages admitted by "the utterance" to be erroneously expressed; this very letter of Mr. Irving, written upon "the Spirit's" express declaration of "the truth" to be "maintained more firmly than ever," contains abundant affirmation of the heresy against which Mr. Baxter contended. To make "a distinction between Christ's holiness and that of His Church," is unequivocally declared to be a snare:—Christ's flesh is declared "to have been no better than other flesh, as to its passive qualities or properties, as a creature thing," and for the inherent and innate holiness of Christ's flesh as "a holy thing," taken indeed of the substance of the Virgin, who was sinful, like all the other children of Adam, but made holy in her womb through its miraculous "genera-



tion by the Holy Ghost," which is the Scriptural and Catholic truth on this subject, there is substituted the notion of a holiness not of nature, but only of life, by the indwelling in the flesh of Christ of "the power of the Son of God," and of "such a measure of the Holy Ghost as sufficed to resist *its own proclivity to the world and to Satan*;" and along with this there is a plain assertion of the correlative error, that "regeneration doth give to us *the same measure of the Spirit to do the same work* of making our flesh the holy thing, the temple of the Holy Ghost;" "the very doctrine," as is distinctly affirmed, "which alone can bring the Church to be meet for the bridegroom."

We do not apprehend that any of our readers will require further proof than this, to convince them that Irvingism is tainted with heresy of the most pernicious kind, whatever judgment they may form as to the origin to which the "utterances" are to be ascribed. Even those who may be unwilling to conclude with Mr. Baxter, that the utterances are indeed supernatural, but that they proceed from the evil one, will be ready to grant, that if there is more here than mere enthusiasm and hysterical excitement,—if there is a "spirit" speaking in these prophets and prophetesses, it is quite clear, that to make such a confession as that put forth and attested by the utterance in Mr. Irving's letter to Mr. Baxter, is not, in the sense of holy writ, to "confess that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh."

Since 1833, although the sect has its public services, there is an esoteric mysticism connected with it which shuns inquiry. The pretensions to prophecy, and even to miracles, are, indeed, in no degree abated; but the whole thing is carefully "done in a corner;" and the "secrets of the prison-house" are as jealously concealed from the knowledge of Christians not belonging to the sect, as the holy mysteries of the Church were in the early days of the Gospel from the profane eyes of scoffing pagans. As a proof of this we may mention, that we have had no small difficulty in procuring some of the materials for the present article, and after all we have been unable to procure a mysterious little book which would have thrown considerable light on the character of the sect. Of its existence we are certain, and we know something of its nature; but even what we do know we are precluded from stating, since our en-

deavors to get a sight of the document itself have been unavailing.

Another, and very material alteration in the character of the sect has been produced by the death of Mr. Irving. While he lived, he continued, in spite of his professed submission to the voice of "the Spirit," to exercise a very considerable control over the whole work, "claiming," inconsistently enough, as Mr. Baxter observes, "authority over the apostle," on the ground of his being "angel of the Church." Now, with all his eccentricities and all his errors, it is but justice to his memory to state that he combined a certain honesty of purpose, which could not but in many ways prove a check upon the delusion, and which on his death-bed manifested itself, as we have good reason to know, by the expression of serious doubts and misgivings as to the whole character of the "dispensation" to which he had sacrificed his former usefulness. When he was removed, the inconsistency of the "angel" claiming authority over the "apostle" was put an end to; for he was succeeded in the leadership of the sect by an "apostle," one who, without the inconvenience of having to trace his pedigree up to Linus and St. Peter, is not a whit behind the successors of the "Prince of the Apostles." With a conspicuousness which all those who know his religious career from first to last, will at once recognize as highly characteristic, that remarkable individual,—the Tertullian, as we have already shown him to be, of this modern Montanism; an *impromptu* pope, so to speak, who sits in judgment over universal Christendom,—figures in the catalogue of the chief actors given by Mr. Baxter (*Irvingism*, pp. 14, 15), as a regular pluralist of spiritual offices. He appears, there, 1. as "the angel of the Church at Albury," called also "the pillar of the angels;" 2, as one of the twelve apostles, and "the pillar of the apostles;" 3, as one of the prophets with only one, Mr. Taplin, whose seniority is indisputable, to take precedence of him. Thus, although an essential and distinctive feature of the sect is "the fourfold ministry," that ministry, with the exception of the inferior office of "evangelist," resolves itself into "*toujours moultou*," into a complete primacy, centred in one person, of pastoral, apostolic, and prophetic authority.

From the Metropolitan.

## CORDELIA.

BY WALTER R. CASTELLI.

WELL might the philosophic Hamlet exclaim, "What a piece of work is man!" The human heart presents an infinite field for the exercise of thought, and the more deeply we study it, the more palpable and startling does its complexity become. We may seek to unravel the mazes of our nature, and wander on and on, till wearied and bewildered by the ever increasing multitude of fancies, we sink exhausted, with a thrilling sense of the boundless space that still extends beyond us; whence, though we know not how, many a resistless impulse flashes on us, like a meteor whose flight we see, yet know not how it cometh nor whither it goeth. Yet whilst the study of character is so difficult, few could be found more interesting or profitable. The traveler who wanders over the face of the earth, with inclination for his only guide, does not see more varied and picturesque scenes than doth the student of the heart; indeed, there is a singular sympathy between the two pursuits. The one wends gaily to the sunny south; he passes through a land of flowers and fragrance; the skies above him are blue and cloudless, the breezes gentle and refreshing; fountains murmur round him with a placid coolness, a peaceful pleasure, as though their very life were music. He passes on; the path becomes less downy, the thorn oftentimes usurps the place of the graceful rose, the gale is colder, and the skies less liquid. On; and he is 'mid the mountains, where he hears the tempest groaning through the pine trees, the waters thundering o'er their rocky courses, and the avalanches tearing down the rugged slopes, with terror and destruction on their breath. The other views a gentle heart, where innocence and truth have made their dwelling; where heaven is yet the firmament of its purity, and where the fragrant breath of memory has yet no sting to nip the opening flower-buds, that fling their sweetness o'er it. He watches the o'erstealing beams of love expanding every thought and hope beneath their holy influence, and blending with each word, each sigh; and here he lingers, for this is beautiful. But away! there comes another; the outward guise is not so fair,

and inwardly there is a passion-selfishness; the warmth and kindness of the heart is not on every accent, there is a chilliness, as on the gale that wafts along the night-cloud. Another; pride, anger, jealousy, revenge; and he trembles 'neath the sweeping of their fury, as with unrelenting purpose they prepare the poisoned chalice for their victim, and in their reckless progress overthrow alike the innocent and the offending.

The majority of mankind exhibit their peculiar characteristics equally in their conversation as their conduct. They are not content with practising the virtues and talents they possess, but must needs publish to the world their benevolent intentions and acts, their generous and exalted sentiments—how often without just warrant, we will not pause to consider. But there are occasionally found gentle beings, and they are almost all of the fairer sex, who are satisfied with the exercise and the reward of goodness; who do alms, and wait on many an act of mercy, without sounding the trumpet before them; and whose beauty, like the hidden violet, is discovered only by its breeze-borne sweetness. And we cannot too highly appreciate their charms; they are the pure ones of earth, the angels sent on blessed missions to our world. To this class does the beautiful Cordelia belong.

It is evident that a character of this description, whose manifestations are so silent and unobtrusive, rather to be felt than heard, must be the most difficult of delineation. If she be the herald of her own perfections, and raise the veil that shrouds at the same time that it shrines her with a glory, to attract a passing praise, the charm is at once destroyed, and in proportion as she stood high in our estimation before, does she thenceforth fall. The extreme delicacy, therefore, which is required in the portraiture of such an one, so that this principle may never be infringed, is the gift only of the most refined genius; and although amid that constellation to which our hearts turn for all that is lovely in woman, there are many which bear more obvious traces of the master-hand, no creation, in our opinion, is more worthy of

our immortal Shakespeare than Cordelia. Whether we consider the conception or execution, we must equally admire. Her disposition is so loving and gentle, so pure, guileless, and untainted with the selfishness common to mortality, and withal, so firm and uncompromising in its fidelity and truth, that she wins our affections at once, by a silent yet subduing influence. She appears only in one short scene at the commencement of the play, and having by her conduct given us the key to her character, she departs. But though she is absent, the development of her nature is still proceeding, trait after trait being brought to light, till on her return we are prepared to greet her with the reverence and love which acquaintance with her true desert inspires.

Without the slightest intention of attempting to lessen the importance of so glorious a delineation as King Lear himself, who towers above us like a lofty mountain, whose base, indeed, is on the earth, but whose summit is lost in heaven, we unhesitatingly assert that the whole action of the play is intended to work out the delineation of Cordelia's character. Whilst the various events possess an interest which irresistibly carries us on with them, making us thrill with horror or burn with indignation, as the case may be, there is an under current still flowing onward, which may escape the unreflecting mind in the excitement of the moment, but which ever advances till the re-appearance of Cordelia. She is never forgotten, although she be not present, but lingers on the mind throughout the whole progress of the play; indeed, from the very opening, everything is conceived and arranged to develop her character, the misfortunes and madness of Lear even tending to this end.

Shakespeare never wrote a play without an object independent of the plot. He ever set himself the task of dissolving some social problem, some delicate phase of character; and so deeply read was he in the human heart, so endued with the faculty of unravelling the mysteries of nature, that his delineations have all the force and vitality of the original—the more abstruse and difficult the case, the more vivid the portraiture. It seems as though he exerted his powers with greater pleasure on such occasions. Alexander when he had vanquished the world, would have despised the conquest of a petty province; but he sighed for another world on which to plant his victorious standard. Ambition cloyed with

every new gratification; what was triumph yesterday is monotony to-day. So Shakespeare, in the greatness of his mind, seized on every knotty point which presented itself, as the epicure does on some *bonne bouche*, which may restore his pristine enjoyment. Cordelia was just such a being, then, as he would delight to discover; for apart from its intrinsic beauty, he would find infinite attractions in the difficulty of delineating the character of one, who, though teeming inwardly with warm and ardent impulses, with pure thoughts and womanly tenderness, nevertheless preserved a placid exterior, a silent and unobtrusive manner, and contrary to the generally received character of her sex, *felt, yet spoke not*. We may gaze upon the bright and cloudless ether of a summer evening, when all is still and peaceful, when the very air that wanton 'mid the sunbeams are hushed and motionless, and the perfume of the flowers hangs above them all, unable to ascend; and gazing on its liquid placitude, undimmed by any shadow,—what dream we of the heavenly messengers, whose winged perchance are sweeping through its currents, as they bear sweet thoughts and holy aspirations to the gates of heaven: and thus to represent a being who, whatever stirred within her spirit, did not let its voice be heard, was an undertaking truly worthy of genius. What wonder, then, that in its execution he should have produced the noblest tragedy the world e'er saw. He went forth like a giant when the spirit of his strength is on him, and burst the withes that bind us to the earth like fibres of the undressed flax.

The play opens with king Lear's partition of his kingdom amongst his daughters, and it is essential to our argument to determine what was the intention of this introduction; for Shakespeare almost invariably commences his dramas, by giving a clue to the subject whose characteristics he is about to exhibit. Thus Romeo and Juliet opens with a brawl betwixt the servants of the Montagues and Capulets, ominously presaging the woes which those dissensions wrought. Hamlet, with the conversation respecting the appearance of the ghost, whereon the whole plot hinges. Macbeth, with the incantations of the witches, whose murderous inspirations so mainly contributed to egg on the superstitious general, and "screw his courage to the sticking point." And so it is with his other works. Then, was this first step intended only as a preparative for

the madness of Lear? We think not, for many reasons. Whilst the mere fact of his abdication of the kingdom, and intent

To shake all cares and business from his age;  
Conferring them on younger strengths, while he  
Unburdened crawl'd toward death;

certainly did not indicate the probability or possibility of his future sorrows and madness, the singularity of the mode of partition, is calculated, in the extreme, to call attention to the peculiar trait in the disposition of Cordelia, whose predominance constituted the unity and beauty of her character. He thus expounds his intentions,—

Tell me, my daughters,  
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?  
That we our largest bounty may extend  
Where merit doth most challenge it.

By this course, not only was her character brought into action most forcibly, but it was also placed in direct and striking contrast with those of her voluble, but hollow-hearted sisters. A being constituted like Cordelia, with exquisite sensibilities, hearing the fulsome and degrading protestations of the covetous Goneril and Regan, would, through mere disgust, and fear of being elassed with them, apart from her natural aversion to breathe openly the thoughts that lie "too deep for tears," be silent. The working of this feeling is clearly exhibited; for whilst she listens to the flatteries of her sisters, she whispers to herself,—

"What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent."

And again:—

Then poor Cordelia!  
And yet not so, since I am sure my love's  
More richer than my tongue.

And when Lear turns, the very words he uses are such as would confirm her resolves of silence, since anything she might say must have appeared dictated by a sordid motive:—

What can you say, to draw  
A third more opulent than your sister's? speak.

This manner of procedure was admirably calculated to give point to her reply, which, without some clue, might have appeared but the evidence of stupid taciturnity,—

Nothing, my lord.

Here commences the development of her character, after the whole attention has

been centred upon her. In answer to the wonderment of her father, at a conduct so different from her subtle sisters, so different from what he expected from her, who was "his joy," she says,—

Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty,  
According to my bond; *not more, nor less.*

Yet how much is signified by this expression! A gentle and feminine heart, whose impulses are all tender and holy, viewing the love she felt for her parent as a duty, wherein there could be no supererogation, and thus blending with filial affection, a sweet religion and sanctity, would far more truly love, than one who felt but the mere promptings of sense, which, we have too good reason to know, are oftentimes capricious and unconstant. That such a feeling actuated Cordelia, is evident. She does not assume any merit, nor attempt to exaggerate her sentiments: nay, fearful that what she had said might be construed into boasting, she even qualifies this, to the thoughtless, ambiguous declaration, shrinking from the utterance of aught like self-praise. That she did not underrate her obligations to her father, we see from her subsequent explanation:—

Good, my lord,  
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I  
Return those duties back, as are right fit;  
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.

Nor did she bear a callous heart, and live and move but as a cold automaton, in a dull round of senseless *duties*. She had a due appreciation of the worth of love, in all its branches; therefore she asks:—

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,  
That lord whose hand must take my plight, shall carry  
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:  
Sure, I shall never marry, like my sisters,  
To love my father all.

During the whole of this dialogue, the quiet beauty of her disposition is exquisitely preserved, and although in every word she utters we may discover the goodness and purity of her spirit, not one "comes near the praising of herself." It is the perfection of love, to "love, and yet be silent." The love that is not content with the dear "happiness of loving," but still is prating of its own excess, has at least as much *self-love* in its composition. Even the exclamation of Lear, "so young and so unten-

der," unkindly touching, as it does, the very quick of sensibility—for it is most bitter to be belied on such a point,—fails to elicit from her any further avowal, or a single word breathing of asperity; she only returns,—

So young, my lord, and true.

Never was there juster word than that of Kent,—

Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound  
Reverbs no hollowness.

The experience of ages, handed down in many a pithy proverb, wherein all great and universal truths resolve the observation of each one amongst us, and it may be, the stings of many a heartfelt lesson, all attest its truth. And whatever may be their true use, we are compelled to admit that their abuse gives much point and force to the maxim, that "words were invented to conceal thoughts." Certain it is, that they who can descant so glibly on their emotions never feel very deeply.

It is not difficult to discover traces of her course of action previous to the present scene. It is evident she was the favorite child of Lear, indeed he declares this in terms; and we also believe that the feeling which actuated him in this mode of dividing his possessions, according to the comparative degree of love for him they should express, was largely mingled with the hope and the intention, that she who had ever shown most love in actual practice would not come scantily off; and when he turns for her declaration, it is with a pleasure and alacrity which he does not exhibit to either of the others, nay, he even asks what she can say, to draw a *larger* share than they had received, in this clearly echoing his thoughts and wishes.

Again he exclaims that he had,—

Thought to set his rest  
On her kind nursery—

and this is a beautiful comment and testimony to her former assertion, that she had "loved him according to her bond." How much does it not convey to us of the past, of the tender care which had watched over his motions, and strewn his path with flowers, when else the stony way had made him weary and footsore; of the loving smile which was wont to greet him when, perchance, his heart was heavy with the cares of state; of the gentle form which was the prop and staff of his old age? All this

would he review, and, remembering the happiness of the past, picture a peaceful and joyous future.

Lear's love for his children, and his desire for a full return of affection, amounted to a monomania, which afterwards, through opposition and disappointment, rose to actual madness. Had this not been the case, he never could have forgotten the practice of years, in the momentary and proper backwardness of the tongue.

The words with which she prays her father to proclaim the nature of the fault which had lost her his favor, and whose effect was like to impress the king of France and Burgundy with the idea of some fearful crime, are very beautiful, and still further develop her character :—

"I yet beseech your majesty  
(If for I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not; *since what I will intend,  
I'll do't before I speak*), that you make known  
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,  
No unchaste action or dishonored step,  
That hath deprived me of your grace and favor:  
But even for want of that for which I am richer,  
A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it  
Hath lost me in your liking."

Although treated so cruelly and capriciously by Lear, she never betrays anything like anger towards him, but rather the contrary. She proves that her love was not one of those fragile and transient emotions which, like the full-blown rose, are dispersed by the first breeze. In preparing to depart, she turns to her sisters, saying,—

"Use well our father;  
To your professed bosoms I commit him."

The peculiar circumstances under which it is uttered, render this touching appeal the more charming and admirable. How strongly can we sympathize with the words of the French king,—

"Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor;  
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised."

The whole of the first scene is thus dedicated to Cordelia. She is the centre of attraction, and all its events turn on her peculiar character. A clue has been given to the loveliness and purity of her disposition, and our interest powerfully excited; and this being done, she withdraws until nearly the end of the play. But whilst she is away, her character is ever being developed; the flower is expanding more and more, till at length it stands displayed before us in all its sweetness and beauty.

A striking contrast has been drawn between Cordelia and her sisters. They have been commanded to declare the measure of their love, and the one is silent and reserved, answering the demand with apparent coldness; the others pour forth a stream of protestations of the fervor of their attachment, endeavoring by boundless expressions to describe a boundless love. The continuance of this contrast is the means employed to give us a true insight into the extreme beauty and delicate tracery of her being. And this negative mode of unveiling her loveliness is peculiarly charming and appropriate to one who was not wont to make herself known, in whose gentle heart the deep spirit of love lay hid, but whose presence alone was known by the thousand genial acts which it inspired. Goneril and Regan could breathe forth words like the water-springs; but they were mere empty sounds, indicating by their very glibness that they came but from the lips, and not the heart, although they did vainly mimic that voice whose music lends a sweetness and significance to every little syllable.

A very short period elapses from the time they made their ardent demonstrations of love and tenderness, till we find how ill their practice accords with those professions.

The doting father had endowed them with his lands and sovereignty; he had given them all but the small train he had reserved to wait upon himself; but regardless of the claims of love, of common gratitude, these false and hollow-hearted daughters were not yet content: they had an ell, and yet they coveted the little inch that still remained. They soon began to scant their duty towards him, to slight his wishes, and to disregard his comfort. At first "a faint neglect," "a falling off in that ceremonious affection wherewith he was wont to be entertained;" then a great abatement of kindness both in his daughters and their attendants; till at length, upon the merest pretence, they sought to diminish his train, refusing to receive him till he had dismissed them. Step by step did they advance, ever with increasing boldness and insolence, with more open and unblushing cruelty, till, with the curses of the broken-hearted father on their heads, they closed their doors against him, and left him to the mercy of the pitiless storm, upon a night when—

"The wrathful skies  
Gallow'd the very wanderers of the dark,  
And made them keep their caves."

"Blow, blow, thou wintry wind: thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude!" How could they act thus to the poor old man, so noble in his nature, so good and kind a father, so "every inch a king?"

"Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a child,  
Than the sea monster—"

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand  
For lifting food to't?"

How different a termination this to their former vows, from what we could have looked for! and the immensity of woe that overwhelms the noble Lear, and overthrows his very reason, tends further to impress on us the hellish spirit of these daughters, and causes an irresistible revulsion of feeling towards the silent but deep feeling Cordelia. The mask is torn from those who late had worn so fair a guise, and whose deceit had triumphed over her truth and innocence. We feel how vain and unsubstantial are those professions which arise, at the first call, to publish their own existence; and we therefore turn with tenfold love and admiration to her who, though she spake not, yet performed.

We shall now see the effect of this contrast on the mind of Lear himself. Although he had banished his daughter from his court, reft her of his favor, of his gifts, and "pierced" her with his open displeasure, he could not banish her from his thoughts, he could not pluck his darling from the heart round which she had entwined for many a year, ever closer and closer, till they had almost become one, one in feeling, one in love. Ah no! his was too good a spirit, too kind, too sensible of affection, to be able to root out so deep-seated an emotion; and though the object of his love was gone from before his eyes, he turned to everything which brought even a remembrance of her, and loved it for her sake, though, in his deep heart-sickness, he scarce knew or would confess this cause. His regard for the Fool, one of the most affecting and beautiful exhibitions of the supremacy of nature amid all those griefs which would fain steel the heart, and nip its kindred sympathies for ever, sprung thence. We find him asking for his fool again and again, as if impatient of each moment's absence, and he complains, "I have not seen him these two days." One of his knights replies,—

"Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

*Lear.* No more of that; *I have noted it well.*"

Here is the key, then, to his affection for his follower; here the cause of a fondness which manifests itself even when the rain and wind of heaven are beating on his head, when the thunder and the lightning rage above him, and in his bosom knows the canker-worm of grief, and the sharp sting of heartless ingratitude,—filial ingratitude,—is piercing him to the quick: even then, when sorrow might well have extinguished every other sentiment but one of self, he folds his mantle round him saying,—

"How dost, my boy? art cold?"

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee."

When Goneril first shows her evil disposition, and begins to exercise her cruelty and arrogance towards her father, in the affliction of the moment, he looks back regretfully at the past, and, referring to the disinheritor of Cordelia, and the partition of his kingdom between her sisters, he exclaims,—

"Woe that too late repents!"

and immediately afterwards,—

"O most small fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!

Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of nature

From the fixed place; drew from my heart all love,  
And added to the gall. O Lear! Lear! Lear!  
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,  
And thy dear judgment out." (*Striking his head.*)

We see now the progress of the heart back to its former love, and the gradual dissolution of those hard and unjust thoughts which had blinded him once to her truth and goodness, but which were soon too bitterly expiated by sufferings such as might melt the coldest soul to tears. A short time after this, we have another more advanced and decided manifestation of this revulsion of feeling. The fool, who has been hinting very broadly that the two sisters Goneril and Regan are of one spirit in their rapacity and cruelty, recalls to Lear's remembrance the partition of his kingdom. This leads him to review the comparative conduct of Cordelia and her sisters; and, feeling the difference of their natures, and the trifling and unjust reason for which he had condemned her, he cries in the bitterness of his soul,—

"I did her wrong."

Yes, innocence has triumphed! It is beautiful to remark how, after this conclusion is arrived at, he adopts the words with which Cordelia had once told her love, as though doubtful of other expressions of attachment and duty; and addressing Regan, whom he would, though almost against hope, deem true, he says,—

"Thou better know'st

The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude."

But she was not one with whom the gentle bond had influence; she was not one to recognize in the love of a parent, and the thousand kind and affectionate acts by which it still displayed itself, the links of a chain which ought to have bound the heart of the child ever in closer and more endearing union. No! "she tied sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture," on him, and was more cruel than the winds of heaven. All Lear's abjurations amid the storm, and his denunciations of his children, are levelled against Goneril and Regan; and Cordelia is not once included, for he emphatically appeals against his "two pernicious daughters."

His conduct on arriving at the French camp, near Dover, more than all testifies the state of his heart towards Cordelia. Although he was in the same place with her, he will not consent to see her, and the reason, we are informed by Kent, is that—

"A sovereign shame so elbows him. His own kindness,

That stripped her from his benediction, turned her  
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights  
To his dog-hearted daughters: these things sting  
His mind so venomously, that burning shame  
Detains him from Cordelia."

How deep must be the sense of wrong in a father towards his child, when he is thus ashamed to see her! And with one like Lear, whose sensibilities were so finely strung, the more clearly her purity and innocence in reproach against his injustice, the stronger would this feeling of humiliation exist. It is a fine testimony to her goodness.

Thus progressed the establishment of her innocence in the mind of Lear; and the contrast betwixt her and the wretched sisters being brought to a climax, the time has arrived for her reappearance, when we can sympathise with her still and noiseless motions, nor impute her outward calmness

to frigidity of soul. But ere she comes again, another tint is added to her portrait, charming as well by its own beauty, as its exquisite harmony with all that we have conceived of her disposition. A gentleman who brings letters from her to Kent is describing the effect that the intelligence of her father's state had on her; he says—

"Now and then an ample tear trilled down Her delicate cheek. It seemed she was a queen Over her passion; who, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.

Patience and sorrow strove Who should express her goodliest. You have seen Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears Were like a better day. Those happy smiles, That played on her ripe lip, seemed not to know What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence, As pearls from diamonds dropped. In brief, sorrow Would be a rarity most beloved, if all Could so become it.

Once or twice she heaved the name of 'father' Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart; Cried, 'Sisters! sisters! shame of ladies! sisters! Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night?

Let pity not be believed! There she shook The holy water from her heavenly eyes, And clamor moistened: *then away she started, To deal with grief alone.*"

After such an account, it is a most natural transition to the bedside of the sick and broken-hearted monarch, to be introduced again to our long-lost Cordelia, there, smoothing his pillow, and raising to his parched and fevered lips the cooling draught, as she perchance had oftentimes done of yore,—to see her exercising the "kind nursery," beneath whose tenderness he had once hoped "to set his rest," fulfilling the expectations he had formed in the days of his happiness, and rendered now more affecting by being so unlooked-for, so unconsciously experienced. The circumstances under which she reappears are well worthy of her, and tend further to enhance our admiration for her noble and estimable character. Hear the words she murmurs over the sleeping Lear:—

"O my dear father! Restoration hang Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters Have in thy reverence made! Had you not been their father, these white flakes Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face To be exposed against the jarring winds? To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder; In the most terrible and nimble stroke Of quick, cross-lightning? to watch (poor perdu!) With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog, Though he had bit me, should have stood that night

Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father, To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn, In short and musty straw? Alack, Alack!"

Well may we exclaim, with Kent, "Kind and dear princess!" O woman! whatever may be the failings of some of thy sex, whatever their error and weakness, be they such as may appal us with their guiltiness and make us blush for human nature, they cannot stain thy loveliness, for whilst thou art *woman*, whilst thy *true* character is displayed, thou art all grace and beauty! Goneril and Regan had nothing feminine in their characters, and could acts have cast a lasting stigma upon woman, theirs might well have done so, for they were indeed worthy the foul fiend himself; but we turn to the sweet Cordelia, and feel that "she redeems nature from the general curse which twain have brought her to."

The awakening Lear recognizes her, and remembering the wrongs he has done her, most pathetically addresses her amid her tears,—

"If you have poison for me, I will drink it. I know you do not love me; for your sisters Have, as I do remember, done me wrong: You have some cause, they have not."

Very beautiful and comprehensive is her heartfelt deprecation, "No cause, no cause." Ah! did she not love him "according to her bond?"

The joy of the poor old king, even in the midst of misfortune and imprisonment, at his reunion with his beloved, speaks volumes for her. It is still a pursuance of the necessary course of delineation, that her praise should come from others, not from her own lips. He shrinks from meeting the cruel-hearted daughters into whose power he has fallen, but forgetful of all suffering whilst she is by his side, he exclaims,—

"Come, let's away to prison: We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage: When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down And ask of thee forgiveness—so we'll live. And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh At gilded butterflies. He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven, And fire us hence, like foxes."

Poor Cordelia! how sadly did she die! But o'er her death she had a mourner whose sighs were meet to rise to heaven with her pure spirit,—an old and grey-haired father, the monument of filial cruelty and ingratitude, was yet the monument of her true goodness, the herald of her gentle and guileless being. She died, the victim to



her filial piety, and "upon such sacrifices, the gods themselves throw incense." And was it not an end the most appropriate, thus to seal by her silent fate, the holy truths that were her guides through life!

How exquisite is the description of Lear,

"Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."

It is such a perfect realization of the Cordelia of our imagination! But in all things does Shakspeare preserve the harmony of his characters; not even amid the grandest design does he neglect the minute details, which a less expansive mind had either not

observed, or deemed unnecessary to the completeness of the picture.

And now, have we said too much, in styling Cordelia one of the most glorious of the Bard's creations? In conception it is so beautiful, so redolent of gentleness and purity, and encircled with that indescribable charm which makes the very name of woman come to us—

"Like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor,—"

and in execution so refined and delicate, that we feel assured all must agree with a

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREAMY.

Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world all its subsequent scenes.—HALLAM.

### THE BATTLE OF VALMY.

Purpurei metuunt tyranni  
InjuriOSO ne pede proruas  
Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens  
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma  
Concitet imperiumque frangat.

HORAT. *Od.* i. 36.

A little fire is quickly trodden out,  
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

SHAKSPEARE.

[It will be seen that from the title of these spirited sketches, the designating "Six" has been removed—an intimation, probably, that, unable to review all the decisive battles of the world in six articles, the Professor concludes to go on indefinitely.—ED.]

A FEW miles distant from the little town of St. Menchould, in the north-east of France, are the village and hill of Valmy; and near the crest of that hill a simple monument points out the burial-place of the heart of a general of the French republic, and a marshal of the French empire.

The elder Kellerman (father of the distinguished officer of that name, whose cavalry-charge decided the battle of Marengo), held high commands in the French armies throughout the wars of the Conven-

tion, the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire. He survived those wars, and the Empire itself, dying in extreme old age in 1820. The last wish of the veteran on his death-bed was, that his heart should be deposited in the battle-field of Valmy, there to repose among the remains of his old companions in arms, who had fallen at his side on that spot twenty-eight years before, on the memorable day when they won the primal victory of Revolutionary France, and prevented the armies of Brunswick and the emigrant bands of Condé from marching on defenceless Paris, and destroying the immature democracy in its cradle.

The Duke of Valmy (for Kellerman, when made one of Napoleon's military peers in 1802, took his title from this same

battle-field) had participated during his long and active career, in the gauding of many a victory far more immediately dazzling than the one, the remembrance of which he thus cherished. He had been present at many a scene of carnage where blood flowed in deluges, compared with which, the libations of slaughter poured out at Valmy would have seemed scant and insignificant. But he rightly estimated the paramount importance of the battle with which he thus wished his appellation while living, and his memory after his death, to be identified. The successful resistance which the raw Carmagnole levies, and the disorganized relics of the old monarchy's army then opposed to the combined hosts and chosen leaders of Prussia, Austria, and the French refugee noblesse, determined at once and for ever the belligerent character of the Revolution. The raw artisans and tradesmen, the clumsy burghers, the base mechanics and low peasant-churls, as it had been the fashion to term the middle and lower classes in France, found that they could face cannon-balls, pull triggers, and cross bayonets, without having been drilled into military machines, and without being officered by scions of noble houses. They awoke to the consciousness of their own instinctive soldiery. They at once acquired confidence in themselves and in each other; and that confidence soon grew into a spirit of unbounded audacity and ambition. "From the cannonade of Valmy may be dated the commencement of that career of victory which carried their armies to Vienna and the Kremlin."\*

We can now, from what is passing before our eyes, discern even more clearly the importance of the conflict of Valmy, than could Kellerman in 1820, or than could the historian of Europe, from whom the last sentence was quoted, when he composed his great work only a few years ago. The impetus which that triumph gave to the French spirit, was not exhausted in a single career of victory, and was inextinguishable by the alternation of defeat. The restless energy inspired by it was never more fearfully manifest than it is at the present hour. The French Republic is again mustering her armed myriads from among her rural and civic population. Her troops, under the old banner, and with the old war-cry of '96, are again collecting near the foot of the Alps and the bank of the Rhine. Her generals, in their orders of the

\* Alison.

day, breathe the very spirit of the old bulletins; however temporizing and pacific may be the tone of the statesmen who maintain a precarious ascendancy at Paris. With two European wars actually raging before them, with the elements of insurrection and strife in full activity throughout the continent (and, alas, not on the continent only), who can doubt but that thousands of the fiery youth of France are watching eagerly for the first pretext of provocation, that may justify them in coming forward as protectors or avengers, and in once more advancing the tricolor over Lombardy, to Rome and Naples, or to the Danube, the Vistula, and the Baltic? Look, too, at the risk of fatal dissension that exists on every sea where English and French sailors or settlers come into contact. Any hot-headed captain, any petulant commandant, any intriguing missionary, may at once create real or supposed cause of offence between the two proud and jealous nations, such as only blood will wash out. There will be no more proffers of apology, and votes of compensation in such cases,—at least not on the part of France. No statesman in that republic would dare risk the odium which the Pritchard indemnity brought on Guizot. Any French government might at once rise to the zenith of mob and military popularity by declaring war with this country. Good management and good fortune may, for a time, prevent such collisions, but they seem ultimately inevitable. And whenever, and with whomsoever revolutionary France declares war, that war will speedily become European and general. France is too clearly on the eve of a fresh cycle of invasions, conquests, military despotisms, and stern reactions, which must shake the old world to its foundations.

One of the gravest reflexions that arises from the contemplation of the civil restlessness and military enthusiasm, which the close of the last century saw nationalized in France, is the consideration that these disturbing influences have become perpetual. This volcanic people seems destined neither to know nor to suffer permanent rest. No settled system of government, that shall endure from generation to generation, that shall be proof against corruption and popular violence, seems capable of taking root among them. And while we cannot hope to see France calmed and softened down by healing processes from within, there is still less prospect of seeing her effectively curbed, and thoroughly

tamed by force from without. No hostile exertions, however formidably they may be organized, however ably they may be conducted, however triumphant they may be for a time, can trample France out from the list of the living nationalities of Europe, and dismiss her ambition and her power to the Hades of the Past, to the Phantom Memories of Babylon, of Nineveh, of Tyre, of Carthage, and of Rome. A compact and homogeneous nation of thirty-six millions,—all zealous adorers of military fame, and readily susceptible of military habits,—all intensely and arrogantly convinced of their own superiority to the rest of mankind,—all eager for adventure and display, and almost all scoffingly impatient of the control of ancient law or ancient faith—such a nation can never be brought to enduring submission by the results of modern battles; and the stern, exterminating spirit of ancient warfare can never be revived in Europe. Caesar effectually subdued Gaul by slaughtering one-third of its population, and selling thousands of the residue into slavery. France has no such horrors to dread from any defeats, however disastrous, that may be the results of such wars as it may please her from time to time to inflict upon the world. As for dismembering her, like Poland, her geographical position, and that of her antagonists, would render such a scheme futile. The severed provinces would reunite, and the republic “one and indivisible” would re-appear, as soon as the gripe of the conquerors was relaxed by distance, or by disunion among themselves. Indeed, no Anti-Gallican can dream of seeing France more effectively broken down than she was in 1815. Paris was then for the second time in fifteen months occupied by triumphant invaders. Years of destructive, and latterly of disastrous warfare, had drained the land of its youth. Every region, from the sands of Syria to the snows of Muscovy, was strewn with Frenchmen’s bones. Every river from the Dnieper to the Beresina, the Vistula, the Danube, the Elbe, the Rhine, the Tagus, the Douro, the Bidassoa, the Aube, the Marne, and the Seine, had been crimsoned with her defeats. Her flag had been swept from every sea. Powerful foreign armies were cantoned in her territory, and garrisoned her strongholds. A sense of common interest, the recollection of former joint sufferings, and sympathetic exultation for recent joint successes, banded the powers of the earth against her. They seemed knit together in stern watchfulness

over the fallen oppressor, that lay chained before them, like the wolf Fenris beneath the Asæ of the Scandinavian mythology. Men judged of the future accordingly. They deemed that revolution had been forever put down, and that legitimate authority was re-established on an immutable basis. But the power of France was like the tree of Pallas in the Athenian citadel, which, though hewn down by the Persian invader to the very roots, revived, and put forth its branches with redoubled stateliness and vigor. A few years recruited the population of the land; and a generation soon arose which knew not Waterloo, or only knew it as a watchword for revenge. In 1830, the dynasty which foreign bayonets had imposed on France, was shaken off; and men trembled at the expected outbreak of French anarchy and the dreaded inroads of French ambition. They “looked forward with harassing anxiety to a period of destruction similar to that which the Roman world experienced about the middle of the third century of our era.”\* Louis Philippe cajoled Revolution, and then strove with seeming success to stifle it. But, in spite of Fieschi laws, in spite of the dazzle of Algerian razzias and Pyreneë-facing marriages, in spite of hundreds of armed forts, and hundreds of thousands of coercing troops, Revolution lived and struggled to get free. France had no quiet, and Europe no security. The old Titan spirit heaved restlessly beneath “the monarchy based on republican institutions.” At last, in the present year, the whole fabric of king-craft was at once rent and scattered to the winds by the uprising of the Parisian democracy; and insurrections, barricades, and dethronements, the downfalls of coronets and crowns, the armed collisions of parties, systems, and populations, have become for the last few months the commonplace of European history.

It is inaccurate to speak of the first, the second, and the new French Revolution: as if they were distinct unconnected catastrophes, arbitrarily disturbing the regular course of events. There has been, and is, but one French Revolution; and its third and greatest wave is now bursting over us. There have been temporary lulls of the storm, but never any settled calm. The republic which was proclaimed in Paris last month, is the mere continuation by adjournment of the republic which was first

\* See Niebuhr’s Preface to the Second volume of his *History of Rome*, written in October, 1830.

proclaimed on the 20th September, 1792, on the very day of the battle of Valmy, to which it owed its preservation; and from which the imperishable activity of its principles may be dated.

Far different seemed the prospects of democracy in Europe on the eve of that battle; and far different would have been the present position and influence of the French nation, if Brunswick's columns had charged with more boldness, and Dumouriez's lines resisted with less firmness. When France in 1792 declared war with the great powers of Europe, she was far from possessing that splendid military organization which the experience of a few revolutionary campaigns taught her to assume, and which she has never abandoned. The army of the old monarchy had, during the latter part of the reign of Louis XV., sunk into gradual decay both in numerical force and in efficiency of equipment and spirit. The laurels gained by the auxiliary regiments which Louis XVI. sent to the American war did but little to restore the general tone of the army. And the insubordination and license which the revolt of the French guards, and the participation of other troops in many of the first excesses of the revolution introduced among the soldiery, were soon rapidly disseminated through all the ranks. Under the Legislative Assembly every complaint of the soldier against his officer, however frivolous or ill-founded, was eagerly listened to and partially investigated, on the principles of liberty and equality. Discipline accordingly became more and more relaxed. And the dissolution of several of the old corps, under the pretext of their being tainted with an aristocratic feeling, aggravated the confusion and inefficiency of the war-department. Many of the most effective regiments during the last period of the monarchy had consisted of foreigners. These had either been slaughtered in defence of the throne against insurrections, like the Swiss; or had been disbanded, and had crossed the frontier to recruit the forces which were assembling for the invasion of France. Above all, the emigration of the *noblesse* had stripped the French army of nearly all its officers of high rank, and of the greatest portion of its subalterns. Above twelve thousand of the high-born youth of France, who had been trained to regard military command as their exclusive patrimony, and to whom the nation had been accustomed to look up as its natural guides and champions in the storm of war,

were now marshalled beneath the banner of Condé and the other emigrant princes, for the overthrow of the French armies, and the reduction of the French capital. Their successors in the French regiments and brigades had as yet acquired neither skill nor experience; they possessed neither self-reliance, nor the respect of the men who were under them.

Such was the state of the wrecks of the old army; but the bulk of the forces with which France began the war, consisted of raw insurrectionary levies, which were even less to be depended on. The Carmagnoles, as the revolutionary volunteers were called, flocked, indeed, readily to the frontier from every department when the war was proclaimed, and the fierce leaders of the Jacobins shouted that the country was in danger. They were full of zeal and courage, "heated and excited by the scenes of the revolution, and inflamed by the florid eloquence, the songs, dances, and signal-words with which it had been celebrated."<sup>\*</sup> But they were utterly undisciplined, and turbulently impatient of superior authority, or systematic control. Many ruffians, also, who were sullied with participation in the more sanguinary horrors of Paris, joined the camps, and were pre-eminent alike for misconduct before the enemy, and for savage insubordination against their own officers. On one occasion during the campaign of Valmy, eight battalions of federates, intoxicated with massacre and sedition, joined the forces under Dumouriez, and soon threatened to uproot all discipline, saying openly that the ancient officers were traitors, and that it was necessary to purge the army as they had Paris of its aristocrats. Dumouriez posted these battalions apart from the others, placed a strong force of cavalry behind them, and two pieces of canon on their flank. Then affecting to review them, he halted at the head of the line, surrounded by all his staff, and an escort of a hundred hussars. "Fellows," said he, "for I will not call you either citizens or soldiers, you see before you this artillery, behind you this cavalry; you are stained with crimes, and I do not tolerate here assassins or executioners. I know that there are scoundrels amongst you charged to excite you to crime. Drive them from amongst you, or denounce them to me, for I shall hold you responsible for their conduct."<sup>†</sup>

\* Scott. *Life of Napoleon*, vol. i., c. viii.

† Lamartine.

One of our recent historians of the revolution, who narrates this incident,\* thus apostrophises the French general:—

"Patience, O Dumouriez, this uncertain heap of shriekers, mutineers, were they once drilled and inured, will become a phalanx of fighters; and wheel and whirl to order swiftly, like the wind, or the whirlwind; tanned mustachio-figures; often barefoot, even barebacked, with sinews of iron; who require only bread and gunpowder; very sons of fire, the adroitest, hastiest, hottest, ever seen perhaps since Attila's time."

Such phalanx masses of fighters did the Carmagnoles ultimately become; but France ran a fearful risk in having to rely on them, when the process of their transmutation had barely commenced.

The first events, indeed, of the war were disastrous and disgraceful to France, even beyond what might have been expected from the chaotic state in which it found her armies as well as her government. In the hopes of profiting by the unprepared state of Austria, then the mistress of the Netherlands, the French opened the campaign of 1792 by an invasion of Flanders, with forces whose muster-rolls showed a numerical overwhelming superiority to the enemy, and seemed to promise a speedy conquest of that old battle-field of Europe. But the first flash of an Austrian sabre, or the first sound of an Austrian gun was enough to discomfit the French. Their first corps, four thousand strong, that advanced from Lille across the frontier, came suddenly upon a far inferior detachment of the Austrian garrison of Tournay. Not a shot was fired, not a bayonet levelled. With one simultaneous cry of panic the French broke and ran headlong back to Lille, where they completed the specimen of insubordination which they had given in the field, by murdering their general, and several of their chief officers. On the same day another division under Biron, mustering ten thousand sabres and bayonets, saw a few Austrian skirmishers reconnoitring their position. The French advanced posts had scarcely given and received a volley, and only a few balls from the enemy's field-pieces had fallen among the lines, when two regiments of French dragoons raised the cry, "We are betrayed," galloped off, and were followed in disgraceful rout by the rest of the whole army. Similar panics, or repulses almost equally discreditable, occurred whenever Rochambeau, or Luckner, or Lafayette,

\* Carlyle.

the earliest French generals in the war, brought their troops into the presence of the enemy.

Meanwhile the allied sovereigns had gradually collected on the Rhine a veteran and finely-disciplined army for the invasion of France, which for numbers, equipment, and martial renown both of generals and men, was equal to any that Germany had ever sent forth to conquer. Their design was to strike boldly and decisively at the heart of France, and penetrating the country through the Ardennes, to proceed by Chalons upon Paris. The obstacles that lay in their way seemed insignificant. The disorder and imbecility of the French armies had been even augmented by the forced flight of Lafayette, and a sudden change of generals. The only troops posted near the track by which the allies were about to advance, were the twenty-thousand men at Sedan, whom Lafayette had commanded, and a corps of twenty thousand near Metz, the command of which had just been transferred from Luckner to Kellerman. There were only three fortresses which it was necessary for the allies to capture or mask—Sedan, Longwy, and Verdun. The defences and stores of these three were known to be wretchedly dismantled and insufficient; and when these feeble barriers were overcome, at Chalons reached, a fertile and unprotected country seemed to invite the invaders that "military promenade to Paris," which they gaily talked of accomplishing.

At the end of July, the allied army, having fully completed all preparations for the campaign, broke up from its cantonments and marching from Luxembourg upon Longwy, crossed the French frontier. Sixty thousand Prussians, trained in the schools and many of them under the eye of the Great Frederick, heirs of the glories of the Seven Years' War, and universally esteemed the best troops in Europe, marched in a column against the central point of attack. Forty-five thousand Austrians, the greater part of whom were picked troops, and had served in the recent Turkish war, supplied two formidable corps that supported the flanks of the Prussians. There was also a powerful body of Hessians; and, leagued with the Germans against the Parisian democracy, came fifteen thousand of the noblest and the bravest amongst the sons of France. In these corps of emigrants, many of the highest born of the French nobility, scions of houses whose chivalric

phies had for centuries filled Europe with renown, served as rank and file. They looked on the road to Paris as the path which they were to carve out by their swords to victory, to honor, to the rescue of their king, to reunion with their families, to the recovery of their patrimony, and to the restoration of their order.\*

Over this imposing army the Allied Sovereigns placed as generalissimo the Duke of Brunswick, one of the minor reigning princes of Germany, a statesman of no mean capacity, and who had acquired in the Seven Years' War a military reputation second only to that of the Great Frederick himself. He had been deputed a few years before to quell the popular movements which then took place in Holland; and he had put down the attempted revolution in that country with a promptitude and completeness, which appeared to augur equal success to the army that now marched under his orders on a similar mission into France.

Moving majestically forward, with leisurely deliberation, that seemed to show the consciousness of superior strength, and a steady purpose of doing their work thoroughly, the allies appeared before Longwy on the 20th of August, and the dispirited and despondent garrison opened the gates of that fortress to them after the first shower of bombs. On the 2nd of September, the still more important stronghold of Verdun capitulated, after scarcely the shadow of resistance.

Brunswick's superior force was now interposed between Kellerman's troops on the left, and the other French army near Sedan, which Lafayette's flight had, for the time, left destitute of a commander. It was in the power of the German general, by striking with an overwhelming mass to the right and the left, to crush in succession each of these weak armies; and the allies might then have marched irresistible and unresisted upon Paris. But at this crisis Dumouriez, the new commander-in-chief of the French, arrived at the camp near Sedan, and commenced a series of movements by which he reunited the dispersed and disorganized forces of his country, checked the Prussian columns at the very moment when the last obstacles to their triumph seemed to have given way, and finally rolled back the tide of invasion far across the enemy's frontier.

The French fortresses had fallen; but

nature herself still offered to brave and vigorous defenders of the land, the means of opposing a barrier to the progress of the allies. A ridge of broken ground, called the Argonne, extends from the vicinity of Sedan towards the south-west for about fifteen or sixteen leagues. The country of L'Argonne has now been cleared and drained; but in 1792 it was thickly wooded, and the lower portions of its unequal surface were filled with rivulets and marshes. It thus presented a natural barrier of from four to five leagues broad, which was absolutely impenetrable to an army, except by a few defiles, such as an inferior force might easily fortify and defend. Dumouriez succeeded in marching his army down from Sedan behind the Argonne, and in occupying its passes, while the Prussians still lingered on the north-eastern side of the forest line. Ordering Kellerman to wheel round from Metz to St. Menesould, and the reinforcements from the interior and extreme north also to concentrate at that spot, Dumouriez trusted to assemble a powerful force in the rear of the south-west extremity of the Argonne, while with the twenty-five thousand men under his immediate command, he held the enemy at bay before the passes, or forced him to a long circumvolution round one extremity of the forest ridge, during which, favorable opportunities of assailing his flank were almost certain to occur. Dumouriez fortified the principal defiles, and boasted of the Thermopylæ which he had found for the invaders; but the analogy was nearly rendered fatally complete for the defending force. A pass, which was thought of inferior importance, had been but slightly manned, and an Austrian corps under Clairfayt, forced it after some sharp fighting. Dumouriez with great difficulty saved himself from being enveloped and destroyed by the hostile columns that now pushed through the forest. But instead of despairing at the failure of his plans, and falling back into the interior to be completely severed from Kellerman's army, to be hunted as a fugitive under the walls of Paris by the victorious Germans, and to lose all chance of ever rallying his dispirited troops, he resolved to cling to the difficult country in which the armies still were grouped, to force a junction with Kellerman, and so to place himself at the head of a force which the invaders would not dare to disregard, and by which he might drag them back from the advance on Paris, which he had not been able to bar.

\* See Scott. Life of Napoleon, vol. i., c. xi.  
Vol. XIV. No. IV.

Accordingly, by a rapid movement to the south, during which, in his own words, "France was within a hair's-breadth of destruction," and after with difficulty checking several panics of his troops, in which they ran by thousands at the sight of a few Prussian Hussars, Dumouriez succeeded in establishing his head-quarters in a strong position at St. Menchould, protected by the marshes and shallows of the rivers Aisne and Aube, beyond which, to the north-west, rose a firm and elevated plateau, called Dampierre's camp, admirably situated for commanding the road by Chalons to Paris, and where he intended to post Kellerman's army so soon as it came up.\*

The news of Dumouriez's retreat from the Argonne passes, and of the panic flight of some divisions of his troops, spread rapidly throughout the country, and Kellerman, who believed that his comrade's army had been annihilated, and feared to fall among the victorious masses of the Prussians, had halted on his march from Metz when almost close to St. Menchould. He had actually commenced a retrograde movement, when couriers from his commander-in-chief checked him from that fatal course; and, continuing to wheel round the rear and left flank of the troops at St. Menchould, Kellerman, with twenty thousand of the army of Metz, and some thousands of volunteers, who had joined him in the march, made his appearance to the west of Dumouriez's position, on the very evening when Westerman and Thouvenot, two of Dumouriez's staff-officers, galloped in with the tidings that Brunswick's army had come through the upper pass of the Argonne in full force, and was deploying on the heights of La Lune, a chain of eminences that stretch obliquely from south-west to north-east, opposite the high ground which Dumouriez held, and also opposite, but at a shorter distance from, the position which Kellerman was designed to occupy.

The allies were now, in fact, nearer to Paris than were the French troops themselves; but, as Dumouriez had foreseen, Brunswick deemed it unsafe to march upon the capital with so large a hostile force left in his rear between his advancing columns and his base of operations. The young King of Prussia, who was in the allied camp, and the emigrant princes eagerly advocated an in-

stant attack upon the nearest French general, and Kellerman had laid himself unnecessarily open, by advancing beyond Dampierre's camp, which Dumouriez had designed for him, and moving forward across the Aube, to the plateau of Valmy, a post inferior in strength and space to that which he had left, and which brought him close upon the Prussian lines, leaving him separated, by a dangerous interval, from the troops under Dumouriez himself. It seemed easy for the Prussian army to overwhelm him while thus isolated, and then they might surround and crush Dumouriez at their leisure.

Accordingly the right wing of the allied army moved forward in the grey of the morning of the 20th of September, to gain Kellerman's left flank and rear, and cut him off from retreat upon Chalons, while the rest of the army moving from the heights of La Lune, which here converge semicircularly round the plateau of Valmy, were to assail his position in front, and interpose between him and Dumouriez. An unexpected collision between some of the advanced cavalry of each side in the low ground, warned Kellerman of the enemy's approach. Dumouriez had not been unobservant of the danger of his comrade, thus isolated and involved: and he had ordered up troops to support Kellerman on either flank in the event of his being attacked. These troops, however, moved forward slowly; and Kellerman's army ranged on the plateau of Valmy, "projected like a cape into the midst of the lines of the Prussian bayonets." A thick autumnal mist floated in waves of vapour over the plains and ravines that lay between the two armies, leaving only the crests and peaks of the hills glittering in the early light. About ten o'clock the fog began to clear off, and then the French from their promontory saw emerging from the white wreaths of mist, and glittering in the sunshine, the countless Prussian cavalry which were to envelope them as in a net, if once driven from their position, the solid columns of the infantry that moved forward as if animated by a single will, the bristling batteries of the artillery, and the glancing clouds of the Austrian light troops, fresh from their contests with the Spahis of the east.

The best and bravest of the French must have beheld this spectacle with secret apprehension and awe. However bold and resolute a man may be in the discharge of duty,

\* Some late writers represent that Brunswick did not wish to crush Dumouriez. There is no sufficient authority for this insinuation, which seems to have been first prompted by a desire to soothe the wounded military pride of the Prussians.

\* See Lamartine. *Hist. Girond.*, Livre xvii. I have drawn much of the ensuing description from him.

it is an anxious and fearful thing to be called on to encounter danger among comrades of whose steadiness you can feel no certainty. Each soldier of Kellerman's army must have remembered the series of panic routs which had hitherto invariably taken place on the French side during the war; and must have cast restless glances to the right and left, to see if any symptoms of wavering began to show themselves, and to calculate how long it was likely to be before a general rush of his comrades to the rear would either hurry him off with involuntary disgrace, or leave him alone and helpless to be cut down by assailing multitudes.

On that very morning, and at the same hour in which the allied forces and the emigrants began to descend from La Lune to the attack of Valmy, and while the cannonade was opening between the Prussian and the Revolutionary batteries, the debate in the National Convention at Paris commenced on the proposal to proclaim France a Republic.

The old monarchy had little chance of support in the hall of the Convention: but if its more effective advocates at Valmy had triumphed, there were yet the elements existing in France for an effective revival of the better part of the ancient institutions, and for substituting Reform for Revolution. Only a few weeks before, numerous signed addresses from the middle classes in Paris, Rouen, and other large cities, had been presented to the king expressive of their horror of the anarchists, and their readiness to uphold the rights of the crown, together with the liberties of the subject. The ineffable atrocities of the September massacres had just occurred, and the reaction produced by them among thousands who had previously been active on the ultra-democratic side, was fresh and powerful. The nobility had not yet been made utter aliens in the eyes of the nation by long expatriation and civil war. There was not yet a generation of youth educated in revolutionary principles, and knowing no worship save that of military glory. Louis XVI. was just and humane, and deeply sensible of the necessity of a gradual extension of political rights among all classes of his subjects. The Bourbon throne, if rescued in 1792, would have had the chances of stability such as did not exist for it in 1814, and seem never likely to be found again in France.

Serving under Kellerman on that day was one who has experienced, perhaps, the most deeply of all men, the changes for good and

for evil, which the French Revolution has produced. He who now, in his second exile, bears the name of the Count de Neuilly in this country, and who lately was Louis Philippe, King of the French, figured in the French lines at Valmy as a young and gallant officer, cool and sagacious beyond his years, and trusted accordingly by Kellerman and Dumouriez with an important station in the national army. The Duc de Chartres (the title he then bore) commanded the French right, General Valence was on the left, and Kellerman himself took his post in the centre, which was the strength and key of his position.

Contrary to the expectations of both friends and foes, the French infantry held their ground steadily under the fire of the Prussian guns, which thundered on them from La Lune; and their own artillery replied with equal spirit and greater effect on the denser masses of the allied army. Thinking that the Prussians were slackening in their fire, Kellerman formed a column in charging order, and dashed down into the valley in the hope of capturing some of the nearest guns of the enemy. A masked battery opened its fire on the French column, and drove it back in disorder, Kellerman having his horse shot under him, and being with difficulty carried off by his men. The Prussian columns now advanced in turn. The French artillerymen began to waver and desert their posts, but were rallied by the efforts and example of their officers; and Kellerman, reorganizing the line of his infantry, took his station in the ranks on foot, and called out to his men to let the enemy come close up, and then to charge them with the bayonet. The troops caught the enthusiasm of their general, and a cheerful shout of *Vive la nation*, taken up by one battalion from another, pealed across the valley to the assailants. The Prussians hesitated from a charge up hill against a force that seemed so resolute and formidable; they halted for a while in the hollow, and then slowly retreated up their own side of the valley.

Indignant at being thus repulsed by such a foe, the King of Prussia formed the flower of his men in person, and riding along the column, bitterly reproached them with letting their standard be thus humiliated. Then he led them on again to the attack, marching in the front line, and seeing his staff mowed down around him by the deadly fire which the French artillery



re-opened. But the troops sent by Dumouriez were now co-operating effectually with Kellerman, and that general's own men, flushed by success, presented a firmer front than ever. Again the Prussians retreated, leaving eight hundred dead behind, and at nightfall the French remained victors on the heights of Valmy.

All hopes of crushing the Revolutionary armies, and of the Promenade to Paris, had now vanished, though Brunswick lingered

long in the Argonne, till distress and sickness wasted away his once splendid force, and finally but a mere wreck of it recrossed the frontier. France, meanwhile felt that she possessed a giant's strength, and like a giant, did she use it. Before the close of that year all Belgium obeyed the National Convention at Paris, and the kings of Europe, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, trembled once more before a conquering military Republic.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

### LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

1. *The Prose Writers of America.* By Rufus W. Griswold. Bentley.
2. *The Statesmen of America in 1846.* By Sarah Mytton Maury Longmans.

AMERICAN literature, in the opinion of Mr. Rufus Griswold, has not received its due share of attention at the hands of the English public; who remain in half-wilful ignorance of its merits, its progress, and in particular its growing nationality. To draw our attention to these things, Mr. Griswold has made a collection of choice passages from the most meritorious American prose writings, which he publishes, that they may speak for themselves, without any comment on his part, excepting a brief flourish of trumpets somewhat formally styled a biographical memoir, at the entrance of each fresh personage upon the stage. The body of the work before us, therefore, forms a sort of cyclopædia of American literature; an accumulation so extensive and so miscellaneous that a reviewer may very well be excused from a detailed examination and commentary. But, in a preliminary essay, Mr. Griswold enters into a full discussion of the general state and prospects of his native literature; and this portion of the work is suggestive of much reflection.

Mr. Griswold, we may premise, is not one of those Americans who displease their readers, and forfeit their credit at the outset, by indiscriminate and unbounded laudation of every product of their country. His tone is calm and temperate, and he has not shrunk from the disagreeable duty of pointing out the blemishes and fail-

ings of that which, as a whole, is the subject of his eulogy. He lays his finger, though tenderly, upon the sores which a less honest advocate would have hidden out of sight. He acknowledges, for example, that American literature has sometimes been too humble a candidate for popularity; has stooped from its lofty station as the guide and teacher, to be the flatterer, of public opinion; and too often silencing its own doubts, has contentedly been the mouth-piece of popular fallacies. It is in some degree the same with ourselves. Literature, even in this country, can hardly be said to have yet attained a perfect independence; it has only changed patrons. If it is no longer dependent on the noble, the wealthy, the man of taste who affects the Mæcenæ; if it does not now hang about the antechambers of the great, or debase itself for hire in dedications; if its masters are now more numerous, and less able to act in concert for the giving or taking away of reputations; and if the man of letters may so far stand more erect and fearless than of old: still, he has masters, jealous and exacting masters too, though affecting the posture of scholars; and he must often see before him the alternative of catering to the tastes, in other words, flattering the prejudices of the public, or writing works that nobody will read. America, in this respect, does but follow in our train: though it may be, as public opinion

is more despotic and one-sided there than here, the mischief is more keenly felt. Here, certainly, the diversities of party and sect serve in some degree—so long as a writer has a party at his back—as safeguards for the independence of literature.

According to Mr. Griswold, the acknowledged inferiority, in certain branches, of American to English literature, is chiefly, if not altogether, owing to the absence of a law of international copyright. The system of legalized freebooty—that right of border-foray—which enables an American publisher to appropriate the labors of an English author, and defraud him of his hire, has been, by a most just retribution, the bane of American literature. Thanks to this system, authorship by profession is in America a career, if not impossible and unknown, at least one to which the entrance is fenced off by difficulties that must deter many from venturing upon it. On this point Mr. Griswold speaks with authority.

"A short time before Mr. Washington Irving was appointed minister to Spain, he undertook to dispose of a production of merit, written by an American who had not yet established a commanding name in the literary market, but found it impossible to get an offer from any of the principal publishers. 'They even declined to publish it at the author's cost,' he says, 'alleging that it was not worth their while to trouble themselves about native works, of doubtful success, while they could pick and choose among the successful works daily poured out by the British press, *for the copyright of which they had nothing to pay.*' And not only is the American thus in some degree excluded from the audience of his countrymen, but the publishers, who have a control over many of the newspapers and other periodicals, exert themselves, in the way of their business, to build up the reputation of the foreigner whom they rob, and to destroy that of the home author who aspires to a competition with him.

"This legalized piracy," continues Mr. Griswold, warning as he proceeds, "supported by some sordid and base arguments, keeps the criminal courts busy; makes divorce committees in the legislature standing instead of special; every year yields abundant harvests of profligate sons and daughters; and inspires a growing contempt for our plain republican forms and institutions. Injurious as it is to the foreign author, it is more so to the American, and it falls with heaviest weight upon the people at large, whom it deprives of that nationality of feeling which is among the first and most powerful incentives to every kind of greatness."—*American Prose Writers*, p. 8.

Let us be careful, however, not to damage our argument by overstating it. Injurious as may be the effect of the present system,

by spoiling the market for native American productions, it is not to be supposed that this circumstance will ever stifle or silence the voice of true genius, or rob America of one work of supreme and transcendent merit. High and rare powers of thought or feeling owe no fealty to publishers, are not the servants of the market, do not bloom or fade at the bidding of the book-trade, and ask no international copyright for their protection. The impulse that forces genius to utter itself is far different from that which induces men to work for a livelihood; and wherever that impulse—that is, wherever genius—exists, it will make its way through all obstacles, at a pace which no golden recompense can greatly hasten, no neglect greatly retard. It may be that genius thrives most under difficulty, that "singing birds should not be fed too well;" not, however, for the reason commonly assigned, that it needs the spur of hunger to keep it to its paces; but because the struggle with hardship strengthens and disciplines the mental powers, because the frosts of poverty prevent the mischief of a too early blossoming, because the absence of material and sensuous delights makes genius cling the more fondly to the delight it finds in its own utterance. Again, it may be that genius thrives most in neglect: for then, despairing and heedless of popularity, it seeks only to please itself, and is not seduced from its own true canons of taste by any motive for conforming to the less pure tastes of the multitude. Thus much, at least, is certain: if discouragement is not, to high genius, a benefactor, it is no mortal enemy; it will put it to the test, it will make it suffer, but will never crush or silence it. "When God commands," says Milton, "to take the trumpet, and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say, or what he shall forbear." But, though all this be true, there yet remains much truth in Mr. Griswold's complaint. The literature of a country is not composed entirely, nor even principally, of the products of high genius; it does not depend on genius for its existence or utility; and, if bound by fetters such as only genius has the strength to break, literature, more feeble, may invoke the aid of law to release it. Great poets and great thinkers appear at long intervals, and make the times they live in memorable for generations: they are too few to constitute, at any one period, a current litera-

ture. The ordinary fruits of a well-trained understanding,—readiness of adaptation, clearness of arrangement, judgment, good sense, and information—are the highest qualities one has a right to expect of a mere literary man, a member of that body whose accumulated labors constitute a literature of the day. And when we reflect what great things this current literature is doing and has done; what a power it wields, in the newspaper and periodical press; how it is the true sovereign ruler of the land; how noble a warfare it wages with error, fanaticism, sordid neglect, and inhumanity; when we see slavery abolished, commerce liberated, religions rendered tolerant, ignorance routed, by the patient united efforts of a current literature; who shall deny that everything which tends to the fostering, training, strengthening, and purifying of this mighty engine, is of the highest national concernment? And certainly America, in thus cramping and stifling her native literature by an act of national dishonesty, uses a policy from which herself eventually must be the chief sufferer. It is no conclusive answer to this reasoning to say, that America has, unaffected by any law of foreign copyright, the practical part and net result of all literature, its application to the business of life, embodied in newspapers and political speeches; and that all beyond this is merely ornamental, and altogether out of the sphere of nationality. By no means: to furnish matter for these newspapers and pamphlets there must first be books; men's thoughts must first be freely developed, and spread open to their full dimensions, and in that shape studied and reflected on, before they can gain admittance to the public mind, and produce practical results, in that compendious and imperfect form that alone is possible to the pamphleteer. Besides, first principles and universal truths must not be sullied by intermixture with the fumes of party spirit, or they can never hope to gain general acceptance and reverence due. The politician may avail himself of the labors of the political philosopher, but the philosopher must never dip his pen in the gall of the politician. It were equally far from the truth to say, that in all that portion of literature which lies beyond the sphere of politics there is no scope for nationality. Nationality is a thing too much interwoven with man's lives, too closely worked into all their ways of acting, judging, and thinking, to be put on merely for the political

assembly or the debating-club: it makes itself visible nowhere more conspicuously than in this very portion of literature which we call ornamental. The difference between an Englishman and a Frenchman is not more strongly marked than the difference between an English and a French novel. In politics, in morals, in religion, the insinuating lessons of the lighter literature are often more effectual than any other teaching; and if a nation is to be great, its rulers should sedulously promote a healthful national literature. Herein, certainly, the model republic acts not more ungenerously than unwisely.

We are to consider, however, what things American literature, hampered as it is, has accomplished; and, for this purpose, our method must be, first to trace the several branches of the stream, and inquire what has been done in each department; and afterwards to turn our attention to the united current, and perhaps hazard a conjecture as to its course and destination.

The noblest domain of letters, without doubt, if we were to judge from the dignity of the subject, must be that which has reference to religion. But since most, if not all Christian sects, have agreed to divorce religion from reasoning, and exalt faith by debasing and contemning the understanding, works of controversial divinity, secluded of necessity from ethical and intellectual philosophy, debarred from the free use of argument, and degenerated into almost a bare citation of texts, are become, from the nature of the case, uninteresting and unprofitable reasoning, and by common consent are left in the hands of one class of writers and one class of students. In this field we shall not pause to inquire how the American clergy have acquitted themselves.

In philosophy, the second in dignity if we regard its subject, and the first, if we regard the powers of mind necessary for the treating of it, we are disposed to believe that Mr. Griswold's book gives a false and injurious impression of American proficiency. The author, whether from undervaluing that which the wisest of ancient and modern times have rated as the noblest employment of the human mind, or from believing the study unpopular at the present day, has not even named philosophy as a distinct subject of American prose writing. The few philosophical works he designs to notice, he distributes under the heads of theology or essays,—the latter with as much propriety as if we were to place the essays

of Hume and Blanchard in the same class. From so ignominious a treatment of philosophy, one naturally concludes that it must be an object of study lightly esteemed in America, or unsuccessfully prosecuted. We have always understood, however, that this is by no means the case; that there is some sort of affinity, in this respect, between the American mind and the German, a certain proneness to abstract speculation, which, though benumbed in the many by the necessities and tendencies of a money-getting way of life, yet displays itself wherever there is leisure and scholarship. The philosophies of Germany, we believe, have taken root far wider and deeper in America than in England. Transcendentalism flourishes there. Kant has been twice translated into American English. Carlyle has more admirers across the Atlantic than at home: and, if all this amounts to no more, the very diseases and extravagances of philosophy prove at least its existence, not to say its diffusion, among the less cultivated classes. In no country where philosophical studies were not somewhat popular, and carried to some extent, could such a writer as Mr. Emerson have appeared as the only American philosopher with whose works we are at all familiar. The boldness, not to call it audacity, of his doctrines, and of the tone in which he propounds them; the way in which he takes for granted, and supposes his readers familiar with, the most recondite propositions of an ideal philosophy, propositions the most remote from general acceptance in this country; argue a high respect on his part for the philosophical attainments of his readers, a respect not unmerited, if we may judge from the popularity Mr. Emerson is said to enjoy in his own country.

This American school of ideal, or, as it is there called, Transcendental Philosophy, of which Mr. Emerson stands for us as the representative, affords some striking indications of a peculiar national spirit and turn of mind; germs, perhaps, of that nationality which Mr. Griswold so aspires after: and it is under this aspect alone that we are at present called upon to consider the subject. One is struck at first sight by the great lengths to which this school carries the notion of isolation and personal independence. Such a sentiment, perhaps, lies at the foundation of all idealism, and would seem to have actuated Berkeley and his followers; who, marking a broad line of distinction between the evidence that

proves to every man his own existence, and that which proves to him the existence of other beings,—magnifying consciousness at the expense of perception,—declare each man to be for himself the centre of all things. Idealism, it is clear, must thrive most in self-poised and self-sufficient natures; the strong development of social feeling and human sympathy is hostile to it, as carrying the mind abroad from itself, and instinctively forcing it to believe that other beings have an existence as real as its own. We may conclude, perhaps, that the prevalence of idealism in America is one result of the extreme notions that prevail there concerning personal independence. And this seems the more probable, since the American idealist carries this favorite notion of man's self-poisedness more into practice than do the disciples of the same philosophy elsewhere. Mr. Emerson, for example, would have us all conform our behavior to this ideal theory; and seems almost to forget that men are naturally gregarious, so strongly does he feel that man can stand alone.

"I like," he says, "that every chair should be a throne, and hold a king: I prefer a tendency to stateliness to an excess of fellowship. Let the incommunicable objects of nature, and the metaphysical isolation of man, teach us independence. Let us not be too much acquainted. . . . We should meet each morning as from foreign countries, and, spending the day together, should depart at night as into foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate. Let us sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak all round Olympus. The height, the deity of man, is to be self-sustained, to need no gift, no foreign force. Society is good when it does not violate me; but best when it is likeliest to solitude."

We might notice, as another characteristic peculiarity in the tone of this philosophy, a certain hyperbole of speech, a straining after effect, a dissatisfaction with every doctrine or expression that cannot be wrenched into a paradox, which really seems akin to the Munchausen vein of exaggeration-run-mad, that distinguishes American humor from all other kinds. But, as this peculiarity belongs more or less to every branch of American literature, we shall here pass it by, and content ourselves with noticing one more national trait in this transcendentalism. Mr. Emerson is so great a republican that he would make nature a republican too. He maintains that all men, intellectually and morally, are

by nature of equal capacity and altogether alike; that every man has within him the seeds of all genius, speculative or active, and only needs the ripening beam of circumstance to be a Shakspeare, a Newton, or a Cromwell. In this doctrine there is no doubt a considerable intermixture of truth. He is a very superficial student of humanity who dwells entirely on the peculiarities and differences of men, without penetrating to those properties which all share in common. Men's diversity is in great measure the result of mere extraneous causes; of difference of laws and institutions, of climate and mode of living, of physical structure and temperament, and the like. Men differ most in those things which are of least concernment; in those which are regulated by custom, in which caprice and humor have free play, over which the bodily necessities tyrannize. Their peculiarities are most visible in the drawing-room or the market-place; when they are idle, or busied in the common journey-work of life. In things that touch them to the quick, all men are alike. Let passion come into play—let them be touched by pity, struck down by a great sorrow, or animated with a lofty enthusiasm—their diversity vanishes; all wear one will, and use one common language. The most exalted poetry speaks in most familiar and household phrase to the soul of the meanest man. As tragedy, which bids us make the sorrows of great hearts our own, is superior in worth and dignity to comedy, which bids us mark the follies of beings unlike ourselves, so is the study of man's common nature better worth our following than the study of men's peculiarities. Still, when all this is allowed for, we cannot but believe that the order of the creation, as regards the soul and intellect of man, is an aristocratic order: that, as all the inferior creatures, from the reptile to the elephant, occupy a regular ascending scale, so do the natures of men; and we suspect that Mr. Emerson's faith in man's natural equality is in some measure the insensible product of his doctrine of political equality; a doctrine, however, which rests upon a very different basis, for inferiority of intellect is not a reason for permitting the strong to oppress the weak, but a reason for securing to the weak the protection of the law.

From philosophy we turn to history. In this department of letters, it was hardly to be expected that America should have displayed great proficiency. Cut off by the

ocean from an interest in the movements and destinies of Europe, and by the revolution from an interest in her own past and that of the mother country, modern history, that portion which most nearly concerns and interests ourselves, has, to America, become almost a matter of indifference. Her own gigantic form of civilization is altogether so unlike any that has yet come to maturity, that its ultimate development can only be guessed at, and our conjecture can scarcely be assisted by any precedents which history furnishes. The study of history must naturally flourish most where it is most useful; in states surrounded by powerful neighbors, whose policy has to be watched; in times when revolutions appear imminent, when dynastic changes, and the grand movements that history chronicles, fill the minds and agitate the passions of men; in England, under the Stuarts; in France at present. Americans may reasonably wish the time to be far distant when history shall be studied with avidity by themselves. However, when this is taken into the account, it must be acknowledged that the historical literature of America is very creditable. The names of Prescott and Bancroft redeem their country from the reproach of barrenness in this field. Mr. Prescott has been so recently before the public, that it would be superfluous here to do more than simply to express our sense of his merit, as a spirited and dramatic narrator, a perspicuous and elegant writer, who has enriched the scantily-furnished shelf of histories in the English tongue with two or three volumes that posterity will not willingly let die. With Mr. Bancroft's "History of the United States" we are little familiar, and can neither verify nor gainsay the judgment which Mr. Griswold passes upon it, as follows:—

"Mr. Bancroft's 'History of the United States' is one of the great works of the present age, stamped more plainly with its essential character than any other of a similar sort that has been written. The subject of the birth and early experiences of a radically new and thoroughly independent nation has a deep philosophical interest, which, to the historian, is instead of that dramatic attraction, of which the few incidents in the progress of small communities, scattered over a continent, independent of each other, and all dependent on a foreign power, are necessarily destitute. This Mr. Bancroft perceives; and entering deeply into the spirit of the times, he becomes insensibly the advocate of the cause of freedom, which invalidates his testimony. He suffers too much

'his passion to instruct his reason.' He is more mastered by his subject than himself master of it. Liberty with him is not the result of an analytical process, but the basis of his work, and he builds upon it synthetically.

"When Mr. Bancroft commenced his labors, the very valuable but incomplete history of Judge Marshall, was the only work on the subject, by a native author, that was deserving of much praise. Grahame's faithful history of the colonization, and the brilliant account of the revolution by Botta, were acknowledged to be the best histories of the country for their respective periods. This fact alone was sufficient to guide an American historian in the choice of his theme, had he been less deeply imbued than Mr. Bancroft with the principles which our history illustrates.

"Whatever may be the merit of some of Mr. Bancroft's opinions, there are, in the volumes he has published, no signs of a superficial study of events. His narrative is based on contemporary documents, and he has shown remarkable patience in collecting, and in asserting, comparing, and arranging them. In this respect his work is singularly faithful. In regard to the character and adventures of many of the early discoverers, the principles and policies of the founders of several of the States, and the peculiarity and influences of the various classes of colonists, the details are full, and the reflections eminently philosophical. The languages, religions, and rural and warlike customs of the Indians, are also treated in a manner that evinces much research and ingenuity. Mr. Bancroft's style is elaborate, scholarly, and forcible, though sometimes not without a visible effort at eloquence; and there is occasionally a dignity of phrase that is not in keeping with the subject matter. It lacks the delightful ease and uniform proportion which mark the diction of Prescott."—*Prose Writers of America*, p. 405.

If historical literature, in so young a nation as the United States, cannot reasonably be expected greatly to flourish; on the other hand, this same youthfulness, coupled with democratic institutions, imparts a great prominence to that portion of letters which has reference to "history in the making," i. e. politics. "Oratory, or public speaking," says Mrs. Maury, in her recent work,\* "may be considered at the present moment as constituting, not only the best and most exalted, but the vital and essential portion of American literature." And certainly, if we consider how much more important a part oratory plays across the Atlantic than at home; how keen an interest, almost amounting to a disease and frenzy, almost every American takes in politics; and how the excitement is kept alive by elections, public meetings, anniversary festivals, and occasions of speech-making almost unintermittent; we

may reasonably conclude that oratory must be as important a branch of letters (if we may call it so) among the Americans as it ever was with the Athenians. It would be too much to expect that it should be cultivated with the same success.

To estimate the merits of Transatlantic oratory, abundant materials have within the last year or two been placed within our reach. Besides all that Mr. Griswold has written and quoted on the subject, there is a collection of choice passages and beauties of American rhetoric, selected with taste in Mrs. Maury's "Statesmen of America,"—a work whose merits have had the misfortune to be buried under the unpopularity of certain tenets, very prominently put forward, and energetically maintained by the authoress, on the subject of slavery and catholicism. That the "Statesmen of America" should have been severely criticized at the time of its appearing, does not surprise us; though there were one or two coarse and ungenerous attacks upon it, that did no credit to the writers: for it requires a rare mental integrity, at once strongly to dissent from an author's doctrines, to hold them pernicious and desire to check their diffusion, and at the same time, not merely to abstain from unfair weapons and methods of attack, but also frankly to acknowledge and do justice to the ability with which those doctrines have been supported. We regret, however, that Mrs. Maury's Pusyite and pro-slavery opinions have been the means of materially detracting from the usefulness of a book which is written with much spirit, in a style of remarkable purity and elegance, bearing the stamp of a refined and highly cultivated mind, and which has at least this merit, the only one perhaps that is strictly germane to the present occasion,—that it furnishes materials, not previously to be found in this country, for appreciating American oratory.

From the perusal of these flowers of rhetoric we rise with feelings, on the whole, of disappointment. We expected to find a marked superiority over parallel passages from speeches in our own House of Commons; such as should correspond to the mental superiority of men freely chosen from, and by the great body of the people, and who, for the most part, owe their position to their own talents and exertions, over men placed in their seats by the accidents of birth, or fortune, or connexion. In this country, political eloquence is confess-

\* "An Englishwoman in America."

edly at a low ebb. The general indifference to party politics, which men begin to look upon as a mere scramble for place; the practical and somewhat cold temperament of the English people, and the aristocratic prejudices which narrow the field of political competition, are unfavorable circumstances. The best speeches of our greatest orators are with difficulty read, and make but a feeble impression, even while the subject-matter of them retains its freshness. None of our statesmen can expect that, like Burke or Chatham, his words will live after him, and be studied, when the occasion that drew them forth shall be forgotten, for their wisdom or their eloquence. The interest of the subjects is not more short-lived and transient than is the oratory itself: it is not amber that encrusts these straws. But we are disappointed to find that the same thing is true with regard to America. Webster, indeed, is masculine and impressive; Clay, persuasive, winning, and pathetic; Calhoun, philosophic: all three speak like men of talent and information, but an air of common-place is upon even these, the princes of American rhetoric. As foreigners, we can pronounce with the impartiality of posterity. Divested of interest in the subjects, we should be able to judge whether the manner in which these speakers handle them is such as will bear the touch of time; and the insupportable weariness with which we read, proves, we think, that it will not.

The fact is, public speaking, far more than any branch of closet literature, requires for its development a correspondence between the taste and temperament of the speaker and of the auditory. An author, in his library, can despise and forget the tastes of the day, and imagine himself the contemporary of Plato, or Cicero, or Bacon, and tune his mind to their pitch, and write with weight and gravity, as addressing himself to hearers "fit though few." In the court-house or the senate, the powerful influence of man's presence puts such thoughts to flight: the speaker is forced to bring his mind into contact with those that he addresses; he is at the mercy of his audience, and, if he cannot raise their tempers to the loftiness of his own, his must sink to theirs. Erskine, it is well known, could not speak with effect, if any one of his jurymen remained stolid and unmoved. And, if eloquence is cold and tame with a phlegmatic audience, with an uncultivated audience, greedy of coarse food and strong excitement,

devoid of the mental temperance that with an Athenian was an instinct, and with an Englishman is the result of breeding,—with such an audience eloquence must needs grow meretricious, and sink into rant and fustian. This, we fear, seems the Charybdis of American rhetoric.

Eloquence, we are persuaded, will never flourish in America or at home, so long as the public taste is infantile enough to measure the value of a speech by the hours it occupies, and to exalt copiousness and fertility, to the absolute disregard of conciseness. The efficacy and value of compression can scarcely be overrated. The common air we beat aside with our breath, compressed, has the force of gunpowder, and will rend the solid rock; and so it is with language. A gentle stream of persuasives may flow through the mind, and leave no sediment; let it come at a blow, as a cataract, and it sweeps all before it. It is by this magnificent compression that Cicero confounds Cataline, and Demosthenes overwhelms Æschines; by this that Mark Antony, as Shakspeare makes him speak, carries the heart away with a bad cause; by this that Lady Macbeth makes us, for the moment, sympathize with murder. The language of strong passion is always terse and compressed; genuine conviction uses few words; there is something of artifice and dishonesty in a long speech. No argument is worth using, because none can make a deep impression, that does not bear to be stated in a single sentence. Our marshalling of speeches, essays, and books, according to their length—deeming that a great work which covers a great space;—this "inordinate appetite for printed paper," which devours so much, and so indiscriminately, that it has no leisure for fairly tasting anything, is pernicious to all kinds of literature, but fatal to oratory. The writer who aims at perfection, is forced to dread popularity, and steer wide of it; the orator, who must court popularity, is forced to renounce the pursuit of genuine and lasting excellence.

From the troubled waters of politics, we move onward to more tranquil regions. In jurisprudence, America undoubtedly has done much that is admirable. No English law-book, we have understood, can be placed in the same rank with Judge Story's Commentaries—works which even in this country are much studied, and often referred to as authorities. The philosophical spirit in which these books are written, the

perpetual recurrence to first principles, the absence of a petty technicality, contrast very favorably with some of the most admired productions of English lawyers. American law would seem to be less the slave of precedent than the English; a circumstance no doubt owing, in a great measure, to the diversity of laws in the several states of the Union, which, necessarily bringing an American lawyer acquainted with several systems of legislation, alike in their first principles, yet diverging in particulars of practice, forces upon him a perpetual attention to the distinction, so often lost sight of by English lawyers, between fundamentals and details. Jurisprudence, however, is a subject that hardly claims our notice, since it seems improper to treat it as a branch of literature.

The same thing may be said of natural philosophy, which Mr. Griswold likewise descants upon. We shall content ourselves with extracting what appears to us a judicious observation on the subject.

"The cultivation of purely mechanical and natural science has been carried much too far in this country, or rather has been made too exclusive and absorbing. It is not the highest science, for it concerns only that which is around us—which is altogether outward. Man is greater than the world of nature in which he lives, and just as clearly must the science of man, the philosophy of his moral and intellectual being, rank far above that of the soulless creation which was made to minister to his wants. When, therefore, this lower science so draws to itself the life of any age as to disparage and shut out the higher, it works to the well-being of that age an injury."—p. 26.

Passing over the small wares of literature, as pamphlets, review articles, essays on manners, and fugitive pieces, serious or humorous, in which matters it may be that America neither can nor cares to compete with the mother country, there only remains for our notice the region of fiction. Considering how highly it is the fashion to prize this branch of letters, it may seem improper to place it at the bottom of the list. Undoubtedly, one or two great works in this department seem to prove that novel writing may be used as the medium for conveying almost all the lessons that formerly were only to be learnt from the philosopher or the poet. The essential part of philosophy is its teaching us new truths concerning our own nature; and whether this be done by a didactic treatise or in the form of a narrative, matters little: the young and indolent may prefer the more

entertaining method, while graver minds will be for the more direct, complete, and systematic; but the nature of the instruction is the same for both. The essential part of poetry, again, is certainly not the versification; that—except so far as the dwelling upon the thoughts which it requires, or the delight which it inspires, may react upon the mind of the poet, and stimulate it to loftier flights—is but a form and accident of poetry. The essence of poetry, whatever it be—for it is a thing hard to define—may, and often does, exist in conjunction with the form of prose narration. It would be unreasonable to deny that some of Mr. Dickens's works, for instance, contain much poetry. Considering, then, that a novel may be a philosophy, that it may be an epic, it seems hard to treat this as the lowest species of composition. But, on the other hand, it may be said with justice, that in assigning rank to any large and miscellaneous class of things, we must be guided, not by its possibilities, but by its ordinary and average products; and, viewing the matter in this light, novel writing, a field that lies open to all, and whose fruits may be gathered with less of labor and previous tillage than any other kind, is so overrun with the poorer sort of laborers, that it seems impossible to set much store by it. The first and obvious business of the novelist is, to tell an amusing or interesting story; this alone is his peculiar province; and if certain gifted minds have embellished and dignified this task with jewels borrowed from the wardrobe of poetry or philosophy, it may perhaps be said that in so doing they have wandered out of their sphere, and ceased to be mere novelists. Now, without being ungrateful to those who tell us interesting stories, nay, while acknowledging that to be thus carried out of ourselves may sometimes be useful and improving, we must still maintain that the story-teller is not our best and most honorable preceptor. We value one original reflection above twenty original tales, as well for its intrinsic usefulness as for the power of mind which it evinces. Novel writing, then, whether we consider its ordinary fruits, or its distinctive end and purpose, must, as compared with other departments of letters, rank low.

Of American laborers in this field, two only can be said to have an European reputation,—Washington Irving and Cooper. The author of the "Sketch Book," whom



Hazlitt contemptuously calls "a mere filagree man," frequently pleases by touches of quaint humor and a natural sentiment at times bordering on the pathetic. Of Cooper's earlier works we have a grateful remembrance, which a maturer judgment strives against in vain. Mr. Cooper has in a high degree, we think, two of the chief excellences of Sir Walter Scott; his writings affect the imagination like pictures, and he has the rare art of carrying the reader's attention forward with a lively and vigorous movement; while, on the other hand, his judgment is the slave of prejudice, his moralizing very common-place, and we read without growing the better or wiser. As for the illustrious obscure whose names have not crossed the Atlantic, it must suffice to notice their existence in the following extract from Mr. Griswold's book:—

"The field of romantic fiction has for a quarter of a century been thronged with laborers. I do not know how large the national stock may be, but I have in my own library more than seven hundred volumes of novels, tales, and romances, by American writers. Comparatively few of them are of so poor a sort as to be undeserving of a place in any general collection of our literature. Altogether they are not below the average of English novels for this present century; and the proportion which is marked by a genuine originality of manner, purpose, and feeling, is much larger than those who have not read them are aware."—p. 28.

Having thus glanced through the several departments of American literature, we have but a few words to say on its aspect, considered as a whole. We find in it two conflicting tendencies. The one, setting up foreign standards of excellence, imitating, with exaggeration, the prominent features of English literature, careful, above all things, to shun extravagance, leads writers, in their admiration of precision and elegance, to the verge of tameness. The other, which seems the natural expression of the American character, is a tendency to admire all that is high-flown and energetic, and hence to run occasionally into an "Eracles' vein," more amusing than edifying. This latter tendency, with all its dangers, appears to us the more native, spontaneous, and likely to thrive; and we must look to this as the germ of a true American literature. We are to recollect that America has some predominance of Irish blood in its veins; and even were it not so, every people, in the earlier stages of their develop-

ment, possess more of enthusiasm than refined taste. An *Æschylus* must always precede an *Euripides*. And, though it is true that America is open to all the influences of Europe, and has the means of imbibing the most modern fashions as they spring up, in literature, as in other things, it is not the less necessary that her native literature should go through the process of a growth from the first bud. The literature of every independent nation, it would seem, is so bound up with all its national peculiarities, that it must have a root of its own; and though it may emulate the full-grown plants around it, and spring up the faster for their shelter, and be enriched by the drippings from their sprays, yet must it derive its sustenance from its native soil. In England, the necessity for such an internal development, gradually proceeding from a crude and feeble infancy, has not been obviated by the continual presence of classic models, though made the chief study of our youth. In America, the masterpieces of modern English letters can scarcely be expected to produce a more powerful influence over the literature of the land, than have the writings of Cicero or Xenophon over ours. Though the language be the same, the tone of mind is equally foreign. The literature of the United States, then, must grow up with the national character of the United States, and its nature must be the counterpart of that. And as we are not disposed here to enter upon the wide, and perhaps insoluble question—What is to be the destiny of the United States, and what the national character? we must be content to leave the prospects of her literature in obscurity. At present we discern nothing, whether in the public acts of the Union, or its literature, but the petulance, the crude energies, the inharmonious blending of strength and weakness, which characterize an immature age; together with a certain gigantic expansiveness, that seems to promise, one day, to outgrow everything European, and leave us far behind. It would be unreasonable, then, to deduce an unfavorable omen for American literature in times to come, from the comparative poverty and scantiness of its products as exhibited in the volume before us.

From the Edinburgh Review.

## THE REVOLT IN LOMBARDY.

1. *I Lutti di Lombardia*. Di MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO. 12mo. Firenze: 1848.
2. *Austrian Assassinations in Lombardy*. By MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO. Edited by FORTUNATO PRANDI. Translated from the Italian. 8vo. London: Newby, 1848.
3. *Il ventidue Marzo, primo Giorno dell' Indipendenza Lombarda*. (a daily newspaper), Fol. Milano: 1848.
4. *Lombardy, the Pope, and Austria*. By GEORGE BOWYER, Esq., D. C. L. &c. London: Ridgways, 1848.

WHEN the ministers of the Allied Powers, relieved from the fear of Napoleon,—thanks chiefly to English blood and English money—were at last allowed, in 1814 and 1815, to sit down with a light heart, if not with a tranquil conscience, to allot the square miles of territory, with its thousands of inhabitants, of which their masters had become possessed as deliverers, and of which they were going to dispose as owners, a few statesmen raised their unheeded voices against that ancient abuse of force, which alone seemed dictating the new arrangements. Napoleon could scarcely have done worse. In vain was it urged that every principle of justice and policy required the restoration of an independent Polish nation—that language, race, religion, character, rendered it impossible for the Belgians ever to amalgamate with the Dutch, or the Italians with the Austrians—that Spain and Sicily had merited, at our hands particularly, to be preserved from the selfish cruelty of the Bourbons—that the elder branch of that family, with its traditions, its bigotry and its sure reactions, would never be permanently accepted by the French, on whom it was forced by conquerors. All this was urged in vain. The pacificators of the world relied on their bayonets, on their police, and on the support which they expected from each other in virtue of the Holy Alliance. Germany required a little management; and the fathers of their people in that country adopted the advice of old Guido da Montefeltro to Boniface VIII.,—

"Lunga promessa con l'attender corto  
Trionfar ci farà nell'alto seggio;"

and they acted accordingly. Constitutions and free governments were lavishly promised; but when the fulfilment of these promises was claimed, the sovereigns met their subjects with an altered countenance. At one time popular claims were parried

with the dexterity of low attorneys and the coolness of swindlers; at another, put down with the fierceness of banditti. An assembly of despots at Frankfort reduced the weak sovereigns of Germany to the condition of vassals; and the detestable tribunals of Mayence proved themselves the worthy successors of the imperial torturers of Ratisbon.

As often as those, who had foreseen and foretold the consequences of this conduct, have reminded its advocates of their blindness, the latter have deemed it a sufficient answer to say, that Europe has enjoyed four and thirty years of peace. "Peace has lasted thirty-three or thirty-four years." We may be allowed to ask, what are the signs and fruits of peace? Has it been peace in France, where, since 1814, the country has witnessed only a succession of revolutions—the flight of Louis XVIII., his second restoration by foreign powers, the dethronement of his successor, the expulsion of his line, the transfer of the crown to an elected dynasty, the fall of that dynasty, and the proclamation of a republic? Has it been peace in Spain, where, in spite of the ferocious proceedings of Ferdinand VII., a wild democratic constitution had to be overthrown by that very French nation, which, when most unable to maintain its own freedom, allowed itself to be made the oppressor of that of others—and where, after all, the order of succession to the throne has been changed, and a constitutional monarchy, or at least what is meant to be such, established? Has it been peace in the Netherlands, where Holland and Belgium have been separated?—in Poland, where the last vestiges of its nationality have been drowned in the blood of her children?—in Italy, where their attempted revolutions have outnumbered their years of peace, and where for every boasted month of peace there has been more, far more, than one illustrious victim?

In the meantime, what was done or doing from one end of the Continent to the other, towards the improvement of the condition of the people? Were they won over to loyalty by the blessings of paternal governments? Were they less taxed? Were armies less numerous, or the police less active? Was the press more free, and men of letters and liberal opinions more encouraged, or even more safe from persecution, than before? Were judges made independent? Was education, in any proper sense of the word, forwarded, and the necessary steps taken to secure to future generations the blessings of civil and religious liberty?

These are questions to which the present state of Europe is an all-sufficient answer. In too many places the benefits of peace have not got beyond the mere absence of dangers from without, by fire, and sword, and hostile armies. Yet surely the name of peace would not be so blessed, were its natural fruits negations only. And, when nations were said to be emancipated, something more than a feeling of national independence should have marked the difference in their conditions under the two systems—honourably distinguishing their condition, such as it had become under their new or native princes, from what it had been under the French. Unhappily, in some cases, there was not even the pride of national independence to fall back on. Those who originated these evils by their political arrangements, have not the virtue to confess their error: "it is, forsooth, the whole of civilized Europe which is to blame, not they: Europe ought to have been loyal, peaceful, happy, and satisfied: if she is not, it is her own fault." That there have been great faults somewhere, either mismanagement or misconduct, is now self-evident. And in this alternative, we always prefer, with Burke, to presume in favor of the people against their governments; the one is changed so much more easily than the other. In the present instance, it is true that even those who had some knowledge of the feelings of discontent prevailing on the Continent, have been surprised at its extent and intensity. They were not prepared for hearing not only that France and Prussia, with most of the minor German states, and Italy, were in a state of revolution, but that Vienna itself had determined on Austria being no longer the model of oppressive and tyrannical governments. It was not surely for want of precautions that Metternich

and Sedlenytski were obliged to fly from the capital of the country which they had governed without control for so many years. They had never modified, or held out the slightest hope that they would ever modify their system, under any circumstances. We see the consequence, and trust that governments, to the end of time, may profit by the example. The weight of public indignation descended on that system, and it was annihilated without a struggle.

The effect of such portentous news on Italy would always have been great. Upon this occasion it was prodigious—owing to the spirit of nationality lately awakened by the Pope, as well as to the state of irritation which the conduct of the Austrians in Lombardy had excited over the whole Peninsula. The Italians had two great sources of dissatisfaction; either of which has been, ere this, as it ought to be, a cause in itself of mighty political revolutions—foreign usurpation, and bad government. It is true that only a small part of Italy was under the direct sway of Austria; but it was by Austrian power that the other Italian governments were directed and upheld, and were known and felt to be so. "In 1816, the king of Naples was prohibited, by engagement, from conceding a constitution to his subjects. Austria has extracted a treaty to the same effect, from the king of Sardinia, and from every prince in Italy. . . . The sure instinct of despotism instructs the Austrians that, were there a square mile south of the Alps, clearly independent and constitutionalized, Lombardy is gone. The Neapolitans having nevertheless set up a constitution in 1820, Austria immediately suppressed it by force of arms. Again Austria interfered, in 1821, in Piedmont. In 1831, and again in 1832, with the same object and the same result, she bore down upon the Papal States. Italy is thus, in effect, nothing better than a Cisalpine Austria. Its ordinary policy is Austrian. . . . The native governments are everywhere enslaved and trammelled by Austrian agents. . . . It is Austria which makes out the catalogue of proscriptions, when what she calls order is restored. It is Austria which assumes the office of jailor to the other states, and claims the custody of their victims in her dungeons."—(*Ed. Rev.* lv. 376.) So much for foreign domination. As to bad governments—the badness of those of Italy was so notorious, that we have no occasion, we believe, to adduce a word of proof. In some parts of Italy the governments were

worse than in others: but they were all bad; and, as we observed on a former occasion, "on the whole, it may be truly stated, that there is no corner of Italy which is not qualified for a much better government than it enjoys."—(Ib. 388.) The Papal government had, in those times, "raised itself to the bad eminence of being decidedly the worst and weakest of all the other governments in Italy; the least disposed to satisfy the reasonable requests of its subjects, when preferred as humble suitors; the least able to resist their just demands, when insisted on by arms."—(Ib. 378.) It is to the bad faith of the late, as much as to the honesty of the present Pope, that Italy owes the first prospect of regeneration on which she can rely.

The Austrian invasion of the papal States in 1831 was all but causing at the time a general war; indeed, it was prevented only by the great powers—Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia—changing into an European intervention the intervention which Austria had undertaken by herself and for her own objects. The five powers, after the usual amount of protocols and conferences, addressed in May 1831, a note to the Pontifical government; which, "although indefinite, as might be expected, and imperfect in its terms, nevertheless, on some points was sufficiently clear. It demanded the creation of a central board, charged with the revision of all the branches of administration, to act as a council of state, and consist of the most distinguished citizens. It required also that a provincial and communal council should be established upon the principle of popular representation; that a new civil and criminal legislation should be introduced, more simple, and in some conformity with the knowledge of the age. Lastly, the secularization of employments; in other words, that laymen should not be altogether excluded by law from all affairs of the least importance."—(Ib. 379.) His Holiness promised to follow this good advice; but, emboldened by the connivance and countenance of Austria, he so completely forgot his promises, that he would appear to have absolved himself from the performance of every one of them. We have no space to enter into particulars: but shall content ourselves with assuring our readers that the government of Gregory XVI. became worse than that of any of his predecessors, and that nothing but the fear of Austrian bayonets and French acquiescence kept the subjects of the Pope from attempting to de-

throne a sovereign priest, in whom they saw no sign of either honesty or religion.

To Pius IX, his successor, the praise cannot be denied of being an upright and just man, as well as a pious and sincere Christian. He had witnessed and, as far as he could, had alleviated, before his elevation to the throne, the oppression which crushed the Papal states; and he was aware that a deep abhorrence of the head of the church, not only in his temporal but in his spiritual capacity, was assuming a more determined character every day. He could not conceal from himself that the cause of all this was principally the political faithlessness which we have just described; and he at once resolved to act honestly, as others ought to have done before him. Accordingly, with great prudence, with great caution, and with great singleness of purpose, he endeavored to carry out the suggestions made to his predecessor by the five powers in May 1831, and to clear the tiara, if he could not clear his predecessor, from the charge, but too well proven, of having wilfully broken faith with the people. The present Pope did neither more nor less. He neither deserves blame as a rash innovator, a radical reformer, a firebrand, and so forth, nor the extravagant praises which have been lavished on him as having been of himself the regenerator and liberator of Italy: he is a plain honest man, who most probably did not see the consequences of his honesty, or, if he did, said to himself, "*fiat justitia ruat cælum.*"

There are Italians in this country who had an opportunity of expressing, in 1831, a deliberate opinion on the consequences likely to flow from the execution of the reforms recommended in the note of May. Their opinion was, that by joining in the recommendation Austria, either was blind or meant to pursue and urge a very different line of policy from what she had hitherto pursued and urged, since it was easy to foresee, that such improvements at Rome could not fail to produce a most salutary effect on the rest of Italy. Austria, on her part, lost little time in removing whatever doubt Italian politicians might be feeling on the course of her future policy. She aided and abetted the late Pope in breaking his word; and by so doing she proclaimed to Italy and the world that she would neither improve her own administration, nor allow other Italian powers to improve theirs. What was foreseen in 1831, took place as a matter of course in 1847. The sovereigns

of two of the best administered Italian states, Piedmont and Tuscany, determined on following the steps of Pius IX. They wisely resolved that there should be no room for invidious comparison, when the condition of their subjects and that of their neighbors should come to be considered side by side. Austria put herself, as of old, at the head of the stationary faction which would hear of no change; and which was as ready now, as in former times, to stir up all passions, lay hold of all instruments, and go all lengths, at whatever risk to their own honor or the public good. The imbecile and cruel Bourbon who still sits on the throne of Naples—the Duke of Modena, Francis V., the worthy son of Francis IV.,—and the libertine crack-brained Duke of Parma took the Austrian side. From that moment, and for the first time after some hundred of years, there was in Italy, not only a nation oppressed on the one side and her foreign oppressors on the other, but there were princes on the side of the nation. It was a gigantic stride towards the deliverance of Italy, and the country is indebted to Pius IX. for it. He it was who broke up the petty holy alliance of Italian signors.

No part of the Italian people was more keenly alive to the difference between a national and improving government and a foreign despotic oppression, than the Lombards and the inhabitants of the other provinces immediately subject to Austria. Whilst they themselves were left under the harrow, under the galling and insulting rule of the steady and unswerving Viennese *bureaucracy*, they had now only to look over their border—and they would see the subjects of the Pope, of the King of Sardinia, and of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, governed by Italians and rapidly advancing their political condition. It does not follow because the Papal States had been worse governed before than Lombardy and Venice, that Lombardy and Venice were governed well. They who felt where the shoe pinched were of a totally different

opinion; and we hope our readers will agree with us in thinking that four or five millions of dissatisfied people are more likely to be correct in the appreciation of a government which they have detested for years, and against which they have repeatedly risen, than our travelling gentry; who, without knowing much of the language, very little of the manners and feelings, and nothing at all of the parochial, municipal, and customary laws of a country, offer themselves, nevertheless, as witnesses on the merits of its institutions and its administrative system.

There is no nation more disposed than ourselves to treat with contempt the opinions that foreigners venture to express on our government and social policy: while there is none more disposed to pass judgment on those of foreign states. A foreigner paying us a flying visit, and judging only from appearances, might have been inclined to think that Great Britain was wantonly and wilfully risking her happiness and liberties by the Reform Bill; or putting her landed as well as commercial interests in needless jeopardy, when she repealed her corn laws, threw open her ports, and with all the zeal of a recent convert denounced restrictions upon trade. Where abroad could we hope to find a person competent to sit in judgment upon the actual state of Ireland—on the degree to which the present generation is responsible for it—on the nature of the evil and the nature of the cure? M. Von Raumur did not find a few days in Dublin sufficient for the purpose. The opinions that we hear daily repeated by our tourists, touching the excellence of the Austrian government in Italy, carry the same weight as the opinions of a foreigner speaking of England, her government, and her domestic politics.

To make the grievances of the Lombards known, we cannot do better than translate a part of their recent manifesto to the European nations, after the expulsion of the Austrians from Milan.

“The Austrian government levied immoderate taxes on our property, on our persons, and on necessary articles; it extorted from us the means by which alone it was saved from the bankruptcy, to the brink of which it was brought by its bad and dishonestly administered financial system; it forced on us shoals of foreigners, avowed functionaries and secret spies, eating our bread, administering our affairs, judging our rights, without knowing either our lan-

\* It was of him that we had occasion to speak many years ago in the following terms;—“The secret springs of the Austrian police are in the management of the false and ferocious Duke of Modena . . . who has declared by proclamation that in cases of treason legal evidence would not be deemed necessary for conviction. . . . He is a perfect specimen of the Italian princes of the 15th century. (*Ed. Rev.* vol. iv. p. 376 and 387.) Those, who have had the misfortune to know both, say, that the father was in every respect better than the son.

guage or our customs\*; it imposed on us foreign laws, inextricable from their multiplicity, and an intricate endless system of proceeding in criminal cases, in which there was nothing either true or solemn, except the prison and the pillory, the executioner and the gallows; it spread round us ensnaring nets of civil and ecclesiastical, military and judicial regulations, all converging to Vienna, which alone engrossed the monopoly of thought, of will, and of judgment; it forbade the development of our commerce and our industry, to favor the interests of other provinces and of government manufactures—the speculations of Viennese oligarchs; it submitted our municipal institutions, the boast of our country and the proof of national good sense, to a petty, harassing control, conceived for fiscal purposes, and tending only to fetter us; it enslaved religion, and used her as the instrument of its ignoble fears; it deprived even public benevolence of its free course, making it subject to administrative interference, and turning it into an engine of government. It was after endless difficulties, and only after having recourse to the lowest precautions, that private individuals were permitted to help the public wants, and preserve from contagion and corruption the poor, abandoned to themselves in the streets, in their hovels, or in prison. It seized the property of minors, by forcing guardians to invest it in public securities, which were to be dealt with arbitrarily and mysteriously by secret agents of the government; it subjected the liberal arts to the most vexatious restraints; it persecuted naïve knowledge; it raised the most ridiculous objections, and the most odious difficulties, against printing or importing printed foreign books; it persecuted and entrapped our most distinguished men, and raised to honor slavish understandings; it systematized the sale of conscience, and organized an army of spies; it encouraged secret informations, and made suspicion the rule of its proceedings; it gave the police full power over liberty, life, and property; and threw the patriot into the same prison with the forger and the assassin.”

A nation which can prefer such a bill of

\* Count Hartig, for many years Governor of Lombardy, a clever man, and one of the best specimens of Austrian authorities, was the cause of frequent mirth by his macaronic Italian, of which he was extremely vain. We shall have occasion to speak of him presently in his character of Austrian High Priest, empowered to absolve the Lombards from their sins.

indictment against a government has, surely, abundant reason to get rid of it; and there can be no doubt, but that the millions of inhabitants who bear witness to the truth of these charges, and are putting everything in peril in support of them, are worthy of belief, spite of a few witnesses to character. Among Englishmen, those most capable of forming an opinion are not backward in coming forward in justification of the Lombards. We find the following testimony in a pamphlet which has just reached us, the last among those enumerated at the head of our article. The writer is Mr. Boyer, a gentleman who has lived twenty years in Italy, and who, by education, by birth, and by social position, is eminently entitled to a hearing:—“It is, indeed, the fashion,” he observes, ‘with some people to say, that Lombardy was well governed by Austria. What would those persons say to being governed in the same way, by the brutal force of foreign military despotism? Austria might, indeed, without difficulty have governed Lombardy well. The Lombards are a remarkably peaceable, well-conducted people, and of an easy disposition. But they were ruled at the point of the bayonet. Civil rights they had none; and every man held his personal liberty and his property at the discretion of an inquisitorial political police, and subservient or corrupt magistrates. Even the amusements and daily habits of the Italians were subject to a strict and pedantic discipline. But it is not necessary to dwell on specific grievances. Are the Italian feelings of nationality entitled to no respect? True, the Italians have never, in modern times, been united into one state. But what then? Is community of language and literature nothing? Is community of traditions and history nothing? And is community of race no bond of union? The Italians feel as one nation; and there are few Englishmen who do not sympathize with them, and cordially desire their deliverance by their own valor from their foreign masters.” (Pp. 21, 22.)

The first public symptoms of the unanimous feelings of the Lombards, subsequent to the declared division of the rulers of Italy into those who were for and those who were against improvement, openly appeared on the new Archbishop of Milan taking possession of his see at the beginning of September, 1847. Upon this occasion the armed police were let loose on the people, who had given no other provocation than

by singing hymns in praise of Pius IX. That the population of the Lombard and the Venetian provinces was uneasy and dissatisfied could, of course, be no secret. The students at the Universities of both Pavia and Padua had become particular objects of dislike to the Austrian officers, who attacked and murdered them in a cowardly manner. Meanwhile the authorities of every description addressed petitions to the government; from which every government but that of Austria would have taken timely warning. On the contrary, it continued to irritate as well as injure, and took issue with the public on every trifle. The people, by wearing a hat of a singular shape, or a waistcoat of a peculiar cut, by dressing the hair or the beard in a certain manner, reduced the police to despair. The moment an edict was published against any remarkable fashion, another was universally adopted. This was no sooner suppressed than a third followed, then a fourth, and so on. These are trifles no doubt; yet the agreement on both sides, by the nation and the government, not to consider them as trifles, but as symbols of grave import, ought to have opened the eyes of the Austrians, and shown them their true position.

The unanimous feeling of the Milanese was soon exhibited in a more alarming form. In order to injure the revenue, lottery tickets were no longer bought, and smoking was given up. From the resolution to abstain for a time from this offensive habit the most deplorable consequences ensued. In detailing these events, we shall follow the account drawn by M. d'Azeglio: knowing him to be a truthful, upright, and honorable man, utterly incapable of stating, not only what he does not believe, but what he has not good ground for believing to be strictly correct in every particular.\*

On the 2d of January, 1848, no one was to be seen smoking in the streets, except either a few persons who were not aware of the determination taken, or the police.

\* The English title of the translation is somewhat startling when compared with the original. The editor, M. Prandi, who has for many years lived among us, and who has never missed an opportunity of pleading the cause of Italian nationality with as much effect as moderation, has foreseen the shock which would be caused by the strong expressions, "Austrian assassinations." He has, in consequence, begun his preface by stating, in explanation, that the author's original title and meaning could not be fully rendered, except by one which he has substituted; and which, he says, is equally suitable to "the contents of the narrative and to the feelings of the author."

The smokers were hissed. Towards evening the soldiers began to insult and ill-use the mob. The Mayor of Milan, Casati, who had filled the office for several years—and this proves that he was anything but a dangerous revolutionist, or the government would not have allowed him to have occupied so long a situation of that influence and honor—remonstrated with the soldiers on their violence; whereupon, pretending not to know him, the satellites of government actually arrested him, and took him prisoner to the Direction Police. The corporation repaired thither in a body to protest against the conduct of the soldiery and the arrest of their mayor, who was then set at liberty. Casati is now at the head of the provisional government of Lombardy. He was brother to the Countess Confalonieri who died of a broken heart at the condemnation of her husband, and the brutal treatment which she herself received from the late Emperor of Austria, on the occasion of her throwing herself at his feet to beg for mercy. On the 3d, not only was a report spread among the soldiers that a conspiracy to murder them had been discovered, but a printed handbill was circulated in addition, of a kind calculated to rouse their worst passions. Our readers are aware of the severity of Austria, as of all despots, against unlicensed printing: the very fact, therefore, of the police of Milan never having even attempted to trace the printing of this document, in order to enforce the law, is of itself sufficient evidence of its origin. To encourage the valor of the troops, six cigars were distributed to each soldier, and an unusual allowance of brandy. In these circumstances, under the double excitement of supposed wrongs and injuries, and of cigars and brandy, the soldiers were permitted to go about in parties of thirty or forty, without officers, insulting and annoying the peaceful citizens. Towards evening these licensed bandits drew their swords, and fell indiscriminately on unarmed inhabitants who chanced to come in their way. In this manner they murdered sixty-one persons,—six of whom were under eighteen years of age, five more than sixty, and one (a councillor in the Court of Appeal, and a particular supporter of the paternal government of Austria) seventy-four years old; forty-two persons received a hundred and thirteen serious wounds. In the list of the wounded are reckoned only those who were taken to the hospitals: of the others we

have no account. As a specimen of the manner of proceeding in this business, we shall relate the circumstances attending one or two cases of slaughter. A number of persons, pursued by dragoons on horseback, took refuge in a public house, "the Foppa." The dragoons dismounted, left their horses at the door, and twenty-five of them having entered the house, they put to death eight persons, namely, the innkeeper and his son, one Castelli and his daughter Theresa, seven years old; Swirmer, a journeyman; Porro, a tailor; De Lorenzi, a ragman; and Canziani, a porter. They then plundered, ravished, and committed all the excesses that a licentious and unrestrained soldiery were formerly wont to perpetrate in a fortress taken by storm. As the workmen of a coachmaker of the name of Sala were leaving their factory, forty soldiers issued from a neighboring barrack, attacked them, killed one, and wounded twelve.

Our readers must not understand that because officers were not at hand to check this butchery, they were therefore indifferent to what was going on. By no manner of means. Before the massacre began, orders had been sent to the hospitals to prepare beds for the wounded; a precaution not taken, however, out of kindness to the inhabitants who were about to be cut to pieces; for—and it is a fact which, as d'Azeglio very properly observes, could hardly be believed, except on evidence which leaves no room for doubt—some of the unhappy wretches who were wounded were taken to prison, *where their wounds were left undressed*. This brought on mortification, of which two at least are known to have died, whilst others narrowly escaped with their lives.

Of all the Austrian authorities, not one was to be found to repress these disorders. The mayor, Casati, presented himself, accompanied by a large number of respectable inhabitants, to Count Fiquelmont—the nobleman, who afterwards for a short time filled prince Metternich's place—and remonstrated against these abominations. Fiquelmont, who had been sent to Milan from Vienna on a special mission to soothe the Italians, told the mayor that he had only power to propose arrangements, but not to order them; and the utmost that he and the governor—who was present at the interview, and wept—could undertake to do was to go to Radetsky. They learned that he had gone to bed, after having given a banquet to his officers, to celebrate the soldiers'

victory. He replied to Fiquelmont and the others: "The *injured* troops cannot be restrained; if the municipal authorities answer for the *tranquillity* of the inhabitants, I will keep the soldiers in their barracks for eight days!" General Walmoden was the only man of note among the Austrian authorities who had the honesty to condemn such infamies; and to tell the soldiers that, if they thought themselves justified in asking satisfaction of the Milanese, they ought to have given them arms first, and then fought them fairly, and not have turned assassins.

In any other country it might have been expected that the government would have taken measures to prevent such occurrences, and to protect its unarmed citizens from the violence of its troops. Not so in Lombardy. The Emperor was made to sign a letter to the Viceroy of Lombardy, the pith of which admitted of no mistake;—"I perceive that there is in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom a faction inclined to upset the political state of the country. I have done all that was necessary for the happiness and satisfaction of my Italian provinces. I am not inclined to do more. . . . I rely on the known bravery and fidelity of my army." This was, in so many words, approving what had happened—threatening worse for the future—and taking away all hope. It is not wise to push a nation to extremities. If Englishmen have a difficulty in understanding how successfully a police may co-operate with a soldiery in provoking a revolution, a fact or two may explain this.

The Austrian police in Italy has acquired a disgraceful notoriety all over Europe. Pellico\*, Maroncelli, and Andryane—of whose important work, translated and condensed by the indefatigable M. Prandi, we are happy to see a second edition lately published—have so thoroughly exposed to public indignation the horrors of Austrian prisons and the scandal of their superintendents, that we could scarcely have thought it possible that there was anything left for ingenuity or cruelty to add. But the last moments of this terrible institution offer specimens of its jealousy, injustice, and barbarity, beyond what was hitherto suspected; and of which we challenge the admirers of Austria to find the parallel in the history of any other state. Proof in these cases can seldom be got at: the evidence is carefully destroyed; and would have been so doubt-



less in the two cases, which we are about to cite as evidence of the rest, but for the suddenness of the surprize.

It has been already mentioned that the authorities of every grade had joined in calling on the government to adopt measures for alleviating the grievances of which the populations of Lombardy and Venice complained. A gentleman of the name of Nazzari, deputed from the city of Bergamo to the Central Government at Milan, had the courage to act as, in his position, the law expressly directed him to act; and he most respectfully petitioned government to take these grievances into consideration. The petition was utterly disregarded. For that we were prepared; but not for the despatch by the Viceroy of Milan (Dec. 13, 1847), such as has been found among the papers in the public offices at Milan, after the Austrians had been expelled. After giving the most minute instructions to the governor of Lombardy, Baron Spaur, how Nazzari's petition is to be defeated, the Archduke concludes in the following words: "Lastly, with reference to Nazzari's conduct upon this occasion, I think it necessary that he be secretly subjected to severe *surveillance* by the police, and you will be pleased to give the requisite orders to the aulic councillor, Baron Torresani: "—a Tyrolese by birth, for many years Director-General of Police at Milan.

Now what can be said of a government which requires deputies to be sent to it, especially charged to petition; and which, on the petitions being presented, not merely leaves them unheeded, but submits the person who has been so entrapped, to the severe *surveillance* of the police? Governments which employ spies for such vile purposes have been known and execrated before; but we believe there is no instance in the world of the government itself having encouraged its subjects to come forward by asking for information, and then turning round upon them, and treating them as suspected persons, for having obeyed its call.

After the publication of the letter of the Emperor to the Viceroy, the Austrian police at Milan arrested a great number of persons, banished several, and obliged others to fly the country. Among the latter was M. Cesare Cantù, an author well known over Italy by his writings. On reaching the Piedmontese territory, he published a short but very interesting account of the persecutions of which he had been the subject for many years. He was not

aware, however, of a punishment of a most cruel and perhaps unique species, that the government had just inflicted upon him. Among the papers in the offices of the police at Milan has been found a despatch by Torresani, dated the 26th of December, 1847. It also is addressed to Baron Spaur, and was forwarded to the Minister of Police at Vienna, who fully approved of its contents. Torresani represented that although Cantù was undoubtedly disaffected, yet it would be impossible to prove it; and that the best way of destroying him would be to publish in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* an article—of which Torresani enclosed a sketch in his letter—obscurely hinting that Cantù was an Austrian spy, who endeavored to compromise his friends, and sell them to Austria. "By this means," ends the worthy Director of Police, "he will be placed in the pillory." It is not only the right, it is the solemn duty of a nation cursed by a government like this, to do its utmost to overturn it. Those who can undertake its defence, after they know its nature, cannot complain, if they are looked upon as its accomplices.

At the point to which things had now advanced, the only remaining question was one of expediency and time; that of right was settled. It was the right of the Lombards to free themselves from a government which not only was not the protector of the people under its sway, but was their greatest enemy: it was their duty not to attempt it rashly, to bide their time and wait till events afforded them a reasonable probability of success. The proclamation of a republic in France hastened the crisis. From the moment that royalty was abolished in France, it was manifest that that country would not allow Austria to hold her Italian provinces on easy terms. The unexpected event of a revolution at Vienna brought the crisis actually to a head. Had the Austrian authorities acted with common prudence and common honesty even at the eleventh hour, Lombardy and Venice might not have been lost to the Austrian family, however inevitable might have been their separation from the rest of the monarchy. But the viceroy had fled and the governor gone away: leaving the police and the military behind, who acted with their usual bad faith and brutality. Shortly before the revolution at Vienna, Milan had been placed entirely at the mercy of the police: and one of the last orders sent from Verona by the viceroy (but intercepted by the patri-

ots), was an order proclaiming martial law. At the same time two letters were also intercepted from the Archduke Rainer, the viceroy's son, which are worth mentioning, to give an idea of the feeling of the writer. He had been born at Milan; and, as well as his brothers, would not have failed to lay great stress on this circumstance in case their quality of *Italians* could have been turned to any advantage in claiming Lombardy for themselves. The letters are dated from Verona, the 19th and 20th of March, and are addressed to his brother the Archduke Ernest for his information and for that of a third brother, Sigismund, to whom they were to be forwarded. In the first, Rainer, after ridiculing all the promises of the emperor, and making fun of the national guard (only four hundred) at Verona, adds: "It is said that the people have been fired upon on the piazza San Marco at Venice, and five persons killed. *No harm.* . . . . The post has not arrived yet from Milan. If anything has happened there, I hope that *at least five hundred Milanese have been killed on the spot.*" On the 20th the youthful prince proceeded: "Captain Huyn has just arrived from Milan on his way to Vienna as messenger. He has seen the harm done to that city up to eleven o'clock on the evening of the 18th. Our twelve pounders must have made some fine holes in the Broletto. Huyn did not know the conclusion, as F. M. (that is, Field-Marshal Radetsky) sent him off when he was certain of victory. . . . *All the prisoners were to be shot, not excluding Casati and the Duke Litta, who are said to be of the number.* Martial law was sent yesterday to Milan, and to-day at two o'clock it will be put in force. This is the only way. The Milanese deserve it all. *I hope a good number of them have been slaughtered.* The soldiers will have shown little moderation: *so much the better.*"

Whilst these letters were inditing, and notwithstanding the flourishing accounts of Captain Huyn, the Milanese had risen and were successfully fighting with the troops. Our space does not permit of our giving more than a very brief account of that memorable contest. It seems that on the 18th of March the news arrived of the events which had occurred at Vienna. The Milanese, left almost without a government, went to the town hall to ask that the political prisoners should be set at liberty, a national guard armed, and a provisional government chosen to prevent anarchy.

The corporation made ready to wait on the only authority remaining the vice-governor, O'Donnell; but as the people, unarmed, were on their way to the government palace, the troops fired. The troops were at once disarmed, some killed, and the governor seized and prevailed on to sign an order granting a civic guard and the reorganization of the police. This order neither Radetsky nor the director of police would obey. More than that; in the evening the military rushed into the town hall, and carried off as prisoners above three hundred persons whom they found there, and who on the faith of the order of the vice-governor had gone to enlist as national guards. During the night all who could procure arms did so, whilst others erected barricades. Those who had no fire-arms to defend the barricades with, provided themselves with all sorts of missiles to throw on the soldiers from the roofs of houses. The enthusiasm was universal. The military, being masters of the gates, prevented any assistance from coming in to Milan from the country; but they were unable to take the barricades defended by a few men, not more it is supposed than six hundred. Some of these did such execution with their rifles as deterred the gunners from advancing to fire the guns; as many as seven in succession being picked off as fast as they were stretching their arm to apply the match to the touch-hole. This passed on Sunday the 19th of March. The following day the people no longer remained on the defensive, but attacked and carried a number of places held by the troops. On the Tuesday their success gave them boldness as well as more effectual means of offence,—in arms taken from the soldiers whom they had killed or made prisoners. A government was immediately established, and a committee of war; one of whose first acts was to refuse a three days' truce proposed by Radetsky. This was a wise and noble determination; it proved at once that the moral courage of the leaders was equal to the spirit of the people and the greatness of the occasion. On Wednesday the fight grew more and more desperate: the citizens, protected by the ingenious contrivance of a moveable barricade, advanced deliberately towards one of the gates, Porta Tosa, and carried it at length after the most gallant efforts. A communication with the country was now opened. Another gate was seized soon afterwards, and the main body of the soldiers driven from every point

into the castle. By this time the issue of the struggle was decided; and at half-past two o'clock in the morning of Thursday, the 23d of March, 1848, the Austrian armies withdrew from the city of Milan; into which, we are convinced, they will never enter again as masters, happen what else may.

This is a good beginning for Italy,—an achievement of which she may well be proud!—the expulsion, by the unarmed and peaceful citizens of a comparatively small town, of about sixteen thousand troops well armed, well disciplined, and well appointed with everything requisite for war. Where all must have behaved so well, it would be invidious, and most probably unjust, even had we space to particularize either men or deeds. It was a national movement. The respected and illustrious names that took the lead, both during the contest and afterwards, when the time was come for civil virtues to assume the severe responsibilities for which so much daring valor had only cleared the way, fill us with hope: and we rejoice to see that all classes have acted together from the first with equal patriotism, cordiality, and discretion. The munificent support which has poured in from all quarters in aid of the financial necessities of the state during its infant fortunes, is another happy omen. In these days, a revolution must be so necessary as to be unavoidable, before it will be backed by those who have anything to lose by it, and therefore anything to give it. We have here a test. Let all who criticize the revolt in Lombardy consider the numerous offers of hundreds, five hundreds, thousands, nay, several thousands of pounds sterling, made by individuals who have lived hitherto retired and apparently indifferent to politics: but who now, on finding that they are about to have a country, have come forward zealously in its cause. The number of citizens slaughtered in the streets of Milan exceed three hundred and fifty, and among them more than thirty women. This is a remarkable proportion, whether owing to the energy with which, we are told, even women threw themselves into the fray,—or owing to the savage outrages committed by the Austrians, of which also we have heard. The persons more or less wounded exceeded eight hundred and fifty. We shall not repeat particulars,—which will render for ever the name of Radetsky detestable,—because they are too revolting to be repeated; but what can civilized war-

fare say to the iniquity of carrying off as hostages those whom he had seized by treachery, and afterwards ill-treating them,—giving such brutal orders as caused one of them, Porro, to be murdered? These gratuitous barbarities are ruinous to Radetsky and his masters. They have made the chasm deeper and wider; and have increased a hundredfold the difficulties of an arrangement, of which none more than the Austrians and Radetsky, if they have but common sense, must see the necessity for their own safety. But Austrian statesmen seem bewildered. And after what has passed, we should have supposed that not one of them could dream of it, or ought indeed to wish to reconquer Lombardy and Venice. Of all men living, they should be most aware, first, of the impossibility; and, next, that if it were possible, it would be a fatal possession. They seem, however, to be of a different opinion: one of them, Count Hartig, has made himself the object of European ridicule by publishing a sort of amnesty for the Italians! This is even more preposterous than if Louis Philippe were to propose to grant forgiveness to Lamartine and the other Parisian criminals of Feb. 24th, in case only they would reinstate him on his throne. If the Austrians will content themselves in doing what is obviously for their own interest, as well as that of Europe,—that is, if they will concentrate their forces to save what they can out of the wreck of their broken empire, they may reckon on the moral support and sympathy of their ancient friends, and of some, perhaps, who never were their friends before. But they must make up their mind to give up all their Italian provinces “for a consideration.” And, as we advise them not to hesitate a day in undergoing this painful operation, on the other hand, we as strongly recommend to the prudence of the Italians not to forget their proverb, “*Al nemico che parte fa ponti d'oro.*” It is the interest of both parties to stop the war,—a war from which not a single advantage can accrue to either side, which an immediate arrangement might not secure to them; whilst by its prolongation evil must, and evil only can, arise.

We firmly believe that M. Prandi is only repeating the sentiments of every Italian, when he says: “The Italians are resolved, if possible, to recover their independence by their own exertions, and in conjunction with their princes; but if they cannot in this manner attain their object, there are

no steps which they will hesitate to take, even to the proclamation of a republic and the hazardous acceptance of the assistance proffered by the French." It is the interest of Austria, as well as of Italy, to settle their differences without the intervention of third parties; to have a strong government and a powerful state on the south of the Alps; and to make every effort to secure the independence of such a government, and consolidate its institutions. We offer this advice to both parties, with the confidence of lookers-on, who certainly are not indifferent to the issue of the contest, but who as certainly are in nowise biassed by selfish motives. Lord Palmerston expressed the real feelings of this country on the subject when on the 6th of June, he said in his place in parliament, "The British Government, though connected by ancient alliances and associations of amity with Austria, cannot but feel the strongest sympathy with the people of Italy in their efforts to gain a free constitution." We hope and believe that the Italians will trust to the solemn declaration of an English nobleman, invested with a high and responsible office, rather than to wicked and absurd inventions whether coming from republicans or from the agents of the enemies of Italy (for, Italy has enemies out of Austria), who attribute to England and to her government feelings hostile to Italy. No honest Italian of common sense can for a moment doubt that of the powerful nations in Europe, we alone feel a sincere and disinterested sympathy in the success of the Italians.

The determination, almost unanimously adopted by the Lombards, by the Venetians, and by the populations of the other provinces which have risen against Austria and Austrian influence—to unite with Piedmont under a constitutional king—is a proof of great political good sense on the part of the inhabitants of those provinces; and one which promises well for Italy in her new career. The attacks heaped on Charles Albert with the view of discrediting him, and thereby preventing this most desirable arrangement, are most of them calumnies. But, even if they were not so, the practical question now is,—what is best for Europe, for Austria, and for Italy, under existing circumstances. There is a great deal, we admit, in the past conduct of the Prince of Carignan of which we disapprove, at least as much as those can do who seek to use it for the purpose of em-

barrassing by far the wisest course which it is at present open to Italy to pursue. We must add, however, that he has given so many proofs of repentance for the past, and so many securities for the future, that if a man can ever win back his way to forgiveness in private life and confidence in public, Charles Albert has entitled himself to the benefit of these presumptions. For ourselves, if once the foundation is laid of a good government in the north of Italy, we are satisfied that the happiness of future generations will be a very sufficient apology—and that as such history will accept it—for our having made use of the best instruments which were at hand at the present moment. It is undeniable, that an old, royal, and now constitutional kingdom in Piedmont, with a flourishing exchequer, a happy and contented population, and a brave army, affords the nucleus round which a powerful state can be concentrated in the north of Italy. To bring accusations of ambition and perfidy against Charles Albert—himself an Italian prince—because he has assisted his countrymen in getting rid of their foreign oppressors, is to make an unfair and cruel use of the contradictory, and so far unfortunate, position in which he stood. His alleged ambition principally affects Italy. If Italy adopts it, that fact should remove our fears for it, supposing the charge to be true. Besides, his alleged perfidy may, after all, have been a choice of evils, and the least: for what was the alternative? An Italian prince ought to be ambitious of freeing Italy from a foreign yoke imposed upon his countrymen by force of arms. It was force, and force only, which first made and has since kept the Italians subject to Austria: and force delivers them. As M. Prandi says, undoubtedly expressing the feelings of all his countrymen, who have cherished them for years: "the Italians have every reason to detest the treaty of Vienna, as well as those who made it; and they will certainly not neglect the opportunity which Providence has at last granted them, of trampling it in the dust."

The King of Sardinia does not possess his kingdom by the right of the strongest, but by the free will of his subjects, the Genoese included: whose conduct has of late been admirable, in spite of many mischievous attempts to make them swerve from their loyal and patriotic path. These eminently shrewd and practical men are well aware that it is more for their interest

as Genoese and as Italians, to form part of a kingdom, along with Venice, than to constitute a republic at Genoa,—rivalling Venice, tearing Italy to pieces, and leaving it at the mercy of any foreigner who may be tempted to interfere in its unnatural hostilities. Thus much history has taught them: for the rest they must trust to Providence, to their own wisdom, their own courage. Suppose Charles Albert to be raised by the politic necessities of to-day to the throne of the united kingdom of Lombardy and Piedmont, neither he nor

his successors can hope to reign there long, unless what may be necessity to-day shall have become by to-morrow choice. On his part there must be firmness, and justice, and liberal opinions, and government by law: On the part of his subjects, there must be union among themselves, confidence in their new institutions, moderation in the use of their new franchises, and a loyal attachment to the sovereign under whom they are beginning one of the noblest of all experiments—the object of so many hopes, so many fears—a free Italian state.

---

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

## EASTERN LIFE; PRESENT AND PAST.

*Eastern Life; Present and Past.* By Harriet Martineau.

RECENT political revolutions have so far exhausted our passion for the marvellous, that any equally sudden and unexpected change among individuals less noted than Louis Philippe or Prince Metternich, is apt to escape our attention. Yet, if after all that has happened during the last six months, the capacity of surprise at any new event were left to us, we might feel it on the appearance of three volumes of Eastern travel by Harriet Martineau. A few years ago, and the public were informed by the press that the world would too soon be deprived of the services of this popular and useful writer,—the victim of a lingering and fatal disease. This was followed by the publication (confirmatory of the fact) of 'Life in a Sick Room,' perhaps the most gifted of Miss Martineau's works; in which, in a fine, calm, and philosophical spirit, she seemed to bid her friends farewell. We next hear of her improved health, and faith in mesmerism,—the last remedy tried, and which (as in the case of all last remedies) enjoys the credit of her cure: and before we have time to inquire whether the cure has been perfected or not, we find Miss Martineau addressing letters to her friends from the top of the great pyramid, in Egypt,—smoking a chibouque with the Arabs in the desert,—ascending to the summit of Mount Sinai,—climbing the rocks of Petra,—bathing in the Jordan and the Dead Sea,—and performing a religious and philosophical pil-

grimage to every place of Scriptural celebrity in the Holy Land.

The occasion was a visit to Liverpool, and an invitation, when there, to join a party about to make a tour in the East;—an opportunity of seeing objects of universal interest, in countries where ladies cannot travel without an escort, not likely often to present itself, and which was therefore eagerly embraced.

Miss Martineau and three companions (a lady and two gentlemen), landed at Alexandria in November 1846. After a brief delay, they were towed to the Nile through Mohammed Ali's well-known canal. A larger steamer took them to Cairo; which they soon left for Upper Egypt, in a boat with two cabins and a crew of fourteen men. An interpreter, cook, and assistant completed the party. According to the invariable practice in the ascent of the river, they sailed when the wind was fair, and had the boat towed by the crew when they could not sail. Most of the sights were deferred until the return voyage should give the current in their favor. On reaching the southern confines of Egypt, at the first cataract, they hired a smaller vessel for the shorter voyage through Nubia to the second cataract; and returned to Cairo in the same manner, stopping by the way to see the temples, caves, and pyramids. From Cairo they proceeded, on camels, donkeys, or horses, through the desert to Suez, Mount Sinai,

Petra, Palestine, and Syria; returning home from the port of Beirout, in May 1847.

Miss Martineau has a higher view than merely to make word pictures of foreign scenery, personal adventures, and peculiar manners and customs. Her work contains a vast deal of disquisition, moral, political, religious, and historical, which will probably be thought tiresome to those who read for amusement only: still this class of readers will find the greater part of the work quite as entertaining as other voyages and travels. The latter half strikes us as the most spirited; for more variety and novelty are experienced in the desert, Holy Land, and Syria, than in the narrow valley of the Nile, of which the main features and objects are monotonous, in description at least.

Of the disquisitions we must say, that, if they are occasionally somewhat forced, they are eminently characteristic of the writer, —always clever, and frequently eloquent, striking, and suggestive. The ground they go over is so vast, that it is impossible to characterize them otherwise than that they purport to give such historical notices of the countries visited, and such speculations on life, external and spiritual, as shall enable the reader, in some degree, to enter into the spirit of the ancient people and monuments, and the existing races; and to show the progress of knowledge and religion, through Egypt to Palestine, Greece, Syria, and Arabia.

Miss Martineau has been preceded in her route through Egypt and Syria by so many recent travellers, not a few of whom have given their journals to the world, that the outside, at least, of the beaten track has been worn threadbare, and no common qualifications are required to throw freshness over the scenes. As regards Egypt, the number of boats with the British flag which ascend the Nile every season is now very considerable, and is always on the increase; and French, American, and even Russian boats, are by no means uncommon. Since Egypt has become the highroad to our Eastern empire, many of the civil and military officers of the Indian government deviate a little from the shortest route, to visit the cataract and Thebes; and many other Englishmen, to whom travelling has become a necessity, and who are tired of the continent of Europe, seek regions where nature, as well as man, offer novelty without privation or danger. For such persons Egypt and Mohammed Ali seem to have been expressly created. Egypt without Mo-

hammed Ali would not do, as no powers of persuasion short of those possessed by the old Pasha could convince his subjects of the propriety of observing certain nice distinctions of property, regarding which the European traveller is as strongly prejudiced on the one side as the Arab is on the other. Nor would the Pasha alone be sufficient; notwithstanding that he is an admirable subject for Mr. Bull and his brother Jonathan to growl at perpetually, because, with all his sagacity, he has not yet discovered that Cairo and Alexandria are London and New York.

In truth, the old Pasha has not been fairly dealt with by these gentlemen. Europeans, as incapable of getting beyond the narrowest European notions, as they are of collecting evidence, or knowing it when they have got it, constantly judge him as if he were a European Prince, governing a civilized and long-established European community, according to fixed laws, and with the aid of a large body of well-trained European public officers. Nay, he has even incurred this obloquy in consequence of being almost the only oriental ruler whose dominions are so governed that Europeans can travel safely in them. Miss Martineau does not aspire to the intuition of many travellers, for she ends her chapter on the present condition of Egypt, by stating that, "she feels that she knows scarcely anything of the modern Egyptian polity, but the significant fact that nothing can be certainly known:"

—ii. p. 180. And she commences the chapter with the following remarks:—

"One pregnant fact here is, that one can get no reliable information from the most reliable men. About matters on which there ought to be no difference of statement we meet with strange contradictions; such as the rate and amount of tax, &c. In fact, there are no data; and there is little free communication. Even a census does not help. The present census, we are told, will be a total failure—so many will bribe the officials to omit their names because of the poll-tax. Thus it is that neither I, nor any other traveller, can give accounts of any value of the actual material condition of the people of Egypt. But we have a substantial piece of knowledge in this very negation of knowledge. We know for certain that a government is bad, and that the people are unprosperous and unhappy, in a country where there is a great ostentation of civilization and improvement, side by side with mystery as to the actual working of social arrangements, and every sort of evasion on the part of the people. We have a substantial piece of knowledge in the fact, that men of honor, men of station, men of business, men of courage, who have all the means of information which the place and time permit, differ in opinion

and statement about every matter of importance on which they converse with inquiring strangers. I saw several such men. They were quite willing to tell me what they knew; and they assigned frankly the grounds of their opinions and statements; but what I obtained was merely a mass of contradictions, so extraordinary, that I cannot venture to give any details; and if I give any general impressions, it can be only under the guard of a declaration that I am sure of nothing, and can offer only what I suppose, on the whole, to be an indication of the way in which the Government of Mohammed Ali works."—vol. ii. p. 168.

We must decline drawing the conclusion that the affairs of a foreign country must be going wrong because we can find out little that is certain about them. Miss Martineau might have discovered at home "that men of honor, men of station, men of business, men of courage, who have all the means of information which the place and time permit, differ in opinion and statement about every matter of importance on which they converse with inquiring strangers." She might obtain from any two politicians, reviews, or newspapers, of different parties, "a mass of contradictions so extraordinary," &c., and she might even have heard that suspicion and evasion regarding the last census were by no means uncommon in this country.

Having first ascertained the facts regarding Egypt and Mohammed Ali, we may either compare the country with some ideal state conceived to be perfect, or with some other Mahomedan countries. According to the first method we should doubtless find it low in the scale: according to the second it would probably stand high. But as the ordinary traveller knows no more of other oriental countries than he knows of Egypt, he finds it easiest to draw on his imagination, and to vituperate rather than to inquire and discriminate.

What is the bare outline of the case? A Turk is nominated Pasha of Egypt, a country in the hands of an unprincipled aristocracy, and ruined by centuries of misgovernment and oppression. A deadly contest for supremacy ensues: treachery and force are the weapons; and Mohammed Ali is the victor. Conspiracies, encouraged by his superior, always threaten him. In spite of these he reduces the country to order; conquers Nubia and part of Arabia; and acquires the government of Syria, where he puts down the sanguinary feuds that had long prevailed. The hostility of his nominal master places the Ottoman empire at his feet—the last chance of keeping that

worn-out state from the fangs of Russia. We rescue his frail opponent—destroy the Egyptian army (as we had previously destroyed the fleet), and even turn the Pasha out of Syria. Yet he attempts no reprisals; though the destruction of his forces must cripple Egypt for many years: but allows us, all the while, free transit through Egypt, to our Indian empire, without even passports or custom-house examinations. Observing that nations prosper through knowledge, commerce, and manufactures, he has made all creeds equal in law, and done his best for education, in spite of the hostile fanaticism of the most powerful portion of his subjects. Manufacturers will not settle in a country when everything depends on the life of one man; hence he becomes the manufacturer of Egypt, and the principal merchant also; and, incited by European adventurers, and acting on imperfect knowledge, no doubt commits many blunders. But be his conduct good or bad (and it contains much of both), look at what he had to do, at the horrid tools he was forced to work with, the deadly opposition he has met with, and say if any other eastern ruler would have acted better. But his country is misgoverned! Possibly—though, after what we have done, it is not for us to speak of this: possibly—but we constantly say that all oriental countries are so. Yet his people have enough to eat.

Miss Martineau, who is by no means a partisan of the Pasha, makes the following observations on Syria:—

"On our way out of Damascus we passed the great military hospital begun by Ibraheem Pasha, when he was master of the country. The works were stopped when he retired; and now the stones are taken, one by one, from the unfinished walls, by any persons who find it convenient to use them. From place to place, in Palestine and Syria, we come upon the deserted works of Ibraheem Pasha; and everywhere we found the people lamenting the substitution of Turkish for Egyptian rule. The Turks, it is true, like the lightness of their present taxation, which is pretty much what it pleases them to make it; and everybody knows that the rulers of Egypt impose high taxes; but the religious toleration which existed under Ibraheem Pasha, and his many public works, cause him to be fervently regretted chiefly by the Christians, and also by many others. If there is at present any government at all in the district we passed through, it is difficult to discern; and, of course, the precariousness of affairs is extreme."—vol. iii. p. 304.

"At Nablous, in Palestine, the bigotry of the people is so great, that, till of late years, no Christian was permitted to set foot within the gates.

Ibraheem Pasha punished the place severely, and made the people so desperately afraid of him, that they observe his commands pretty much as if he had power in Syria still. One of his commands was that Christians should not be ill-treated; so we entered Nablous and rode through it to our encampment on the other side. During our passage I had three elaps in the face from millet-stalks, and other things thrown at me; and, whichever way we looked, the people were grinning, thrusting out their tongues, and pretending to spit. My party blamed me for feeling this, and said things which were undeniably true about the ignorance of the people, and the contempt we should feel for such evidences of it. But, true as all this was, I did not grow reconciled to be hated and insulted, and I continue to this day to think the liability to it the great drawback of eastern travels."—vol. iii. p. 199.

On two points, namely, the "food question," and personal security, we are able to confirm Miss Martineau's testimony, after more minute observation, between Alexandria and Nubia, than would perhaps be possible for a woman, even as active and enterprising as Miss Martineau.

"We met fewer blind and diseased persons than we expected; and I must say, that I was agreeably surprised, both this morning, and throughout my travels in Egypt, by the appearance of the people. About the dirt there can be no doubt; the dirt of both dwellings and persons; and the diseases which proceed from want of cleanliness; but the people appeared to us, there (at Alexandria), and throughout the country, sleek, well fed, and cheerful. I am not sure that I saw an ill-fed person in all Egypt. There is hardship enough of other kinds, abundance of misery to sadden the heart of the traveller: but not that, as far as we saw, of want of food. . . . I have seen more emaciated, and stunted, and depressed men, women, and children, in a single walk in England, than I observed from end to end of the land of Egypt. So much for the mere food question."—vol. i. p. 9.

And much it is for a nation to get enough to eat.

In the winter of 1845, a traveller, in bad health, went from Alexandria, through Egypt, and the northern part of Nubia, and back, frequently landing from his boat and walking long distances through roads, paths, fields, villages, and towns, sometimes alone, sometimes attended by an Arab boatman; and he never received the slightest insult. The case of Miss Martineau,—that of a woman acting in defiance of the customs of her sex in the East, is still stronger. She notices one petty insult only, which she brought on herself by joining in a religious procession, certainly not a discreet act.

Some years ago such conduct would probably have cost her her life. At that time no European could have ventured through Egypt without arms and an escort.

"While there (at a window in Cairo), no insult whatever was offered us; and our presence seemed to excite very little notice, except among those who wanted Baksheesh (*i. e.* beggars.) Afterwards, when we were riding after the mahmil (the Shrine of the Mecca Pilgrims), to the Citadel, and when the press of the crowd made the act a safe one, somebody spat a mouthful of chewed sugar cane at me; and I received a smart slap in my face from a millet-stalk: and one or two other persons in the front group met with a similar insult. But the good behavior on the whole, was wonderful, in comparison with former times."—vol. ii. p. 133.

Alexandria is half European, half Mahomedan; and, neither element being good of the kind, it presents little to interest the passing traveller. Cleopatra's needle is the most remarkable relic. The fellow to it, once given to the British Government, now lies completely buried, not, as Miss Martineau says, in the sands, but in the rubbish of the ancient city, of which the patient pedestrian will find mounds extending mile after mile, until he thinks they will have no end. In 1845, many yards of this buried treasure were visible.

The Mahmoodieh canal to the Nile (nearly 50 miles in length) is a great work for a small prince, and quite essential if Egypt is to be a commercial country; for old father Nile has now closed all those mouths from which wisdom and theology, arts and sciences, as well as produce and manufactures once went forth: and this Macedonian port is too far from the Nile to allow the profitable transit of goods by land. The haste with which the canal was executed (Miss Martineau also alleges the want of tools) occasioned great mortality among the workmen. We doubt if the number of deaths she puts down (23,000) can be ascertained, seeing that Mahomedan governments are not famed for statistics: and if she had witnessed Egyptians scooping soft mud into baskets with their hands, she would probably have doubted if any tools could be so efficacious.

The Nile delta is seldom examined by Europeans, though it would afford much to interest and instruct the learned antiquary. A tuft of palms, and occasionally a minaret, a clay-built village and a sheik's lowly tomb, are the objects that strike the eye above the river's deep brown banks. These



are so bare in winter, that one exclaims, "can this really be the valley famed for its luxuriance above all regions?" Animated life (if we except clouds of pigeons) is not more frequent. The husbandman baling up water from the river's edge, boatmen tracking their heavy barges, a few travellers on foot or on asses, more rarely a camel and a flock of goats, complete the animated picture,—unless we admit the swift-sailing vessels, with their lofty, triangular, curved sails, whose ever-varying positions are extremely beautiful.

It is not until you get beyond the damp delta, some distance below Cairo, that you reach the true climate of Egypt, where everything depends upon the Nile, where rain is scarcely known, and where not a moss or lichen will grow beyond the limits of inundation. Woods, gardens, houses, and factories announce the approach to Cairo; and, glowing as are the accounts of travellers, the visitor finds it is difficult to overrate this most oriental of cities. Wandering about her streets and bazaars, he realizes the bright visions of his childhood, excited by the "Arabian Nights," which his maturer age regarded as but dreams. Ah the dresses are picturesque, from the lordly Turk's to the poorest Kellah's, and the single robe and long depending head-shawl of the lowest female. But we must except the new dresses of the gentry and troops, who often discard the flowing robes, long beard, and imposing turban of their fathers, in favor of an ugly mongrel dress;—also the enormous black cloak and white veil which overwhelm the ladies, whether walking or riding.

The long procession of ladies thus accoutred, and astride on donkeys with lofty saddles, under charge of their black servants, is the hareem of some great man. Something stops the way; it is a camel laden with timbers slung on each side, or with large stones contained in rope nets hanging like panniers. Now an Arab runner is shouting and clearing the road for his master, a negro officer of rank, richly dressed, and mounted on a beautiful Arab steed; and now a dozen of East India cadets are dashing along towards the citadel at the utmost speed of their asses, regardless of whom they bruise or upset. And so the stream of life flows on, almost choking the endless, narrow streets of this immense city. Many rich bazaars, each appropriated to one kind of goods; also embroiderers, inlayers, smiths, tinmen and carpenters, all working within sight and working well, but so differently

from those at home;—these and innumerable other objects, are an incessant source of interest.

Proceeding to the outskirts, ruined tracts appear; for the city, though numbering between 200,000 and 300,000 inhabitants, is but the shadow of its former self; and the cathedral-looking mosques, with their lofty, well-proportioned, and richly-carved minarets more fully appear, making us long to exchange a dozen of them for as many of our modern steeples. The ancient Arab tombs without the city are also exquisitely beautiful, and are seldom appreciated or examined by travellers.

Miss Martineau really saw Cairo (which is not usually the case with Europeans), for she hired an active donkey, the Cairo substitute for a London cab, and rode about constantly. English travellers' ways in this city are marvellous: the citadel is once visited, one or two other lions are also examined, and the parties lie by, at their inns, till their time is up, because the weather is rather warm; and there they smoke cigars and drink London porter. Cairo, however, cannot be thoroughly seen and enjoyed excepting by the pedestrian; and walking in the streets is contrary to European etiquette.

Once afloat in her Nile boat, which, in the total absence of inns above Cairo, was to be her home for some months, Miss Martineau was necessarily brought much into contact with her interpreter and boatmen, the only natives whom the traveller has an opportunity of observing minutely in Egypt, owing to the difficulty of their language (the Arabic), and the impossibility of gaining admittance even into the poorest hovel, which is a hareem when there is a woman there. Her party were fortunate in their interpreter and cook, on whom so much of their comfort depended: and they were pleased with the Arab and Nubian crew—a merry, noisy set, who worked hard on fare that would have excited the ire of an English pauper, and pilfered sugar-canes to improve their diet, regardless of European remonstrance. It seemed they quarrelled among themselves, and some even went the length of keeping separate tables. We have known a similar crew in a similar voyage act very friendly together; and though they could never resist appropriating for fuel any canes that came in the way, their employer's property, however much exposed, was always held sacred. So far from their music being invariably of the mournful character noticed by Miss Martineau, they had several lively

tunes, resembling the most spirited of our nursery ditties, which they were constantly shouting out, with the accompaniment of an earthenware drum.

It was with great pain that we noticed the readiness of our countrymen to resort to force against their Arab attendants. We frequently heard it said, "You cannot possibly manage the Nile boatmen unless you thrash them:" for he would do well to make his will who should act on this advice towards an Arab of the desert. Even Miss Martineau's party threatened to bastinado their captain if he got aground (vol. i. p. 33), as if he had not already sufficient motive to preserve from injury a valuable vessel, for which he was responsible: and yet he is always spoken of in the highest terms. A union of mildness and firmness is infinitely preferable; and we have never known it to fail.

Nothing remarkable occurred to the party until they reached the first cataract, the ascent of which is one of the best pieces of description, coupled with some of the best moral disquisition, in the volumes.

"The rais (captain) of the cataract was to meet us the next morning, with his posse, at a point fixed on, above the first rapid, which we were to surmount ourselves. We appeared to be surmounting it just at dusk. Half our crew were hauling at our best rope on the rocks, and the other half poling on board; and we were slowly, almost imperceptibly, making way against the rushing current, and had our bows fairly through the last mass of foam, when the rope snapped. We swirled down and away,—none of us knew whither, unless it were to the bottom of the river. This was almost the most anxious moment of our whole journey: but it was little more than a moment. The boat, in swinging round at the bottom of the rapid, caught by her stern on a sand bank; and our new rais quickly brought her round, and moored her, in still water, to the bank."—vol. i. p. 115.

On the second trial, the party went on shore, and the "Rais put together three weak ropes, which were by no means equivalent to one strong one; but the attempt succeeded."

"It was a curious scene,—the appearing of the dusky natives on all the rocks around; the eager zeal of those who made themselves our guards, holding us by the arms as if we were going to jail, and scarcely permitting us to set our feet to the ground, lest we should fall; and the daring plunges and divings of man or boy, to obtain our admiration or our baksheesh. A boy would come riding down a slope of roaring water, as confidently as I would ride down a sandhill on my ass.

Their arms, in their fighting method of swimming, go round like the spokes of a wheel. Grinning boys popped in the currents; and little seven-year-old savages must haul at the ropes, or ply their little poles when the kandjia approached a spike of rock, or dive to thrust their shoulders between its keel and any sunken obstacle; and after every such feat they would pop up their dripping heads, and cry, 'Baksheesh.' I felt the great peculiarity of this day to be my seeing, for the first, and probably for the only time of my life, the perfection of savage faculty: and truly it is an imposing sight. The quickness of movement and apprehension, the strength and suppleness of frame, and the power of experience in all concerned this day, contrasted strangely with images of the book-worm and the professional man at home, who can scarcely use their own limbs and senses, or conceive of any control over external realities. I always thought, in America, and I always shall think, that the finest specimens of human development I have seen are in the United States, where every man, however learned and meditative, can ride, drive, keep his own horse, and roof his own dwelling: and every woman, however intellectual, can do, if necessary, all the work of her own house. At home I had seen one extreme of power, in the helpless beings whose prerogative lies wholly in the world of ideas: here I saw the other, where the dominion was wholly over the power of outward nature: and I must say I as heartily wished for the introduction of some good bodily education at home, as for intellectual enlightenment here. I have as little hope of the one as of the other; for there is at present no natural necessity for either; and nothing short of natural compulsion will avail. Gymnastic exercises and field sports are matters only of institution and luxury, good as far as they go, but mere conventional trifles in the training of a man or a nation: and, with all our proneness to toil, I see no prospect of any stimulus to wholesome, general activity arising out of our civilization. I wish, that, in return for our missions to the heathen, the heathens would send missionaries to us, to train us to a grateful use of our noble natural endowments,—of our powers of sense and limb, and the functions which are involved in their activity. I am confident that our morals and our intellect would gain inestimably by it. There is no saying how much vicious propensity would be checked, and intellectual activity equalized in us by such a reciprocity with those whose gifts are at the other extreme from our own.

"Throughout the four hours of our ascent, I saw incessantly that though much is done by sheer force,—by men enough pulling at a rope strong enough,—some other requisites were quite as essential: great forecast, great sagacity, much nice management among currents and hidden and threatening rocks, and much knowledge of the forces and subtleties of wind and water. The men were sometimes plunging to heave off the boat from a spike or ledge; sometimes swimming to a distant rock, with a rope between their teeth which they carried round the boulders: then squatting upon it and holding the end of the rope with their

feet, to leave their hands at liberty for hauling. Sometimes a man dived to free the cable from a catch under water; then he would spring on board to pole at any critical pass; and then ashore, to join the long file who were pulling at the cable. Then there was their patience and diligence—very remarkable when we went round and round an eddy many times, after all but succeeding, and failing again and again from the malice of the wind. Once this happened for so long, and in such a boisterous eddy, that we began to wonder what was to be the end of it. Complicated as were the currents in this spot, we were four times saved from even grazing the rocks, when, after having nearly got through, we were borne back, and swung round to try again. The fifth time, there came a faint breath of wind, which shook our sail for a moment and carried us over the ridge of foam. What a shout there was when we turned into still water! The last ascent but one appeared the most wonderful,—the passage was, twice over, so narrow,—barely admitting the *kandjia*,—the promontory of rock so sharp, and the gush of water so strong: but the big rope, and the mob of haulers on the shore and the islets, heaved us up steadily, and as one might say, naturally,—as if the boat took her course advisedly.

“Though this passage appeared to us the most dangerous, it was at the last that the rais of the cataract interfered to request us to step ashore. We were very unwilling; but we could not undertake the responsibility of opposing the local pilot. He said that it was mere force that was wanted here, the difficulty being only from the rush of the waters, and not from any complication of currents. But no man would undertake to say that the rope would hold; and if it did not, destruction was inevitable. The rope held: we saw the boat drawn up steadily and beautifully; and the work was done. Mr E., who has great experience in nautical affairs, said that nothing could be cleverer than the management of the whole business. He believed that the feat could be achieved nowhere else, as there are no such swimmers elsewhere.”—vol. i. p. 119.

The voyage between the first and second cataracts, which is wholly in Nubia, was more speedily performed in a smaller boat. As the party were to land on the return voyage, and visit the temples, caves, and pyramids, Miss Martineau had drawn up a long historical sketch, from Menes to the Roman occupation of Egypt, with a view of rendering her visits to the antiquities more intelligible to the general reader.

Most of the specimens of each of the three kinds of Egyptian antiquities, viz, temples, tombs, and pyramids, bear so strong a resemblance to others of the same kind, that the best descriptions must prove monotonous. These objects are also of a nature that does not readily lend itself to verbal description; nor do any of the drawings we have seen give a just notion

of the size, beauty, and majestic bearing of most of these temples, and of their singular appropriateness to their respective localities. There is a heaviness and want of grace about the drawings,—qualities which are rarely felt when the buildings are seen—and which certainly do not characterize any of the finer and older temples. Our notions of the ponderosity of the Egyptian architecture appear to have been derived from the temple of Dendera (sometimes written Tenetyra), which has been engraved more frequently than any other, partly because that temple is in a singular state of preservation, and partly on account of the peculiarity (perhaps we might say oddity) of its principal columns, which are ornamented with four female faces. The general effect of this temple is certainly heavy: and though not without beauty, it evinces less good taste than perhaps any of the built temples. But it cannot properly be considered as an Egyptian edifice, because it was mainly built by the Romans many centuries after the date now assigned to the magnificent temples that are found at Thebes. The ancient architect could not have endured this building. It is not the type of an Egyptian temple, but the exception to it.

Should Miss Martineau have failed in giving the reader a vivid, or even a clear impression of such of the temples as she describes, or of the emotions they excite, we think that she is not in fault, except indeed, in attempting the task. The same remarks apply to the four sets of pyramids in Egypt, all of which, except the largest set, she examines very cursorily, and her account of this set is not better than several other descriptions that might be pointed out.

Mohammed Ali is now clearing the rubbish from the temples, and taking measures to preserve them, instead of continuing to convert their materials into sugar factories, rum distilleries, petty Pasha's palaces, and such like works. Not that he, or any oriental, has the slightest reverence or feeling for ancient art; but he is shrewd enough to see that the temples are the bait which allures wealthy Europeans into his trap; and that no small part of the visitor's expenditure finds its way eventually into his own coffers. Had the cruel devastation, which was more actively prosecuted under his rule than at any former period, still been permitted, scarcely a temple would have been left standing. Even now the traveller, on reaching many well known sites, has the mortification of discovering, that buildings which excited the admiration of his country-

men a dozen years ago, are no longer in existence.

The personal activity of Miss Martineau would put to shame most male travellers. She frequently landed and walked when the boat was being tracked against the stream. If an eminence were near, she was never satisfied unless she had ascended it. She groped through graves and tombs, clambered about quarries, temples and pyramids ; and investigated, admired, speculated, and moralized through Egypt and Nubia, and Nubia and Egypt. Does night come on ?—nothing daunted, she proceeds with a lantern to the ruins of Philæ ; and as the paintings in the rock temple of Beyt-el-Wellee are obscured by dirt, she sends down to the boat “for water, tow, soap, and one or two of the crew, and while the rest of her party went to explore the great modern temple, she tucked up her sleeves, mounted on a stone, and began to scrub the walls, to show the boy Hassan what she wanted him to do.”—(vol. i. p. 233). In the deserts of Arabia she never could become reconciled to the motion of the camel, and therefore walked a considerable part of the way ; yet was still fresh enough to ramble about in the evening after the tents were pitched, and at early dawn before the encampment was moving.

On the return to Cairo she had opportunities of seeing something of high life in the harems, which occasion a bitter attack on polygamy. Probably she attaches too much importance to this institution, which, like Tokay and Burgundy in England, can only be indulged in by the rich. Egyptian slavery also comes under notice—a very different thing from that which bears the name in America and the West Indies. So far as we could learn, Egyptian slaves are domestic servants in the families of the rich, and are not employed in agriculture. Being few in number, and often of the same creed and race as their masters and mistresses, the main causes of oppression and cruelty elsewhere do not exist. Miss Martineau considers that these two institutions are indissolubly connected, and that if slavery were abolished polygamy could not exist for want of attendants duly qualified. The captive ladies, it seems, are not aware of our feelings towards them, and even commiserate the fate of the European ladies, who appear to them to be shamefully neglected. We had understood that the feelings of Mohammed Ali and Ibraheem Pasha were much less rigid regarding polygamy than is usual in the East : but we are not

aware if these feelings are extending ; and we know that Europeans who settle in the East frequently set up a harem, as a mark of rank ensuring respect.

While in Egypt, Miss Martineau is apt to strain a point for the sake of effect ; at least her emotions sometimes have the appearance of being got up for the occasion. If they be not so, a writer of her experience should be aware that every agreeable scene will not make a picture ; and that an emotion, without ostensible cause, will not produce the desired effect. For example, she first saw the pyramids from the Nile,

“Emerging from behind a sandhill. They were very small ; for we were still twenty-five miles from Cairo ; but there could be no doubt about them for a moment ; so sharp and clear were the light and shadow on the two sides we saw . . . . In a few minutes they appeared to grow wonderfully larger ; and they looked lustrous and most imposing in the evening light. I admired them every evening from my window at Cairo ; and I took the surest means of convincing myself of their vastness, by going to the top of the largest ; but this first view of them was the most moving ; and I cannot think of it now without emotion.”—vol. i. p. 25.

On reaching the temple of Edfou she says—“It was here, and now, that I was first taken by surprise with the *beauty*, the beauty of everything” (vol. i. p. 91) ; though she had then recently seen the temple of Luxor, at Thebes, usually considered a far superior structure. Again, she says, of a small tract of rocky ground between Syene and the head of the cataract, that “no one could conceive the confusion of piled and scattered rocks, which, even in a ride of three miles, deprives a stranger of all sense of direction except by the heavens.” We allow that the scenery is very striking ; but the road is so straight, and so distinct, that how any mortal, not lost to all sublunary things, could possibly miss it, quite passes our comprehension. Her emotions at the sight of the great Sphynx are not such as every metaphysician would undertake to unravel.

“What a monstrous idea was it from which this monster sprang ! True as I think Abdallatif’s account of it, and just as is his admiration, I feel that a stranger either does not see the Sphynx at all, or he sees it as a nightmare. When we first passed it I saw it only as a strange looking rock ; an oversight which could not have occurred in the olden time when the head bore the royal helmet, or the ram’s horns. Now I was half afraid of it. The full serene gaze of its round face, rendered ugly by the loss of the nose, which was a very

handsome feature of the old Egyptian face; its full gaze, and the stony calmness of its attitude, almost turn one to stone. So life-like—so huge,—so monstrous,—it is really a fearful spectacle.”—vol. ii. p. 81.

And she goes on with an inconceivable jumble about a man riding its neck, some measurements, and some more exclamations, historical and ethnographical, and traces of red paint, and resemblance to Madame Malibran, &c., until at last we become bewildered ourselves, and will not dispute that she may be laboring under nightmare.

In February, 1847, the party left Cairo, and proceeded through a valley in the desert to the south of the usual route, which brought them to the coast of the Red Sea below Suez. Leaving that uninteresting town as speedily as possible, they crossed to the Arabian side, and again mounted their camels for Mount Sinai. Camel riding was found to be the only drawback on the pleasure of travelling in the desert.

“The motion of my camel became more and more fatiguing and disagreeable all the way; and being at home a great walker, I had recourse, more and more, to my own feet, little heeding even the heat and thirst in comparison with the annoyances of camel riding. I have often walked from ten to fifteen miles in the noon hours, continuously, and of course at the pace of the caravan—sometimes over an easy pebbly track, sometimes over mountain passes, sometimes cutting my boots to pieces on the sharp rocks, but always giving up when we came to deep sand. . . . I was so far from being injured by my desert travelling, that I improved in health from week to week, after having been very unwell in Egypt.”—vol. ii. p. 209.

The desert journey by the eastern shore of the Red Sea to Mount Sinai, and the ascent of Mounts Sinai and Horeb, are very graphically described. The party remained some days at the Greek convent of Sinai, making excursions to the tops of the mountains; and again pursued the course of the Israelites through the desert parallel to the Gulf of Akabah, to Mount Horeb and Petra, having first settled with the prior for their entertainment, whom they thought rapacious, “every regard being paid to his isolated position and the circumstances of his establishment.” Thirty monks reside here; and their health appeared to suffer from the unhealthy position of the convent, and abstinence. One of them who acted as guide, could not be induced to eat cold fowl, “but he took a brave pull at the brandy bottle.”

The Arabs have seldom allowed travellers to pass the desert between Sinai and Palestine by the eastern route through Akabah and the rock city of Petra; and very few persons have succeeded in reaching Petra. But our party managed to secure the escort and protection of a powerful Sheik from Akabah to Hebron, near Jerusalem, though on very exorbitant terms; and, as this Sheik had undertaken duties that lay beyond his own jurisdiction without propitiating the neighbouring tribes, he was attacked, on his return, and a number of his party were shot in the encounter. A singularly wild and magnificent rocky desert brought them to the Gulf of Akabah, the rocky coast of which was traversed until they reached the town at its head.

“We were struck here, as everywhere along the shores of the Red Sea, with the vast quantity of shells thrown up in shoals along the beach,—from the minutest to some magnificent ones, as large as a man’s head.

“Many varieties of little crabs were moving in all directions. Swarms of yellow locusts and handsome dragon-flies flitted about in the sun; and little fish leaped out of the waters in great numbers. There are no boats at Akabah, but men go out fishing on small rafts.”—vol. ii. p. 307.

The party left Akabah with “forty armed guards, independently of the camel-drivers. Ten of them marched in front, and ten at a considerable distance on either hand—on a rising ground when there was any—and always on the look-out. The remaining ten were with us off duty.”—(vol. ii. p. 312.) In this desert they suffered from the Khamisin, or hot wind, and were delayed by the neglect of the rapacious Sheik to bring sufficient provender for the camels. At length they saw mount Hor, where Aaron was buried, and reached the extraordinary ancient city of Petra, which is entirely cut out of the rock, and has long been quite deserted.

“For nearly an hour longer we were descending the pass, seeing first hints at façades, and then more and more holes clearly artificial. Now red poppies and scarlet anemones and wild oats began to show themselves where there was a deposit of earth; yet the rocks became more and more wild and stupendous, while, wherever they presented a face, there were pediments and pilasters, and ranges of doorways, and little flights of steps, scattered over the slopes. A pair of eagles sprang out, and sailed over head, scared by the noise of the strangers; and little birds flew abroad from their holes, sprinkling their small shadows over the sunny precipices. . . . What a mixture of wild romance with the daily life of a city! It was now like Jinnee land, and it seemed as if men

were too small ever to have lived here. Down we went, and still down among new wonders, long after I had begun to feel that this far transcended all I had ever imagined. On the right hand now stood a column, standing alone among the ruins of many; while on the left, were yet more portals in the precipices, so high up that it was inconceivable how they were ever reached. The longer we staid, and the more mountain temples we climbed to, the more I felt that the inhabitants, with their other peculiarities, must have been winged. At length we came down upon the platform, above the bed of the torrent, near which stands the only edifice in Petra.

"This platform was sheltered on two sides by rocks; and as my eye became accustomed to the confusion, I could make out, among the masses of building-stones which lay between it and the empty watercourse below, the lines of five terraces, and at last the piers of many bridges."—vol. ii. p. 319.

On further examination, this city was found to lie in a basin completely closed in by rocks; and more and more objects of interest presented themselves:—among others, a theatre, with ranges of seats cut out of the rock, and a curious temple in a niche of the rock with a façade of between sixty and seventy feet.

"The main street is about two miles long. Its width varies from ten to thirty feet, and it is enclosed between perpendicular rocks which spring to a height of from one hundred to seven hundred feet. . . . It is paved and drained, but badly lighted, for the rocks so nearly meet as to leave, really and truly, only that 'strip of sky' which one often reads of, but which I never remember to have seen before, except in being drawn up out of a coal-pit. . . . The pavement is of large slippery stones, worn in places into ruts by ancient chariot-wheels. A conduit runs along, and little above the wayside, a channel hollowed in the rock; and, in parts, there are, at the height of thirty feet, earthen pipes for the conveyance of water. On the face of the precipices, sometimes upright as a wall for three hundred feet, are curious marks, left by more ancient men than those who paved the streets and laid the water-pipes;—shallow niches, and the outlines and first cuttings of pediments, and tablets begun and discontinued."

This extraordinary spot was left with great reluctance; and the adjoining Mount Hor was then ascended, where Aaron was carried up to die. Scarcely any European traveller had been previously allowed to ascend, and examine Aaron's tomb—a Mahomedan structure; but the Arabs are now becoming less fanatical or more mercenary, 20 piastres a head being levied from the party at Petra, and Mount Hor being included in the show. Burckhardt, Laborde, Linant, and Robinson had been prevented,

from seeing this tomb, and the magnificent prospect of the desert which the mountain commands.

A further desert journey brought the party to the confines of Palestine, where a little verdure began to appear, and occasional patches of cultivation were seen.

"The first thought or impression which I remember as occurring on my entrance into the Holy Land, was one of pleasure that it was so like home. When we came to towns, everything looked as foreign as in Nubia: but here, on the open hills, we might gaze round us on a multitude of familiar objects, and remember to whose eyes they were once familiar too. Never were the rarest and most glorious flowers so delightful to my eyes, as the weeds I was looking at all this day; for I knew that, in His childhood, He must have played among them, and that, in His manhood, He must have been daily familiar with them. . . . So already I saw that vision which never afterwards left me while in Palestine—of one walking under the terraced hills, or drinking at the wells, or resting under the shade of the olives; and it was truly a delight to think that besides the palm, and the oleander, and the prickly pear, He knew as well as we do the poppy and the wild rose, the cyclamen, the bindweed, the various grasses of the wayside, and the familiar thorn. This, and the new and astonishing sense of the familiarity of His teachings—a thing which we declare and protest about at home, but can never adequately feel—brought me nearer to an insight and understanding of what I had known by heart from my infancy, than perhaps any one can conceive who has not tracked his actual footsteps."—vol. iii. p. 53.

Palestine and Syria have been so frequently described by modern travellers, and our limits are so nearly reached, that we have only room for a few more extracts. This is the less to be regretted as the merits of the work entitle it to an extensive circulation. Few persons have started so well prepared by previous travel; by familiarity with the Old and New Testaments, and profane history, ancient and modern, including the works of previous travellers; few have had their heart and soul so completely in their work; few have examined so carefully, conscientiously, and charitably, whatsoever has come to their notice; and few have shown equal power in vividly calling up the past. To such a wayfarer in these regions, travelling is no idle pastime, no light and innocent amusement. Every step brings forth some deep significance; every scene has its absorbing and mournful interest.

After giving a very disheartening account

of the progress of the Protestant mission at Jerusalem, and the paucity and low character of the converts, arising from impediments in the very nature of the enterprise, and not from want of qualifications in the Bishop, or of sincerity of his clergy, Miss Martineau ascends the mission church, which presents the following prospect of the city.

"The extent and handsome appearance of Jerusalem surprised us. The population is said, not to exceed 15,000; but the city covers a great extent of ground, from the courts which are enclosed by eastern houses, and the large unoccupied spaces which lie within the walls. The massive stone walls, and substantial character of the buildings, remove every appearance of sordidness, when the place is seen from a height: and the clearness of the atmosphere, and the hue of the building material give a clean and cheerful air to the whole, which accords little with the traveller's preconception of the fallen state of Jerusalem. The environs look fertile and flourishing, except where the Moab mountains rise lofty and bare, but adorned with the heavenly hues belonging to the glorious climate. The minarets glittered against the clear sky; and the arches, marble platform, and splendid variegated buildings of the mosque of Omar, crowning the heights of Moriah, were very beautiful."—vol. iii. p. 115.

The mosque of Omar occupies the site of the Temple of Jerusalem.

"No Jew or Christian can pass the threshold of the outermost courts without certain and immediate death, by stoning or beating. It requires some little resolution for those who dislike being hated, to approach this threshold, so abominable are the insults offered to strangers. A boy began immediately to spit at us. We presently obtained a better view of this usurping temple from the city wall, which we climbed for the purpose. From hence the enclosure was spread out beneath us, as in a map, and we could perceive the proportion it bore to the rest of the city, and observe how much lower mount Moriah was than Zion. The Mosque was very beautiful, with its vast dome, and its walls of variegated marbles, and its noble marble platform, with its flights of steps and light arcades; and the green lawn which sloped away all round, and the cypress trees, under which a row of worshippers were at their prayers. It was the Mahomedan Sabbath; and troops of children were at play on the grass; and parties of women in white, Mahomedan nuns,—were sitting near them: and the whole scene was proud and joyous. But with all this before my eyes, my mind was with the past. It seemed as if the past were more truly before me than what I saw. Here was the ground chosen by David, and levelled by Solomon, to receive the temple of Jehovah. Here it was that the great king lavished his wealth; and hither came the sun-worshippers from the East, to lay hands on the treasure, and level the walls, and carry the people away cap-

tive. Here was it restored under Ezra, and fortified round, when the people worked at the wall, with arms in their girdles, and by their sides; and here, when all had been again laid waste, did Herod raise the structure that was so glorious, that the Jews were as proud as the Mahomedans now before my eyes, and mocked at the saying, that it should ever be overthrown."—vol. iii. p. 116.

#### DISINTERESTED AND UNEXAMPLED GENEROSITY.

—Mr. Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," the "Diary of a Physician," and last, though by no means least memorable, the dramatic narrative "Now and Then," in the course of a lecture delivered in the hall of the Law Society, in Chancery-lane, "On the Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors," recounted the following beautiful incident:—"A short time ago," said Mr. Warren, "a gentleman of large fortune, a man, in fact, worth his £40,000, was indignant with his only child, a daughter, for marrying against his wishes. He quarrelled with her—he disinherited her—he left his whole property of £40,000 to his attorney, and to two other gentlemen, all of whom were residing in Yorkshire. What did the attorney do? He went to his two co-legates, got them to sign their respective claims over to himself, and then made over every sixpence of the £40,000 to the daughter and her children. When I mentioned this circumstance, this very morning, to a friend of mine, one of the most distinguished men at the bar, he exclaimed, 'God bless that man!'" The above gratifying circumstance is literally true. The gentleman of fortune was a manufacturer in a town celebrated for its linen manufactures within the district of the circulation of this paper, and the disinterested attorney is one of the brightest ornaments of his profession in the West Riding of Yorkshire, enjoying the fruits of an ample fortune realized by his own industry and talents.—*Doncaster Chronicle*.

COTTON IN MAURITIUS.—A person who lately suffered shipwreck on the Island of Rodriguez, near the Mauritius, and who for nearly two months was detained there, gives the following description of the wild cotton found on that uncultivated place. His letter states that the island is about fifteen miles long by six broad, spontaneously producing a considerable quantity of cotton, of which he easily could have gathered from four to five hundred pounds weight. The shrubs which appear to have been those of a perennial, flock-seeded cotton, grow abundantly on the lowlands at the mouths of the rivulets with which the island is intersected; and they might, no doubt, be cultivated in other localities. The sample which he brought with him and sent to the Commercial Association is very fine in staple, resembling the fine Bourbon cotton formerly imported to some extent into this country, but apparently a little stronger. The writer, states that the Island of Rodriguez is uninhabited, except by a few black fishermen, though it is fertile, the climate excellent, and the natural productions valuable, including the sugar-cane, oranges, lemons, plantains, bananas, &c.; and it would no doubt yield all the usual tropical productions in abundance. But laborers would have to be procured from India.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## GAETANO DONIZETTI.

THE good town of Bergamo, incomparable among the picturesque cities of northern Italy, in right of the view across the plain from its upper town, liveliest, too, among the markets of Lombardy, in right of its great fairs; holds, also, a distinguished place in the records of operatic art. It has given to the Italian theatre some of its most famous personages. Not to speak of Harlequin (type and prototype of the *Scapins* and *Figaros* since introduced in modern comedy), who was a Bergamask, this same magnificent town, though remarkable for the cacophony of its dialect and the harsh tones of voice in which its inhabitants bargain or scold, has been fruitful of great singers. As the last and greatest among these we may name Rubini, whose intense feeling and profound skill have founded a school and a tradition among artists, no less than created a passing frenzy among the European public. From Bergamo, too, comes Signor Piatti, one of the best contemporary violoncellists. But inasmuch as the creative faculty exercises a longer-lived and a wider influence than any executive perfection, the musical illustration, by which Bergamo will, perhaps, be the longest known, is to be found in the operas of Gaetano Donizetti:—who was born there in the year 1797, and whose body died there on the 8th of April last. His mind had died within the body some years earlier.

No very precise record has reached us of Donizetti's parentage. His education began at the Lyceum of Bergamo, under the guidance of Simon Mayer. This master, who is best recollected as the composer of "Medea," because Pasta sang in that opera, was possessed of little genius, being precisely one of those eclectic writers whose appearance neither forwards nor retards the progress of Art. But he must have been valuable as a teacher, from the unimpeachable correctness which marks all that bears his signature and this very absence of individuality. An Albrechtsberger "turns out" much better pupils than a Beethoven; a Reicha than a Rossini. And we are accordingly told, that the young Donizetti, who passed from the hands of Mayer into the no less estimable ones of Padre Mattei, of Bologna (a learned contrapuntist), and

Signor Pilotti, another professor there, was early able to produce "overtures, violin quartettes (flimsy enough it may be presumed), *cantatas*, and church music." For again, it may be observed, that the sound tenets of old musical instruction in composition, professed to enable the *tyro* to turn his hand to anything. The subdivision of occupation, which is comparatively of a modern date, must be taken, wheresoever it occurs, as a sign of incompleteness or imperfect training.

The boy's *estro* is from the first said to have been fluent rather than brilliant or characteristic; to have shown itself in construction more signally than in invention. A French journal tells us that shortly after his return from Bologna to Bergamo, in 1816, the young Donizetti was "taken for a soldier," and was only able to deliver himself from military thralldom by gaining a success in his own vocation. This he accomplished in 1818, by the production of his first Opera, "Enrico di Borgogna," at Venice. His biographers, however, assure us, that, of the nineteen (?) operas which Donizetti produced within the next ten years, only one, "Zoraide in Granata," sung at Rome in 1822 by Donzelli, and the sisters Mombelli, was admitted to have made "a hit." There is no need, then, to enumerate them; enough to say that scattered pieces from "Olivio e Pasquale," have been formerly sung in our concert rooms. A somewhat washy duet, "Senza tanti complimenti," from "Il Borgomastro di Saardam," is still in request among our mediocre singers of Italian. Moreover, a year or two since, "L'Ajo nell Imbarazzo" was tried at her Majesty's Theatre; but the music was not original enough to induce the public to endure a story full of the most puerile buffooneries, in spite of the best efforts of Lablache to give them life and character.

It might have seemed, then, that after ten years' experiment Donizetti's place was irretrievably fixed among the mediocrities who manufacture poor music for the second rate theatres of Italy—to meet the popular craving for perpetual variety, good, bad, or indifferent. Such, however, was not the case. Something like originality and indi-



viduality (marking that he had come to years of musical discretion), broke out in his twenty-first Opera, "L'Esule di Roma," which was given at Naples in the year 1828, with Mlle. Tosi, MM. Winter and Lablache, in the principal parts. Some of our amateurs may recollect it as the work with which Mr. Monck Mason opened his disastrous, but enterprising one season of opera management, that of 1832. Such will recall the *terzetto*, in which a certain novelty of structure is evident. The next work in order which has made "any stand" (as the phrase runs in the green-room) was the "Regina di Golconda," an Opera containing no music to compare with Berton's sprightly melodies to the original "Aline," but to which such *cantatrici* of Italy as have a touch of the *Dugazon* in them still recur, from time to time. And that the *maestro* was looked to as *promising* is evident by his being commissioned to write for Pasta:—for whom his thirty-second Opera, the "Anna Bolena," was produced at Milan, in 1831.

The work is performed still, when any *prima donna* appears who is strong enough to contend for Pasta's succession. Though it is not clear of the usual amount of platitude warranted, nay, courted, by Italian audiences; though it be full of the rhythms of Rossini, it has still touches which assert the individuality of its composer; and these, it may be noted, occur in the critical places. The duet, in the second act, betwixt the Queen and her rival, may be mentioned in proof; as also the final *bravura* "Coppia iniqua,"—which, though merely written as an air of display, is still full of deep tragical dramatic passion; the last frenzy of a breaking heart!

From this time forward the place of Donizetti was assured as next in favor to that of the more *sympathetic* Bellini, and superior to that held by the less impulsive and more scholastic Mercadante. Thirty-three Operas followed the "Anna Bolena," and they gradually became better in staple, more original, and more popular. To name them one by one would be tedious. It will suffice to touch lightly upon those which still live in the Opera Houses of Europe.

There is "L'Elisir,"—from the first to the last note a spontaneous utterance of *pretty* music, weakest where Rossini would have been strongest, in the part in the charlatan, *Dr. Dulcamara*, whose grand *aria*, even a Lablache cannot rescue from insipidity. There are "Parisina," "Torquato

Tasso," and "Belisario," none of which stand beyond a chance of being revived by the dramatic singers of the new school. With them also may be mentioned "Gemma di Vergy," "Roberto Devereux," and (of a later date) "Maria de Rohan,"—the last never to be forgotten in England, because of the magnificent tragic acting of Ronconi. Better music than in any of the above will be found in "Lucrezia Borgia," and a more taking story. One rich concerted piece and a notable *finale* for the tenor in the "Lucia di Lammermoor," have won for this Opera the most universal popularity gained by any of its master's works. According to our own fancy, Donizetti has never written anything of a higher order, as regards originality and picturesqueness, than the night scene in Venice, which makes up the second act of "Marino Faliero," including the *Barcarolle* and the grand *aria* which no singer has dared to touch since Rubini laid it down. We there find, for the first time, an entire emancipation from those forms and humors originated by Rossini (or, to be exact, *perfected* by him from indications given by Paër), by the imitation of which all the modern Italians (save Bellini) have commenced their career as dramatic composers.

"Marino Faliero" was written expressly for that incomparable company, including Mademoiselle Grisi, Signori Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, and Ivanhoff, which was assembled in 1835 in Paris. For the same year, and the same artists, Bellini's "I Puritani" was composed: and since it is a certain theatrical law, that two great stage successes *cannot* come together; and since the latter work made the *furor*, the former was, by mathematical necessity, sure to be comparatively disregarded. But after poor Bellini's untimely death, which followed hard upon his triumph, it became evident to the *impresarii*, that there was no Italian composer who could please (most especially on our side of the Alps) so certainly as Donizetti. Accordingly he was called to Vienna, and there wrote the "Linda di Chamouny," which became so popular that its composer was rewarded by being nominated to a lucrative court appointment. The management of the Grand Opera of Paris, too, disappointed of a new work by Meyerbeer, and in distress for music more vocal and pleasing than the clever *head combinations* of M. Halevy,—invited the universal *maestro* to write for that magnificent theatre. Unlike most of

his predecessors, Donizetti seems neither to have hesitated, nor to have taken any extraordinary amount of pains or preparation on the occasion. He came as requested, but after his appearance in Paris in 1840, we find his name within a curiously short space of time to "*Les Martyrs*," and "*Dom Sebastian*,"—two grand five-act Operas, both of which failed—(though still given in Germany and Italy); and to "*La Favorite*," a four-act Opera, (written for Madame Stoltz, MM. Duprez and Baroilhet) which may be regarded as his best serious work; to "*La Fille du Regiment*," for L'Opera Comique, in which Mademoiselle Borghese made her *début*. The last opera and the lady were found wanting by that most fastidious company of judges, a Parisian audience. Everywhere else, however, the gaiety of the music (containing the most fresh and *gaillard* of Donizetti's sprightly inspirations) has placed it in the first rank of favor among comic Operas. We surely need not remind the Londoner how it has furnished her most delightful and characteristic personation to the most famous vocalist of our day—Mademoiselle Jenny Lind.

It might have been fancied that the calls on the *maestro's* invention from every corner of Europe, would appear to have distanced the powers of the most *fa presto* writer. But Donizetti seems to have been almost fabulously industrious, and ready to the moment. Apocryphal tales are told of his having scored an Opera in *thirty hours*,—of his having at an earlier period, composed a "*Rosamunda*" in a single night, under the pressure of banditti, by whom he was captured. But these are, probably, mere tales. We believe it is more certain that "*Don Pasquale*," one of the blithest as well as one of the last of his works, was commenced and completed for the Italians in Paris within three weeks. This, in itself, would be amazing enough: but Donizetti spared himself in no respect. He seems never to have retired from the work to work. On the contrary, being a cheerful, fascinating man,—he not only chose to write music as fast as other men can talk about it, but to fill up every leisure second with all the wasting pleasures of a *viveur*. To these, it is understood, he addicted himself with as much impetuosity as to the supply of the theatres of Europe.

There is, however, a limit to fertility and revelry, even so long and joyously maintained as his: Donizetti's sixty-five Operas (to say nothing of masses, *misereres*, cham-

ber compositions, &c., unnumbered and uncared for,) could not be thrown off without a heavy score being run up against him; and to this the strain and drain of a life of Parisian gallantry and dissipation added a momentous item.

It is four or five years since his health began to give way in the most painful form of illness, loss of memory and intellect. Life was spent, and there was no calling it back. Retreat and rest were tried, at first by his own will and pleasure, but, ere long, by the necessary supervision of the *maestro's* relatives. It was too late—the composer sunk into imbecile and hopeless melancholy. For a time he was retained in a *maison de santé* at Paris, without the slightest remission of any painful symptom; thence he was transferred, in the course of last year, to his native town, in the hope that a more genial climate and the presence of familiar objects might work the charm of revival. But this expedient also failed; life was spent, and, as has been said, expired not many weeks since. It is idle, perhaps, to say that, under a wiser ordinance of his life and energies, the composer might have pursued his career of invention, popularity, and enjoyment for another score of years.

A good deal of foolish criticism and wholesale contempt have been thrown on the Operas of Donizetti by those who, by way of vindicating their knowledge, think it incumbent on them to mistrust all popularity, and to frown upon everything that does not "smell of the lamp."

Generally, indeed, imperfect reasoning and foolish assumption have been more liberally based and vented on nothing than the subject of "fertility." Cavillers have too pedantically assumed that, by restriction, concentration, and similar trammelling processes, creative genius could be forced into becoming something far more precious than it may have originally been. "Facility"—doomed by the epithet *fat al*—has been too largely confounded with "feebleness." Now, in Music at least, this is a huge and untenable fallacy. Dangerous though it seem to afford encouragement to idleness, to presumption, to invention by chance, to a spirit of money-making cupidity, the perpetuation of falsehood is yet more dangerous:—and there are few falsehoods more complete than the reproach conveyed in the above assertions. With very few exceptions, all the great musical composers have been fertile when once taught,—and capable of writing with as much rapidity as ease.

Bach, Handel (whose "Israel" was completed in three weeks), Haydn (more of whose compositions are lost than live), Mozart,—all men remarkable as *discoverers* and renowned as classics—held the oens of ready writers. Rossini's "Il Barbiere," again, which has now kept the stage for two-and-thirty years, was the work of thirteen days: the *insouciant* composer being spurred to his utmost by a disparaging letter from Paisiello, who had already set Beaumarchais' comedy. It was the empty Connoisseur, who thought to gain reputation by declaring that "the picture would have been better painted if the painter had taken more trouble." Nor will it ever be forgotten that the "Bride of Lammermoor," the masterpiece of Walter Scott (whose defence of fertility, *apropos* of Dryden, might have been quoted as germane to the matter), was thrown off when the Novelist was hardly conscious of what he wrote, owing to racking bodily pain. Those, we believe, on whom the gift of fertility has been bestowed, run some danger of becoming "nothing if not fertile." Their minds are impulsive rather than thoughtful—their fancies strengthened by the very process and passion of pouring them forth. In the case of Donizetti, at least, it is obvious that his invention was, year by year, becoming fresher with incessant use and practice. There are no melodies in any of his early works so delicious as those of the quartett and serenade in "Don Pasquale," no writing so highly toned, characteristic, and dramatic as the entire fourth act of "La Favorite." His instrumentation too, always correct, became richer and more fanciful in each successive effort. It has elsewhere been remarked (and the remark is significant to all who are used to consider the subject), that, considering Donizetti was called to write for particular singers, an unusual number of the Operas thus fashioned to order have become stock pieces: thereby proved to be essentially superior to the generality of works of their class. In short, it may be said that, though there be no startling beauties in the Operas of Donizetti,—none of those *electrical* melodies which, like "Di tanti," or "Largo al factotum," or "Assisa al pie d'un salice," ring through the world,—neither such intensity of sentiment as reconciles us to the very limited alphabet in which Bellini wrote,—they contain so much of what is agreeable, so many happy combinations and excellent opportunities for vocal display, such frequent harmony between the sounds

and the situations to be portrayed, as to justify musical annalists in giving the Master a high place in the records of his time; and in sincerely regretting his loss. Would that any signs could be discerned of a successor! But, for the present, the solitary originality which Italian musicians manifest lies in excess and exaggeration.

A SCOTTISH SPORTSMAN.—The *Inverness Journal* copies from the *Cape Frontier Times* of February 22, an account of the sporting exploits of a Mr. —, the second son of a northern baronet [whose name, put forward for distinction by the Scotch paper, we suppress in mercy to the hero, because we gather a different moral from his deeds]; which exploits are, with evident pride, described as the perpetuation in Africa of that skill which the Scottish gentleman acquires from his pursuits at home. In a journey of eleven months, during which he is represented to have penetrated many hundred miles beyond the highest point previously reached by any white man, this chivalrous and intrepid Scot shot forty-three elephants and sixty hippopotami, "the finest troops to which they belonged having been singled out for slaughter." "The rhinoceros, buffalo, cameleopard, elaud, gemsbok, roan, antelope, waterbuck, hartebeest, sasaby, black and blue wildebeest, koodoo, pallah, zebra, rietbok, kilpspringer, &c., were found by him in such abundance that he rarely expended his ammunition upon them, except when in want of the flesh, or to get their heads as specimens to grace his collection of sporting trophies—which is described as being now so extensive as almost to require a small ship to send them home." It appears that this gentleman has "had losses," too, in the course of his brilliant campaign of extermination,—and that the victims of his thirst for sporting fame did not suffer themselves to be massacred for his glory without some attempt at resistance and retaliation. To the reckoning of this gentleman's humanity should be added in fairness a large amount of incidental slaughter which is not formally insisted on by his panegyrist as among the proofs of "the excellence of his sport." "He has lost all his horses (15), all his oxen (30), and all his dogs (20), and his best wagon-driver. His horses were killed either by lions or horse sickness, and the fly called tsetse. All his oxen were killed by this insect. His dogs were killed, some by the lions, some by the panther, crocodile, and by different kinds of game. The wagon-driver was carried off on a dark and cloudy evening by a monster lion,—which Mr. Cumming shot next day." This is a very imposing bulletin—well deserving the notice of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals. We suppose, from the triumphant tone of the record, that this gentleman's place in Scottish society will be a high one:—but we confess we have some difficulty in fancying the hero "at good men's feasts," enjoying the gentle ministry of women, or looking into the smiling faces of children. We should be unwilling to see his rifle by our hearth. It has been said that extremes meet; and it is true that many of the expressions of a very high civilization resemble greatly what we should consider characteristics of the savage. The American Indian who counted fame by scalps, and the man of Borneo who still counts it by the heads which he takes, seem to us to be morally the near neighbor of him whose title to reputation is the shipload of carcases which his rifle has made. —*Athenæum*.



### THE DYING STUDENT.

A sick'ning weight is on my heart; I feel  
The current of my life is ebbing fast—  
Hark! from the minster comes the midnight peal—  
When next it sounds my sorrows shall have  
pass'd!  
The chillness of the grave already clings  
About my limbs—and uncouth shapes of fear  
Throng up around me—and, on ebon wings,  
Death's dull-eyed king himself is hov'ring near.

Was it for this I curb'd the lightsome play  
Of youth's high passions—its unburden'd mind?  
Was it for this I flung its joys away?  
And when the throes of wild ambition pined,  
Why did I learning's volumed stores unclasp,  
Why with rack'd brow pursue the chase for truth,  
To see it ever fly my toilsome grasp,  
Myself grown old amidst the wreck of youth?

A creeping stillness fills my lonely room,  
No voice, no hand its palm in mine to place!  
Vainly I strive amid the deep'ning gloom  
To catch the light of one familiar face.  
Visions there are that hover by my side,  
Strewing my restless pillow with annoy:  
My father weeping for his hope, his pride—  
My mother wailing for her dark-hair'd boy.

My sister—my sweet sister's clear, glad voice,  
As last I heard it fill the sunny air,  
Is sounding near; and she, my bosom's choice,  
The halow'd idol of my soul, is there;  
And yet mayhap, this very hour, her heart  
Bounds to the music of its own delight,  
Framing new joys, in which I hear a part—  
Joys all, alas, too fair and overbright!

Oh, might I dream away into my rest,  
Might lay my fever'd temples, all thrown bare,  
To sleep upon her gently heaving breast,  
And shade them with her folds of clus't'ring hair—  
To feel her arms about my neck—her kiss  
Warming my clay-cold cheek—to catch her  
breath

Whisp'ring kind words, meet for a time like this,  
Might scare the horror of this drowsy death!

But I am here alone—all, all alone;  
None n-ear that loves me, none that I can prize;  
Strange voices o'er my tuneless sleep shall moan,  
And strangers' loveless hands shall close mine  
eyes.

How drear and dark it grows! My faithful lamp,  
Burn yet a little while—'twill soon be o'er.  
What means this shudd'ring dread—these dews so  
damp—  
This chill all here about my heart?—No more!

### SWARMING OF THE BEES.

They are come, they are come; yet what brings  
them here,  
With smoke around, and with walls so near?  
Yet there they cling to the golden wand,  
As there were no sunnier garden beyond.  
The garden is fill'd with their drowsy hum!  
Oh, where is a hive, for the bees are come?

Whence have they wander'd? I cannot tell,  
But I dream'd me a dream of some lonely dell,  
Where violets thick 'mid the green grass sprung,  
Like a purple cloak by a monarch flung.  
Our garden now fills with their drowsy  
hum!  
Oh, where is a hive, for the bees are come?

Had they grown weary of roses in bloom,  
Or the long falling wreaths of the yellow-hair'd  
broom?  
Of the seringa's pale, orange-touched flowers,  
Of the gardens afar, that they wander to ours?  
How pleasant it is with their drowsy hum!  
Oh, where is a hive, for the bees are come?

Our garden is somewhat pale and lone,  
And the walls are high, with ivy o'ergrown;  
And the dust of the city lies dark on the rose,  
And the lily is almost afraid to uncloze.  
Yet welcome the sound of their drowsy  
hum!  
Oh, where is a hive, for the bees are come?

The vapors of London float over our head,  
Yet athwart them the shower and the sunshine are  
shed;  
And cheerful the light of the morning falls  
O'er the almond-tree and the ivied walls.  
Sweet sounds around it the drowsy hum!  
Oh, where is a hive, for the bees are come?

We have shrubs that have flourished the summer  
through—  
The jessamine hanging like pearls on dew,  
The fuschia that droops, like the curls of a bride—  
Bells of coral, with Syrian purple inside;  
They'll grow more fair with that drowsy  
hum!  
Oh, where is a hive, for the bees are come!

The sun-flower's golden round shall yield  
Its shining store for their harvest field;  
We'll plant wild thyme with the April rain,  
And feed them till then on the sugar-cane.  
Welcome, welcome, their drowsy hum!  
Oh, where is a hive, for the bees are come?  
L. E. L.

From the Athenæum.)

# A MEDITATION.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

The Airs we breathe are made of human sighs,—  
The Streams we drink do spring from human tears;  
We gaze but on the Light of our own eyes,—  
And the Soul's voice is all the Spirit hears.

Nought in the world of joyance or of grief,  
Of sin or triumph or vicissitude,  
But from the Mind o'erflows, for its relief,—  
Its house, its habit, like itself endured.

The glorious Universe—of suns and moons,  
Of starry systems radiant and obscure—  
O Day and Night! what are ye but the runes  
Writ on the rhythmic mind's entablature?

Were it not so, I were indeed alone,  
Unclad, unroofed, a solitary thing;  
I make the sympathy that heeds my moan,  
And Nature travails with my suffering.

Hence, deeply thank I that Poetic Soul  
Which will not leave me wholly desolate,—  
But writes for me the Heavens like a scroll  
Where I may read the story of my fate:

And now, though in the wilderness I stray,  
Finds me companions in the sands I tread,—  
And though far wandered from my friends away,  
Renews, or substitutes, the Lost, the Dead.

Yet still I yearn for what is less a dream,—  
I would embrace another Soul than mine;  
I would that Truth should be, not only seem,  
Substantial Truth—or human or divine!

From the Metropolitan.

# SONG OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

BY MRS. ABBY.

The bridal veil is on thy hair,  
The wreath is on thy brow,  
Thy vows are breathed—why, dearest, wear  
A look of sadness now?  
Say, dost thou tremble to remove  
From friends long tried and known?  
Oh! doubt me not—my fervent love  
Shall far surpass their own;  
My tender care shall never sleep,  
Still shall I prove thy friend and guide:  
One lot is ours—then wherefore weep,  
My loved, my gentle bride?

Love shall direct my faithful breast,  
Thy wishes to prevent;  
Or, if a wish be half expressed,  
To crown it with content:  
The friendships of thy early youth  
May lessen and decline,  
But Time, which weakens others' truth,  
Shall only strengthen mine.  
Thy future way is strewed with flowers,  
Then let those timid tears be dried,  
And smiles succeed the April showers—  
My loved, my gentle bride!

From the Metropolitan.

# THE ALMS-HOUSE CHAPLAIN.

BY MRS. ABBY.

Oh! doth it not soothe the worn mind to depart  
From traffic's rude clamor, from Mammon's vast  
mart,—

To pass from the city, its tumult and din,  
And linger this spot of soft quiet within?  
The spirit grows weary and sad, to abide  
In the stirring excitement of life's rapid tide,  
And feels those enjoyments the purest and best,  
Connected with scenes of retirement and rest.

Yes, here to our view are the dwellings displayed,  
Provided by kindly and liberal aid,  
The troubles to lighten, the cares to assuage,  
That cast a dim gloom over the season of age;  
Their inmates, removed from the world's busy strife,  
Here, pass in calm leisure the evening of life;  
And feel, that as hope's early vision declines,  
The hope of the future more cloudlessly shines.

And here dwells the pastor, whose wisdom imparts  
The gospel of truth and of grace to their hearts;  
A privilege holy and precious is theirs,  
Possessing his counsels, his presence, his prayers;  
He leads them that knowledge of God to attain,  
To which man's highest knowledge is worthless  
and vain,  
And wins them to dwell on a kingdom above,  
With the fervor of faith, and the kindness of love.

# THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

WHEN the lark had trilled his blithest lay  
To hail the springtime of the year,  
In a green valley far away  
A beauteous maiden did appear.

That lonely vale saw not her birth,  
None knew from whence she wandered there—  
So bright, she did not seem of earth—  
So fleet, her footsteps died in air.

Her presence shed a happy hue  
Of sunshine over every heart,  
But something in her beauty drew  
From her familiar looks a part.

She brought wild flowers of radiance bright,  
Fresh with dews, by breezes fanned;  
Fruits that had ripened in the light  
Of some more genial, sunny land.

These treasures of an unknown shore  
She gave—the fruits, the flowers, to some—  
To youth, to age—each of them bore  
His fairy blessing back to home.

Thus every guest was welcomed by  
This maiden, with a peerless gem;  
But when a loving pair drew nigh  
Her choicest gifts were showered on them



**A CONVERSATION ABOUT CORILLA.**—The correspondent of the *Athenæum*, in describing a conversation with the venerable Prof. Rossini, of the University of Pisa, thus notices this celebrated character:

After a little chat about the great dramatist, Alfieri, we fell to talking about Byron's *sejour* at Pisa. The professor knew him well, and seemed to have seen a good deal of him. He recounted at length the story of the assassination which led to Byron's being obliged to quit Pisa, and which has been so often and so differently related. His impression is—and it seems clear enough—that Byron did not deserve the least blame in the matter. The deed arose from the mis-judging zeal of an Italian servant, who thought that his master would of course be well pleased to have an insult so avenged.

"Your recollections of that period must include Shelley also," said I.

"Sicuro!" answered the Professor briskly, "mi deve ancora venti paolis." He then explained that this debt of twenty paolis, or about nine shillings, had been contracted by Shelley one day, as he was walking, asking him for that sum to give away, and that it had afterwards escaped his memory. He went on to remark that Shelley "had no beard, and a voice like a woman." He said that every body loved him.

From Byron, Shelley, and "Tre-la-ouni," their riding parties and their escapades, the conversation, jumping a huge gulf of years, persons and associations, lighted on the once celebrated Corilla;—whose story, curiously characteristic as it is of Italian manners and society some sixty years since, I should perhaps have deemed hardly worthy of occupying your space were it not that it seems highly probable that she was the prototype of De Staël's Corinne,—or at least that she suggested to the Swiss authoress such a character as illustrative of Italian life and society.

Corilla died at sixty, in the year 1800. She must therefore have been an old woman, near the end of her brilliant career, when Rossini knew her among the frequenters of La Febron's saloon, her real name was Maddalena Morelli,—and by marriage with a Spaniard in the employment of the government at Naples, Maddalena Fernandez. She was born at Pistoja, of parents in humble circumstances; and was adopted for the sake of her beauty and precocious talents by the Princess Columbrano, who took her to Naples, where she married. Her vivacity, beauty and talents, especially that for improvisation, made her at once "the rage" at Naples.

Her renown rapidly spread throughout Italy; and we find her visiting Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Venice,—and everywhere reaping fresh laurels and praises from princes and potentates of all sorts. Of the worthy Signor Fernandez we hear nothing whatever the while. It is to be supposed that, like a good bird, he stayed at home to keep the nest warm. In 1765, his gifted spouse went to Inspruck, at the invitation of Maria Theresa, "per cantare le nozze di Maria Luigia di Borbone" with Pietro Leopoldo. On her return from Germany, loaded with honors and presents of all sorts, she was made "reale poetesse" (a royal i. e. not a real, poetess, gentle reader), with a pension from the Grand Duke of Tuscany. In 1775, we find her once more at Rome,—where she became at once the passion of the "Arcadi." These gentle shepherds named her one of their "pastorelle," and gave her the Arcadian name of Corilla Olympica,—by which she was ever after known. "This honor," says the historian, "she merited by two *accademie*, in which she treated twelve subjects in various ancient metres with exquisite poetical beauty, profound learning, and such rapidity that Nardini the professor, who accompanied her on the violin, was not able to keep up with her,"—*con tanta velocità che dicono non averla potuta seguirare il Nardini, professore di violini, che con quello strumento l'accompagnava.* In the following year she was crowned at the Capitol, on the 31st of August, 1776, after a fresh exhibition of improvisation "*su temi filosofici e teologici.*" This was the culminating point of her glory. Cardinals, princes, and prelates vied in feting her; poets from all parts of Italy poured in their tribute of incense—"Mille poeti concorsero a cantarne arcadicamente le lodi." But in the midst of all this glory, as is usually the case, it began to appear to some that the Roman world were disproportionately lavish of applause to a lady who had after all but made some tolerably melodious verses,—such as hundreds of others could make in any desired, or rather undesired, quantity. This tone once taken, the revulsion is generally violent. The ridicule of the thing was felt,—and poor Corilla (tell it not in Arcady) was laughed at. Old Pasquin took up the cudgels, lampoons rained fast and thick, and Corilla left Rome,—in no want, however, of an honored asylum. For Paul the First and Catherine the second of Russia invited and pensioned her. Joseph the second of Austria invited her to his capital. But she preferred Florence; where she seems to have passed the remainder of her life, admired, honored, and beloved, in the enjoyment of æsthetic *caus sucrées* (an Italian

Countessa would in those days as soon have thought of giving her guests rhubarb as tea), and in the courteous interchange of those Arcadian laudations and literary insipidities which were so much then in vogue.

Have I taken up too much of your space with poor Corilla? She is a characteristic excerpt from a social system which existed and can never exist again,—and, as such, is as worthy perhaps of being preserved in your amber as any other fly.

**SUPPOSED RELIC OF THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON.**—On Saturday last, during the progress of an excavation in Union-street, Southwark, between High street and Redcross street, for the formation of a main sewer, about three feet below the surface of the roadway the workmen came upon a compact mass of human skeletons, all lying in perfect regularity and entirely free from any admixture of the surrounding earth, or remains of coffins; and these skeletons where piled one on the other to the depth of ten feet, covering an area of 260 square feet. The workmen cut their way with pickaxe and shovel through this stratum of the last vestiges of humanity, and upwards of three or four cartloads of bones were thrown into the public thoroughfares. This desecration of the dead caused observation, and the assistance of the police had to be obtained to protect the remains, some persons from the Mint having endeavored to sell the bones at the marine-store shops. At a late hour on Saturday the parochial officers of St. Saviour's, Southwark, caused the remains that had been dug up to be removed to the parish churchyard for interment, and on Sunday the excavation was covered over, to screen it from public view. Considerable excitement prevails from fear of contagion, it having been ascertained that this spot was used to bury the dead during the great plague in London. On Sunday night several cartloads were piled up in Union-street, and still more remain to be dug up. It is calculated that at the very least there are the remains of from 500 to 600 persons.—*Britannia*.

**MR. LANE'S ARABIC LEXICON.**—It is well known to Oriental scholars that no good Arabic Lexicon exists; and perhaps none but men of learning can fully understand how important it is to the world that it should have a good Arabic Lexicon; but it is evident enough to ordinary people that it is of consequence to our knowledge of history and ancient literature to have as good a key as can be found in the treasures of Arabic literature. There are, in the Mosques of Cairo, materials essential to the formation of a perfect Lexicon which can be had nowhere else; these MSS. are crumbling to pieces so fast that, if not used now, they will be lost for ever; and Mr. Lane is the only competent man who has access to these materials. He saw the importance of the object, felt the pressure of time, knew that he was the man for the work, and therefore devoted himself to it, in a generous negligence of his personal interests. He gave up a good literary income in London, the comforts of an English home, and the society of family and friends, and went to live at Cairo, working, to the injury of his health, at an unremunerative labor which he well knew the world would be slow to appreciate. And there he toils, day by day, with his sheikh, poring over the old MSS., which can scarcely be touched without falling to pieces. And there he must toil for two years more, till his work is finished. And what next? How will our Universities, and the Government, and the India Company, show that they un-

derstand the boon which Mr. Lane has conferred upon them? The common notion of welcoming a book is, taking a single copy; or five, or ten copies. Is this what will be done in the case of this rare book, which it is certain the public will never buy? One of the European powers understands the matter better than this; understands too that tokens of appreciation should be given so timely as that they may cheer the toils of the laborer, and assure him that he is not working in vain. The king of Prussia has been first, as usual, to give encouragement. Since my return I hear he has sent a commissioner to Egypt, by way of London, to make arrangements for the establishment and diffusion of the work. I rejoice at this; but I feel some shame that a foreign government should first have the honor—after the Duke of Northumberland—of welcoming and fostering the work of an English scholar.—*Miss Martineau's Eastern Life*.

**MR. EMERSON'S LECTURE.**—Mr. Emerson, the lecturer from Massachusetts, is delivering a course of three lectures at Exeter Hall, the proceeds of which are to go in aid of the early-closing movement. This is a movement peculiarly marked with the character of the times,—one of whose grand distinctions it is to have at length recognized the general and unprerogated man as something more than a mere machine out of which it is social economy to get all possible working power. It is a truth which evaded the "wisdom" of many worthy men among "our ancestors," now—to the world's great gain; gone to their graves, that behind the counter and in the workshop throbbed human hearts, and that the men who measure tape and weigh sugar and ply the needle had intellects; not to speak it profanely—as worthy of cultivation as their own. As for the good of the world, so is it for their own, that these excellent persons have taken refuge from the doctrines now walking the earth in the shadow of their immemorial escutcheons; for, what they would have done abroad in a world of reading shopmen and mechanics—of toil, like "leisure," taking its pleasure "in trim gardens," &c., we know not. The dangerous doctrine that mind is *not* the incident of rank would have greatly troubled their digestion. The lights of these revolutionary times would have been too strong for their vision. To the honor of that class of believers, however,—who have left here and there a single survivor to represent them at the court of the "coming man" and haunt the new era like an anachronism—it should be recorded that they bore their faculties meekly; exercising their prerogative of *thought* as little as might be, and not much intruding the wisdom which, like their old parchments, grew musty for want of air. But the day of monopolies is passing away. The franchise of thought is made universal:—and the Early-closing Association purposes to help the busy population of the metropolis to the means of exercising it. For their objects Mr. Emerson lectured on "Napoleon;" and will lecture on Wednesday next on "Domestic Life," and on Saturday on "Shakspeare,"—a daring thinker even in the day of privilege.—*Athenæum*.

**TESTIMONIAL TO THOM.**—The fund subscribing for the destitute family of the poet Thom amounts now, we are glad to see, to a sum of 200*l.*—including a donation of 20*l.* from the Literary Fund. In London, the Caledonian Society have formed a committee in its aid;—and it is hoped to carry the subscription at least to the amount of 300*l.*

**DREAMS AND ANÆSTHETIC AGENTS.**—In a very excellent lecture on "Sleep and its Associated Phenomena," delivered by Mr. James Hibberd, at the Finsbury Literary Institute, he said:—The brain does not act as a whole, but particular parts are employed in particular manifestations. So, if we consider that portion of the brain which is employed by the mind in a particular class of mental operations—that, for instance, which is employed in the conception of the marvellous, or, in phrenological language, the organ of wonder—to be thrown into a disturbed state during sleep, while every other part of the brain remained quiescent, then wonder would manifest itself without reasoning powers to control it. May it not be so when we behold phantoms of every form and variety of dimensions, and picture forth in the apparent substance of vivid reality, scenes of the utmost absurdity. But if the organs of judgment and reason become also disturbed, the dream assumes a more consistent character. And if it take place to an extent sufficient to throw the brain as a whole into a state of disturbance, sleeping would cease, and waking would result. After having brought forward many highly important and original views in regard to the philosophy of dreaming, the lecturer said a few words on a topic of interest at the present moment; he alluded to the use of anæsthetic agents in producing sleep; the sleep produced in this manner was morbid, and must of necessity prove injurious. The lecturer exhibited the chemical composition of the various agents employed to destroy pain, from the experiments of Davy on nitrous oxide, to the modern use of ether and chloroform; he performed some experiments to illustrate the mode of action of these agents, and denounced them all as a futile effort on the part of man to thwart the operations of nature; he showed that the chemical changes induced in the blood were of the most alarming and destructive character; he would treat the subject boldly and decisively by an appeal of facts. When human life or suffering was the subject for consideration, we should lay aside prejudice, and seek for truth without bias. In this case the sense of pain ceases, because the organs of sensation are paralyzed.

**SALE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE'S WINES.**—On Friday June 16, commenced, at the Palais Royal, the sale of some of the wines, in wood, of the ex-King Louis Philippe. There were about 700 hogsheads, including nearly 130 of Beaugency, 160 of Macon, 50 of Beaune, and nearly 400 of Bordeaux, (Claret,) of second quality, with eight or ten hogsheads of Sillery, Lunel, &c. The prices were low, though the wines were excellent in quality, being principally of the fine vintage of 1846. The sale is expected to produce 100,000fr. (£1,000) but it will not benefit the estate nor injuriously affect the ex-King, for it is said that none of it was paid for, and that the growers from whom it was purchased for him have, by a short law process, impounded the proceeds, and will receive them. A similar observation is said to apply to many other articles of property found in the palaces, and transferred for the moment to the credit of the Republic. The debts of the ex-monarch are reported to amount to an immense sum, and are due to every imaginable class of contractors. It is said that all the bottled wines were sent to the hospitals.

**LITERARY PRIZES.**—"The donation of 10,000 francs, by M. Pillet-Will, in 1812, to the Academy of Sciences at Turin, for four prizes for scientific works, not having been distributed, neither of the works sent in meriting a prize, the primitive conditions have been modified by the Academy, in concert

with the donor, and a new call has been made for 21st December, 1849, in the hope that then the prizes may be awarded. The new proposals are;—a prize of 2,500 francs for each of the following four works—Introductions to the Study of Physics; of Chemistry; of Mechanics; and of Astronomy. They are to be in the form of elementary treatises; are to make known, abridged, the history and philosophy of the sciences, and the methods adopted to arrive at the conclusions they set forth; and are to serve for the instruction of the masses, and to prepare for a deeper study of the Sciences. The works sent in for competition must be unpublished, and legibly written in Italian or French. The contest is open to the Savans of all countries."—*Lit. Gaz.*

**ROYALTY IN TROUBLE.**—There must be some common cause for the striking fact that so many members of the royal classes are out of work just now. To say nothing of branches that have been set aside, like the legitimate branches of Spain and Portugal, or of those individuals who have been disgraced by the reigning sovereign, like Don Enrique of Spain or the Prince of Capua, there are several reigning sovereigns and heirs-presumptive more or less in the state of having been discharged,—Louis Philippe of France and all his heirs, Ferdinand of Sicily, the Dukes of Modena and Parma, Louis of Bavaria, William of Prussia, the reigning Duke of Schleswig, and now Ferdinand of Austria; besides various ministers who were the Achateses of these princes. It is strongly to be suspected that so many princes and ministers cannot have been turned out of place without some great overriding error. Possibly it was that they actually did not understand their business—the business of royalty in the nineteenth century.—*Spectator.*

**GENEROSITY OF AUTHORS.**—The sight of a learned man in want made even the Saurist Boileau so uneasy, that he could not forbear lending him money. The prudently economical Addison for some time freely opened his purse to remove the difficulties of his friend Steele, produced by foolish extravagance. There does not seem to exist the slightest confirmation of the story of Addison having put an execution into Steele's house to recover a sum of money which he owed him. In a letter to his wife, written in August, 1708, Steele mentions that he has "paid Mr. Addison the whole one thousand pounds;" and at a later period he says, "Mr. Addison's money you will have tomorrow noon." It is related of Goldsmith, whose heart adored humanity, that he enlarged his list of pensioners as his finances increased, and that his charity extended even to his last guinea. Once having visited a poor woman, whose sickness he plainly perceived was caused by an empty cupboard, he sent her a pill-box containing ten guineas, bearing the inscription, "To be taken as occasion may require." He was frequently deceived by imposters, who worked upon his generous sympathies with fabricated tales of the most lamentable misfortunes; but no feeling mind will harshly censure him for his unsuspecting credulity and overflowing humanity. In his unbounded philanthropy he exclaims—

"Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;  
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find  
Some spot to real happiness consigned;  
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,  
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest."

Gray, in one of his letters, written in 1761, says that



1897

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30